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# Overland Monthly

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JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE

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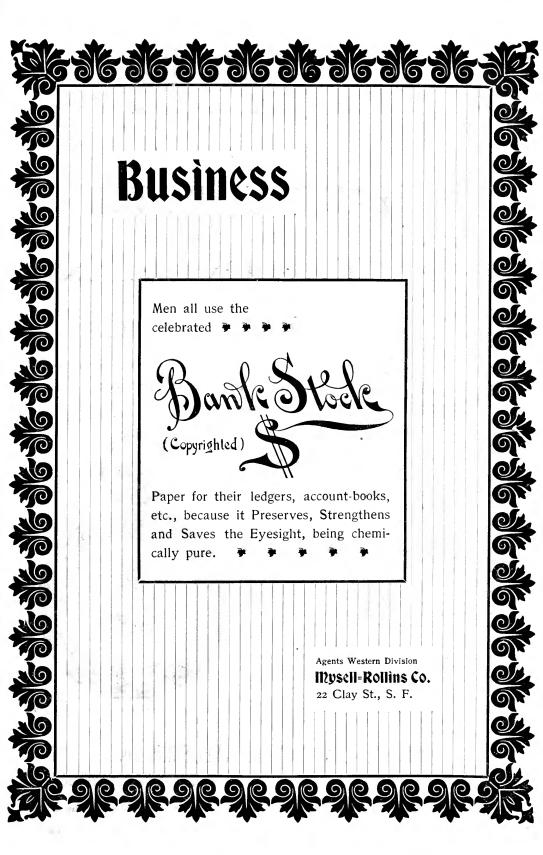
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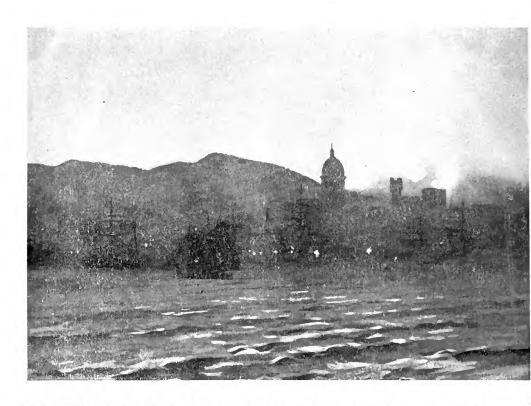
and mark it "WATCH CONTEST" in the corner. Don't forget to say which of the three watches you want.





a "Drawings by Frederic Remington" Published by R. H. Russell

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## REALITY

SHUT in by walls of brick and stone, all day
I work and worry, like the crowd, for gold,
Till only that which can be bought and sold
Is real,—higher things but fancy's play.
Yet when the quiet evening shades of gray
Dim earth and sea, ah then, no more controlled
By sordid cares, I cut the bonds that hold
To toil and strife, and on the peaceful Bay
Am borne content. And when my eyes I turn
Back to the town, it fades before my sight,
All vague and ghostly in its smoky pall;
While over it in sunset glory burn
The high, the beautiful, in living light,
The true realities, enfolding all.

Chas S. Greene





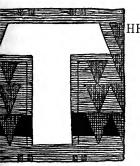
# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXI. (Second Series.) — January, 1898.— No. 181

### THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

A WILD PART OF IDAHO

By J. M. GOODWIN



HE line separating the States of Wyoming and Idaho passes directly north and south through avery rugged country.

About one hundred and fifty miles of the northern end of this division of the two States is through a country

the drainage of which is the headwaters of the great Snake river. The mountains

are exceedingly high, precipitous, and gashed by deep cañons and gulches. All the lower portions of these mountains, along with their many cañons and narrow valleys, are covered with thick growths of timber which help to hold the deep snows which fall there, in storage, thus affording a never-ending supply of water to send down the river through the great plains of Idaho to find its way to the Pacific ocean through the Columbia river. These mountain fastnesses form a highly elevated wilderness, very difficult to explore, embracing the most interesting and largest



HEAD OF SEVEN DEVILS' CANON OF SNAKE RIVER



MAP OF THE SNAKE RIVER REGION OF IDAHO

hunting grounds of America, where bear, elk, wolves, deer, and other large game, are plentiful, while geese, duck, and other fowl, abound and the streams are filled with trout and other fish.

The country is really a paradise for the hunter that delights in pushing into a wilderness of forests under the shadows of great mountains, far away from civilization, where noble game is to be found in great quantities.

Jacksons Hole is almost central to this vast game reserve country, where wild animals have so long been saved from annihilation through protectionafforded within the limits of the Yellowstone National Park which is part of the country named here.

Jacksons Hole has always been a favorite resort for large game, especially in the winter season. Since it has become the home of many ranchers engaged in raising grain and hay, large herds of elk come into the beautiful valley in the winter for food and take possession of the corrals where there is hay for them. In the winter of 1896 and 1897, one farmer, not being able to drive the elk away from his hay-stacks, took possession of a few dozen by fastening them in his corral, where they soon became much more docile than the average range steer.

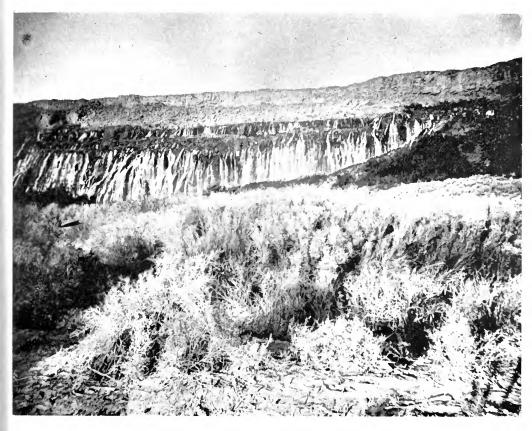
The Wyoming game commissioner ordered the man to release his captives, because the State laws give liberty and protection to elk, but the farmer said, "Nay, not until I get pay for my hay which saved these elk from starvation and death."

Indians from three or four reservations have claimed the right to hunt in this country, and their presence in Jacksons Hole is a constant source of warfare between them and the whites, in which considerable blood has been spilled, while wild rumors and some killing have at times resulted in the sending of troops there to bring about peace and get the savages back upon their reservations.

A late estimate of the elk in a district one hundred by two hundred miles in extent, places the number all the way from twenty to thirty thousand, and they are fast increasing. Deer come next in point of numbers, the several kinds of bear follow, and occasionally moose are seen, while a very few buffalo remain, as relics of the vast herds once inhabiting the great plains of the West.

The protection to game within the sixty by sixty miles of Yellowstone National Park gives the elk fine pasturage in the summer, thence to travel southward to the Jacksons Hole country to winter. It would be well if this great game country could always be left in the condition it now is, but it will be a difficult thing for the government and the States of Wyoming and Idaho to accomplish the preservation of its natural conditions.

Along this dividing line between Wyom-



THOUSAND SPRINGS, 350 FEET WIDE AND ABOUT 200 FEET HIGH

ing and Idaho the Teton and other ranges tower far above timber line with such precipitous sides as to prevent man from reaching their summits. Could one reach the highest Teton peak, he would have one of the grandest views in the world, in the vast plains and mountains within his vision. He would overlook a country possessing wonders vieing in interest with those of Wonderland—Yellowstone National Park located a short distance north and east. In looking over this country from an elevated position, a person becomes almost bewildered with its vastness and beauty. Bonneville, in 1833, had difficulty in extricating himself and party from these mountains, while ten years later the great pathfinder, Frémont, became alarmed over his entanglement in them and ever afterwards classed this particular country as the most difficult of penetration that he passed through in all

of his long experience in explorations. But since, the country has attracted sportsmen the past few years from many lands, and there are now resident guides to pilot hunters and to aid in making a summer's outing most delightful for those seeking sport in hunting and health and pleasure in a most invigorating and delightful summer climate.

It is around the Wind River and Teton peaks that the western slopes begin sending waters to make the great Snake river, a stream wonderful in its flow through a country possessing many features of interest. Dozens of small rivers and scores of still smaller streams finally unite in one grand river.

The great Snake River valley is one of the wonders of the world, and cannot be described in cold type; neither can it be pictured by the artist. It is a natural study worthy of the keenest minds, and yet



SNOWBANK SPRINGS

it will always remain a mystery. There are certain features, however, that seem plain enough to those who have have had opportunities of crossing its various lava fields in various directions and have taken pains to study its structure and theorize upon the forces brought to bear in creating such a vast, silent, desert country as it first appears to be.

The course of the river, with its numerous branches running in all directions and with the main river wandering here and there, at first westward, then southward, again west, and then again swinging around northward, is certainly crooked enough to entitle the stream to its serpentine name.

The valley is skirted on each side by great mountain ranges set back so far as to leave from twenty to eighty miles of valley some four or five hundred miles in length. The fact that most of the width of the valley has a bottom of sand, gravel, bowlders, and the general wash of rivers, suggests the theory that at one time it was a vast estuary through which flowed the

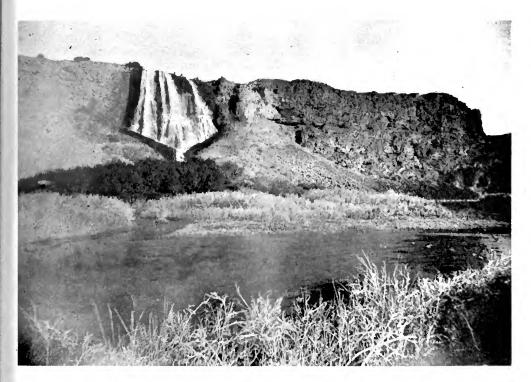
precipitation on the surrounding mountains, and also the overflow from the big sea which then covered the Great Basin up to the Bonneville shore line, so distinctly marked on the Wasatch and other mountains as seen from the valley of the Great Salt lake.

All investigations of Snake River valley point to this theory: A great river at one time filling the valley; a period followed by a subsidence of the waters and the cutting down of the river into a small channel which Snake river now occupies. After this came successive flows of lava, not alone through craters with high peaks,—since there are but few of those,—but through myriads of fissures made by the fierce fires beneath the crust of earth burning through the shell and belching forth liquid masses of slag, which hardened into the brown and black lava copiously spread out over this valley. In places this lava is hundreds of feet in depth, and lies in great waves as if intermittent eruptions, each suddenly cooled while tossing about as the waves of the sea.

In other places the lava lies as smooth and level as a floor, with here and there great fissures extending downward to the bottom.

Along the base of the mountains on the north the lava deposit has the appearance of having had an outward flow towards the hills, and being chilled by them, which caused it to build itself up with an outward sloping face, having here and there cylindrical columns hanging down the side, much resembling the formation in the running and hardening of tar or molasses. These

and lost amid its mazes. This fact has kept these lava plains from being fully explored, and there still remain many places so isolated as to have been visited only by the occasional cowboy or prospector, and hence some of the most interesting caverns and wild, weird places have not been seen and described properly. An excellent illustration of this fact has been found in the failures of several of the most prominent early explorers to find some of the wonders near which they passed. Early this century



SAND SPRINGS FALLS

outward flowings pressed up into the gulches quite a distance, maintaining the form above described, as they hardened.

Then there are flows where this lava in its molten state was thrown into the air and there hardened into forms of almost every conceivable shape. These forms, both by their own weight and the subsequent action of the elements, have broken so as to form great caverns, ridges, mounds, and valleys, leaving so wild and weird a region that it is exceedingly easy to become bewildered

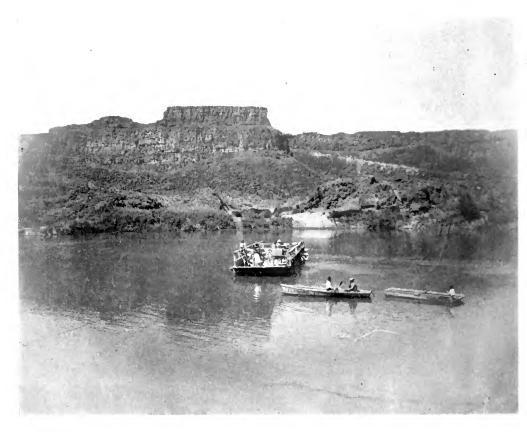
the Astor party passed within a few miles of the great Shoshone falls; in 1832 the Bonneville party did the same thing, and that great pathfinder, John C. Frémont, according to his memoirs, followed a tortuous route close to the great cañon above the upper or lower falls to within less than a mile of the falls, then to diverge to the left and remain ignorant of the great wonder until its discovery a dozen years afterwards. Thousands of people on their way to Oregon passed near these world won-

ders before their existence was made known.

All over this valley, where not covered with lava, there is a deep wash of bowlders, gravel, sand, and soil. Beneath the lava, wherever it has been penetrated, the same class of deposit is found, even to the flour, or minute specks, of gold similar to that along the present bed of the river which is being saved by the placer miners. The Oregon Short Line has its track located pretty centrally through these lava plains for several hundred miles, and for the purpose of getting water supplies has penetrated the lava with bored wells in about a dozen places. These wells pass through lava from a few feet in thickness up to 575 feet, and in each case the same kind of sand, gravel, and general wash, was found beneath. One well near the western end of the valley passes through fifteen feet of lava and then through over three hundred feet of fine sharp sand deposited by the washings. Pure water is pumped from all these wells, while there is no water found within the lava because its elevation and many crevasses permit drainage.

The structure of this valley could not have resulted had there not been, in the period of great precipitation and deep waters in the long ago, a barrier to the flow of water towards the Columbia.

Just below where the railway crosses the Snake into Oregon begins a great cañon cut through the Seven Devils range of mountains. It was the cutting of that cañon that permitted the drainage of the valley above; then there must have come the period of aridity and the many flows of lava covering so vast a country and to such great depths. These flows generally are well marked, and while not uniform in numbers, can be traced up to no less



FERRY ABOVE SHOSHONE FALLS



SHOSHONE FALLS

than thirteen at one point closely examined. The heaviest flow of lava appears to have been in the vicinity of Wood river and across southward towards the Goose creek range, making a great barrier in the form of a wide range extending eastward from a point a few miles below Shoshone falls to a point twenty miles above. Since that remote period the river has cut a great channel up to and far above the falls, leaving its debris in the form of black sands and polished bowlders of lava along the river for a hundred miles down stream. During the cutting down of this cañon, there were other streams - real rivers - running on either side to fall into the cañon below. and cutting down side cañons, which today are among the most interesting features of the country. In this work the grandest carving was done by nature in forming the Shoshone falls.

Below the falls the cañon is a thousand

feet deep, extending down far below the six hundred feet of black lava in almost perpendicular walls on each side. falls are formed by a great shale limestone dike crossing the channel at right angles, so firm as to stop rapid erosion. In the cañon above the falls, a ferry permits safe crossing of the river over deep and comparatively still water, while a little farther down stream the water drops by a succession of pretty falls to a table, from which it takes its final leap of two hundred and ten feet into the gorge below, the entire descent being about three hundred feet. While not so immense in volume of water, for beauty and variety and weirdness of surroundings it rivals the great Niagara.

Were the great cañon, vast lava walls, and the falls of Shoshone, the only features of interest there, these alone ought to attract many tourists, but they are only part of the many features worthy of visit-

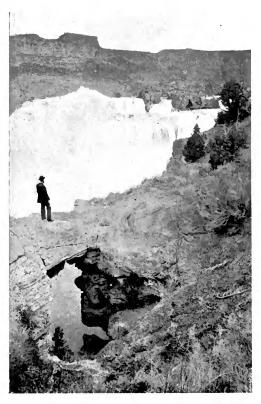


Photo by Jackson, of Denver NATURAL BRIDGE, SHOSHONE FALLS

ing, studying, and admiring. Going up the stream above the great falls, there is a deep cañon for three miles. For half this distance the river is placid, with but little current, and boating is easy. Above this is a succession of ripples until Twin falls are reached. Here an island divides the stream, forming two falls of about the same size and one hundred and ninety feet high. twenty miles above Twin falls extends a cañon averaging about one thousand feet wide and about a thousand feet deep, with walls so nearly vertical and unbroken that there are only a few places in this distance where access down to the water can be had. Think of the forces which carved out this cañon in solid lava, the time required to accomplish it, and one in the midst of such a scene is awed by the thought and the spectacle before him.

A few miles below Shoshone falls is one of the side cañons spoken of above. Part

of this cañon has been cut down, leaving walls three hundred feet high and making space enough for one of the prettiest and most romantic homes to be found anywhere. By blasting off the walls, building high retaining walls, and hauling dirt for a roadway, there is access to this wonderful place by a good road circling around like the letter S, going from one level to another until the end is reached at the river. Part way down is one arm of the cañon separated from a lower arm by a tongue of land. In this first or higher section are two lakes, filled with water as clear as crystal and so deeply blue as to suggest the name of Blue lakes. The higher is fed by immense springs, and flows into the other, which is very deep and yet so clear that fish can be seen at great depths. No more enchanting lakes are to be found than these. In the other arm of the cañon enough water flows out to make a small river and passes down over bowlders in a clear stream to the river. There is enough rich soil here enclosed by these massive walls to make a small farm, and this has been improved in the last dozen years to almost a veritable paradise. Forest trees have grown thirty or forty feet high, making dense shade round the pretty home of the owner, while fruit trees are yielding delicious fruits; grape vines cover trelises; streams of water run here and there to give life to vegetation, and the gardens produce the best of vegetables, so that on a recent visit we fared sumptuously on fruits, melons, etc., the products of this lava-walled ranch. Neither pen nor brush can picture the beauty of this place. It must be seen to realize it.

Thirty miles below Shoshome falls the river is still hemmed in in a narrow, deep cañon, to a point where begins a series of mammoth springs. To fully appreciate these, it is best to go back and describe a special feature of these great lava fields.

Shot-gun creek flows into the north branch of the Snake river, fifty miles east of Beaver cañon, on the Oregon Short Line railway. From that point westward to Little Wood river, a distance of nearly two hundred and fifty miles, all the streams on that (the north) side of the lava disappear in "sinks." Besides the score or more creeks, there is Little Lost river, draining a mountainous country for one hundred miles, and Big Lost river, draining prob-



TWIN FALLS

Photo by Jackson, Denver

ably twice as much country, both of which streams sink beneath the lava. These streams drain a mountain country two hundred and fifty miles one way by fifty to one hundred and thirty the other. A careful study of the country, distances, and elevations, suggests rivulets, creeks, and rivers, rushing through soil, gravel, and sand, capped by the lava, and these streams so large that they carry the water several hundred miles before it finds an outlet to join the waters of Snake river.

In the vicinity of Salmon falls a large number of springs emerge from beneath the lava, or between different layers of it. number of these come out in side cañons and flow into the Snake, small rivers themselves. Around Lewis ferry there is a charmed spot of placid river and rich bottom lands locked in on the north side by high bluffs of basaltic rocks and lava. This first bluff is over four hundred feet high and on the top of it is a level plateau extending back a mile or more, there to be capped by another bluff one hundred feet high, a mass of lava on a later flow. A spring of pure water rises at the base of this cliff, and finds its way a distance of over a mile to the face of the greater bluff, there to descend in a lovely fall one hundred and seventy feet wide with a straight descent of one hundred and fifty feet before it strikes the slide rock and finds its way down to the river. This is known as Sand spring, and its flow is estimated at ten thousand inches. A short distance down stream is the Snow Bank, where a much larger flow of water comes out at the base of the lava and rushes like a mad stream over rocks five hundred feet with a descent of one hundred feet, whitening the water so that it looks like a veritable snow bank as seen from above. From this point down Snake river for a mile there are springs in groups issuing from the base of the lava and flowing over the slide rock hundreds of streams so interwoven amid the rocks of various hues and growth of shrubs, grasses, cress, etc., as to give the appearance of a grotto of silver lace-work when viewed from below. The largest of these springs is called Thousand springs, covering a space of three hundred and fifty feet wide by two hundred feet in height. The flow from this group of springs as measured by the United States Geological Sur-



THE MALAD RIVER

vey, is about four thousand cubic feet per second.

There are similar springs flowing into the river at various points both above and below this this group. One of these is Billinger creek, which equals five feet in depth and thirty-five feet wide, so clear that pebbles at the bottom are plainly visible, and all this water comes from one spring. Riley creek presents almost similar features, and there are a number of others not quite so large.

These springs in the aggregate are estimated to double the volume of water in Snake river. Since the flow is regular the year round, it is not unreasonable to class the lava fields as a great reservoir with small gates or outlets open just enough to permit a constant, regular flow, and these springs as the gates through which the subterranean rivers furnish a ceaseless and never ending supply. There is a little lake near Wapi, on the Oregon Short Line, which points to the vindication of this theory. This lake is one hundred and fifty

feet below the surface of the country, is pure water, remaining always at a uniform depth, showing that it has a connection with a subterranean source of supply and is part of the reservoir system.

Taking the course of Snake river from where Shot-gun creek enters from the north, down to the Malad, there is not a stream entering on that side to swell the volume of the river, a distance of over three hundred miles, notwithstanding all the drainage from the mountains enters the lava fields, through which the water finds its way again to the surface by way of subterranean channels and to the light again through these great springs. There are some ten or twelve thousand square miles of these lava plains, portions of the great surface being bare of all vegetation or covering, but most of it is coated over with soil that only needs irrigation and cultivation to make it a veritable garden spot, and such it will become in time.

Wild and desolate as are some portions of these lava plains on the surface, with great cracks made in cooling and grotesque forms thrown upwards, there is much of interest beneath. Numerous caves have been explored. Some of these are very extensive, some are merely caverns made as bubbles are formed in the smelter's slag pot, while others were formed through the action of water in the sunken rivers. The lava resting on its foundation of sedimentary deposits is easily undermined by streams, which at first flowed through the fissures made in cooling, and then washing out the soft substances below, permitted the falling of blocks of lava. Several layers of this lava might follow the lower stratum, while above these other strata would remain as a roof to the cavern left in this manner. Some of these caves have been explored for thousands of feet. The fact that in such caves running water can be heard beneath, and currents of air pass inward or outward,

is pretty good evidence that this theory is the correct one.

There is too much of interest in the localities named to be described in one magazine article. The people of Idaho have talked of making the Shoshone Falls country a reservation or State park. If this is done, the country around Salmon falls, including the big springs, should be included, since that portion of the tract is susceptible of high cultivation, and can be made so beautiful as to add greatly to its other interesting features. Then there are excellent hunting grounds for ducks and geese, and the angler can have his choice between trout, white fish, salmon trout, and salmon, — and if he desires, there is larger game in the sturgeon, which, with the salmon and the salmon trout, ascends the Columbia and Snake river up to Shoshone falls, a barrier which they cannot overcome.

### "PROMETHEUS"

The largest live oak on the Berkeley Campus.

NATURE'S Patriarch, with arms outstretched, As Moses stood of old, and victory To Israel's warriors gave, among these oaks To thee the wind of far off battles brings The varying news,—the world, the hearts of men Ever in battle struggling. Thine, O love And strength of Nature, thine it is The victory to decide. Till sunset he, The ancient prophet, o'er the battle held The benediction of his palms, until The peaceful eve the braying trumpets hushed, And stilled the echoes of the battle shouts, And led the victors with their trophies home, The vanquished spirits with sweet balsams soothed, And triumph and defeat unwreathed enrolled On Night's dark tablet of oblivion. Great oak, stretch out thine arms, the western sky No garland wears! The battle still the souls Of men do wage, and shall forever wage Until the Beautiful and True shall reign Over the world's low cares and life's low aims!



### LOVE AND THE DAI BUTSU

IN THE LAND OF BARGAINS

By M. L. WAKEMAN CURTIS

I.



BEGIN at the beginning, Rosalie had never been a belle in all her life until she found herself the only young lady on board the good ship Ionic on the long voyage out from San Francisco to Yoko-

hama. She had not missed her share of fun in life; but older sisters who were known as "raving beauties," and younger children to whom she had ever been the "best of sisters," and her preoccupation also as the "best of daughters" had hither-to-fore somehow, helped to prevent her introduction to the seductive, esoteric joys of belledom.

"No nonsense about my little Rosalie,' remarked her father, from time to time patting her head exactly as he had done in her infancy. "She's going to let the other girls have their lovers and their folderols, but she's going to stay by her old father."

For some reason people used to cast her for the rôle of the useful rather than the



"TO KEEP HOUSE, AND QUITE ALONE!"

ornamental, and most amiably and obligingly had she accepted this place in the social order.

But a change — a sea change — had come o'er the spirit of her dream, and it was wonderful how she throve upon it, growing gayer and rosier day by day. Now that there were no sisters by, who were

Beauties with a big B, everybody noticed the nice shape of Rosalie's forehead, and the doubly nice shape of her chin, and the character and becomingness lurking in her demure little airs of decision, to say nothing of the charm that lay in the straight-forward glance of her clear eyes.

Of course in words nobody praised her

for these things, but from the grizzled old Captain to the lad of eighteen at the foot of the table, everybody paid her court and and fed her upon the subtlest flattery without words, of unvarying approval and innocent, sympathetic admiration, which is the atmosphere after all, perhaps, that has helped many a beautiful and gracious woman to maintain her sweetness. No wonder that Rosalie came out from her old-time chrysalis and found wings not to be sheathed again; that she assumed a scepter she would be little likely to relinquish.

"I believe Rosalie is as pretty as her sisters, after all," murmured in surprise and open discontent good Aunt Hatton, with whom the young girl was going out to Yokohama for a year. "I took the plain one on purpose,—for I do want her company,—and I do not" (with great emphasis) "want the first man she meets to fall in love with

her and marry her."

This intent she afterward explained to Uncle Hatton, who agreed that it had been founded on a sagacious idea, but found fault with the premises, for from the moment of delightedly welcoming her into his home he saw no indication of "plainness"

in the aspect of his niece.

As it happened, naturally enough, the first man she met was Geoffrey Lloyd, a young Californian who had come out only a year before to take a place in Asa Hatton's office and tea-firing go-down. A clean-shaven blond, good-looking fellow, whose most striking physical characteristic was a sort of deliberateness which his comrades sometimes miscalled laziness and dilatoriness, for it was neither. With plenty of mental and bodily energy, it was believed that he had never hurried and never been belated in his life; his unvarying coolness had even been counted an exasperation by more nervously flurried individuals.

"Lloyd will never marry, life would not be long enough for a courtship as he would

conduct it."

"If Lloyd had a sweetheart she would be gray-headed before Lloyd would get things to the point of proposal," were the possibly mistaken verdicts which more than once his fellows had pronounced upon him, whereat Geoffrey had smiled his slow, amused smile, without any other comment.

Rosalie met him at dinner the first day of her stay under the new roof-tree.

"You don't know how heartily appreciative I am of this privilege of being again in the company of a young girl of my own country," he told her with simple frankness at the outset. "This is so essentially a bachelor society, here in the Far East. Think of this whole year in which I have had neither my sister nor any other young lady to consent even once to give me the honor of escorting her to the theater," whimsically added this youth from San Francisco.

"Uncle Hatton," demanded Rosalie, twirling around on the piano stool to face her relative, "why is it that no young lady during this long time has consented to accompany Mr. Lloyd to the theater?"

Uncle Hatton seemed to enjoy his laugh, but the mystery was not elucidated at the

moment.

When Geoffrey found that Miss Hatton knew all the good old American college songs, so strongly reminiscent of many a camp-fire and jolly supper table "at home," he had found, seemingly, an irresistible magnet insuring the acceptance even more freely than of old of the accustomed hos-

pitality of the Hatton bungalow.

There was one point of difference, however, between the two young people, at least, for a time. Lloyd had decided that he did not like the Far East, that residence therein was an unhappy thraldom, and habitually disdained the small luxuries that, undeniably, made that life easy to him. But a renewed and piquant interest was lent, perforce, to the Orient, people and environment, now that this young lady of the curly locks seemed tacitly to insist upon sharing with him her interest, curiosity, and enthusiasm. Daily he was called upon to translate and explain, and duly burnished up his knowledge of every tradition and custom.

First of all for his elucidation, there were the musical, low-toned noises and street cries of a gentle and poetical pepple, who so signally refrain from making discordant their cities with the deafening and stunning babel, the ear-piercing cacophony, din, and clangor, uproar, and bombilation, which seem to be a concomitant of Western civilization. Such sounds as the sweet, reedy whistle that wandered about o' nights like a whispering and tuneful banshee; the bell notes, when a bell need be, of the great, dull, low-pitched, reverberating, pervading, but non-



A PORCELAIN SHOP OF YOKOHAMA

clamorous tone of the temple's big gongs; the plaintive, occasional, minor drop, gentle and sad, of some street vender; or the rhythmic tones, dying away in the distance, with their pulsating "hinky, honky, hinky, honky, hink, honk," own brother to the chantyman of the sea, of the burden-bearers of the town, the motive power, by dozens or half-dozens, of the two-wheeled traffic vans.

It was the last of the New Year's festival and Lloyd gallantly lent his assistance in escorting the family through the regulation sights and sounds. Theater street by night was duly exploited, its gay and banner-hung length alight with festooned paper lanterns, the great, swaying globes, by thousands, with the dim glow of huge luminous pearls and opals swinging overhead in garlands and arches, shining aloft at the tips of long bamboo poles, or in an occasional gleam of contrasting color, outlining some roof edge or lighting the recesses of an upper veranda with warm points of deep, ruby brilliance.

The thoroughfares themselves in all directions were a maze of dancing fireflies, with lighted rickshas flitting noiselessly about; or like a poetized torch-light pro-

cession gone astray and in possession of the the whole town.

All the venders had come out from their little shops and spread their wares under the light of the innumerable lanterns along the roadway.

"It is the great clearance day of the year," said Uncle Hatton, "each man sells what he has, and at what price he may, that he may pay his debts."

"And if he does not realize enough to straighten up his accounts, as likely as not he will cut his throat or hang himself before another day," remarked Lloyd.

"But if he finds himself with more than his debts require," added the older man, "he will probably spend the entire surplus in entertaining his friends, in riotous living and chiefly in the prevailing sake bottle."

Rosalie looked for the sign of tragedy in the faces of men likely to cut their throats if the morrow's sun did not see their cash books balance, and in all the careless, laughing throng found it not.

"How much?" she asked at one moment.
"I kura?" translated Geoffrey at her

elbow

"She yen, go-ju sen," (four dollars and a half,) said the shaggy-haired, brown-faced



MAID OF KAMAKURA

vender, handing up his yellow vase with the folds of a golden dragon coiled about it.

"Ichi yen," (one dollar,) hastily interposed Geoffrey as Miss Hatton signified her acceptance of the bit of pottery and opened her purse to find the proper payment.

"Ureshi," (all right,) cheerfully responded the seller, accepting the smaller sum.

"I kura?" at another stall, where old men and women, many children, and even babies-on-back, were assisting in the shoptending.

"San yen," (three dollars,) replied a one-

eyed woman.

"Go-ju sen," (fifty cents,) again quickly interposed Lloyd as he saw that Rosalie had again made the purchase, this time a tall blue and white chow box. And the seller again accepted the amended price.

"I kura?"

This time it was a quaintly carved *nitschi*, or great button, commonly used to fasten the purse or pouch to the belt.

"One dollar and a half," ("Ichi yen, go-ju

sen,") announced the owner.

"Ju-go sen" (fifteen cents,) bid Geoffrey, with perfect success, the smiling merchant handing over his ware with gleeful alacrity.

"Why, I think it a shame," indignantly remonstrated Rosalie. "How can you take such advantages of the poor man's necessities? Uncle! Come here! No wonder they have to hang themselves!"

Seen by the light of the next day's sun, Rosalie's purchases presented a somewhat worn and becracked aspect that rendered

her slightly dubious.

"However," she remarked reflectively as she contemplated them, "no doubt they are still more valuable than I had supposed them. They really must be genuine antiques."

Geoffrey who had come in to tiffin, laughed a little. "I must take you to see the shops here where the genuine antiques are made," he remarked, "all painstakingly soiled and cleaned, worn and renovated, cracked and

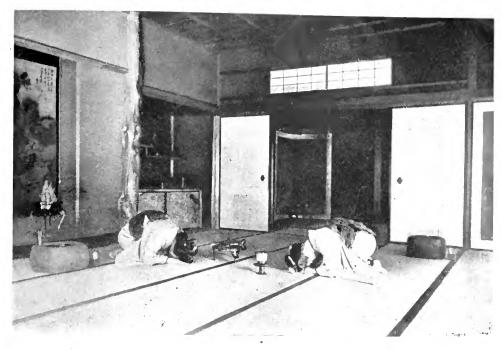
repaired, almost while you wait."

"There is one thing here that is very genuine, anyway," cried Rosalie with enthusiasm. "That is the gentle breeding and true courtesy of the people, from the man dressed in such beautiful silken gowns, followed by a servant bearing a big tray of his cards, out paying calls yesterday, whose greetings and farewells were so delightfully profound and impressive that I felt like making my ricksha man follow him all day, down to the very babies in the street, or the little armah who knocks at the drawing-room door every night that she may say such a pretty, ceremonious goodnight to the family."

Things in Japan had not seemed so perfectly delightful to Lloyd until he had witnessed Rosalie's enjoyment of them. He watched the tiny dimple at the corner of her lips and the amusing decision of her quick little nod, and soberly agreed with

everything she said.

"And the cook!" pursued that young lady in her chorus of appreciation of the domestic institutions of the Rising Sun country. "Why, my dear mother would feel twenty years younger if she could have such a cook. When he comes into the breakfast room every morning for his orders, which he not only carries out beautifully without one hitch or jar or reminding hint, but even triumphantly improves upon, he never deviates a hair's breath



SAYONARAS

from the perfectly ideal manners of a model cook under just those circumstances."

"My cook is just so, also," assented Geoffrey.

"Your cook?" said Rosalie, with renewed interest. "Why, have you a house?"

"Only a very moderate establishment, I

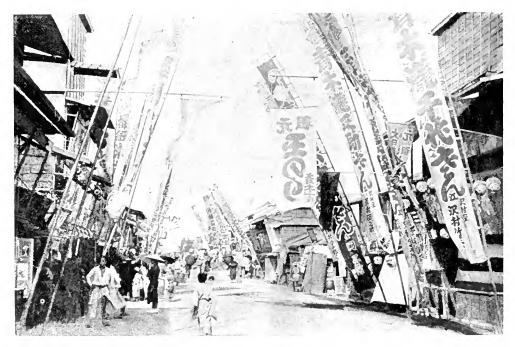
assure you," said Geoffrey.

"To keep house, and quite alone," she murmured, eying the young man with something like compassion in her sympathetic glance, as all sorts of unpleasant contingencies, inseparable from a masculine regime, passed through her housewifely mind. And Lloyd gazed into the wide eyes bent thoughtfully upon him and instantly intimated, in base and prevaricating agreement with her misconceptions as to the cares of masculine housekeeping in the Mikado's realm, that his condition was, indeed, a sad one,—the truth being that Lloyd's "boy," an honest and clever creature, worshiped him, and for this and other reasons his little household moved far more harmoniously than does many a bewomaned home in the Western world.

"Have you seen anything today that you would like?" Aunt Hatton thought to ask one day when they had been wandering through the Motomachi and Bentendori.

Rosalie quite gasped.

"Oh! Aunt Hatton! Why, I've seen no less than seventeen different little teapots; and I have n't a use for any of them, but I want them all dreadfully. Then did n't you see how I longed for that seven cent bowl, of such common ware, you said, but with such an artistic arrangement of fishnet and intertwined fishes upon it, and when I lifted the lid, with the fisherman himself, and the sea waves, most graphically depicted on the inside! And those lovely, pale green dishes with dimples and dents and infoldings, and the blue and white plates that you simply laughed at, but which I could gaze at, one after the other, forever! And then you can ask, you dear, unseeing thing, if I wanted anything! I believe I was born with a heretofore unsuspected passion for Japanese porcelains. Don't you know it is simply because one ricksha nor two would not hold them, and there would not be room in the house for half of them, that I have not been busy depleting, all day, these tiny shops along every street in Native-town?"



THEATER STREET, YOKOHAMA

Aunt Hatton smiled only half understand-

ingly.

You don't know, Aunt, how completely bewitched I am with this wonderful Japan," suddenly remarked the young lady that same evening. "I may as well tell you that I shall accept the very first man—provided he is a resident—who does himself the honor to offer himself. Could I resist the opportunity to keep house for my very self as it is done here? Never, I am sure of it, never!"

At this Geoffrey looked at her somewhat

thoughtfully.

"I am secretly pining for a cooksan attached to my own private retinue, she went on laughingly, "who shall treat me as a visiting ambassadress in a royal presence, whenever I go into my own kitchen. I simply yearn to own a whole row of

armahs,2 they may nightly sing me so sweet a chorus of 'sayonaras' before they re-

that

Besides, it is really from economy that I long to invest in these things. How should I resist the unheard-of bargain of a talented chef whose monthly wage is five dollars, and of quaint little silk-clad housemaids who come at three dollars each? Too much for feminine heart! Then it will take a whole house to contain the things I wish to buy. I fairly long to go prowling day after day into little shops to find bits of china, and embroideries, and cherry-lacquer Aunt, why did you not prepare me for the seductive charms I should find here?"

There were other young men present besides Lloyd, and a general laugh was heard

after this spirited harangue.

"You are not like the lady who for six months wore a heavy veil in the streets, she found the sight of the people so repulsive," said Uncle Hatton, with a sly glance at his wife.

"The people," declared Rosalie, "why, they are so cute that I want a lot of them for my own! I never knew before how I love a bargain! But I do, and this place and all the people are simply irresistible.'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cook.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Maids.



TORII OF THE KAMAKURA SHRINE

"You think we're all cheap," murmured Geoffrey.

"Oh, not you, no Americans," cried Rosalie, quite frankly. "I have n'tany thoughts just yet for my own people and kind, I'm so busy imbibing the novelties of the very farthest East of all."

The amusement and teasing remarks over the young girl's enthusiasm went on for a little while; and it is, of course, impossible to say just how much this conversation had to do with the occurrence of the next day. That was the day of Kamakura and the Dai Butsu.

II.

When Rosalie had been in Yokohama a few weeks Lloyd felt as if he had basked in this gentle girl-presence for years, all his life. It was still only a matter of a few weeks, and the spring had scarcely come with its far-famed plum blossoms, when the Hattons, with Lloyd as usual in chivalrous attendance, went over to spend the bright, clear, sun-lighted day at storied Kamakura. Only a few miles on the little railroad, with its small, stuffy, English apartment car, a few miles of skirting the rice swamps, cut by intersecting raised

paths into tiny square fields, and they were in the pretty village, joining the smiling, chatting, holiday crowd that was wandering up and down the wooded avenue, under the the tall cryptomerias, between the stone steps of the war-god's shrine on the one hand, and down to the sea beach at the other end, and beneath the beautiful great stone temple gate, the peculiar square archway of the Shinto buildings (with a story or legend to explain it, were there time to tell it), with its noble proportions, under the other and green archway of the trees, half way between the town and the sea.

In all the ebbing and flowing bare-headed crowd, with the constant sharp little clipclit clattering of their lacquered sandals, they were the only persons who did not look as if designed by the costumer of the "Mikado" of Gilbert and Sullivan,

and the little maids of Kamakura eyed Rosalie shyly but curiously.

"No wonder," said Uncle Hatton. "Must they not marvel how you got into your round dress, with no visible place of entrance to it anywhere in its circumference, from neck to hem?"

For tiffin they went away to the white shelly beach and the inn under the sounding pines, and the ricksha men, who had conveyed them a matter of half a dozen blocks, were given twenty-five cents each, although they suggested forty, and when Uncle Hatton was adamant, smilingly intimated their willingness to accept a chiisai kumsha (little present).

"But, Uncle Hatton," remarked Rosalie, "vou know it is a shorter distance between your house and Mrs. Chutneydeens, where I sometimes go alone. Yet even for that distance, when I paid the ricksha man sixty

cents I saw it was not enough.

"The first time," she added, "I gave him ten cents, as Aunt'told me. But he caught his breath with such a pitiful sob when he told me that was not right that I was fairly frightened. The next time I gave him thirty cents, and forty, and fifty, and the last time eighty cents."

Geoffrey laughed heartily. "And he still

sobs?" he demanded.

"Foolish chit," remarked Uncle Hatton indulgently. "I hope you may succeed in assuaging his grief before you have come to the point of bestowing all your worldly goods, or paying out your whole month's income, for a single kuruma ride."

Aunt Hatton found that she suffered severely from a headache and felt disposed to go immediately home. Yet it was a pity that while in Kamakura Rosalie should not see the Dai Butsu. It was therefore agreed that Lloyd should escort her into that august presence and thence home by a later

or mid-afternoon train.

Of course conversation was impossible as they sped away single file in the rapid rickshas, but in the little pine and cedar grove, where the great god sat, as he had been sitting so placidly through the centuries, the young people walked slowly about, gradually appreciating the immensity that dwarfed them, and the peace of that overshadowing presence seated upon the lotus, that presence of mystically joining thumbs, and brooding eyes, and enigmatically smiling lips, with the sense over all, not to be explained, of something superior to human wisdom and of inaccessibility to human passions.

The sense of pacification and acquiescence that grew and grew, if one stayed in the atmosphere of the place, was something foreign to the spirit of modern life. a dim feeling that there were other shoulders than those of mankind broad enough to bear the burdens, another soul than the mortal profound enough to weigh the weary problems of humanity.

Lend yourself to the mysterious spirit of the great god, look on him long enough, open the door of your heart to him, and he shall teach you, poor, little, baffled, puzzled, tired personality, that it does not so much matter; for Infinite Time and Immeasurable

Space are sufficient for all.

Something of this lotus calm, something of the ineffable peace of the Buddha, made themslyes felt, and Rosalie murmured slowly.-

"I wish — I wish my mother could see

the Dai Butsu!"

Rosalie's mother was one of the women of large heart and helping hand of the nineteenth century. She knew and pitied and labored so much—so tirelessly. that one moment her daughter felt: "I would rather that she might look upon the great Buddha." And the East and the West were met.

When Geoffrey saw by her face that she had come back to earth again and to the epoch in which she lived, he wandered off with her among the trees and told her all she would of the "hoar antiquity" of the bronze pile that had been dominating them; and of the earthquakes that had rocked it on its lotus base, and the tidal waves that had swept over it in those long centuries, lapping up and wiping out, presently, with the creeping years, the stately temple and the populous city that had once marked the lonesome place and been for hundreds of years the capital of Japan. There were various tales of proud samurai, the heroic twosworded soldiers, and of the Tycoons of old, even from that misty date, so far B. C., of the first sacred Emperor of them all, and of a romantic feudalism, coming down almost to the present day.

Then Geoffrey suddenly looked at his watch as a preliminary and gave his athletic shoulders a certain hitch which meant with him, "getting down to business."
"Look here, Miss Rosalie," he said,

speaking rather hurriedly for him, as if

warned by that glimpse of his time-piece. "I want to say something to you."

She obediently turned toward him, raising an attentive and expectant glance and pausing in her walk to listen to him.

The monks at their little stand over by the entrance of the glade may or may not have wondered what inconsiderable and commonplace matter was discussed by those two strangers come out from the West.

"It is this," went on Geoffrey. "Why do you merely lend to Japan your presence for a visit? Will you not make your stay a more or less permanent one by setting up your home here? If you want a mansion on Nob Hill, or a castle in Spain, or a domicile in Rome, or even a tent in the desert, or a grass hut in the South Seas, I have nothing to say, I am not in it.

"I will not speak of asking you to accept such poor wares as my heart and love, life, name, fortune, or future, they are all too far beneath contempt and not worth your notice. But what I do proffer is a bungalow on the Bluff, or if you prefer it, a native house under the pine trees and on the beach, in Yokohama, Kamakura, or where you will. I lay at your feet a retinue of cooks, boys, and armahs, with a betto in a mushroom hat, blue tights, and a widesleeved jacket. I promise they shall all be ridiculously cheap and with the most charmingly deferential manners. I beg you to take the gold-embroidered hangings, the carved tables, the smiling bronze dragons, and the roomful of blue and white Imari and Hirado ware, that comprise my humble offering. Tell me," anxiously now, "will you?"

She had turned a little red and drawn apart from him. Now she looked up smiling—but hardly into his eyes—and saw the floating flakes of a snow storm.

"O, how absurd! Why, it is snowing! Now we really must go into the Dai Butsu!" is what she said.

They ran for it and stood within the bronze shelter.

Rosalie leaned against a great metal convexity in the wall and spoke no word.

In the dim light he scarcely could see the outline of her. And time went on, and on, and on, until it seemed to Lloyd that he had been living, since the thought took him to ask a certain question of a young and smiling maiden, through as many ages as the Dai Butsu had seen, and that he had been miserably weak, vain, deluded, and foolish, in all of them.

And still time went on, on, and on, and Rosalie made no sound, and Lloyd despised himself in seven different ways, and his past life seemed to him small and poor, and his future of no more account than one of the very smallest, most battered, brass coins with a hole in it, in the place of offerings to the great god, a piece of one hundreth part of a half cent.

Presently, in sheer desperation, Lloyd, with his lifelong habit of patience all gone out of him, and in a hollow voice that reverberated about and above their heads, up into the mighty head of the Buddha, asked.—

"Rosalie, are you going to give me an answer?"

"O, but not now, not here," said Rosalie, very distinctly and sweetly, but in tones too low to raise an echo in the ancient metallic chamber where they stood.

He reached out his hand mechanically to help her through the dim little tunnel to the outer world, and she permitted herself to be led.

Then he looked at her so searchingly, inquiringly, and wistfully, that she had no heart to withhold her answer. She looked up at him for the briefest moment with a dancing look that held amusement, sympathy, shyness, surprise, happiness, and a good deal of tenderness in the depth of it, and then calmly and gently said,—

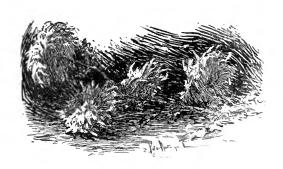
"I think I will accept the — bargain."
"Thank God," whispered Geoffrey.

The kuruma ya had found big yellow oiled-paper umbrellas to spread over them and rugs to wrap them in, and so started off with them at a mad pace and sped on with them until the little station was reached, Rosalie meantime thinking her own thoughts as she watched the slow, irresolute, small, wavering Japanese snow-flakes that were in the air only but did not lie upon the ground, while Geoffrey also was thinking his own thoughts as he watched, under the big paper umbrella in front of him, the gray-jacketed shoulder and curly, turbaned head of Rosalie.

They were late, but so was the little train and the single first class compartment was crowded to the doors, so that Geoffrey stood all the way upon the narrow platform at the end. Then at dusk came Yokohama, with processions of rickshas starting out from the depot, each, of course, lighted with a great, swaying, opaline, glowing paper globe, with another wild, reckless, but noiseless stampede at the will of the manmotor power, to find, "at home," Aunt Hatton awaiting them to say:—

"Almost the dinner hour, and you must be cold, both of you. Train behind time, I suppose, as usual, and that is what makes you so late."

"That and other things," gravely murmured Lloyd. And he bent close to Rosalie's pink cheek and little ear to whisper,—
"Among them, love and the Dai Butsu."



## OLD MAMMY'S LULLABY'

L AY down in de ashes, honey, long wif de sweet a-tatahs, Go to sleep, pickaninny,—sleep, baby, sleep;
Mammy 'll tu'n de hoe cake an' keep de tatahs bakin',—
Curl down dah, darlin', wha' de ashes deep.

Up in de chimney cornah am de place foh babies,
Whah de ashes deep an' wa'm, (shet yo' eyes, chile,)
Heah de bacon sizzlin' an' de fiah roarin',—
Mammy cay n't take yo', else de hoe cake spile.

Listen to de rain an' wind outside de cabin,
Wha' de ghostes walkin' up an' down de lane,
Stop yo' whimperin' dah now, and cuddle in de ashes,
Mammy gwine 'tect yo' f'um de ghostes an' de rain!

Go to sleep, lammie, else de big bar 'll git yo',
An' de ghostes grab yo' right out in de sto'm,—
Heah de fiah cracklin'— bress de chile! she 's noddin'!
Mammy gwine poke de fiah up, an' keep de ashes wa'm.

Elizabeth A. Vore

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>It is not an uncommon thing for the children of the North Carolina darkies or low whites to sleep in the ashes in the corners of the immense fireplaces.

# A NATIONAL PILOT SERVICE

### A NEGLECTED DUTY OF CONGRESS

#### BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR

TT IS just one hundred and eight years since the United States Congress, which body was vested by the Federal Constitution with "power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes," passed the following law, now Section 4235 of the "UNTIL FURTHER Revised Statutes: PROVISION IS MADE BY CONGRESS, all pilots in the bays, inlets, rivers, harbors, and ports of the United States shall continue to be regulated in conformity with the existing laws of the States respectively wherein such pilots may be, or with such laws as the States may respectively enact for the purpose."

It seems evident from this language, "Until further provision is made by Congress," that the wise framers of that law had clearly in mind the idea that a comprehensive control by the Federal authorities would be the correct manner of handling the pilot question, when certain conditions which the development of the nation would naturally produce should pre-Or possibly, and very likely, it was their expectation that such control would be assumed without much delay. The vast number of problems which a Congress was called upon to solve in the early days of the precarious existence of the Republic would naturally suggest procrastination where prompt action did not seem imperative. The States at that time were evidently regulating the pilots in a way, and Congress could leave that matter for further action while giving its attention to more weighty and pressing demands. But the intention eventually to enact a National Pilot Law is manifest on the face of this law, which was adopted on August 7, 1789, at a time when only eleven States had ratified the Constitution, during the first session of the new Congress, and when there was still some uncertainty regarding the action of the other States and a great anxiety as to the practical working of the new organic law

of the federation. It was therefore very natural that the Congress should act conservatively where no immediate damage was likely to result; and the failure to assume instant control of the pilots as an integral part of the nation's commerce I think can only be accounted for upon one of the theories here suggested. The States, having by the adoption of the Constitution delegated the absolute control and management of our ocean and interstate commerce to Congress, could not, nor can they now, claim any rights in the management of the pilot question on the basis of reserved powers, although, unless action be taken by Congress soon, I fear some of them may assert a right on the basis of immemorial usage.

Assuming then that the policy of Congress in 1789 was one of delay only; that they believed in their wisdom that this feature of commerce should in the near future come under the direct supervision of the sovereign authority; that their action was not taken with the intention of delegating back to the States powers which were permanently vested in Congress by the Constitution, let us respect the opinion of those patriots and statesmen, remembering that the document known as our Federal Constitution has long been recognized by men and nations as a most wonderful provision for future conditions, almost superhuman

in prophetic completeness.

Let us bear in mind also that those were the days of true patriotism in legislation; that there were no great and powerful corporations, trusts, and other combinations of capital, bearing down upon the statesman who would "serve his country first, last, and all the time," and that the States ratifying the Constitution did so with a fervent desire that a permanent government might be established in the interest of the whole people. With the situation thus in mind, an inquiring reader would very likely propound the query: "How do you account for the

failure of successive Congresses for a hundred years to take up and settle this question?" Well, as to that, we might remind the inquisitive reader that there some other important questions that Congress is very slow to settle, most of which seriously question the ethics of our legislation, the makers of which they fail to remember are as a rule very fair representatives of the morals of their constituents.

But the pilot question has been taken up time and again, and because not properly understood by members of Congress or fully explained and insisted upon by the advocates of Federal control, action was defeated easily through the influence and work of the employees of pilot combinations, which are said to exist in every State where ocean or lake commerce has assumed respectable proportions. These people are always on deck with a belaying pin in hand, ready to knock down any subject that threatens monopolies. And what do people say when this explanation is made to them? Why they look wise and remark: the pilots are only protecting their business as any one else would; do you blame them?"

"Protecting their business!" Is it really necessary in this Republic to protect one's business from the Nation's legislators, if that business be legitimate? Hardly; but this is the excuse and apology for every sort of vicious legislation in State or Nation, and so long as the electors present such arguments and apologies in defense of their servants, they have no right to complain at results. This is the dollar age; the selfishness inherent in humanity is all centered in the acquisition of wealth to the exclusion and at the expense of good morals. For instance, as frequently told in the Overland, there exists in California, a powerful pilot monopoly created by corrupt legislation, secured and protected by corrupt methods, prepared to fight to a finish for its corrupt perpetuation in the corrupt lobbies of State and National legislative halls, resorting to misrepresentation. subterfuge, and outrageous fraud, in order that twenty men may absolutely control the business not alone of piloting vessels, for they do very little of this, -- but of levying tribute upon the commerce of the State, for which generally no service at all is rendered. Each of the pilots of San Francisco bay, engaged in one of the most pleasant and least dangerous occupations in the world, works as his turn comes, or rather sails around in beautiful, strongly built schooner yachts, paid for by the shipping of the port, eight days on an average each month, the balance of the month being at his own disposal practically, and the port pays to each pilot (and there are twenty of them) for this eight-day month an average of over six hundred dollars net. Ocean-going vessels sail into and out of port year in and year out with perfect safety, — or when there is not a favorable wind they employ a powerful steam tug boat, of which there is a plentiful supply, each of them provided with a pilot licensed by the United States government and thoroughly familiar with the harbor and its entrance, and are towed in and out without a particle of danger when proper care is exercised. The pilot monopoly agent watches them (at the United States Custom House) as they come in and go out, and compla-cently presents his bill for "pilotage," not earned, - which the corrupt law secured by corrupt methods, permits him to levy upon people who have no use on earth for him.

The amount collected for no service rendered is supposed to be from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars per year, but as no public record is kept of this private business monopoly, it may be a much larger sum. And the shipowner who pays the money cheerlessly charges the same to "legalized piratage," and wonders when relief from this unholy robbery will But, in the vernacular of the front, come. "It is an established business and you must not interfere with it, see?" Is it any wonder that a National Pilot Law is and always will be opposed by this monopoly, and others throughout the country whose material interests might be somewhat affected by the change? And is it any wonder that the shipowner looks to Congress as his only hope when State legislatures, one after another, corrupt as the last California one was, oblivious to the demands of justice, absolutely refuse to disturb the monopoly which can afford to contribute ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars each session "just to be let alone"?

The theory upon which a pilot service is held to be a necessity is very attractive, and naturally invites the approval of the people. Taking advantage of this sentiment, the politicians work upon the public sympathy. and gain support for laws that are more in the nature of highway robbery licenses than measures for the safety and protection of life and property which they purport to be, and which the pretty phrases of their interested advocates make them appear. pilot service, which we will admit for the sake of argument is a necessity to a degree at some ports, least of all however at San Francisco, is thus made to cost many times what its usefulness justifies. For since the introduction and perfection of the steam tug service, a most complete substitute for and vast improvement over the old pilot system. the professional pilot of these days would be minus a job at the large ports of the country but for his political support.

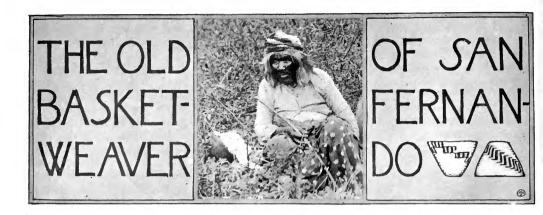
As a proof of the extravagant cost of modern pilot systems under State control. I will cite as a notable instance the case of Boston harbor, where the rates are only about one half as high as at San Francisco. —and where, we are told, many dangers confront the navigator; where during several months of cold weather ice frequently clogs the water ways, and yet with all these disadvantages, which do not exist in San Francisco, and which would seem to emphasize the need of pilots at Boston if anywhere, the cost of piloting the few vessels that actually employed pilots at Boston harbor in the year 1896 was \$14,375 for each vessel thus piloted. Because while pilotage was collected to the amount of \$115,000, showing that hundreds of vessels were subjucted to this compulsory, arbitrary charge, we are informed upon reliable authority that only eight vessels actually employed pilots at that comparatively dangerous port during the year. The tug boats with their United States pilots aboard did the work and the ships were compelled to pay for this tug service a large sum of money, for which full value was rendered, and also to contribute \$115,000 to the political pilots for the maintenance of an alleged safeguard in the shape of an obsolete system sustained only by and through political contrivance.

Will some people ever learn that the war is over; that tallow dips have been superseded by petroleum; that petroleum has given way to gas; and that gas is rapidly retiring at the behest of harnessed lightning called electricity? The march of progress and civilization is still onward and upward. When the wheel of time begins to run backward again, these things, together with the ancient pilot and pirate, may be resurrected and take their places "at the old stand" once more as evidence of the oft repeated commonplace "history repeats itself."

As it has been fully demonstrated, I think, that State control of the pilot question breeds corruption and affords an opportunity to thrifty politicians and their friends to compel unfair contributions from our ocean commerce, which they have uniformly done, and as no such result was ever intended by the framers of the Federal Constitution or laws, it would seem wise for Congress, in compliance with a duty imposed by the Constitution, now to assume absolute control of this most important department, and manage it in the interests of

the whole people. Why not?

Where pilots are necessary, let there be But where the modern steam tug pilots. boat service is ample and so much superior in its workings and responsibility, there can be no excuse for maintaining both. owners of the tug boats furnish every safeguard, and assume financial liability for loss while vessels are in their charge. The pilot assumes no financial responsibility. Which, reader, do you think owners of sailing vessels would naturally prefer and always employ, when either is requisite, if a choice were permitted? As heretofore remarked, they are now compelled to pay a pilot, while they employ the tug only, which does the work of both. A professional pilot on board a sailing vessel that is in tow of a steam tug whose hawser separates the two vessels hundreds of feet is about as useful to the sailing vessel as her anchor would be if located on the crest of Mount Hamilton. Let the government take charge.



By J. TORREY CONNOR

IT MIGHT be a corner of Old Spain, so brightly falls the sunlight on the redtiled roof, so balmy are the breezes that set the gray-green leaves of the olive trees all a-quiver. Beyond the mission the sleepy little village of San Fernando lies basking in the golden noontide, its one connecting link with the busy, work-a-day world the Southern Pacific train, at the moment speeding cityward, leaving a trail of smoke across the blue sky.

But the quiet of this peaceful spot remains unbroken; the old mission, "the world forgetting," is "of the world forgot." At the upper end of the corridor a darkrobed figure paces meditatively, and as I advance along the uneven flagging, the priest turns and holds out a hand in greeting.

"The basket-weaver? You will find her in a shack at the turn of yonder wall."

Like many another sojourner in California, I had caught the basket-collecting fever in its most virulent form. I had seen the famous Jewett collection, comprising one hundred and thirty perfect specimens of the textile art, their beautiful colors—such tints as no recent weave could imitate—mellowed by age. Then did I determine to own its counterpart, and straightway took a basket-collecting friend into my confidence.

"You can obtain these things at a curio dealer's, by paying six prices for them, but you are never sure of their authenticity. The authentic basket is the basket with a history," my friend continued. "It must

have all the ear-marks of actual service, must, in short, have been put to uses for which it was designed. The bowl baskets, made at a period when the entire furnishings of the tepee were the work of the Indian woman's hands, were intended for cooking utensils. So finely woven were they that they held water, which for cooking purposes was brought to a boiling point by casting in stones, heated red-hot in the glowing embers. Water jugs, shaped like the Mexican olla, were coated with pitch to render them water-tight, and were almost the only basket without ornament.

"I have seen shell beads, inwoven with grasses dyed black, brown, or red, on a common hopper,—which is a bottomless basket, made to fit over the hollow stone on which corn is ground. The shallow baskets in which meal was mixed, the 'carrying' baskets, the clothes hamper,—all were more or less elaborately ornamented with designs which required as careful a counting of stitches' as does the most intricate embroidery pattern. But it was on the 'trinket' baskets that the dusky dame expended her skill. Tiny beads, bright feathers from the head of the woodpecker, from the breast of the wild canary and the teal duck, and strands of gay worsted, were lavishly employed in decorating these pretty trifles. Without being useful, they served their purpose in being ornamental, and were treasured as our grandmothers treasure their family plate. The baskets fashioned nowadays may, to the uninitiated, appear much the same in shape and coloring; but examine the weave, note the use of cheap 'store' dyes in the color designs, where

vegetable dyes were formerly used."

"Truly it is like comparing stone-ware with Haviland," I replied, recalling several particularly unhandsome specimens offered for sale at the little way-stations along the overland route.

"Just so. These, my enthusiastic friend,

of the reward which a good deed merits. There are a few old Indian women yet living who hold in their possession baskets handed down from generation to generation,—baskets made at a time when cheap crockery was a thing unknown this side of the Rockies. Scour the country,—and when you find such a basket buy, beg, or steal it, but secure it at all hazards, and you have



FROM THE JEWETT COLLECTION

are made to sell, not to figure as heirlooms. Do you understand what is meant by the

authenticity of a basket?"

"But where may these baskets, the perfect specimens, be found? One may no longer 'discover' them, as did the pioneer collectors, for where there are baskets, there, also, is the curio dealer."

"Scour the country, and take the chances

something for which a connoisseur would barter his soul."

"Why is this scarcity of 'high art' bas-

ketry?"

"It is no longer expected that a squaw will bring a dowry of baskets to her husband, and the art of weaving, as weaving was done in those days when the skilled worker brought a price in the matrimonial



THE JEWETT COLLECTION

market, will soon be a lost one. It has been said, and truly, that the Indians learn more of the white people's vices than vir-Thus it happens that the younger generation of shack dwellers has put aside the teachings of their foremothers, the 'advanced' squaw preferring to use any makeshift in which to prepare her messes, rather than spend long hours in the shaping of a basket, that, after all, serves her pupose no better than the odds and ends of broken crockery or rusted tin, picked up from a rubbish heap. Only the old-timers - few they are, and rapidly dying off — can tell you the secret of the 'stitch'; how the tiny feathers of wild birds that embellish the small baskets are 'caught in'; the difference in the two great methods of weaving 'upright' and 'horizontal,' and many other things which you would like to know."

With a serene confidence born of youth and inexperience I set out on my quest, journeying far to find the old basket weaver of San Fernando, of whom I had been told. It is barely possible, I argued, that the tourists have passed her by; and then hope took wings as I thought of the lynx-eyed curio dealer, who had doubtless long before despoiled her of everything on which he could lay his hands.

Crossing the orchard, set with centuryold olive trees, I followed the wall; and presently I came upon the abode of Juana, the basket weaver. A curiously constructed hut, half brush, half gunny sack, and wholly inadequate as a shelter, had been erected on the brink of the zanja. A silver thread of water purled between green banks; on a flat stone beside the rivulet was a heap of tattered garments that were to be pounded and turned and pounded again by a woman



THE CLOISTER OF SAN FERNANDO

who deals but feeble blows, and who gropes half blindly in the bright sunlight. A fire blinked in a hole before the shack, and another crone squatted near, grinding laboriously upon a metate the corn presently to be baked into tortillas.

At my approach a half dozen mangy curs set up a chorus of yelps. Attracted by the unusual noise, the woman at the washingstone left her task, and both advanced, staring at me with frank, childish curiosity. To the younger, Juana, I addressed my remarks, in the best Spanish I could muster; and she replied in the mongrel half-Spanish, half-Mexican lingo which the California Indian speaks.

Unsavory as these poor creatures were, they seemed far from uninteresting to me. The quaint mission, the fast crumbling walls of which were reared a century ago, does not mark the difference between the past and the present more forcibly than do these Indian women, who were here "before the Gringo came." They were here when the thriving cities of the coast were pueblos; when monks in robes and sandals, and Indians bearing burdens, journeyed up and down the land, the sole wayfarers along the

paths that led from mission to mission. The older of the two women may be one hundred years old, though she looked two hundred.

Disappointment met me at the outset. Juana told me that she had no coritas (baskets) for sale. She acknowledged that she still made them, however, and after much persuasion went into the shack, returning with an unfinished basket in her hand. Further solicitation and a small coin induced her to bring out her stock in trade, — a bundle of reeds and a broken awl, — and I was duly initiated into the mysteries of basket weaving.

The grasses used in the "pattern" had just been dyed a reddish-brown by long submersion in water in which were bits of rusty iron. Beginning with the fine reeds, they were bunched and carried around the basket, the upright reeds and the "coil," or separate strand, wound over and under, binding the whole firmly together.

It is slow work, she said, for she is not as young as she once was, and her eyesight has almost failed her.

Young! Can it be that she was ever young? The dried skin was like parchment,

the dim eyes shunned the light and the bent form leaned heavily upon the stout stick.

Once, she told me, she made in three months' time a grain basket that would hold a half ton of grain, gathering the pliant twigs of the poison oak herself and weaving it strong, so strong! Now it would take her a year, perhaps two, to perform such a task. She brought a goodly store of coritas to her hut when she began housekeeping. There were "carrying baskets" shaped "so" — making a cone in her hands. These were borne upon the back and supported in place by a rope of twisted bark. passed around the forehead. There were also water jugs, buck plates, a cradleshaped basket in which grain was winnowed, trinket baskets, caps for the head, and many more. "All gone now, none left," she mumbled, and her companion nodded her head violently.

"I will give you four bits for the unfin-

ished basket."

She took the basket from my hand, and made off toward the shack.

"Six bits," I called after her, and the

basket was mine.

Although basket making is practised by nearly all of the tribes of American Indians, the work of the California Indians far excels that of any other people in fineness of weaving and beauty of decoration. The oldest baskets, those found in Indian graves, are of so fine a weave that they are said to rival the world-famed weaving of the Japanese, accounted the best basket makers in the world.

A variety of materials were employed,—rushes and silk grass, tule, the stems of the yucca, the flexible roots of the willow, cedar, and oak, kelp thread,—none of which the splint weavers beyond the Rockies could adapt to these uses.

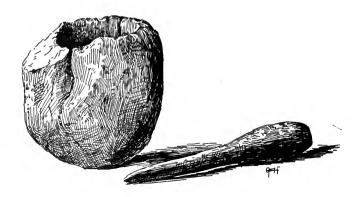
With some guesswork on my part, I made out the story of a basket - 0, a very wonderful basket—as the Indian woman told me. It was a "bottle-neck" basket, that is, a basket with a globular body and narrow neck, - one of the most difficult shapes to weave. It was the work of a mission Indian, and the padre had showed her how to put in the figures. In place of the customary patterns,—the pine cone, the diamond-back rattlesnake pattern, the lightning's zig-zag line, the "little men," the sword fish design, and others innumerable, all taken from the book of Nature,—there were a cross, a figure representing Christ, and grouped about the cross, the twelve Disciples.

I received this story "with a grain of salt," as the saying is; but I learned later that such a basket is in existence, and that it is the "feature" of a private collection

in San Francisco.

The booming note of a ranch bell, somewhere near, warned me that day was almost done; so with my trophy in my hand I took the road that leads to the little village.

At the turn of the path I looked back. The smoke curled lazily upward from the tiny fire, and near by squatted a dark figure,—Juana had gone back to her metate.



# ANNALS OF THE UPPER VALLEY

#### V. BEEZY

#### BY AGNES CRARY

WELL up on the Iron Creek road, just before the short trail leads off to the Morton lumber mills, there is the best camping spot this side the Ridge,—a bit of mountain meadow with pines circling it on three sides, open toward the road on its fourth, and looking down over the lower wooded crests and sharp intervening gorges. Back towards the pines, but not more than two hundred feet from the road, there is a good spring, while the fine mountain grass makes a treat for your horses. For your own delight, if you care for such things and are there in July, you can find patches of wild strawberries that will show you what strawberries started out to be, before gardeners began to corrupt their good intentions.

It seemed really a wonder there was any grass left, or fruit either, when one considers how much a good camping place means; but there was not much stopping there, after all, for it was possible to reach the mills in about three hours more. Besides, travel over the road was light, since the great flume had been finished, for it took the rough lumber down to be dressed at the Bragton mills in about three hours, and that is a very different matter from three days hauling with mule teams. Thirtyseven miles as the crow flies the flume measures; it goes straight through the pineries, down the mountain side, across Iron creek on a hundred-foot trestle, to the ridge opposite; so once more it crosses ridge and ravine until the woods are passed; it stalks then high over 'orchards and vineyards into the lower mills.

Perhaps all this explains why the two travelers turning in at the meadow found it deserted. Beezy gave a sigh of relief, and if Larry did not echo that sigh it is because some defect in the vocal apparatus of a pack mule prevents sighing.

It was not much work to start camp; Larry stood still while his old mistress unstrapped his pack,—mistress? rather confrere and long-time friend. They had gone through the simple routine together so often that he could almost have laid the fire and put on the coffee pot alone. Tonight as soon as he was free, he wandered off to the edge of the meadow, where perhaps some dim recollection of former feasts drew him.

For a while Beezy let the pack lie as it had fallen. The shadows were thickening into dusk, spicy with the breath of the pines, as night came on; then the air seemed to glow with an echo, as it were, of the sunshine that all day long had bathed the forest, and soaked into the very pores of the mountain itself.

Now, if Beezy had not been an ignorant old Irish woman, one might think that the beauty and stillness of the place had drawn their spell over her; but since after all her wanderings she had never been heard to exclaim concerning the ministrations of nature to her spirit, of course there could be nothing in such supposition about her. Tonight that spirit of hers looked out sadly enough through the old gray eyes that could twinkle into fire, or show responsive as skim milk when the good matrons of Bragton labored to bring her within the pale of the proper poor, the humble pensioners of the Ladies' Aid Society.

An uneasy bray from Larry roused her; he missed the light of the camp fire, perhaps, or the smell of sizzling bacon, or maybe in his tough old heart the unaccustomed conduct of his friend stirred some vague unrest.

"It's you callin' me, the auld idjot that I am, to sit moonin' here," she replied to him. "It's after thinkin' I am of herself," she continued as she started the fire and dug up the coffee pot from the motley of the pack. "But I'll be fresh as iver new laid egg whin I git me supper, and that won't be long to wait, the crature."

Larry had followed her to the spring and she patted him lovingly as she spoke. In some way it seemed to comfort her, and as she watched the bacon slices frizzle up brown edges temptingly, she hummed some nondescript tune.

The stars were all out before the meal was done and night lav black in the ravines below her. But although she assured Larry that she "could slape niver a bit wonderin' if Miss Hannah spake true that Helen was changed intirely," still she had hardly drawn the corner of her blanket over her head before such slumber came to her as wrapped all creatures on the mountain side.

Day gets up early in the hills, and it was not yet seven when Beezy reached the camp at Paradise. She had no need, however, of the alarm clock Jim had hung over his baking table, for she knew the time by the face of the woods about her; not only that, but by the routine of the camp. Coffee, ham, and smell of hot bread, meant six o'clock just as surely as the pan of dishwater through which Jim was twirling his plates meant seven. They were evidently old friends.

"And how are you, Beezy?" he asked, as he hurried about to get her a cup of coffee. "You 're early this season. Are you sick?"

"It's not sick that I am," she said wearily as she set down her half drained cup. "But me arms giv out liftin' the tub, and I thought I'd better be flittin'. It's thim as has their own by them as can stand the town, but it's dead lonesome to a soul all alone in the worruld. There's somethin' friendly, chancey like, up here in the trees, with nobody passin' you by with niver so much as a nod.

"But how's all the camp, Jim? yourself? And is Mister George ralely superintindint?"

"I'm fairly alive," Jim responded cheer-"Just be tastin' thim beans, if they 're all right?" he asked, remembering his professional courtesy, "or do they want a drap more of the swate?"

"It's honey, shure, but a bit of salt would n't spile them. It's a great cook you've got to be, and I could n't learn you any bit now at all," she added graciously. "But as I was askin', how's George?"

Jim's face lengthened. "It's the worst of it," he said, "he's hardly a word for us at all, and he's that glum lookin, Beezy, as niver was. He works too like a new yeast cake with somethin' stirrin' in the head of him, but he looks that jaded."

Perhaps she could have drawn out more, but she was too tired to talk, and before she was rested the whistles blew at the mill and the men came swarming in about the tables.

"Here's Beezy!" the first one called as "Make us some he caught sight of her. cakes for breakfast!" and "Pie, Beezy, pie!" broke in another, until there was a general roar of welcome. But even if their hopes had not been roused by the annual rivalry of the cooks, still no less hearty would have been their greeting; for she seemed a part of themselves, or the very woods, just as the occasional deer they started up on some farther mountain side. But change the comparison, for her form could hardly suggest such a one; rather she seemed part of the camp, like its old dinner bell, or the fire at night, or extra pies for Sunday, a part to be accepted in its natural order.

No one knew her story. Some turn of the tide had brought her into the Upper Valley, where she drifted from camp to camp, cook, nurse, and friend, in them all, for her restless nature drove her on, like some mountain stream speeding through no one knows what wilderness of solitary places. There were those who pushed the likeness to the stream still further, as it comes sullied from the mines, but the men of the camps knew better. Still the reason of her restless life, or even definite consciousness of her past, perhaps she could not have given had she tried. It seems she migrated, "flitted," she said herself, by some such instinct as sends the wild birds on their long journeys. But at any rate the camp had come to accept her without curiosity. After dinner she made herself a lair among the ferns and slept off her weariness, and in the evening, when the men were gathered about the campfire, lounging or playing cards, she watched the young superintendent as he started off alone to a jutting crag that looked out over the valley. Jim had called him "that contrary," but no such spirit had shown in his greeting to her. By and by she stole off too.

A foine night," she said as she sat down where she had him between her and the "It's like the night you came out to the ranch with the auld one," (her

name for his reverend uncle,) "and Helen and you would be pesterin' the life out of me, do you mind?"

George minded but did not continue the conversation; so for a while Beezy puffed

her pipe in silence.

"And how the auld one wanted to 'punish the breach of behavior' whin you got into me cake box?"

Beezy had a good memory and her mimicking tones would have roused a worse list-

ener than George.

"Thin whin I saw which way the wind was settin, didn't I call it out so he had to hear, 'George dear, did ye get all the cake I left for ye? There's some in the other box too."

She laughed to herself.

"Thim was great days whin Helen was on the ranch and Miss Hannah still ranging the States and not spiling things here."

She was looking off into the darkness, but she kept the tail of her eye upon him.

"Thim was great days for you and for

me and for Miss Helen herself."

But she was a wise old woman, so she smoked on in silence until the glow of her

pipe turned to ashes.

"It's gettin' late, George, me dear, you'll be catchin' your death, just go in now like the good bye that ye be." And foolish as it may seem in the superintendent of the Morton mills, George went in, not a little comforted.

"It's there where it is with him," she thought, "and it's that was tormentin' her self," but she drew her shawl closer about

her and made no move.

She sat there long after all was still and wondered again if Miss Hannah could be right. Could Helen have changed so? She

pondered Miss Hannah's words.

"You must remember, she will be a young lady home from college when you see her again. Of course she will be kind, but you must recognize the difference. She will not care in the same way."

It did not seem like Helen, but could it

speak truth at all?

There in the night the long years passed before her, — that stormy evening she had first come into the Reynolds' home, after the men had brought word to the camp of the sick woman on the lonely ranch. She heard voices long silent, the laughter of a little child.

Alas, for those who learn but one way of loving! The slow tears of old age fell as she drew her shawl over her head, and rocked to and fro. "Helen, Helen, darlint," she sobbed. "Of course, she will always be kind!"

The next morning she started on with Larry again, and for a few days the camp saw nothing of her. When she returned she offered no explanation, and the men had learned not to ask. "Over beyant," she said vaguely to Jim, as she dropped into the day.

day.

"And have ye heard that Helen was afther graderatin'?" she asked of George that night, after the men had scattered. "They're expectin' her home soon, and do ye think she'll he our same little girrul as before?"

She peered up at him eagerly.

Now George had his own questionings along these same lines. He had good reason to fear, he thought, as he remembered her keen ambitions; Aunt Hannah, it seems, had tried to prepare him also for her niece's return. Perhaps, after all, it was not exactly the "same little girrul" as before he was thinking of when the lines in his face grew tense.

"I don't know," he answered. "I don't

know, but I'm afraid not."

"But if she's not just herself like," the old woman continued loyally, "it's because she's just better than herself, which indade niver could be. She's right, to be shure, and we'ld better be settlin'down on that an' let her auld aunt do her own mistrustin', I'm thinkin',"— from all of which George too drew sundry hopeful conclusions.

Still he worked none the less constantly, less foolishly; for next to that fine energy when love steels the sinew and strikes in the stroke, is the intensity of work that allows no cessation, lest the heart speak. He was the first man out in the morning, the last to return at night. Blair's hill, where they were taking out the timber, oversight of the flume,—everything claimed him at once, and he seemed ahead of each claim. There never had been busier days on the Ridge; even Jim hurried as he washed dishes or baked his loaves by the dozen.

It was on the hill, however, he was most needed, for while to the summer tourist a lumber camp may seem Arcadia, those who know remember its stern problems, its



"There's closer than kin, by your lave"

sterner tragedies, when man renews his ancient struggle with primal forces of nature. Need then for the clear eye, the cool, quick judgment. These George had. Need then for the quiet nerve and incessant caution. Can a man question and dream and despair in that constant deeper current of his life, and the stream flow even and still?

You have never seen a great tree felled? Never measured its length, estimated its angle, watched it quiver like a wounded thing, and then, swaying, gather itself as for a mighty leap, and come crashing to its death?—a death not unavenged, perchance, as some near-standing tree is caught in its branches, to sudden fall, or a great branch is flung off with the force of a titanic blow?

You cannot know the stillness that follows. It seems to reclaim the scarred hillside to the primeval words. Happy it is if the voices of the men are not hushed as they whisper over the rude stretcher they are improvising.

Now Stone, the foreman of the camp. was not a man to faint at sight of blood, but he turned his head away quickly as he glanced over his shoulder, where Morrison

had fallen.

"Where is the whisky, Roger? Here, help me, give some to Douglas before we

put him on the stretcher."

George had not roused since the limb struck him, nor did he now, as they lifted him and set off for camp. One of the men ran ahead, and before the little procession was in sight, Beezy had everything ready. She had gathered the towels and was tearing them into bandages, as she ran through the bushes to meet them.

"He's not dead?" she begged of them, "tell me he's not dead!" Then she drew

near and looked long and keenly.

"Yes, he's alive, but there's no chance," Stone replied. "I've seen such a leg before once, and a lot not so bad. They never get over it, leastways with the doctor sixty miles off. If we could have him right away, there might be some use talking."

"And can't he be carried down and the

doctor sint for, to meet him?"

Stone shook his head. "I would carry this stretcher through hell to save him, but there's no use. We could not get him down inside of — well, fourteen hours, anyway, and to try a trail would be quick death; he could not stand the jolting.

They were in camp now and Beezy was

washing the wound.

"There 's no use," Stone said again as he held the bandage for her. "Blood poisoning always sets in when it 's like that. I'd better start at once to tell his folks. I'm glad there are no women close kin."

'There 's none of close kin to be shure," she responded, "but there's closer than kin, by your lave, in this world,—and herself would be grievin'," she added under her breath, — but as she saw Stone's look, "That's only the gineral sinse of it, for George niver said he had a swateheart, but only if there was a girrul, it would be for her I 'm a-grievin'."

Then Stone left her and she sat thinking he had said there was no possible way,perhaps her very ignorance made possible and impossible alike to her, if only he might

be saved.

"Is there any message you wanted to send?"

Stone waited, one hand on the bridle.

Poor Douglas!"

"Poor Douglas, indeed!" Beezy retorted. "What are ye sayin'?—as if he'll not be better, soon as the doctor sets eyes on him."

Stone looked at her curiously.

"What are you thinkin'? I m sayin'," she continued, "for he'll be wid the doctor in three hours shure, and just be savin' your 'Poor Douglas!' till it 's axed for. Git down from that horse and come wid me to the flume."

"It will be no use sending a message in a bottle, or any such way," Stone called after her as she strode through the bushes. "Even if the flume is clear and the doctor should get it, he can't come back in the flume, and it would take ten hours at the least."

"Who's talking of messages? Where do ye keep the flume boat?"

Stone hardly understood her.

"Show me that boat," she demanded of the men that had gathered about. "And stop starin' like loons, and standin' like posts in the ground!" Her vigorous tongue kept hurrying them on.

They hauled the boat out of the shed whither it had been taken for repairs. A strange-looking craft it was, about six feet

long, its V-shaped sides made to float easily in the flume; rudderless and with no way of checking its progress except when the fall of the flume itself was so gradual that a short paddle could be struck against the side of the box and thus steady the boat.

"You can never get him down in that. It is too small for one of us to go with him, and you could not send him alone to his death. Besides the last run of timber jammed badly twice, and there is no telling

what might happen."

"It's not alone that he's goin'," she said quietly, as she measured off the width of the boat with her apron. "And it's none of ye need be fearin' an invitation, either. Just help me a bit to see how the crature runs, and it's all I'll be askin."

So they drew the boat to the flume gate, where for a few rods the water runs softly with no great current. First Stone made the run, then Beezy tried it, while he directed her how to use the paddle.

"Mind you don't try it where there's much fall though," he said, "or it will snap like a twig, and you be thrown out

yourself."

"But, Beezy, do you remember the trestle

over Iron creek?"

"Or suppose a side is loose, and the water empties itself down the way it did last spring?" spoke a third.

She hesitated a moment.

"And suppose there 's no side loose, and niver a bit of a log tryin' to stay in such a waterfall, and 'sposin' Thim as knows, keeps an eye out for us," she said with a glance at the boat, "and 'sposin' Doctor Goodwin gets George in three hours."

Her view of it silenced them for a moment. "But where will you sit, and how can

you fix him?" one of the men asked.

"I 'm plannin' it now," she answered.
"Get me a canvas twict as long as me apron, and bring nails wid ye too, the way ye be standin' around, as if I was the auld Douglas, readin' a hymn!"

When they brought the canvas, she began to measure off a piece which she had swung hammock-wise, from side to side, and fastened securely to the upper end.

"Now give me a piece of rope."

This last she ran through the lower end of the canvas as a puckering string, and fastened to the prow of the boat, if name so nautical apply to such a craft. "Now it goes this way," she said, directing the men to fasten it to the right, "and I sit the other side of it to keep the cloths wet on his leg, and paddlin' a bit, if I must."

She made broad strips of canvas to tie him in place, lest he slip, nor did she forget to improvise a shade for him, as she went back and forth from his cot to where the men were working, a canvas hood, rigged like an A tent.

George had stirred uneasily, but when Beezy came back the last time he opened his eyes.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Who's

hurt?"

"Yourself, George, me dear," she said, "and you're going with auld Beezy to the doctor."

A spasm of pain checked the question

on his lips.

"There'll be no jarrin' of ye at all, darlint, and we'll be there in a few hours. By the flume," she said, not daring to risk his coming to consciousness in that strange journey. "You and I, aisy like, in the flume boat."

He tried to straighten himself, "I'll not

let any ----"

"Don't be complimentin' yourself, I'm riskin' my auld neck for you, my fine young gossoon," she said in fine irony, but as she bent over she whispered, "Here, swallow your brandy, for Helen's sake, and it's for Helen we'll make the trip,—just trust me for that." And as the pain rolled in again its gray waves over body and soul, he began to wonder if Helen really would feel,—but by that time the men were bearing their unconscious burden to the boat.

"Just lift him right over," she directed, "and we'll cut off the frame of his cot, and not have to touch him at all,—now aisy!"

They lowered him and made fast the canvas bands. Some one had pinned fir twigs over the tent, so that the shade fell pungent and cool about him. She climbed into the narrow space where she had arranged to sit.

"Be sayin' your beads when we're gone, but just up with the flume gate ——"

The rest of the sentence was lost as the greater volume of water carried the boat into the main flume, where it went drifting off through the woods, its green tent soon lost in their shadows.

At first the way was a pleasant one; the flume just lifted above the ground, stretched like a ribbon through the woods, a ribbon whose surface took on each changing tint of green or brown shadows, with here and there patches of blue, where the trees let in the sky. Moss and ferns had grown on its outer side, but the inner was bare, for the rough logs rubbed against it, all except in the very angle of the V, where water weed swept its long filaments as in a denser wave. The movement of the boat roused a breath of air, which followed them.

As the mountain side grew steeper and the water sped with swifter current, Beezy drew in her paddle and sat motionless. They were out of the forest now. Just below in the gorge a line of trees marked the course of Iron creek, which roared and foamed round its bowlders. But when the boat swept out toward the spidery trestle she no longer dared to look down. George lay passive as death. What if he should rouse now? She dampened the cloths on his wound and began to croon over him as over a sleeping child,—some nameless song in which "Thim that knows" and Helen were bound up with lines of old romances. Now they swung out over the stream,—she could hear it hissing a hundred feet below The words of the men came to her "Supposing a side should break?" mand. She crouched still lower in the boat, but once again her old lips tried to take up the lullaby; she scarcely knew when they were over the gorge, and the flume seemed once more tied to earth. It ran through the tree tops on the lower ridge opposite. The branches brushed her face as the boat slipped by, startling now and again some bird into sudden flight.

"Now the worst of it's passed, God be praised," she muttered to herself, "and

he's sleepin' yet and alive."

Yet which is the worse, the sudden fear to which the heart beats quick response, or that slow danger, which draws on courage, drop by drop? Still she did not feel the question; sometimes it is enough to go on spending the drops.

On they sped; the twilight began to settle about them, the shadows caught and held aloft, as it were, in the branches of the trees. Again out on the bare hillsides, again a plunge across a second, lesser ravine, but this time she could hardly keep

her hands from striking the paddle against the sides of the flume. She shut her eyes and said to herself more than to George soothing words.

After this only once did a great fear come to her, the sound of a stream ahead, as it dashed itself over a bank into a pool below; and now two hours of the trip were over, two hours of the six that must decide his fate.

The hills lay behind them, and across the plain she peered eagerly for the town. There it stood at last; and for the first time in years of wandering, the sight brought an overflowing sense of consolation. The mountain, the forest, bring healing to one who suffers alone, but when it is for another—then Beezy learned what a town means, beneath its petty life.

At the camp she had not thought of the way the flume ran into the mill,—in fact, she did not know,—but now she began to wonder,—that crashing machinery with its whirl of saws, crouching ready to grasp

them!

"I'll yell to the first man iver I see," she thought, "and I'll soon be at the road."

She could just catch a glimpse of it through the dusk, where, here and there, it showed between the vineyards. As they drew near, she looked eagerly for some passer-by, but it stretched on deserted, and the flume entered the woods of Rancho Vicino.

"There's no chance again," she sobbed, "and the mill will be grindin' and grindin'."

A sound broke in upon her, the sharp report of a gun, and in a moment she was leaning on the edge of the flume and calling with all her might.

"Help! Murder!" she yelled, "and tell

Doctor Goodwin!"

She could see no one as yet, but her voice though scarcely the tone associated with messages borne down from above, did fall on human ears with startling distinctness. The Bartlett boy dropped his gun and looked about.

"It's George Douglas," Beezy called as she caught sight of him through the trees, "and meself in the boat."

She looked down at him, a blowsy old woman, clutching the side of the flume and and crying piteously.

"Run for the doctor, darlint, for it's George is a-dyin' with his leg that's hurt.

O Holy Mother, presarve him! Now run," she called as the current drew the boat on. "run fast as iver you can!"

But young Bartlett understood by this time and was plunging through the bushes.

The ranch buildings lay far to the side of flume, but as it left the woods and drew near the town, Beezy called yet again.

This time there were many answers, and all along the rest of her way a little crowd followed with words of cheer. As the boat drew near its journey's end, she could distinguish through the dusk the forms of the doctor and Mr. Reynolds among the crowd, waiting just where the flume empties its waters into the mill chute. But the flood gates were closed now and strong hands steadied the boat as Mr. Reynolds lifted her

"Cut the straps and lift the canvas right onto the mattress," the doctor directed, but he was not too busy to answer her: "No. I think it's not too late. Hold on, Beezy, a while longer, - you must help me bring him through. Drive her right up to the Douglas's" he said to a bystander. Beezy, remember I depend on you."

She tried to steady herself, but as they lifted her into the buggy, nothing remained to her save the words, "Not too late."

The lights burned low in an upper chamber and the Douglas door stood ajar all night as friends came and went softly. another home farther down the avenue the door stood open also, and two women watched in silence to catch the first word of any message. It was nearly dawn when the younger spoke,-

"I can't stand it any longer, Aunt Han-

nah, I'm going to him."

"I will take you to the house, I should like to speak to Beezy myself."

Helen slipped her hand through her aunt's arm as they started, and both knew life would be different between them.

What Miss Hannah said to Beezy no one ever heard, and it was nearly two days before George was conscious of who sat by his bedside. When he did waken it was Beezy's old face that smiled at him. It came back to him then, little by little, and he tried to

"Don't be talking to me," she said, with her wealth of Irish love in her voice, "whin it's herself that ye want to be tellin'."

He seemed to be slipping back into the gray mist again, but through it he saw Helen's face, then felt her cheek pressed against his own. He could scarcely catch the one word she was whispering, as he felt himself slipping into unconsciousness. But this time it was natural sleep.

Hours later, when he woke, he seemed to hear still the whispered word; he watched her a moment through half opened eyes, as she sat there by his bedside; then Helen turned and as she kissed him, he remembered Beezv's advice.

## THE GLOW-WORM

THEY call thee worm, thy love ungently name, Whilst thou, like Hero, lightest to thy nook Some bold Leander with thy constant flame, Whose Hellespont may be this running brook. O let the wise-man-worm his pride abjure, And his own love be half as bright and pure!

# AN OTHER END OF THE CENTURY SCHOOL

BY THEO. STEPHENSON BROWNE

ONE of the many crumpled rose leaves that tortured the sensitive Poe was the American fondness for styling the common school the "national palladium," or, worse still, "the palladium of our liberties." which might trouble even an American of long descent, and naturally vexed an immigrant's son beyond all endurance. Still, Poe's ingenuity might, had his temper been less ungracious, have found delight in enumerating the points of likeness between the Palladium and the New England district school of the other end of the century. Both were small, ugly, and lacking in any traces of art; the resemblance of the district school to any old world temple of learning was hardly greater than that of the Palladium to the Phidian marvel of gold and ivory; and the ordinary position of the structure, upon the top of an inaccessible hill, suggested its possible descent from heaven. But small, ugly, ill-lighted, unwholesome, and uncomfortable, as it was; ill-taught, ill-managed, and ill-supported, it produced genuine students, inoculated them with the germs of morality, industry, and patriotism, and the modern teacher who could substitute such eager pupils for his languid flock, barely condescending to be elaborately taught, could dispense with all his costly apparatus and splendid cabinets, kindergarten material, subjects for object lessons, to paralyze the power of thought, and classic authors carefully edited to destroy inclination to research.

The studies pursued in the district school were the three Rs, the first including spelling, parsing, and sometimes, a very little elocution, and absolutely nothing else was taught during the twelve or fourteen summers and winters of a country boy's school attendance. The length of the annual terms varied as the district funds waxed or waned, but in summer a mistress and in winter a master swayed the rod of empire, not because the fathers of the district entertained any lofty ideas as to the benefit of varying influences and methods, but because, as only girls and very small children attended regularly in the summer, no arith-

metical teacher was needed, and it was the part of wisdom and economy to confide the teaching to a mistress, who would not expect more than half of the twenty dollars a month necessary for the payment of a master. Girls were held to need no arithmetic, inasmuch as their fathers, brothers, and possible husbands, could manage their financial affairs for them, but most of them learned and practised the four fundamenta rules, and often showed an unhallowed ability to surpass the boys in their own domain. Such trespasses were seldom encouraged at the other end of the century; it is surprising how few primitive beliefs and theories had been outgrown by the fathers.

A little book, "The District School as it Was," written by the Reverend Warren Burton of Boston, originally published in 1833, and now reprinted, gives an excellent description of a typical district school, recording the author's own experience when a boy in Wilton, New Hampshire. He entered the school at the mature age of three years and a half, provided with a torn spelling-book and a basket of election cake and cheese, his mother's theory of a wholesome luncheon, and he left it in 1817, not very learned indeed, but with a sufficient love for study and sufficient perseverance to prepare himself for Harvard College. After his graduation, he taught school until able to take a course in divinity, and then became a Unitarian minister. He was "settled" in many places, in Washington, Keene, and Nashua, New Hampshire; in East Cambridge, Hingham, Boston, Worcester, and Waltham, Massachusetts, but he gradually abandoned preaching for writing, and for lecturing upon certain mild reforms, domestic and educational. One of his books, "The Scenery Shower," became notorious rather than famous, because of the popular misapprehension of the title. Bought as the record of a meteorological wonder, it was found to be a series of descriptions of scenery, and the disappointed purchaser naturally mentioned it to his friends. When

<sup>1</sup> The District School as it Was. By Warren Burton, Boston: 1897: Lee & Shepard

the title was changed to "Scenery Showing," the book was forgotten, but the first edition still lingers in old libraries, to the confusion of readers seeking for novelties.

"The District School" was more fortunate. It was widely read and highly approved, and those thermometers of public favor, the school "readers" and "speakers," testified to the warmth of general admiration by the number of pages which their makers stole from it with as much apology and no more as a sparrow proffers for picking up crumbs, and making no more pretense than they of compensating the owner. A paper entitled, "A Supplication to the People of the United States," the humorous plea against mispronunciation entered by some thirty or forty words, was also appropriated by these gentlemen, and although without the smallest pretensions to scholarship, it was more influential in arousing New Englanders to consciousness of their mode of speech than anything antedating the Biglow Papers. Burton died in 1866, leaving behind him the reputation of a kindly man of gentle manners and exceptional character.

The title of "The District School as It Was" appeared to indicate a fond belief that in the fifteen years preceding its publication, the state of things recorded in it had become obsolete, but in truth, it survived at least ten years longer, but as the old school houses fell to pieces they were replaced by larger and better lighted structures, and Franklin stoves were substituted for the enormous fire-places which had served to devour cords of damp green wood, and to scorch every object within a radius of six feet, while leaving the remaining area of the schoolroom in undisturbed frigidity. The new schoolhouses were placed with some regard to the dwellings of the pupils, but the original district school, with intrepid, not to say spiteful, resolve was set exactly in the center of the district, "without fear or favor." Sickly children might die of exposure or grow up in illiteracy, but the district was no respecter of persons. In Wilton, the site ordained by the surveyor's chain was in sight of one house.

Mr. Burton was comparatively stricken in years when his education began, for the children of many families were sent to school as soon as they could walk, both boys and girls arrayed in a costume of which one of the "spellers" of that day thus discourses:—

What has Charles got to keep him warm? Charles has got a frock and warm petticoats.

And what have the poor sheep got? Have they got petticoats?

The sheep have got wool, thick, warm wool. Feel it. Oh, it is very comfortable. That is their clothing. And what have horses got?

Horses have got long hair; and cows have hair.
[Probably the omission of "got" is a printer's error.]
And what have pigs got?

Pigs have got bristles and hair.

And what have birds got?

Birds have got feathers; soft, clean, shining feathers. Birds build nests in trees; that is their house.

Can you climb a tree?

No. I am afraid I should fall and break my bones. Ask puss to teach you. She can climb. See how fast she climbs! She is at the top. She wants to catch birds. Pray puss, do not take the little birds that sing so merrily! She has got a sparrow in her mouth. She has eaten it all up. No, here are two or three feathers on the ground, all bloody. Poor sparrow!

Perhaps this "lesson" was the fountain and source of that crying evil, the Yankee liking for "got" as a word of all work, a liking so deeply rooted that when, not long ago, a fastidious critic complained of a well-advertised rustic novelist's misuse of "got," she entirely mistook the point of the objection, substituted "gotten" for "got," and decorated nearly every page with her newly discovered treasure.

At the age of four years, or possibly a little earlier, "Charles" and his brethren doffed the petticoats and assumed jacket and trousers, but over them, in all weathers except the very hottest, they wore a dark blue frock, something like that of an English carter, in material of cotton, or of cotton and wool, according to the season. Their fathers were similar garments in the fields, and as late as 1860 the frock was the conventional dress of milkmen and hucksters, both of whom were generally at that time genuine farmers, dispensing the produce of their own or of their master's acres. The frock disappeared in the days of the universal infantry overcoat; the milktrain, with the more or less elderly spoils of a thousand farms, has driven out the country milkman, and the clean, sturdy native huckster has given place to dirty immigrants wearing overalls, not as a protection, but as one of two garments necessary to decency, and the modern boy wears a "shirt waist," or the horror called a sweater, and is not ashamed. Charles would have blushed for him, although in summer he himself wore cotton jacket and trousers, home dyed and home made.

Girls at that time wore rather long frocks, with full gathered skirts, yoke waists, and mutton-leg sleeves. Linen collars and cuffs were unknown, but wide frills of cotton crape were worn on state occasions, and sometimes a favorite of fortune might appear in a "worked" collar, or cape, relic of her mother's magnificence, but these luxuries were not for school wear. Huge bonnets, very scantily trimmed, sunbonnets of gingham or dimity, and quilted hoods of silk or merino, were the only choice for headgear, and they survived for many a summer and winter after modern usage would have consigned them to the rag bag, and still, more money was expended upon a child's dress in those days than in these, when ready-made clothes cost little except the lives and souls of the mak-Gloves were unknown to either sex, but mittens appeared in the winter. valuable but clumsy rubber shoe had not penetrated to the country districts, and few boys boasted of long leather boots. When the snow was drifted high, both boys and girls drew long woolen stockings over their shoes, the fathers "broke out the road" with their heaviest carts and sleds drawn by oxen, and the youngsters made a frolic of a hardship. Once arrived at the tiny schoolhouse, which might have been set inside the ordinary classroom of a modern graded school, the boys hung up their wool hats and their mufflers in the entry, and the girls made their way into the schoolroom, where a large closet was provided for the storage of their homespun cloaks and other accouterments and their dinner baskets.

The front part of the school room was unoccupied, a space about twenty feet long and ten wide serving as a general recitation room in which the classes were drawn up, facing the fire. The teacher's desk stood upon a high platform in the corner most remote from the door, and from this perch he could glance obliquely over the writing benches and seats, which were placed on either side of a narrow aisle dividing an inclined plane at the back of the room. Narrow planks, nailed to the front of the foremost writing bench, served as seats for small children not promoted to the dignity

of quills and writing books, and crowded although they were, their estate was comfortable compared to that of their elders. who, although equally crowded, must compass the task of writing. "Joggling" was the favorite pastime of the wicked, and an offense not easily avoided even by the most virtuous. The master's desk was the only article of furniture in the building not made by the carpenter of the district; the heavy window sashes were his handiwork and so were the solid outside shutters and the doors. "Getting out stock," the bugbear of the modern carpenter enfeebled by the too convenient sawmill, was his daily pastime, and if he desired a plank of a given thickness he found ways to obtain it. An inch and a half was his standard for school furniture, and he planed it reasonably, but not fastidiously, and could, if necessary, paint and varnish it. Dark green was the favorite color, "Green is good for the eyes" being regarded as a primary hygienic truth at the beginning of the cen-The chimney was the work of the district mason, who was also the district plasterer, and who generally found the one large stone which served as doorstep, and built the curbing of the well, if the school premises were furnished with such a superfluity.

Apparatus there was none, even black-boards being rare. All the boys and many of the girls had slates, green, gray, purple, or pink, as fate ordained, and framed with lavish disregard of the quantity of timber employed. The slate pencils were black and brittle, or green and greasy, and warranted to ruin the edge of the best knife.

Fortunately, the teachers of the day were indifferent to the neatness of a boy's slate-work if he "brought his right answer," and as they made the pens themselves, the dulness of the boys' knives was of little consequence. Writing books of foolscap, folded once, so as to make square sheets like those still sold for "exercise books"; and "manuscripts," i. e., books of unfolded foolscap used for copying arithmetical rules and "examples"; quill pens plucked from the geese in the farm yard; ink rather to be called boggy than muddy; a ruler with a leaden plummet hanging from it by a string; a Reader, Speller, Arithmetic, Bible, and Grammar, completed the pupil's list of necessities. The master's desk somtimes boasted of a few "speakers," the Columbian Orator being the chief favorite. Upon so small a foundation was education then builded!

Four times a day each new pupil went forward and named or tried to name the letters of the alphabet as the teacher's finger indicated them upon the first page of Perry's speller; four times a day the pupils whose learning had reached the stage of "a-b-ab" followed him; four times their elders read, twice from the Bible, and twice from the "Reader," and four times they spelled, and twice a day came lessons in arithmetic and parsing. The spelling-book was a really admirable manual, anticipating many of the methods lately resuscitated with much blowing of trumpets, and compelling any child with the smallest inherited germ of reasoning power to perceive the value of each letter. After the alphabet was mastered, a feat often occupying three terms, the pupil made the acquaintance of every combination of two letters capable of being pronounced, and then was introduced to words of three or four letters, and every day he heard four exercises in spelling evidently of profound interest to his elder brothers and sisters, and therefore attracting his attention. Moreover, the artful author of the spelling book had many a device for forcing knowledge upon him. Take for instance, Section 15 of the "Analytical Spelling Book," reproduced in the new edition of "The District School." At the top of the page, in very black letters, is "Sweet, sweeter, sweetest," and then comes the assertion, "A pear is sweet, a plum is sweeter, honey is sweetest." Not a word about comparison of adjectives, but an example of it quite impossible to forget! Then comes a picture of a young person of the feminine gender with her right arm extended and bearing in her left hand an object which may be a peacock feather and may be a sunflower. She looks like a Cimabue Brown, but the text declared her to be "Ann." It seems that:-

Ann is a sweet child. She does not cry or snarl. She minds her pa and ma and loves the little babe. So she is a sweet child.

Then on the outer margin of the page, appears the trunk of a tree of unknown species with three objects intended to be branches extending west and, and one leaf-

less limb stretching eastward and sustaining the weight of a fowl whose length from tail tip to crest exceeds the height of the tree. Says the text:—

The robin sings **sweet-ly**. You have seen the rob-in sit-ting on a limb and heard her sweet song. The sap of the maple, [continues the next paragraph,] has **sweet-ness**. It can be boiled until only the sweetness is left, and then it is sugar.

The adjacent picture of the maple tree is smaller than the robin, but what of it? The reader was familiar with both and was not deceived, as a kindergarten innocent might At the foot of the page is arranged a list of sixteen adjectives to be treated like "sweet" in the lesson, and to be spelled, so that this one page gave the pupil fifty-one new adjectives, seventeen adverbs, and seventeen nouns of quality, to say nothing of the incomparable Ann, the pear, the plum, the honey, the maple, and the robin. and sugar. The acquisition of a hundred new words and a glimpse into the secret of making others is not a bad day's work in learning a language, and if time were wasted in learning the alphabet it was certainly improved a little later.

Section 18 begins, "Now you know so many words, you can read a story about the boy who stole a pin." Agreeable shudders are felt by everybody as the young reader, or rather the young shouter, enunciates these words, speaking according to precept, as fast and as loud as possible, but the sage author bids him delay the full enjoyment of his sensations, inquiring:—

"But first, can you tell me what is a pin? Of what is it made? What kind of wire? What is done to the ends? For what is it used?"

Rare and exceptional teachers halted the class to answer these questions, but more often they reflected that they were not hired to teach pin-making, and the pupils were left to find out for themselves that a pin was made of brass wire, pointed at one end, and having a coil of flattened wire wrapped around the other end for a head, and that it was used to fasten shawls, collars, capes, and ribbons, - most of which knowledge was soon made utterly useless by the advent of solid-headed pins made of white metal, just as all the learning yesterday imbibed by young California in regard to locomotives and electricity will be worthless in ten years. But the lesson

about "the boy who stole a pin" is a joy forever. Behold it in all its beauty:—

A little while ago a good man went to the cold, dark jail to talk with the wicked persons who were shut up there for crimes. He found one man, who was soon to be hung. He was taken up for rob-bing, tried by the court, and con-dem-ned to be hung. The good man asked him how he came to such an end. Said the rob-ber, "The first thing that led me to it was, when I was a little boy and went to school, I stole a pin. I saw it on the coat-cuff of the boy who sat next to me, and I want-ed it. But I was afraid to take it because it was none of mine. I looked at it again, and wished it were mine. And when no one saw me, I put out my hand, and drew it from the cuff, and hid it behind me. But O! how I felt. It seemed to me all the boys in school looked right at me, and said, 'You stole a pin.' What would I not have given, if it were back in the cuff. But I was ashamed to put it back, and let the boy know I had stol-en it: so I kept it. I was not found out, and soon for got how bad I felt. I then saw a knife, and wanted that. I felt more bold to take it, as I was not found out with the pin; so I took the knife. I did not feel quite so bad. Next, I stole a roll of cloth, and so went on from bad to worse, until I got me a pis-tol to get things by force. I went to a thick clump of bushes and hid till it was dark. Then as a man passed by, I jumped from my hiding place, held up my pistol, and told him to give me his mon-ey or be shot. He gave me his money; but I was soon found out and taken to jail. From there I was tak-en to tri-al, and now am condemned to hang by a rope around the neck till I am dead. And it is all to be traced to this-

#### 'I stole a pin!'

Here the good man left him to die.

Now tell me, my child, what is it to steal? What is it to rob?

If you have done wrong, do so no more.—Your sin will find you out.

At this end of the century the sudden departure of the good man without improving the occasion by a long exhortation would rather amaze a young reader, and possibly the size of the page may be responsible for the statement of his conduct; there was no room for his eloquence, and so it was suppressed. Mr. Burton's present editor, Mr. Clifton Johnson, quotes this moral lesson from another spelle. —

A wise child will not learn to chew tobacco, smoke the pipe, or cigars, or take snuff, for the four following reasons:—

They are dirty habits; useless habits; costly habits; slavish habits. It is pitiful to see a strong, healthy looking man a slave to a quid of tobacco, or a puff of smoke; or a beautiful, sensible lady stuffed up or bedaubed with snuff.

The closing pages of the speller presented an imposing array of polysyllables, but so carefully were they accented, and so faithfully was the sound of each letter indicated, that very few students were compelled to

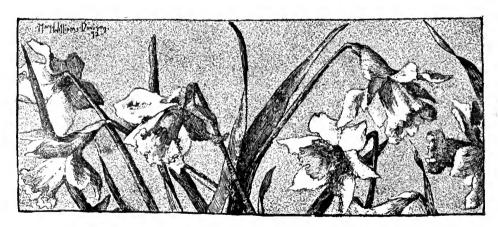
ask the teacher's aid to pronounce them, and a spelling recitation was a delight. is no exaggeration to say that spelling was foot-ball, base-ball, lawn-tennis, golf, billiards, and croquet, to the American country boy of the first fifth of the century. Social life, outside of the schoolhouse walls, he had none; within them he met other boys and girls, talked with them openly at recess and at the noon intermission, furtively when the teacher's attention was not fixed upon him; within them, too, he matched himself in arithmetic, reading, and writing, with his equals in years, and in spelling he matched himself with every one of his mates, for the whole school joined in the "spellingdown" tournaments, of which there was at least one every winter. To be "the best speller in school," to be master of "papilionaceous" and all its tribe, to be on familiar terms with Assyrian, Babylonian, and Israelitish monarchs, to be unafraid of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, was to justify greater pride than ever swelled the bosom of conquering hero or sovereign king, and when a girl attained this lofty height of achievement the only reason why her parents did not sing "Nunc dimittis" was because they preferred the joy of living to proclaim her brilliancy.

Reading was less regarded. All the moderately clever children read the lessons for amusement long before the class came to them, and not even the exciting battle stories of the Historical Reader seemed attractive when screamed upon the spellingfloor. A new "Reader" generally came with every second or third teacher, for even in those early days the makers and sellers of school books were very busy, and if they had not acquired the modern arts of buying city governments and legislators, they were assiduous in presenting their wares to teachers. The Readers were very good, although "didactick" selections were somewhat too prominent, and were less carefully chosen than than the "humourous," and "dramatick," and "narrative," fragments. Nearly all the verse was English and choice, although Young and Pollock were possibly too much favored. The descriptive passages in "The Castle of Indolence" and "The Deserted Village," "Cato's Soliloquy," "The Soliloquy of Macbeth," and "Hamlet's Soliloquy," were committed to memory by all the best scholars for pure pleasure in the

everything but the main question, the duty of surpassing his fellows.

In truth, the district school's most valid claim to be regarded as a palladium, or even as of much value to the commonwealth, was that it fostered emulation. The boys and girls attended it gladly, finding keen pleasure in the two hours of conversation over their luncheons, of games. or of exploring the woods, and also in the long walks to and from their own houses. In the presence of their parents they were compelled to be quiet and silent; at school, even if the teacher's rule were severe, they were themselves, and in class they betrayed their real natures in a manner utterly impossible to the self-conscious kindergarten graduates. Howsoever heavy their tasks might be, they were light compared to the knitting, sewing, and spinning, the chores and the milking, of their homes, and the entire absence of any intellectual exercise outside the schoolhouse, gave zest to every lesson and made every book a dearly cherished treasure. In this atmosphere of liberty and happiness the desire for knowledge flourished wonderfully and also the desire for pre-eminence. The struggles for the "head," for the petty prizes occasionally offered, for the reputation of having the best "manuscript" or the neatest writing book, fascinated all but the very dull and the vicious, and were carried on with a fierceness beside which intercollegiate football is as tame as ladies' whist, and the contestants, successful or unsuccessful, emerged with a firm determination always to be first, if possible.

According to present standards, they were pitifully ignorant, but they were self-reliant and industrious, self-respecting and earnest, and convinced of the value of success. Were they better or worse fitted to face the world than those who, having been tenderly guided through a hundred studies, are profoundly certain that nothing greatly signifies and are equally incapable of profound study, original research, and independent action?



# BRONCO NEW YEAR

THE air is vague and the place is strange:
(Come over,—come over,)
Chiquita, the night is a time of change;
There'll be a man less on the cattle-range:
(Come over, come over with me.)

The stars are bright and the night is wide:
(Come over,—come over,)
Mount with me, Chiquita, and we will ride
Over mountains and far to the other side:
(Come over, come over with me.)



The range is rough, but the plains are free:

(Come over,—come over,)
There's a place, Chiquita, for you and me
On a sunburnt hill by the far-off sea:

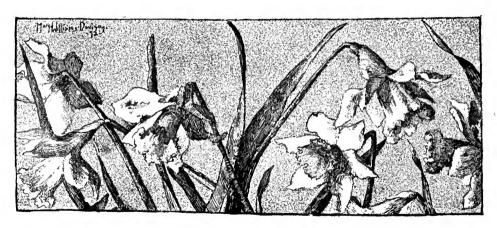
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L, M, D.

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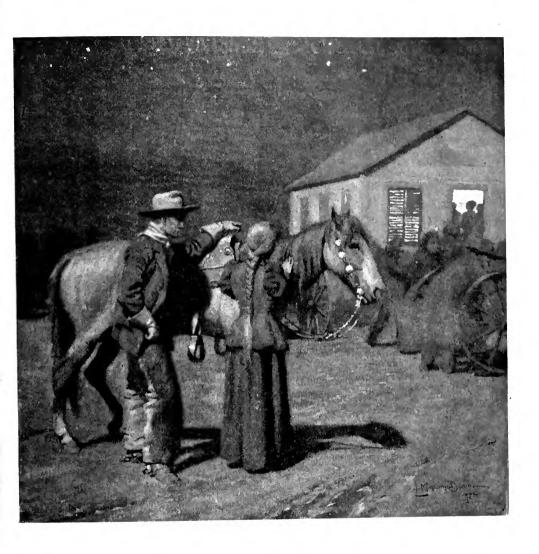
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There's a place, Chiquita, for you and me
On a sunburnt hill by the far-off sea:
(Come over, come over with me.)

The saddle-horse stamps by the school-yard gate:

(Come over,—come over,)
O hurry, Chiquita, 't is never too late,—
Does anything come unto those who wait?

(('ome over, come over with me!)

L, M, D,

# ILARIO'S TEMPTATION

#### LOVE AND LARCENY

#### BY EUGENIA B. MABURY

LENTAVOS, Señora, centavos?"
I looked about in surprise, and at last discovered beneath me on the road leading up from the hacienda three small figures standing under a lone eucalyptus. On catching my eye, the Mexican urchin, clad in a single faded blue garment, very short and very dirty, again whined up most pathetically, "Centavos, centavos?"

His sister, some seven or eight years old, who wore a ragged pink frock, said nothing, but stared up at me with big eyes from under a shock of black hair and occasionally shifted a tiny naked baby, brown and plump, from one arm to the other. I smiled, and she smiled,—very expectantly. Then I drew out my purse and tossed down a coin. Scarcely had it touched the ground

when there was a wild scramble for it, in which the baby was lost and set up a howl as it rolled over and over in the dust. A moment later the boy seized the money and made off with it around the corner, closely pursued by his brown-legged sister after

she had caught up the baby from its dusty

I leaned back laughing and again tried to fix my mind on my Spanish lesson, but to small avail. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and already a cool breeze blew over the mesa. From my seat on the roof I could look far out across the low hills seamed with caffons and covered with greasewood, stunted cactus, and the tall, stiff shafts of the yucca, but it was a relief to turn from this general grayness, accentuated by clouds of dust whirling by, to the bright splash of color in the court Along the high adobe walls grew below. potted tropical plants, beds of gay verbenas, and scarlet geraniums which had been brought all the way from San Diego and only coaxed from weaklings into hardy shrubs by days upon days of patient care and watering. There were geraniums also in the worn-out ollas on the veranda above, while luxuriant nasturtiums sprawled down over the railing. In the center of the court, almost hidden by a cluster of broadfanned palms, a tiny fountain made known its presence in a low, bubbling noise.

Again my eyes fell on the open book before me, and again I was interrupted by a small voice piping up to me. "Centavos,

Señora, centavos."

Looking over, I beheld six, eight, ten, little Mexican ragamuffins of all ages, who seemed to have sprung up in the road as if by magic. There they capered about screaming at the top of their lungs, "Centavos, a—h Señora, centavos!"

But seeing whither my generosity had led me, I shook my head firmly, which only caused them to shout the louder. Finally their noise drew Ignace, the portero, from his prolonged siesta, who quickly scattered the urchins with a vigorous "Hi! Hi!"

In their hasty departure they almost collided at the corner with Barbarina, my laundress. With an angry gesture she passed on to where Ignace stood waiting to receive her. He glanced curiously at her as she approached, and I noticed at once Barbarina's lack of her usual gay smiles and friendly chatter. As I was wondering what was the matter with her, Ignace stepped from the doorway through which the girl had disappeared and made a very deep obeisance.

"Barbarina would speak with the Señora." he said in musical Spanish,—

slowly, that I might understand.

"Very well, Ignace; send her up." "Si, Señora," with another bow.

In a few moments the girl appeared and I saw that she had been crying.

"Buenas dias," I said. "How is it with

you, Barbarina?"

"Oh, Señora, bad, very bad!" And the great black eyes filled with tears. "How shall I tell the kind Señora?"

"Why, what's the matter, my girl?" I said, alarmed at her tone. "Anything happened to Trinidad at the mine?"

"No, no, Señora, gracias a Dios! But the dress—the beautiful white gown of the Señora—Oh, how can I say it?—is gone!" And she burst into tears.

"What dress, Barbarina? O, the white wrapper I sent you yesterday to be washed? Well, well; how did it happen?" I asked kindly, for the girl's grief was evidently

sincere.

Thus encouraged, with much excitement and many tears and gesticulations, Barbarina told her story. She had arisen early that morning, she began, had started Trinidad off to the mine, given the niñitos their breakfast and sent them to play in the plaza. Then in company with three other women of the village she had gone to the Tultenango creek to wash the clothes. Later, on returning to her home, she hung the garments to dry on the wall surrounding the adobe. After that, she said, she stepped over to the mine with Trinidad's dinner, exchanged a word or two with him. - she was absent just five little minutes,and when she came back the beautiful white dress was gone. Yes, it was gone, and some one had stolen it, or else an evil spirit had flown away with it to get poor Barbarina into trouble,—which God forbid!

I saw that Barbarina was guiltless, and therefore said little, surmising that the gown had proved too tempting to some woman of the village, for even during my short stay in El Oro I had had many proofs of the thieving propensities of the Mexicans. So I calmed the girl, assuring her of my continued confidence and friendship until she ceased crying and dried her eyes on her reboso. Then I inquired after her little girl Ezekiel and boy Nicodemus, and after again scolding her—much to Barbarina's amusement—for having given the poor niñitos such dreadful names, sent her away smiling.

Again I tried to memorize a slippery Spanish verb, but instead I found myself watching a tall young peon who came to the door in the court below followed by Chu-chu, the portero's daughter. Ilario was clad in a white cotton suit, a faded red sash, and a high-crowned sombrero with a tasseled brim. He crouched comfortably on a petate on the veranda, and gazed up at the slim girlish figure leaning in the door-

way.

I smiled to myself when I thought of

Chu-chu's name. It seems that in Mexico every day in the year bears the name of some saint or patriarch which it is customary to give to the child born on that day, regardless of sex. But when Ignace's daughter first saw the light on Abraham's day, one of the portero's friends protested at the name. "Call her Jesu Maria, rather," he suggested. So that became the innocent's name, though it was soon shortened to just Chu-chu.

Nineteen and sweet sixteen,-a regular Mexican Romeo and Juliet," I thought, watching the desperate flirtation below. I was greatly interested in this affair, having been made Chu-chu's confidante ever since my advent in El Oro. Ilario 1 had first met through his small brother Florentino, the mozo who accompanied my husband in his professional rounds. The young couple were to be married in two weeks, for Ilario had really worked hard in the mine, denied himself pulqué and saved enough money to pay the priest a goodly wedding-fee, with a a few pesos left over to spend during the brief honeymoon. As for the future,—well, that would take care of itself.

One of the two customary bridal dresses, which the groom was supposed to provide, had already been presented to Chu-chu, by Ignace, her father, since Ilario was so poor. It was the cheapest of purple cashmeres trimmed with sky-blue velvet, but no costume fresh from Paris could have appeared more beautiful in the girl's eyes.

One misfortune, however, marred all this happiness—Chu-chu still lacked the usual white wedding-gown, which was the second of the two dresses Ilario was expected to furnish; and he, poor fellow, had no money to buy one. This Ilario himself told me with anxious face, forgetting even to smile at my halting Spanish. My suggestion that the bride-elect be married in the purple gown met with gloomy disapproval.

"White, Señora, white it must be," sighed the young fellow. "What will they say, those rascals down in the hacienda? Caramba! they will laugh, they will sneer, they will say that Ilario is poor, that he has no money for his bride. Yes, that will they say, these fellows!"

Then he told me of their plans. To avoid the disgrace of Chu-chu's starting from the village in any but a white dress, they had decided to leave at five o'clock in the morning, the duenna and Chu-chu in the little box-cart drawn by one lean mule, while Ilario rode the other. These old Blas would lend them. Having been married by the priest in Taluca, they would spend the rest of the day taking in the sights of the town, with perhaps a few sweets or a tamale and a glass of pulqué thrown in, and would then return in the evening from their short honeymoon to take up their abode with

Ignace.

Thus they freely discussed their plans with me, and I was the ready counselor and friend of both. But today as they looked up and saw me I thought that Ilario replied rather shortly to my greeting, avoided my gaze, and presently took his leave. This surprising and unpleasant impression was confirmed in the days following. Moreover, it was plainly apparent that Ilario was not as gay as usual, and that he no longer cared to talk with me as he had formerly done, delighting to pick up a few English words. Fearing that I had in some way offended, I redoubled my efforts at kindness, but to no avail. I felt somewhat hurt at this inexplicable conduct, but said nothing to Chu-chu as she seemed unaware of the change in Ilario.

So the two weeks passed until the day before the wedding. In the morning I sent for Chu-chu and Ilario to come to me in my sitting-room. After some minutes the girl appeared with the young peon reluctantly following. He stood fingering his sombrero, and seemed almost afraid to raise his eyes from the floor. But Chu-chu smiled frankly

at me.

"Ilario," I began kindly in my best Spanish, but noticed that he started and glanced up quickly at me, "you have been a good friend of ours, and as you are to be married tomorrow, the Doctor and I wish to make you a small present."

Here I pointed to a chair containing some of my husband's cast-off clothing in good repair, together with a brilliant red and yellow bandana, so dear to the Mexican heart.

I paused expectantly while Chu-chu gave an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. But Ilario seemed dazed. He stared first at the clothing and then at me, as if suspicious of the whole affair. Finally Chu-Chu nudged him and whispered in his ear.

"Ah, Señora," he muttered uneasily. "gracias, muchas gracias, Señora."

I was hurt and turned from him impatiently. "Chu-chu," I said, smiling at her, "you are a good girl and have always waited on me well. I wish you a long and happy life. Will you accept a little present?"

I smiled again at her eager, happy face, and drew forth a simple white cashmere dress, which I had long since outgrown, but had freshened up with bright pink ribbons. Chu-chu sprang forward with a scream of

delight and knelt before it.

"Señora, Señora," she cried. "It is for me? Is the dress really mine? or do you just lend it? No, no, it shall belong to Chu-chu? Oh the grand, the beautiful, the noble dress!"

Tears filled her eyes and for several minutes she raved over the cashmere in extravagant Mexican style, trying its effect this way and that against her olive face and red lips, and pausing now and again to load first me and then the gown with the most enthusiastic adjectives in her vocabulary.

Meanwhile Ilario stood silently by, his eyes big with wonder, as he stared from the dress to Chu-chu and from Chu-chu to me. Suddenly without warning he burst into tears, and throwing himself at my feet,

seized my hand.

"Dios, mio Dios! What will the noble Señora say? How can I tell her of my shame, my sorrow? Ah, Ilario the miser-

able, the wretched!" he wailed.

"What is it?" I cried in amazement. "What have you done, boy?" For knowing the hot-blooded Southern temperament, and remembering his strange conduct during the past two weeks, I feared something dreadful had happened.

But he only moaned the more. "Señora, forgive me, indeed I will not again! Oh, the white dress I wanted for Chu-chu—the beautiful white gown that has made Ilario miserable! Would that I had never seen it. O, Dios, that I had never stolen the Señora's white dress!"

At this a light began to dawn upon me, and I felt much relieved.

"And so it was you, Ilario, you who took

my dress?" I said sorrowfully.

Again the boy buried his face in his hands and swayed to and fro in an abandon of grief. By this time Chu-chu with ready sympathy was also weeping violently,

and seeing that all her pleasure was about to be spoiled, I laid my hand on Ilario's

shoulder.

"Come," I said, speaking as I would to a child, "the Señora forgives Ilario, because she knows he did not really mean to steal the white dress, but wanted it so much for Chu-chu. Is it not so? Now Ilario will give back the gown to the Señora, and will never take anything again, because he is so

sorry. Then he and Chu-chu and the Señora will always be good friends."

By degrees the sobbing ceased; and presently both smiled through their tears. Peace being thus restored, Chu-chu tenderly gathered up the precious cashmere, and together with arms full they left the room, their faces shining with happiness like two children, as they softly murmured, "Ah, the good Señora,—gracias á Dios, gracias á Dios!"

#### REVELATION

A LONELY stretch of pallid sky,
Uncertain drops of rain, dashed fitfully
Hither and thither 'cross the mesa land,
And mighty sobs as from Prometheus bound
Upon the rocky cliffs, about whose feet
Beat the still gray waves of darkening fog.

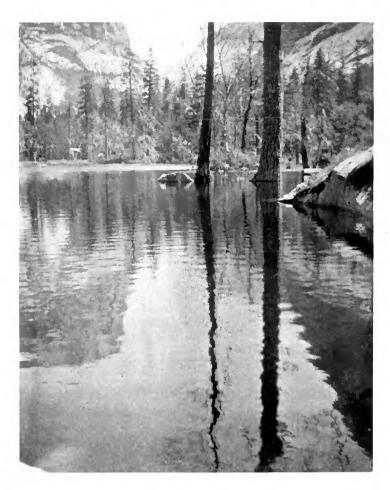
In you arroyo's bed the cottonwoods
Catch the wan light upon their rustling leaves,
And bend and bow like monks before the altar;
The sad gray sagebrush, type of bitterness,
Bows to the wind and broods above the sand;
The butcher-bird with wild, menacing cry
Darts like an evil spirit through the gloom;
The wind, with mighty scourging drives the clouds,
And tells its secrets with a moan of pain.

Strange thoughts, long dormant in the heart of man, Rise and knock at the portal of the soul, Demand and gain admittance to those halls Held sacred to the flower of love and truth, And eat like cankers at the roots of hope.

But low-browed Silence stalks across the plain,
Even the sagebrush lifts its head to listen,
And the heart of man beats to a quicker tune.
The veil of clouds is lifted in the east,
And in that outer glory half revealed
Old San Jacinto lifts above the fog
Its mighty head, snow-crowned and touched with light.

A type it stands of steadfastness and strength, And breathes its benediction o'er the plain. It bids poor craven man to conquer fate; To take his piteous life upon his back, And with but bloody foot-prints for a guide, Toil ever upward o'er the cruel stones, — Till, there upon the summit in the light, His burden from his shoulders slips away And lies forever buried 'neath the snow.

Virginia Pease.



Number 10

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE Charmian Kittredge, Berkeley

# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—II

THE readers of the OVERLAND have begun, so far as the signs show, to take quite an interest in the Photographic Contest. Many of them will eagerly scan the second selection, herewith printed, and compare them faithfully with those of the December issue, to form a fair judgment as to the deserving picture for the first award of prizes. The ballot appears in our advertising pages, and the OVERLAND respect-

fully urges each of its readers to cut it out and fill it with his choice of contesting pictures in the two numbers. Let nobody take into account only the pictures in this number with the ballot, but carefully compare all the fifteen plates in the two numbers in the contest.

Of course the OVERLAND cannot in fairness suggest the grounds of judgment. The "best" picture is the one to be chosen,



Number 11

Copyright, 1896, by Alvin H. Waite

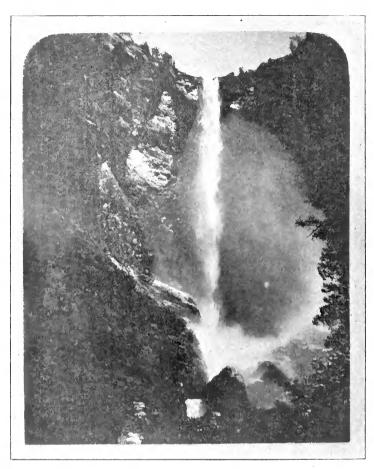
FOREST SHADOWS Alvin H. Waite, 910 C Street, Tacoma, Washington

whether in subject or treatment, or photographic execution, as appeals most strongly to the person voting.

It will be noticed that in several instances two pictures by the same person are printed. The selection was made of the pictures that seemed most likely to prove popular, and with the idea of giving as wide a range of subjects as possible, for the sake of variety and to meet the most varied tests.

The titles of most of the pictures presented so far are sufficiently explanatory of the pictures. They are those chosen by the senders of the picture in every case where a title was given.

Already photographs for the second contest have begun to come in, and it promises to be larger in the number of contestants than the first. This is as it should be. The interest of the public in these contests will



Number 12 BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE Charmian Kittredge, Berkeley

undoubtedly grow as the year goes on; for six contests, each taking two months, will carry it through the year, and before it is over hundreds of our amateur friends all over the country will be represented. The number of plates the OVERLAND will print in each number or each contest is not fixed. All that seem to have a chance of a prize are selected, whether they be few or many, and it is certain that the general readers of the magazine will not quarrel with the policy that gives them so many beautiful pictures.

A feature of the contests to follow has been suggested that will add to the interest of the pictures. It is that whenever the sender wishes he may enclose with his

photograph a short description of the place or incident it portrays, telling anything that seems to him to add to the interest of the picture itself. This matter, when it seems to the Editors to be available, will be printed with the picture, and thus serve to explain it more fully or show what has been the intention of the photographer. At the same time it is not to be considered compulsory at all to send any text with the pictures, and voters will be requested still to confine their attention in making choice to the plates themselves.

Whenever, too, no text is sent and it seems to the Editors that to readers in general some explanation is needed and it can be supplied, that will be done. It is some-



Number 13 LOVER'S LANE, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA GROUNDS



Number 14 Strawberry creek, and bridge at telegraph avenue fytrance to university of california grounds.

Numbers 13 and 14 by F. T. Mumma, 2223 Chapel Street, Berkeley



Number 16 "BLOSSOM"

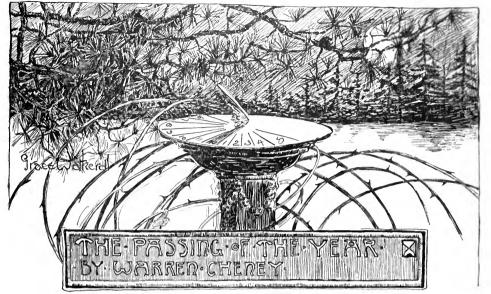
Mrs. Walter E. Magee, Berkeley

times forgotten by our correspondents to what a varied and widely scattered public the OVERLAND appeals. From California school children to dwellers in the Orient and Old World, it seeks its audience, and matters of everyday to one class may be all Greek to another.

It may be remarked that there are three prizes offered in each competition and yet the voters are asked to vote for only one. That seemed to the Editors the best method, because it is hardly fair to trespass farther on our readers' patience than to ask them to make a selection of the one picture that pleases them best. There will, doubtless,

be a sufficient variety of opinions to make the vote scatter among the different pictures, and the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants receiving the highest vote, first, second, and third, respectively.

In closing let the voters bear in mind the need of promptness. It is desired to announce the result of this first competion in the February number, though if votes are slow it may be considered best to defer it till the March number. To get it into the February issue the polls will have to close by January 15, and that means rapid voting on the part of our Eastern readers.



Tive o'clock and already dark;
The fingers are stiff as horn, and hark!—
The passing ghost of the year that is sped,
Once for his live self and once for his dead,
Taps by turns on the window's verge,—
One! Two!

And mark you his poean and then his dirge, How strangely alike they grew.

Passing ghost with the troubled face, Glooming and gladdening in your place. It must be wonderful to stand With the old and the new on either hand. Certain at twelve of the clock to find, The new life come with the old behind

Dead is the old year-cold as its snows.—
Born is the new year - fresh as its rose.

The who could comfort you,

Mourning your manhood dead?—

Yet with new life ahead

Why grieve in gloom and grue?

Tears and laughter, death and life,

Move you with alternate strife;

It is not all strange your dirge

Should in pacan half way merge



From Painting by Maurice Leloir

THE PILLAGE OF BEAUTY BY LAW

# MEMOIRS OF A PAIR OF STAYS

### BY EMILE BERGERAT AND MAURICE LELOIR

### ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAURICE LELOIR

[SEVERAL inquiries as to the frontispiece of the December number, "The Pillage of Beauty by Law," have come to the OVERLAND, and to make the meaning of that picture plain (and it is reprinted for those to see who begin their OVERLAND subscription with the January number), we here reprint from the rare French edition the tale it illustrates. Acknowledgements are due to Messrs. Goupil & Co. of Paris.—ED.]

URING the fourth exhibition of the French Aquarellists at the gallery in rue de Sèze, the mass of visitors lumped themselves together, snowball-like, before a masterwork in water-color, representing some sheriff's officers of the last century, in the act of making an inventory of a set of Louis XVI. furniture. One of these curs of appraisers, a big bulbous fellow, with sly expression, lifts up and exhibits with a laugh a love of a little pink pair of stays, with silver stitching, which one of his comrades has just drawn out of a secret closet hidden in the wall, whose mystery he has unearthed by dint of scratching with his nails and sounding with the head of his wand. A third person, leaner than the stick under his arm, and looking like a beadle escaped from his pews, catalogues in a register the pillage of Beauty by Law. You would say three ravens in the nest of a dove. The fabrics lie over the floor; the little trunks disemboweled, the jewel caskets ruptured at the

delicious.
One evening, when I was admiring for about the tenth time the delightful wit of

lock, the fans and the feathered parasols,

all the elegant toys of a young, rich, pleas-

ure-loving lady's home, seem to be shedding

those tears of inanimate things which Vir-

gil describes. A stout lady's maid, attract-

ive and plump, watches the sacking of the apartment, furious, but unable to interfere.

The picture is complete and the drama

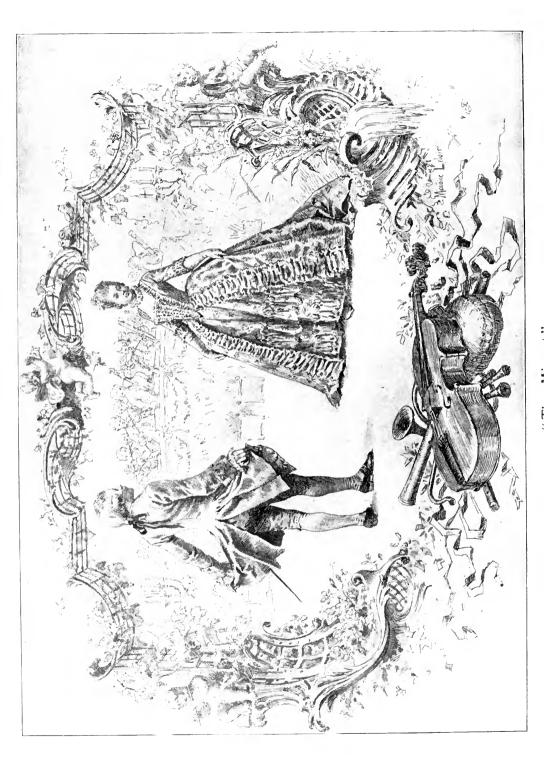
this composition, its picturesque design, its novel arrangement, and all the eminently French merits which illuminate it, a neighboring personage rapped me over the shoulder. It was none other than Maurice Leloir, the author of the aquarelle, the painter of inexhaustible fancy, he whom the people have already called the fourth Saint Aubin. I paid him my sincere compliments. "My faith," said I, "this is a case to say with the ballad-singer, they have none such in England."

"Know then, my dear critic," began the artist, "that this little pink pair of stays has a history. I bought them in the country, of an old second-hand merchant, a perfect Jew, though a Christian. As my better luck would have it, he had never taken them out of their box; accordingly, he had never spied the roll of papers secreted in the cotton, and on which were written such things, all sorts of things in fact! Now, if you would like to make yourself acquainted with this manuscript, you can tell me what you think of it. The brothers de Goncourt have just found on the quays the manuscript of the Count de Caylus, which aided to complete the life of Watteau. For my part, I have found in a curiosity shop what may serve to make out the history of the loveliest waist of the eighteenth century." And next morning I received from Maurice Leloir the curious roll in question, on whose first leaflet I read, in large text:-

MEMOIRS OF A PAIR OF STAYS

I.

I was made to measure by D---, the



celebrated ladies' "taylor," whom every one knows perfectly. The device by which the measure was obtained is something uncom-She of whom I was to be the mould was eighteen years of age; she was just as waxen as possible, and she had such personal advantages as to neck and waist that she was especially coquettish about them. But her parents, old creatures, formal as Jansenists, and alarmed by the furious sermons against corsets, thundered by their priest -- in those days it was the mode to preach against us in open pulpit - would not hear of the new fashions for their daughter, so the illustrious D- was shown to the door. But D--- had the spirit of a true artist, one who would not be beaten by a trifle. Notified of the desire of the young lady, he procured the connivance of the chambermaid, and by means of a rope-ladder, like a very Faublas, he introduced himself by night into the dressing-room, and there took the measures required. I may say without vanity that never did stays fit better the beauties of which they were to be the mask and demonstration. I am the true portrait of the slenderness and sensibility of my proprietress, just as the bowl of Paris was the perfect mould of Helen's bosom.

· II.

THE father of my mistress was a most ridiculous wiseacre, wholly occupied with ornithology. His days were passed in a cage. He chirped and talked bird-language with his canaries. The old countess, his wife, cemented to her high-backed chair, with its stuffed side-pieces, napped gently until the long nap of death disposed of her. Sylvia — that was my proprietress's name, — Sylvia treated them respectfully. But I, who touched her heart so closely, I know that it often beat the bushes. She was eighteen years old, observe, and her figure was now turned to perfection.

The first time I was tried on — O, with what precautions! — I felt a delightful fullness. I adhered already as firmly as possible to her form, and I embraced it as never lover embraced his enamorata. But D—considered that all was not yet as it should be. In pulling the stay-lace he dared to set a knee against her graceful little back! I thought the lace would break. Ah! if

the adept in ornithology had seen us all at that moment! Very well, if you will believe me, nothing gave in the whole carpentry, and nature had naught to complain of in the masterpiece of stay-making. If the white shoulders turned rose-color, that was all. As for myself, it seemed to me, in that instant, that I was the most privileged being on earth.

III.

My coming out in the world coincided with that of my young mistress. It was at a court ball. I recollect that I was jealous, ves indeed! jealous with reason. Sylvia was to dance the minuet at this ball, and I counted on triumphing with her by the grace of her shape. I was thinking of how I should show off, and place in the best light, the exquisite ripeness of which I was the babbling treasurer. The brocade glistened over my curvatures, the skirts radiated like a firework from my corselet of steel. But the ungrateful Sylvia was not satisfied with being a goddess from her hair to her waist; she had, besides, a pair of tiny feet of which she was proud, and I saw her, before she climbed into the chariot,



make Martine put on them a pair of astonishing little slippers, in prunella, with heels of most insolent elevation, of which heels I augured no good. "Many a girl," thought I, "runs away when she wears such shoes."

At the ball she carried off every heart. The quality would not turn their eyes on any but her. I felt their hardy arms surround me more pressingly than was strictly necessary, and I swelled with indignation. All of a sudden I was aware of an unusual, indeed, of a redoubled palpitation. It was as if a Paris's apple, or two, was just ready to pounce from the parent tree in a high wind. A young man had approached Sylvia. He was whispering in her ear. The minuet began, and now it was the turn of the tiny slipper to attract every eye. Sylvia did not trip in the grass, for there was none



handy; but after the minuet a singular crackling advertised me that I was playing a new character, and that my functions were in-

creased by those of a letterbox. By what miracle Sylvia contrived to make place between me and herself for this triangle of muskscented paper, I cannot understand to this day. My shape was not that of a hat box, to be the repository of a "cocked-hat." The sheet was tender, but less tender than the celestial grindstone of which little by little it took the exact curve.

An old uncle of Sylvia's. a man of high favor at court, a former dragoon of the Queen's forces, and who had come to the ball as her escort, hunted out pretty mistress at length and bore her away. I was gratified with this step. He even made a pretty speech which I appropriated to myself. am your body-guard," says I was flattered and touched, and thought with disdain of the two little

shoes, those stupid dwarfs, who could not for their part take care of scented notes nor further the loves of a pretty mistress. So Martine flung them in a corner, while I was put carefully into my bandbox, where I went to sleep.



A MAN who sees a big goose in a lane and finds it disputing his passage, is not more confounded than was Sylvia's uncle when he learned the flight of his niece by the very language of ornithology. He brandished furiously an umbrella which he carried by day and slept with at night; he swore he would catch her and clap her in a convent.

But where was she?

Do you see this graceful boat which glides between the rushes, coasting a bank of verdure? It is the very weather for love, but especially for that pastoral and melancholic kind of love which has just been introduced as the very latest fashion by Rosseau, the philosopher of Geneva. And the boatwoman, sitting mus-

ingly in the prow, who is it but Sylvia! And the young flute-player, who out-



warbles the thrushes and fills the groves with his rustic notes! I recognize him; 't is he, the handsome minuet-dancer. O! Daphnis! O! Chloe! Where are you navigating on those perfidious waters of the Marne? The faithful oarsman listens to the music, leaning on his tiller, over which leap the water-insects and dragon-flies. "Celestial Charms of Sylvia," indeed!—and the echo, like a traitor, goes about telling everybody, "Sylvia! Sylvia!"

Alas! the hapless innocents, they hardly fancied that this echo was to be their destruction. Hidden in the lofty herbage, a man was watching them. He has his fatal umbrella and the handle thereof contains a sword. And you, my imprudent mistress, you threw me aside this morning, and I cannot protect you with my corselet of steel!

But no, the dreadful uncle does not emerge from his hiding place. If you are the brother of a expert on canaries you must carry out the character. "What do I hear?" he cries. "Are these the dickeybirds of my brother?" And then when he looks close, they are too happy, and too pretty as they are. Time enough for vengeance. And the brother of the ornithologist still sits in brood! "Celestial charms of Sylvia! Celestial charms of Sylvia!"

They wander arm in arm up the bank. An apple-tree leans against a small hunting-lodge, an enchanted little shelter full of shepherdesses, who recline in tapestry around the walls, behind sleepy arm-chairs, in a dreamy twilight and in an atmosphere always cool. He has drawn her to the shadow of the old apple-tree, whose knotty arms are lifted angrily above their heads. And a kiss sounds sharply, just as an ancient umbrella falls upon them with precision out of the tree. "Rascal!" cries the Queen's dragoon. V

THEY are married! This vengeance is that of the cruel uncle. She puts me on once more, for the wedding. I believe the uncle has acted for the best. \* \* \*

I am dying of spleen and neglect in my bandbox. The railing is discarded when it grows too feeble for the ripened tree. The doctor has come, however. Tonight I fancied I heard the gentle complaints of some little being. My career is over; the vineyards are gathered.

(A year later.) Alas! The count was a cheat. He has lost his fortune at the gaming tables of Mother Guimard. There is a vendue at home. I will get into my secret closet. I have just seen the head of a sheriff's officer. Goodby, Sylvia.



Vol xxxi--5

### TO KLONDIKE BY RIVER AND LAKE

### A BUSINESS MAN'S EXPERIENCE

#### BY THOMAS MAGEE

[Thousands of persons, from all portions of the world, are going into the Yukon mining region next season, by way of Dyea or Skagua to Lake Bennett, and thence by lakes and rivers, in boats or scows, a distance of nearly six hundred miles to Dawson. All of these people, as well as those who have relatives in that country, will be interested in the following personal narrative

of Thomas Magee, who made the trip last summer and has just returned to San Francisco.

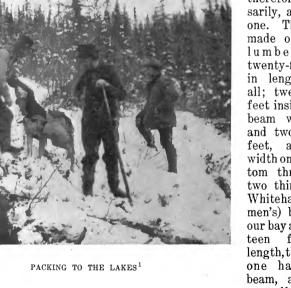
N July 28th I left San Francisco to make a short Alaskan trip, intending to go to Dyea or Skagua only, and return the 'same steamship. But when I reached Skagua, I went on over the new and then dreadful trail of that name to Lake Bennett (fortytwomiles), where the water trip to Dawson begins. I then decided

that I would accompany my son to Dawson, fully expecting to find steamers on the Yukon. These steamers were to leave Dawson somewhere between the 10th and 20th of September, connecting at the mouth of the Yukon with ocean steamships for San Francisco.

<sup>1</sup>The illustrations are from negatives taken by Thomas Magee, Jr.

We left Lake Bennett at 4 P. M. on August 27th. Rain was falling, the wind was high, the clouds inky in color, dense of texture, and lying very low, covering the mountains down to within about four hundred feet of the water. The lake where we started averaged half a mile in width. The wind, blowing harder constantly, was a fair one. We could have used no other wind,

the boat being a flat-bottomed one, and our sail. nine by seven feet in size, therefore, necessarily, a square one. The boat, made of green lumber, was twenty-five feet in length over all; twenty-two feet inside. Her beam was five and two thirds feet, and the width on the bottom three and two thirds feet. Whitehall (boatmen's) boats on our bay are ninefeet teen length, three and one half feet beam, and are propelled



nine-foot oars. We had two ten-foot bludgeons, called oars by courtesy. They weighed quite one third more than well-made oars of ash.

We sailed until seven o'clock. The boat, having no keel, yawed very badly. The sea was high then, and the landing, the shore being a lee one, very difficult to make. Because of the storm and rain it was almost

dark,—indeed, a more gloomy evening could hardly be imagined. We anchored the boat solidly astern by a seventy-pound stone, and by a line from the bow ashore, leaving her in deep water. Under the trees, twenty-five feet from the beach, we were in shelter and almost out of the rain.

The next morning was calm, sunny, and beautiful. It may be supposed that, in going upon such a long lake and river journey, of 578 miles, we had a special chart and special directions; but we had neither. Our sole instructions were to keep to the left. If we had done so at noon, we would have been taken ten miles out of our course. 'A boat following us made that mistake. At one o'clock we got out of the lake and into a river called Caribou Crossing, leading to the Windy Arm of Tagish lake. We there had a fair, strong wind for two hours, and camped

after a pleasant day. The third day we were in Windy Arm. At one o'clock it began to blow in our favor. We were sailing near the lee side of the lake when the wind shifted instantly against us, and for safety we had to cross Windy Arm, a name which for us needed no definition, about one and one half miles, in the teeth of a gale. We made headway, but by inches only. It took an hour and a half to get in shore, a very heavy rain meantime falling.

For two hours on the shore there, in rubber clothing, we sat patiently to be rained on, the downpour being too heavy to allow of cooking. We had a big camp-fire. It was cheerful, but not drying. Our tent had beem set up two hundred feet above the lake in sphagnum moss, about two and a half feet deep, which, despite the heavy rain, was not wet. At six the rain stopped, and we slept pretty dry and comfortable.

The next day, on Lake Marsh, we had a very strong head wind all day, with some rain. The next day, still on Lake Marsh, with a gale of head wind, we pulled from a quarter after seven A. M. until six P. M. Ishould not, indeed, say we pulled; we rather oar-dragged our overloaded boat along, by pulling against a gale, at the rate of about one and a half miles an hour until four,



THE MAGEE PARTY ON LAKE BENNETT

when we entered the Lewis river, the wind still ahead but the current with us until half past six P. M., where, in a cold open spot, we camped.

Only those who understand the size of our boat and oars as given above, and the great weight and clumsiness of the latter, can appreciate the task of pulling such a boat, and a load equal to ten grown people, for eight and three quarter hours against a gale of wind. To escape into the river, where there was a current in our favor, even though the wind was still a head one, was a relief that could hardly be exaggerated. We thought we deserved dry weather that evening, after such a day, but we did not get it. Rain fell heavily on us and our cheerless supper, as we ate it, at half past seven P. M.

The next day at noon we reached the Cañon, and after unloading our goods, ran the rapids. The water was raised in broad sheets in the worst part of the run, and I believe that the boat was for an appreciable time thrown up on this water and was half uplifted in that liquid sheet and half in air. "Our sides literally drank water and our keel cut air." We shipped much water in the half mile shoot and rush. We camped below the falls in exposed open ground, in rain.



ON LAKE MARSH

Two miles below the Caffon, in bad water, the White Horse rapids were reached. My son there first steered our boat and afterwards that of two young men we had met and who were traveling with us. The first boat after the terrible tossing was one sixth full of water. I was to have gone on the second boat, but all three of the young men advised me not to go, as ours were the only boats that day to run the rapids. other boats were let down by the west, the safest side of the river, by ropes. I deeply regretted subsequently that I did not go in Early in the morning is the time the boat. to run both cañon and rapids. We lost two days, loading and unloading at the cañon and rapids, all in rain and the very greatest possible discomfort. At the rapids we were ninety-seven miles only from our starting point at Lake Bennett.

We left the point below the rapids at eleven A. M. and reached, with a three to four mile current, the foot of the river at five P. M.—thirty-one miles,—pushing along until six, along the shores of Lake Le Barge. It would be difficult to exaggerate the discomforts of this pull from the rapids that day. It rained nearly all day, and we were wet, cold, and miserable. The sun, a dull, mother-of-pearl, watery spot, tried

frequently to look out of weeping clouds, but they always ran over him and shut him in. We were that day wet, cold, and hungry for a mid-day meal, which, because of the rain, we did not stop to cook. Everything, indeed, was persistently miserable. We had a very fine camp that night on the shores of the lake. The rain stopped at five, but the wind rose.

We prayed for a fair wind, but next morning a furious gale was blowing, dead in our teeth. We therefore had to remain there for forty hours, our tent being blown down twice. The weather was dry, and we embraced the opportunity to dry our blankets and clothing, all of which were damp. The day was not all dry, for it showered for two hours. In those portions of British Columbia and Alaska through which we passed, it was either constantly raining or threatening to rain. Sunny skies

and dry weather were rare exceptions. With them and fair winds the trip would have been a pleasure; as it was, everything was persistently and nearly constantly adverse, delaying us and others very much, and trying the strength of the strongest and the patience of the most patient to the utmost. We believed that the strong winds and rain we so often encountered were at this season the precursors of snow and winter. The wind in the evening on Lake Le Barge was exceedingly wild, and the waves so high that our boat could not have lived in them. Over all the landscape, too, was the sense of profound loneliness and the knowledge of winter and very short days near at hand. Delay from head winds, with rain and gloomy, wild, and intensely dense clouds was therefore excessively discouraging.

One trial was spared us; our boat leaked, but not badly, especially in view of the fact that she was built of green lumber. She behaved well in the wild waters of the cañon, and in the tossing, white, fearfully broken and jumping waters of the rapids.

Although it was still blowing hard, we left our first camp on Lake Le Barge at ten on the morning of the third day, pulling against a very strong head wind and sea for

two hours, crossing the lake. We pulled down that side, still with a head wind, until half past five o'clock. All of the next day was spent on the lake. At eleven the next day we reached the Yukon river, and its fine, strong current of four miles an hour. The wind was still a head one. On the third we reached old Fort Selkirk near the junction of the Yukon and Pelly rivers. Good currents but head winds were constant.

The last night of our boat journey was a very severe one. We slept in the boat. It snowed heavily and was excessively cold. Our sail was over us. We were forced to raise it up at two A. M., it being then oppressively heavy with snow. When we arose, the wind was a freezing and deeply cutting head one, and the scene strongly sub-Arctic. My fingers were numb all day from holding the oars. It stopped snowing at ten, but the cut-

ting wind continued. At noon, with just room to land, under a Yosemitic granite cliff, we built a fire and cooked lunch. The wind was invisible ice in its razor-like keenness and cutting power, fierce from the north, too. I worked long at my fingers, but could not restore feeling or blood to them. Dawson was fifty-seven miles distant, and as we feared a continuance of the snow and wind and still further depression of the temperature below zero, we determined to keep on pulling that day until we reached that town, which we did at six P. M. Each of us that day pulled two of the oar bludgeons from six, twenty A. M. until six P. M., with one hour's stop for lunch only. That nothing heats one like eating was demonstrated at that meal. Our strength, too, was immensely increased by it. There were rice, beans, bacon, over-aged moose meat, dried tomatoes, and dessicated onions, in the pot. The onions were extra dry, from old age. This heterogeneous dish was topped off with two cups of cocoa each. Life, chilled from Arctic-like cold, furnaced up again in the digestive regions, and despite my still partly frozen fingers we heeded not trials, fatigue, or distance, but bent once more to our oars. Such a pull as we had that day is easily described, but only those who have



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS

done such work under such trying circumstances know what it means.

Whose who make the trip to Dawson by the route herein described should put all of their provisions and clothing in canvas sacks dipped in paraffine. They will thus be thoroughly waterproof. Much of our provisions was damaged by rain or water shipped. We had no stove. All voyagers should take a sheet-iron stove with an oven. They should cook and camp also in their boats. Much time will be saved by cooking in the boat, and drier sleeping can be had in the boat than by going ashore.

When we reached Dawson the wind was fearfully cutting, and the temperature away below freezing. We thought only of eating, and on sausages, tea, and bread, in a tent restaurant, we feasted and fattened in stomach-plethoric content.

In closing, I desire to speak of the character of the country and its scenery between salt water at Skagua and Dawson (Klondike) a distance of about 620 miles, although by some said to be only 578 miles. A low summit (White's Pass), 2,400 to 2,500 feet in height, is crossed on the trail, between Skagua and Lake Bennett, a distance of fully 42 miles, although on one map most erroneously called only 27 miles. The ele-

vation is not great, but the snow line is just above it. When we crossed there, the clouds were dense and low-lying, heavy fog prevailed, and a very cold rain was falling. The gloom and severity of the elements, and the presence of dwarf timber only, created the impression of much greater height. Their severity showed that what the country lacked in elevation, it attained in the Arctic-like northern latitude, each degree northward being equal to one thousand feet of elevation, I believe. On the entire trip I did not see any mountain with a greater elevation than four thousand feet. That one lay northwest of Lake Le Barge.

The country all the way is not mountainous but hilly, the elevation of the hills being only five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and far more frequently the former than the latter. They are, however, exceedingly precipitous as a rule. Between the hills, and they are generally in short ranges, lies level ground, much of it swampy and more of i t slushy with thick sphagnum moss. which the

frequent rains do not so much settle as sift through. Yet the hills suggest mountains, they rise so directly and abruptly from the surrounding level ground. Cement palisades, rising directly and precipitously one hundred to two hundred feet are a constant feature of the landscape on the rivers. Rolling hills are often seen, not exhibiting rock generally, but either cement, sandstone, or soil. The latter at that season is covered by a rusty dead grass. It gave these hills the appearance of being newly plowed. The rivers were five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in width, speaking generally, and bounding them were exceedingly charming

hills and valleys. The rivers ran about four miles an hour, but where there were bends, sometimes convex and sometimes concave, but mostly the former, strong currents were formed, running six miles or more an hour.

But the attractive feature of the landscape, on the latter portion of the trip especially, was the autumnal colors of the woods. None of the congregations of trees, coniferous or deciduous, through which we passed, deserved the name of woods, in point of size, they were so spindly and lowset. The prevailing tree of the first class was the spruce, the best building and fuel

tree of that part of the country, though it is a poor wood for either purpose. Pines, and they were very small, ceased at the White Horse The derapids. ciduous trees were aspen, birch, and cotton-wood, with scrub-willow on river and lake banks. The trees last named rose from a height of ten to thirty feet only, the latter being an exceptional growth. Autumnal colors appeared in the leaves of the



THE YUKON NEAR FORT SELKIRK

aspen and birches about the first week of September. They imparted to them a variety, beauty, and glory, of a greatly varied and remarkable character. The way these trees climbed up and passed over the hills was especially noticeable. They were, indeed, immensely wide-spread. And yet the characteristic color of other woods in autumn was wanting. There was no red, except that occasionally given by the strawberry red of the low-lying and dying leaves of the sweet wild rose. The prevailing colors were yellow and green; but how shall I describe the variety of the tints of these two colors; there were canary, cream, Bartlett pear,

lady-finger, russet apple, and Winter Nellis pear yellows. Some of these shaded off toward orange. but never wholly reached that deeper and less beautiful color. The greens also greatly varied. There was white green, pea green, sea green, Spitzbergen apple green, and oak leaf green. But the vellows were the predominant, assertive colors. All combined, they suggested not color combinations. but color bursts, covering all the landscape, not alone by lake and river margins, but over the hills, to a height from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet. When we speak of autumn colors, we first think of red and then of flame, and then say that the woods in certain districts are aflame with reddish There was practically no red in the woods of that wild land, yet they were lambently, most delicately, and as beautifully aflame

in glowing yellow, blending toward rich orange. Then, between the light aspens and the birches were the somber and lonely spruces, the only conifers. That tree, with its soft black in the distance, had its base



CACHES OF PROVISIONS AT DAWSON

nestled in amongst, and yet rose above the aspens and birches. The contrast of their wealth of evanescent greens and yellows with its somber and inviolate green, approaching to black, was a very rich and

beautiful and also harmonious blending of colors. The tallest of the spruces were not over seventy, and as a rule did not run over forty or fifty feet in height. A tree with a diameter of eighteen inches is a large specimen. None of the trees named made good fuel; even the spruce was sappy and not richly resinous. They were lighted with great difficulty at a camp fire. They finally blazed up rapidly and often died out unexpectedly and suddenly. Their poverty in rich inflammability was in striking contrast to the coniferous "souls of fire and children of the sun" of the Sierra Nevada.

For hundreds of miles we ran through these universal tree-leaf explosions of color. But this color did not last in its greatest glory for over two weeks. "It appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Dry and dead falling leaves were then continuous, torn



MINERS IN LINE TO BUY PROVISIONS AT ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY'S STORES AT DAWSON



STEAMER KONKUK

from dry stems by solemn, sad, or angry wintry winds; then were to be seen only naked, white aspen, birch, and cottonwood skeletons.

Before me all things, stark and dumb, Seem praying for the snows to come.

We saw very few streams running into either lakes or rivers until we got down the Yukon, at a point about seventy miles above Dawson. Then little cañons hid and harbored small streams, finally sending them out, singing, to the greater freedom of the mighty, discolored Yukon.

We had about seven hours of fair winds only in our eighteen days' trip from Lake Bennett to Dawson. Long continued rains, some snow, much frost, very frequent lowlying, dense clouds, and head gales of wind made our long row a most tedious and tiresome one; but despite all of these drawbacks, there was full compensation in the scenery. Long-winding and exceedingly beautiful river vistas; widespread lake shores, especially on Lake Le Barge, with its islands and ironstone gateways, were very attractive. We saw repeated all the best scenery of the Hudson, the Columbia. and the Rhine, but set differently, as to woods, water, and general surroundings. The presence of these new features did not lessen or make me appreciate less what I had before seen elsewhere. I thus became more affluent in the scenic pictures hung upon the walls of my memory from passing through this lone, wild, northern scenery, by lakes, rivers, hills, and levels,

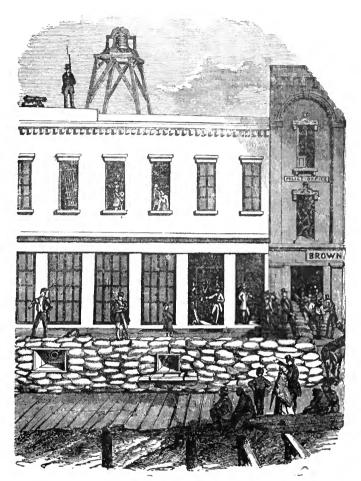


INDIANS RAFTING ON THE YUKON

illimitably spread out, with even yet only here and there a beholder and worshiper.

### THE EVENING OF THE YEAR

THE sun sinks in gold, the drowsy air
Toys softly with the crimson-dappled leaves;
The calm old ocean's beryled bosom heaves
And sighs, the clean-limbed, noisy gulls repair
To sweet repose,—and Evening's magic weaves
And siren lullabies to eye and ear
Bring a great peace to seal the dear old year.



FORT GUNNYBAGS IN 18561

### FORT GUNNYBAGS

# THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE SHALL IT BE MARKED?

PASSERS up and down Sacramento street, San Francisco, have noticed during December, 1897, that an old building at 211 and 213 of that street, on the south side between Davis and Front streets, was being torn down. The reason was pretty evident, for the building had sunk till the threshold was below the sidewalk and it

<sup>1</sup>The pictures are from contemporary prints.

could readily be seen that a watchful fire marshal would be likely to insist that the cracked walls were a source of danger.

Few, however, of the passers-by unless they were old timers in San Francisco knew that the demolished building, and still more the plain two-story structure by its side on the west, were historic landmarks whose equals in importance are rare in the city.

The Vigilance Committee of 1856 has been recognized by all who have studied Californian history as an episode of unique interest, and one of the most striking instances of the power of the American people, composite though it be, for selfgovernment. It was outside of all the constituted methods of government, which by the peculiar circumstances of the time were given over to the enemies of justice; and yet it was not a mob, but an organized uprising of the people. It bore a name similar to that of other organizations whose character is black with secret murder and lawless violence; and yet it differed from all that the name vigilante now means, in that it was no masked band suddenly attacking an unprepared enemy under the cover of midnight, but the irresistible rising of the best elements of the population, doing its will with calm deliberation and in the broad light of day. Its trials were conducted with all the safeguards of justice; and nobody has ever questioned the righteousness of its verdicts. It carried on negotiations with the Governor of the State almost as one sovereign power with its equal. leaders and members, far from cowering in secrecy lest they should be called to account for their deeds, were the best known and most substantial men of the community; and have ever since counted their connection with the Committee a matter of just pride, and their framed certificates of membership a precious heirloom to their children.

The reason for all this and the conditions that created the need for the Committee it would take too long to tell here. They have been set forth at length in Hittell's History of California, in Mr. Almarin B. Paul's story of the Committee in the OVERLAND for October, November, and December, 1894, in William T. Coleman's articles in the Century magazine, and in other accessible authorities.

Only the points that pertain to the building the Committee used as its headquarters concern us here. These, abstracted for this article by Mr. Theodore H. Hittell from his History, are as follows:—

THE third volume of my "History" gives a full account of the building on the south side of Sacramento street between Davis and Front, which was known in the old days as "Fort Gunnybags." It is the low, two story, brick, business house, with flat roof, the fourth from the corner of Front street. had been occupied by the firm of Truett and Jones, wholesale liquor merchants, up to Saturday, May 17, 1856, when the famous Vigilance Committee engaged the second story, moved into it, and established their head-quarters. For a short time Truett & Jones continued on the second floor, but, as the work of the Vigilance Committee expanded and more room was required, the firm was induced to remove, and the committee took charge and control of the whole building and remained there until their final adjournment.

It was there, in front of the second story windows, that James P. Casey and Charles Cora were hanged by the Committee on Thursday, May 22, 1856, — Casey for the murder of James King of William, editor of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, and Cora for the murder of William H. Richardson, United States Marshal. Wooden platforms had been run out from two of the windows, extending about a yard beyond the line of the building and provided with hinges at the edges of the sills. platforms were held in horizontal position by cords fastened at their outer ends, passing up to beams which projected from the roof directly over them and then to the top of the building out of sight. To the projecting beams were also attached the fatal ropes with nooses and slip knots, prepared Casey was attended by Father beforehand. Maraschi and Cora by Father Accolti. Armed files of Vigilance soldiers took up most of the street in front; but the rest of it and several vacant lots on the opposite side and the streets and housetops for blocks around were filled with immense crowds of sympathizing people, Everything was conducted as orderly and calmly as was possible under the circumstances. At twenty-one minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon, the legs of each having been strapped together, the ropes were adjusted about their necks; white caps were drawn over their heads; and at a signal from within the cords holding up the platforms were severed on the roof and the doomed men fell a distance of about six feet. They died apparently without a struggle.

The Vigilance Committee next proceeded to purge the community of some of its remaining objectionable characters, whom they arrested and confined in small rooms partitioned off on the second floor of the building. Billy Mulligan, Martin Gallagher. Billy Carr, Woolley Kearney, Edward Bulger, Charles P. Duane, and many others were confined there, while they were being tried and until their transportation out of the country. It was there, also, in one of these small apartments, that Francis Murray, usually known as Yankee Sullivan, the prize-fighter and ballot-box stuffer, fearful of meeting his deserts on the scaffold, committed suicide by severing the arteries of his left arm at the elbow with a table knife. It was in two of the same rooms that Joseph Hetherington and Philander Brace were subsequently confined and thence, on July 29th, taken by the Committee to their execution on a scaffold erected in Davis street between Sacramento and Commercial. - Hetherington on account of the murder of Dr. Andrew Randall and Brace for the murder of Captain Joseph B. West. When, however, David S. Terry, a justice of the Supreme Court of the State, was arrested for stabbing Sterling A. Hopkins, none of these small rooms was considered secure enough, and a new, stronger, and more removed place of confinement was prepared in the second story of the adjoining building on the east; and it was there that he remained most of the time from June 21, the day of his arrest, till August 7, after Hopkins' recovery from his wound, when he was released.

For a considerable time after the organization of the Committee, on account of the strenuous opposition of their enemies, who were ironically called the "Law and Order party," great apprenensions were felt of a clash with the State, if not also with the United States, authorities; and the fact was recognized that the Vigilance headquarters would be untenable in case of an attack. There was consequently some talk of removing; but it ended only in efforts to strengthen the building as it was. Various things with this end in view were done; but the most remarkable — though there may be much question as to its real efficacy was the fortification of the building by a sort of breastwork that was thrown up on the night of June 10th and gave to the place its distinctive name of "Fort Gunnybags," by which it was subsequently known.

"The plan of fortification referred to," says the "History," "consisted of a wall, constructed of coarse sacks, usually known as gunnybags, filled with sand and piled up in such a manner as to form a breastwork nearly six feet thick and nearly ten feet high. This wall, extending out from the front corners of the building across the sidewalk and into the street and then running along in the street in front of the building, made a sort of inclosure. might be called embrasures were left at several points and particularly at the corners, at each of which a cannon was placed; and all along the line there was an inside platform and openings from which a scathing fire of musketry could be poured. seems to have been understood at the time of the construction of these works or just previous thereto, that the Law and Order party had tried to obtain or had obtained positions in the immediate neighborhood. from which the Vigilance building could be raked; and it was to counteract and foil its plans that these works, including the planting of a few small cannon on the roof of the building, were constructed. As has been said before, it is doubtful whether the works would have been of any account in case of a fight, and particularly if the Law and Order party had planted an effective battery on Rincon hill or any other of the surrounding heights. But, whether so or not, they appear to have at least inspired confidence in the Vigilance Committee forces; and in that respect, if in no other, some praise was due from them to Francis J. Lippitt, afterwards colonel of their fourth regiment, to whom they were indebted not only for the idea, but also for the building of such a fortification."

Subsequently, on August 21st, 1856, and on the following two days, after the Committee had finished their chief labors and were about ready to finally adjourn, the headquarters on Sacramento street were thrown open to public inspection; and during those days many thousands of persons, including most of the residents of San Francisco and many strangers, visited and examined them. By that time the sand-bag fortifications in front had been removed; but the cannon on the floor, the guns and swords in their racks, and the ammunition in the magazine all remained. Everything was scrupulously clean and in order. Por-

in one place was a bust of James King of William: in another the famous ballot-box. with false bottom and sides partially drawn out so as to show the stuffed ballots that had been found in it. The offices of the grand marshal, quartermaster and commissary were finely carpeted. The room of the executive committee was perfectly plain, containing only several long tables, a lot of chairs, and some cases full of papers. In the police office there were exhibited such curiosities as usually garnish places of that kind, including pistols, bowie-knives, and other deadly weapons, that had been taken from prisoners. the wall were the hats of Casey, Cora, Hetherington, and Brace, surrounded by the ropes with which those individuals had been hanged. An old rusty blade, said to have been displayed when the Law and Order arms were taken out of the schooner Julia. was facetiously labeled, 'The Sword of the Pirate Durkee.' Over the police rooms were the armorer's shop and the hospital. and on the roof the bell, at whose tap the Committee was ever ready to fly to arms. Of the implements of war on exhibition at the building, not counting those stored in other places, there were said to be some nineteen hundred muskets, two hundred and fifty rifles, three hundred dragoon sabers, seventy-eight Roman sabers, and fifty-five artillery swords, besides a lot of shotguns and arms of other kinds."

traits and pictures ornamented the walls;

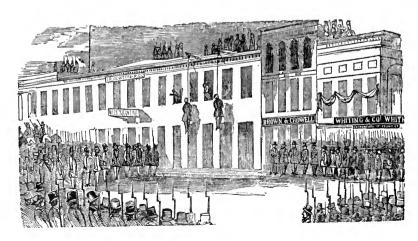
Now, it has seemed to the OVERLAND that the building ought to be marked so that it shall be held in memory. In the Eastern States it is a growing and beautiful custom to mark with stones, tablets, or other memorial, the historic spots. Those who have recently visited such towns as Lexington and Concord, know how much of value and interest is taught by the tablets and monuments that mark every important point and make it possible to trace with ease every step of Lord Percy's fateful march.

To the end of introducing this good custom to San Francisco, the OVERLAND determined to try to have Fort Gunnybags marked by a suitable tablet. To this end it consulted with the following San Francisco gentlemen, and they all readily agreed to act as a committee to receive funds for the purpose and see that they were properly expended:—

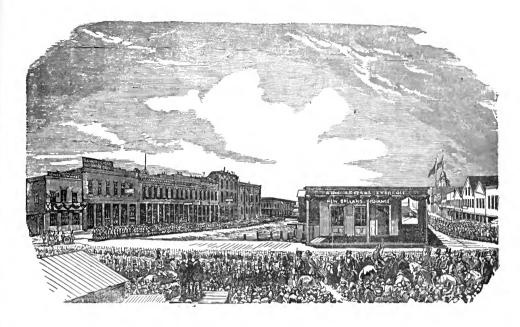
Martin J. Burke (626 Market street), of Madison & Burke, real estate dealers, a member of the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes and one of the principal men in its councils.

Almarin B. Paul (Crocker building), mining engineer and inventor, a member of the Vigilance Committee, and the author of an account of it published in the OVERLAND for October, November, and December, 1894.

Charles J. King (122 Davis street), son of James King of William, whose murder pre-



MAY TWENTY-SECOND, 1856



THE EXECUTION FROM A DISTANCE

cipitated the outbreak. Mr. King is a prominent member of the Society of California Pioneers, and well known in the community.

More than this has been done. The building is now owned by Mr. W. F. Whittier, himself a member of the Vigilance Committee and a prominent man of San Francisco. His consent was readily obtained to allow a tablet to be placed on the building, together with a promise to see that it was cared for so long as he owned the place and if possible to transmit the trust under the same promise to his successors in the ownership.

Mr. Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, was seen and he at once agreed to prepare a sketch of a proposed tablet in bronze, the chief features of which were to be the seal of the Committee with its appropriate mottoes, "Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cælum," and "No Creed, No Party, No Sectional Issues," surrounding the watchful eye that is the price of liberty. The words "Fort Gunnybags, Headquarters of the Vigilance Committee of 1856," are all that it was deemed wise to add, and a simple

wreath of oak leaves about the seal and a border to bind the tablet together. This executed in bronze in a size of about three and one half feet square would cost nearly \$500, and it is now proposed to raise that amount by subscriptions in small amounts from, it is hoped, every surviving member of the Committee, and from all those who still believe in the essential goodness of the American people.

For it is that which the Committee stood for; the fact that in the long run the people will have substantial justice done. The course of their will in this direction is like a mighty river. It may be checked for a brief season by a restraining barrier. It may be held in banks and bounds, so that it keeps its onward flow, but if held back from that end, its power rises and rises, silently it may be, until all barriers are burst at last and its perfect work is accomplished. This lesson is not an obsolete one, but one which is as applicable now as ever, and which, it is hoped, the Fort Gunnybags tablet will help to keep in perpetual memory.

### TO BURY BILL

#### A BARBER SHOP HERO

BY H. D. LOVELAND

POOR Bill! I met him for the first time in a barber shop, where, to use his own quaint phraseology, he "hung up and brushed the gemmen's hats and coats, but principally shined their shoes." It was in that most cosmopolitan of all cities, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, where one can hear more different languages spoken, see more wealth or more dire poverty, spend more money, or live more cheaply, than in almost any other place on earth,—the Mecca to which all who wander over the great natural barrier which nature has raised between California and the rest of this Western empire, sooner or later per-

form their pilgrimage.

This is a distinctive feature of California. Thousands of people who are born in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or Illinois, in fact, any of the older States, live their lives there or move out into the great West without ever having visited New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or the other large cities; but few, very few, ever reach California without sooner or later drifting to San Francisco. It matters not how or which way they come, or in what portion of the Western Slope they stop or take up their abode; whether it be amongst the orange groves and olive orchards of the south, in the wheatfields and vineyards of the great valleys of the interior, the lumber regions of the north, or the foothills and barely accessible steeps of the Sierra, where Marshall's mule, like Mrs. O'Leary's cow, made for himself a name which is a part of the history of the State; sooner or later they gratify a natural desire to see "Frisco."

No one knew how Bill had come, and for a long time none knew why. Black as that mysterious process of nature which marked the second son of Noah and his descendents could make him, he possessed all of the characteristics which proclaimed a pure African ancestry. A Hercules in form, yet as gentle as a child, obedient and obliging, his disposition plainly spoke his descent, and told of the centuries through which his ancestors served and obeyed.

Naturally he was silent, but the desire to hear his quaint Southern darkey dialect, and withal, his really witty replies, often prompted the patrons of the shop to talk or question him, and many an extra nickel

or question him, and many an extra nickel or dime found its way to his hand as he carefully adjusted the customer's coat, or handed him his hat, well brushed, with a courtesy which a ball room beau might have profited by. He never seemed to work for or expect a "tip," but waited on a cus-

tomer so well and so neatly, that it seemed a pleasure to "remember" him.

No negro of unmixed African blood is ever without superstition, and the apple of Bill's eye was the left fore foot of a rabbit, which he invariably wore suspended by a leathern string from his neck. To him this charm possessed rare powers, and when suffering from headache, as he frequently did from an ugly scar just over the right ear, he would shyly rub his mascot over where the wound had been, and imagine it soothed his pain. Poor, unlettered Bill! Thy betters have strained their imagination even more than this, and who shall say that thy mind, though not as cultivated and powerful as theirs, could not influence the nerves which telegraph the sensation of pain to that brain, grosser in the same degree than theirs.

Christmas time came, and Bill seemed to regard it as a period when he could with propriety expect to be remembered by his friends. A tin box with a hole cut in the top just large enough to admit a silver dollar was placed in a conspicuous place, and over this, (printed by some friendly hand,)

this inscription:—

#### CHRISTMAS

Don't forget niggah Bill, coz he's too well raised to refuse

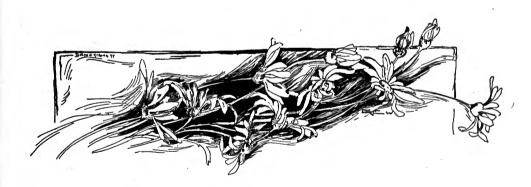
It was amusing to watch the furtive plances by which he detected any movement towards a deposit in his Christmas bank, and to see the broad smile illumine his face as he heard the clink of the coin. Christmas and New Year's, however, the deposits were evidently not what Bill thought they should be, for an accidental glance behind his bank disclosed his rabbit's foot carefully placed so that it tenderly touched the box, to which he thus hoped to charm the dimes and nickels. His belief in the powers of that talisman was strengthened that evening by the contributions of myself and a friend whose attention I directed to Bill's innocent attempt to command occult influences in behalf of his exchequer.

The next time I visited his shop I missed him, and upon inquiry, learned that he was at the Receiving Hospital in a critical condition from the effects of that scar. Unconscious, they said, and probably near unto death, but before losing consciousness, at the earnest questioning of the physician he had told the story of the scar. A cruel blow with an ax had made it as he sought to protect the honor of his cabin home away back in the cotton fields of Georgia. Even after receiving it he had killed the

aggressor, for which he received a sentence of three years in a convict camp, a slavery compared with which the serfdom of his ancestors had been a life of ease. But a governor more merciful than the jury, had exercised the pardoning power, and Bill was released from his unmerited punishment, only to find his home presided over by another, and his little ones taught to call that other father.

Probably Bill had never heard of Enoch Arden, nor dreamed that he was acting a noble part, but without molesting them, he crept silently away, and wandered to California; and now he lay dying in a strange land,—but not uncared for. Even as I left the shop, one of the workmen, who had toiled for twelve long hours at his tiresome work, left for the hospital "to watch with Bill."

Two days later I again visited the shop. A chill of silence seemed to pervade the place. Something familiar caught my eye; it was Bill's Christmas bank. The same little tin box in the same place, but the inscription was changed. "To bury Bill," it read now, and scarcely one of the old customers left without contributing his mite to save poor Bill from the potter's field.



### MERE ATOMS, LORD!

"The dawn again!" a girl despairing sighed;
"Dear God, I prayed that kindly Death might bring
His Lethean draught." Of both unheeding, soared
The splendid sun, by millions blest, adored.

Ella M. Sexton

### A HUNTERS' PARADISE

#### ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

BETWEEN the ancient kingdom of Abyssinia in the northeast corner of Africa and the still more ancient domain of the Pharaohs, lies a wide stretch of country which has hither to escaped seizure and partition by the land-grabbing nations of Europe. As the neglected territory is a rich one, its oversight seems strange; but a glance at its environment quickly explains it. A desert shuts it in from the Red sea on the north; on the east the active and warlike Menelek guards it; on the west, since Gordon's massacre, the Mahdi, with his hordes of Fuzzey-Wuzzies, who as Kipling tells, us "Broke a British square," has opposed a barrier to enterprising annexationists. So the only approach was from the south. But there the Christian nations. gorged with plunder, have lain down for the assimilation of their heathen spoils, and have been too sleepy to think much of the more northern land, where, had they but known it, were herds of cattle as great as those of Texas, a soil as rich as Missouri, and a climate as fair as that of southern France.

From the red-brick pavements and marble stoops of Philadelphia to central African jungles is a far cry; but it took a denizen of the Quaker city to find the land we have been speaking about. Doctor A. Donaldson Smith is a young Pennsylvania medico, who, leaving his patients at home, started out to have a good time on his own And he had it. It consisted of account. a walk from the Red sea across the desert already mentioned; then a quick trip through Somaliland, and a dip into the territory of Menelek, who promptly ordered him to leave. Then came long and wearisome marches around the Abyssinian border, where often the road had to be cut through the jungle with axes; streams had to be waded or swum with crocodiles in unpleasant proximity. Rhinoceroses were more numerous than drab coats in Philadelphia, and they had an unpleasant habit of charging down the narrow jungle paths with the noise and general smashing effect of a runaway locomotive. On one occa-

sion the caravan was thus charged no less than three times in half an hour, and each time the rhinoceros was shot dead in his At other times the Doctor would go out to hunt some of the numerous kinds antelope with which the country abounded, and a lion would greet him, or a panther would accost him, or an elephant would seek his acquaintance. Indeed, the country seems to be nothing but a vast zoo: and one could never leave one's front door without walking over a hippopotamus, a thirteen-foot crocodile, a bunch of zebras, a herd of antelope, or a sneaking gang of A bullying rhinoceros became as familiar to Doctor Donaldson Smith as a trolley car in his native village; and so accustomed did he grow to the roar of lions, that the fog-horn of an ocean steamer must have seemed nothing but a gentle lullaby to him afterwards.

It will be a revelation to most people to learn from Doctor Donaldson Smith that Menelek, who has lately become so prominent in African politics, permits his people to raid their unoffending neighbors for the purpose of capturing slaves and cattle. He describes wide regions of fertile country that have been depopulated by the Abyssinians, who always kill such of their wretched captives as they do not want as This is bound to lead to trouble as soon as the Soudan has been reconquered. unless, indeed, England has become more tolerant of the slave trade than she has before,—which is unlikely. Doctor Donaldson Smith, American though he be, makes an urgent appeal to England to step in and save the inhabitants of this beautiful country from the unspeakable cruelty of the Abyssinians.

This interesting tramp through the swamps and jungles, across the mountains and plateaux of Central Africa, lasted fifteen months, and had for its object the exploration of the region around Lake Rudolf, which had never been visited by white man before. The book in which Doctor Donaldson Smith tells of his adventurous wanderings through unknown African coun-



"I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WAS ANYTHING SO BIG AS HIS HEAD SEEMED TO ME"

tries, is as full of interest as the region he describes is of game. Through the courtesy of his publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold, we are enabled to quote one of the hunting adventures, with illustrations from the book:—

There were elephants in the neighborhood, so I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to hunt them. Starting off with Dodson and an escort of ten rifles, we tramped for a long time through the bushes, passing many fresh tracks of elephants, but not seeing the beasts themselves until we reached a large forest of sycamores. I began to despair of finding the beasts, and was walking along rather carelessly when I saw a pair of ears flapping above a bush only a few yards away; but luckily the beast was asleep and did not hear us.

Motioning for my Somalis to get out of the way, I took my position with Dodson behind some brush only twenty yards away. I knew that from that distance I could place a bullet from my eight-bore where I wished, — that is, just a little behind the shoulder: but alas! a shot from an eight-bore, even in the right spot, is only occasionally effective when you have to deal with a large bull elephant. As soon as I fired, the elephant screamed and walked away, receiving in his side a second charge from the eight-bore, and two bullets from the .577 express, which Dodson was using. We followed the animal, and soon came upon him again in the dense bushes. He was very near, and I could see the blood oozing from wounds just over the region of the heart.

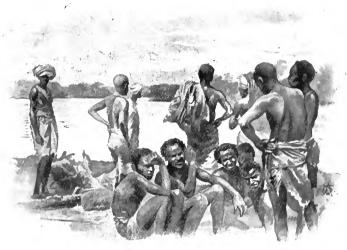
Dodson now fired at the elephant's head, and I at his chest; but although we heard the bullets tell loudly, the beast only put up his ears and passed out of sight. Again we followed, and again found the animal in an opening in the bushes. We put four more bullets into him, causing the animal to fall this time to his knees. He got up, fell again, and then, rising the third time, walked a little farther on, his body moving from side to side as though he was going to fall. At last he stopped, and turning sideways to the path he had taken, commenced to roar loudly. I use the word "roar" as more nearly expressing the sound made by an elephant when maddened by pain than the word "trumpeting," but the noise is like the rumbling of a trolleycar running at full speed. We could not

see more than twenty yards along any of the paths in these bushes, as they crossed and recrossed continually.

It was certainly dangerous business shooting in the dense jungle; but there stood the magnificent animal with blood dripping from his side from many wounds. temptation was too great for me. Creeping to within twenty-five yards of the elephant, and stationing myself where the two paths intersected, I took a steady aim and fired. But what was the result? Instead of falling dead, as I had expected, the great head was turned suddenly around, and I caught the angry gleam of the two small eyes as they looked squarely at me. There was no doubt that the beast was on the point of charging. There were yards of ears coming suddenly forward from his shoulders, a trunk poised almost horizontally and raised only a little at the end, and a deep menacing sound coming from somewhere within. The whole affair was over in a second—although it takes long to describe it — from the time the beast turned around and I fired my second charge, which I did now squarely at the middle of his chest.

There came forth a terrific sound from the elephant's lungs, and I jumped quickly aside. The bushes crashed and the earth trembled when, like a cat in lightness, but with all the force of an express train, the beast dashed at us.

In a moment I was behind an ant-hill that rose from the side of the path, only to find my boy Aden Aoule there before me, and spread at full length on the ground, having tumbled in his flight. It seemed as if the elephant were about to crush me, although I could not tell upon which side of the anthill he was coming. I moved a little around the ant-hill, but in so doing I made a mistake, for this was the side on which the animal was charging, and now I found myself fairly under the great head, with its long tusks pointed directly toward me. never thought there was anything so big as that head seemed to me just then, or anything more disagreeable looking than those tusks, which I felt were about to pin me to the ground. I could only give a sudden swing around the ant-hill, and then run as noislessly as possible back again along the very path down which the elephant had charged.



NATIVES OF THE LAKE RUDOLPH REGION

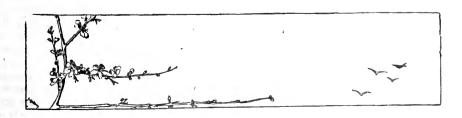
I kept dodging in and out among the bushes, and for a long time I did not know which way to turn, as every moment the elephant could be heard crashing through the bushes, first on one side and then the other. I felt sure the animal would scent me, as he kept moving around in a circle. At times he was only fifteen yards away. So quietly did he move his great body along the narrow paths through the bushes, that, although I would remain perfectly motionless at times, I could not hear a sound except when the elephant proceeded to dance on the bushes.

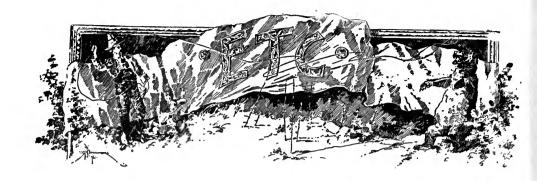
I believed that Aden Aoule, whom I had left on the ground by the ant-hill, had certainly been caught, and had thus diverted the elephant's attention long enough for me to get out of sight. Finally I managed to reach a tree, and I am sure that a sigh of relief escaped me when I found myself among its topmost branches. From my lofty perch I could now see the elephant walk-

ing about angrily near the ant-hill. He must have retraced his steps several times to the spot where he had first made his charge.

It was some time before I saw the elephant disappear into a distant wood, and I could descend to look up Dodson and my On going back to the ant-hill I saw no signs of Aden Aoule, and made up my mind that he had escaped. Finally we all got together again, and to our great relief, found that none of us had been seriously hurt. Karsha had flung himself under some bushes, and had been struck in the side by one of the elephant's feet as it passed him in its vain attempt to catch Dodson. Although Karsha was unable to walk for a fortnight after this accident, he may well congratulate himself on his narrow escape from death.

The elephant was found dead the next morning by some of the natives whom I sent to look him up, a long way from where we had wounded him.





The Overland's
Prize Story
Competition

IN AUGUST last the OVERLAND announced that it would give a prize of one hundred dollars cash for the best story of three thousand words, more or less, written by a scholar or teacher in a pub-

lic school, or in a school receiving State aid, in California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, or Arizona. At the same time a second prize of fifty dollars cash was offered for the second best story submitted under the same conditions.

It was the intention of the editors of the OVERLAND to make and announce the awards in the October number: but owing to the great number of stories submitted, this was found impossible. Some of the contestants have shown a not unnatural impatience at the delay, little knowing as they did the embarrassments under which the editors were laboring; but by writing signed letters in which they named the stories they had submitted, they put themselves for the time being out of the contest. For it is absolutely necessary in such competitions, that the judges should be ignorant of the identity of each writer, if they are to be held free. from bias. This resulted in further delay. The editor-in-chief was in New York, and until his return it was not considered wise or fair to decide against the importunate contestants, irrespective of the merits of their contributions.

On Mr. Bridge's return to San Francisco, he decided that as all the contestants were equally unknown to him there would be no injustice in considering each story solely on its merits: that those who had written signed letters to the office were only a name to him, and that in making the final award there could be no injustice to the others.

Out of the many manuscripts seventeen of the best stories had been culled and the rest returned to their authors. Of those seventeen, eleven were so good that selection was difficult. Careful reading and rereading resulted in narrowing down the choice to six, then to four, and finally, with infinite painstaking, to two. Of the last six, five were by contestants, who,

in accordance with our conditions, had given no clue to their identity; so that their selection was absolutely unbiased. The writer of the other manuscript was known to the judges; but solely on its comparative merits the first award was made against it. The judges were thus saved from an embarrassing situation. The envelopes containing the names of the writers of the first and second best stories, which had up to this point remained sealed, were then opened, and the judges learned for the first time the names of the successful competitors. They are as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE—\$100 CASH, to Douglas Tilden, Teacher of Sculpture, Hopkins Institute of Art, University of California.

SECOND PRIZE — \$50 CASH, to L. B. Bridgman, Teacher of Science, San Diego High School. San Diego.

Mr. Tilden's story displays the vigor seen in his sculpture—for most readers will recognize him as the young deaf-mute artist who had done so much for the cultivation of art on the Pacific Coast. It is entitled "The Poverty of Fortune, or Art Criticism in San Francisco." It will be published in the March number of the OVERLAND, illustrated by photographs of bas-reliefs done in clay by artists whose selection has not yet been made. The great power and originality of the story will doubtless call out equal vigor in the treatment of its illustrations; and readers of the OVERLAND may expect something very unusual both in text and pictures.

Miss Bridgman's story, which is a character study of the Ian Maclaren school, and indeed is very much in his best style, is called "A Seventh Daughter." It will probably be published next month. She has not been a recent Overland contributor but readers of several years ago will remember her work.

Of the remaining eleven manuscripts from which these two were selected, some six or eight are deserving of special and honorable mention. They are the following, placed in alphabetical order — not in order ETC.

of merit, which is something the judges are glad not to have to determine:—

Miss Mary Bell, Student University of California. "My Grandfather's Skeleton."

Miss Ida M. Blochman, Teacher of English and History, Santa Maria High School, Santa Barbara county. "In '69"

Miss Agnes Crary, Teacher of English, Normal School, Los Angeles. "The Secession of Dogtown."

Mrs. Mary E. Floyd, Teacher Davis Street School, Santa Rosa. "A Youthful Experience."

Theodore de Laguna, Assistant Teacher, Escondido High School. "The Way Through the Wood."

W. J. Meredith, County School Superintendent, King County, Seattle, Washington. "Old Taylor's Spellin' School."

Anna C. Murphy, Special Student, University of California. "A Christmas Story at Bang's Hill."

H. H. Sauber, Stonyford, Colusa county, California. "The Parvenu."

Equally deserving of honorable metion, though not entirely suited to this competition, is a remarkable description of a child's life and development in a school for the feeble-minded. Interspersed with notes of daily occupation are bright bits of philosophizing; and a thin thread of narrative serves to hold the essay together and give it some semblance of a story. It is full of pathos and beauty, but sad beyond words. It is very aptly entitled "Multum in Parvo," and is by A. J. Downing, Eldridge, Sonoma county.

### The Missing Word Contest

THE morality of the missingword contest is being fiercely debated by the press of the country, and many hard names are being applied to publishers who have sought to increase

their circulation by its aid. The clamor has resulted in some fresh rulings by the Postmaster-General, tending to restrict, if not entirely to prohibit, such contests. The OVERLAND cannot afford to risk the stoppage of its large mail edition; and pending the final action of the Postmaster-General on the subject of these contests, it has decided to discontinue them for the time being, and to close the present one. As answers are still coming in, however, and probably will continue to do so until this notice of cessation reaches Eastern readers, we shall keep the contest open until January 20th, when, in accordance with the terms of our offer, we shall pay \$50 to the person who shall appear from our books to have been the first to send the missing word, and divide among the rest the fund formed by taking ten per cent of all subscriptions sent in in this contest.

The envelope containing the page, chapter, and book, from which the sentence containing the missing word is taken, is still deposited in the bank; and on the date named, the seal will be broken, and the sentence announced in the next number of the OVERLAND.

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In answer to inquiries, it may be said here that only one word with one meaning is missing from the sentence, "The —— had fled away from these two wanderers"; and there is absolutely no "catch" of any kind about it.

That there is any immorality about an honestly conducted contest of this kind the OVERLAND emphatically denies. If a publisher elects to form a prizefund of ten per cent of any part of his income he does wrong to nobody; and the ethical aspect of the matter is not changed by his method of awarding the prize. The OVERLAND for nearly thirty years had sold for three dollars a year and twenty-five cents a copy. To keep pace with competitors and maintain its relation to the progress of the day, the price was lately reduced to one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy. But even at this low rate it was impossible to bring it to the notice of millions of magazine readers in the Eastern and Central States. So taking the Atlanta Constitution as an honorable example, the Overland offered a prize-fund of ten per cent of all subscriptions received by it to any one who should guess the word which had been omitted from a sentence by a New England author whose works are in every library and almost in every home. If more than one subscriber supplied the missing word, the fund was to be equally divided among them. It was not expected that a large profit would thus result to the OVERLAND; for before a single subscription had been received in the contest. advertising contracts had been signed with the publishers of the leading Eastern magazines, involving an expenditure of over two thousand dollars. So that had the competition continued until ten thousand subscriptions had been received, as was originally contemplated, it would have meant that the OVERLAND would have netted but seventy cents for each yearly subscription - less than six cents a copy! If there be immorality in a transaction of this kind, it is certainly not occasioned by excessive profits to the publisher.

The element of chance, therefore, is the only objectionable feature which even the most critical can charge against the honestly conducted missing-word contest. But there is no chance about the return made for the small sum subscribed, namely, twelve monthly copies of the OVERLAND delivered post-paid at any address from Maine to California. And if, with the clue given him, every subscriber chooses to go to the trouble of searching out the missing word, he does not even risk the loss of the few cents which the publisher partially pays him as a commission on his own subscription. True, in such a case he and all his fellow-subscribers would only win ten cents each; but

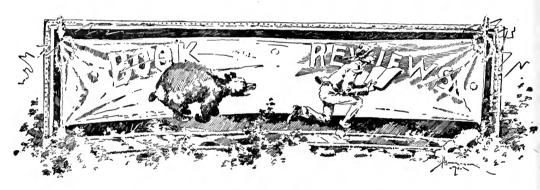
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the element of chance would be eliminated and the principle for which our moral journalists are contending would be vindicated.

The morality of an action may be reasonably judged according as it yields a surplus of pleasure over pain. Gauged by this standard, the OVERLAND'S missingword competition is a scheme of beneficence. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race, how much greater in philanthropy is he who makes two ideas grow in places where before there was only mental sterility? And this is what every publisher of a good magazine does when he sells two copies where but one sold before. Something too may be said of the good resulting from the impulse given by our contest to the

study of American classics. To characterize as immoral an innocent and interesting competition of the kind under discussion shows a perversity that can only originate in a sentiment less noble than that which these critics claim as their impulse.

The legality of the missing word contest is another matter. The fiat of an official, however, is nothing more than an expression of individual opinion; and when Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General it became illegal—that is, contrary to official regulations—to address a letter to melodious Paloma, simply because some clerk in Washington fancied that the English translation "Dove" was a better name for the place. Which shows that common sense is not necessarily a characteristic of official decrees.



#### A Writer of Romance



In view of the recent and almost simultaneous publications of "Lorraine" and "The Mystery of Choice," the moment seems auspicious for a short resumé of Robert W. Chambers' work. To say that, all things considered, Mr. Chambers stands foremost

among the American writers of fiction who are alive today, may occasion a stir of surprise among a certain great public that knows little of his claims, — may call up a sentiment of languid indignation among some half dozen authors who have gotten into the habit of patting each other on the back and assuming it as axiomatic that the best name lies somewhere within their little circle. Mr. Chambers may be fairly termed an outsider. He did not begin by writing down to the standard of magazine commonplace nor up (?) to the flattery of society complaisance. He was not unobjectionable from the standpoint of the young female

person of North Shelby Center, nor did he fire the heart of the matinee girl with impossible pictures of her truly godlike though four-hundredesque hero. He just wrote what was in him to write; and the name and locale of his first publisher would have sufficed to cause the literary pharisees to lift up their hands and make the usual pharisaical comments, had not the aforesaid pharisees felt it quite impossible for them to notice a book bearing such an imprint.

Fortunately, however, we have in this country a small but ever widening class of readers who can recognize and enjoy what is really good; and "The King in Yellow" won at least a name for its author, where a name was best worth having. I maintain now, as I have maintained from the first, that there are no better short stories in the language than "The Demoiselle D'ys," "The Court of the Dragon," "The Street of the Four Winds," and "Rue Barrée": nothing more weirdly imaginative, nothing finer in sentiment, nothing more finished in execution, and nothing more absorbing in interest. At times it has seemed to me as if Poe had come to life; but Poe with an added lightness of touch and shading, Poe with a newly developed sense of humor.

Previously to "The King in Yellow," another book had been put out by the same publisher: a novel which, though showing unmistakable promise, had failed somewhat of fulfillment. Later appeared from a New York house a second collection of stories, called "The Maker of Moons," wherein was the same remarkable combination of weirdness, naturalness, and humor. Several of the tales, including the title story, "The Silent Land" and perhaps "A Pleasant Evening," were fully up to the high standard of the earlier works. Then came two novels and they came like a fulfilled vaunt of triumphant versatility. In "A King and a Few Dukes," Mr. Chambers sauntered over into Anthony Hope's home grounds and beat him handily at his own game; while in "The Red Republic" he wrote an historical romance of Paris under the Commune which is warranted to hold the interest of any living reader, not to mention a few who have not been too long deceased. I do not speak of Mr. Chambers' book of poems: "With the Band" because they hardly seem to be truly Mr. Chambers'. What he himself may do in poetry is better foreshadowed by some stray dedication or introduction or scraps here and there under the titles of his tales.

And now to open the new books. "The Mystery of Choice," contains several stories that show their author at his best, such as "Pompe Funebre," "The Messenger," and "Passeur;" while, if in two or three instances both here and in the "Maker of Moons," he has revealed a trace of the blighting magazine impulse, it cannot be said that he has ever forgotten to be interesting, and it is perhaps his misfortune that the author of "The Demoiselle D'ys" and "Rue Barrée" has condemned himself to be judged by a higher standard than most of us. As for "Lorraine," it is another historical romance—a tale of the Franco-Prussian war, and unquestionably the best of Mr. Chambers' longer works—best in style, proportion, truth, and sustained interest.

And now a general word by way of conclusion. I have not ventured to use the term "great" in this paper. It is one that is used much too freely now-adays. Nor do I feel that an individual critic is justified in applying it unless supported by a very general critical sentiment. Besides, I am a confessed adherent of the romantic cult and might fairly be said to have do not mean by this, that some measure of bias. there are not realistic novels that have aroused my strongest enthusiasm and interest - but these novels are not by the professed, and if I may say so, professional realists. The latter parties may be pretty safely counted upon either to evolve some pitiful libel on humanity or to invite you to meet a lot of people who would bore you to death in the flesh and whom I find equally competent when translated into type. I do not affect such hosts whether they be social or literary. It is he who writes well what is known as romance, that tells me of things which, while they

may not happen very generally, certainly ought to - if only to enliven life; who takes his guests away on short vacations - away from the sordid details of office and shop, away from the monotonous routine of domesticity and society, and who presents them to people they have perhaps never known - people very pleasant to meet-people whom, for the moment at least, you feel convinced you might have met had you only turned that last corner in the other direction. Is not this the highest art? To me the best realist is only a painter of portraits and landscapes; a man endowed with observation, judgment, taste, and skill. The best romanticist must be all of these but he must also be a creator of great compositions, a thinker of great thoughts. It is to Robert W. Chambers, the romanticist that I pay my respects,

Duffield Osborne.

### "In Kedar's Tents"

MR. MERRIMAN'S many readers do not expect to find him hampered by locality, when he tells a story. In one he takes his readers to South Africa; in another, to Russia; but in his latest book, In Kedar's Tents, he penetrates a period, if not a country, that is new to the majority of novel readers, — Spain during the time when Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand, was fighting for the restoration of the Salic Law, the revocation of which put on the Spanish Throne, Isabella, the grandmother of the present "little king."

It is a story of adventure, such as all sorts and conditions seem to be craving nowadays, told in the style that is fascinating, not only because of the author's artistic command of English, but because he has something to tell. The attention is riveted at once by the opening paragraph:—

It is in the staging of her comedies the Fate shows herself superior to mere human invention. While we with careful regard to scenery, place our conventional puppets on the stage, and bid them play their old, old parts in a manner as ancient, she rings up the curtain and starts the tragedy on a scene that has obviously been set by the carpenters for farce.

And immediately the reader is thrown into the midst of an original and exciting plot.

The book abounds in epigrammatic sentences that stick in the memory, not so much because they are epigrams, as because they so aptly describe the situation Conyngham, the happy-go-lucky Irish hero, stands before one true to life, when he appears, having just "paid an iniquitous bill with the recklessness that is only thoroughly understood by the poor." Or again, when he tells his lady love that, "There is usually a smile in human affairs if one takes the trouble to look for it."

General Vincente's absolute indifference to an as-

<sup>1</sup>In Kedar's Tents: By Henry Seton Merriman. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York: 1897. Price, \$1.25.

sumption of power is easily understood, when he knows that, "Those who have greatness thrust upon them, are never much impressed by its burden."

And Father Concha, the good old priest, whose "whole existence had been an effort to do without those things that make life worth living," who while ignoring himself, seldom failed in his quick sympathetic insight into the needs of others, consoles a heartbroken woman by reminding her that, "Failure is the royal road to popularity."

Strewn through the book are bits of worldly wisdom, sometimes cynical, often kindly. Laralde, in whom few would find much to admire, is, if not extenuated, at least explained, by Mr. Merriman, who realizes that he was "poor and ambitious—qualities that often rouse the devil in the human heart when Fate throws them together there." Laralde's "habit it was to turn his neighbor to account, a seed of greatness this"; for a successful man is one who is "a little cleverer, a little more cunning, than those around him." Nor does love, that greatest of all passions, play a minor part, "For there is nothing in life or human experience that raises and strengthens man or woman so much as a great and abiding love."

But great as is the temptation, one must not quote the entire book. The story is interesting, but no one wants anyone but Mr. Merriman to tell it.

## Dwight H. Olmstead on the Protestant

IT HAS ever been a cardinal precept of orthodox Christianity that "unless a man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ he cannot be saved." The implication is, of course, that such belief is a matter of choice, and that unbelievers deserve their final condemnation because of their wilful refusal to accept the doctrines of the church. But nowadays one occasionally hears doubts as to the possibility of thus compelling oneself to believe this or that dogma. There is a growing tendency, even in the religious world, to regard conviction or belief as the effect of evidence, and as something as much beyond our control as are the movements of the pulse. And there is now a tacit if not avowed tolerance of this modern doctrine of the involuntary nature of belief, which goes far to relieve the modern religionist from the charge of bigotry, of which the very name is falling into disuse. But half a century ago it required more than ordinary courage to dispute the old dogma of salvation by belief. This. however, is what Mr. Dwight H. Omstead did in an essay of which the Putnams have just published a third edition. As early as 1856 Mr. Olmstead proclaimed the involuntary nature of all belief, religious and other, with the corollary that salvation was not

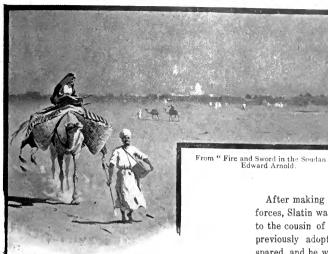
<sup>1</sup>The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief. By Dwight H. Olmstead. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1897. Price, 75 cents. dependent on acceptance of any dogma or set of dogmas, creed, principle, article of faith, or any other conception. For how could an act be blameworthy which is not subject to the will? And going a step further, he argued that just a salvation by faith involved a psychological negation, so salvation by good works was a contradiction in terms, since good works ceased to be meritorious when performed with any reference to a personal benefit. Finally, in this new edition of his essay Mr. Olmstead prints an introduction which carries the argument a step further, with the purpose of showing that "whatever is involuntary is also compulsory," and applying this to his original thesis he demonstrates that not only can the individual not control his belief in a given way, but he cannot prevent his mind from accepting an entirely opposite view if the evidence presented leads that way. The clever way in which he reasons this out suggests a game of chess; and irrespective of the subject matter of the controversy, it is impossible not to sympathize with the excellent way in which, having impaled his opponents on the horns of a dilemma, he cries "Checkmate!" It is as pretty a piece of syllogistic work as we have seen in a long time; and it is as carefully done as a piece of Honiton lace. The little book is sure to attract a great deal of attention, and very deservedly so, for it is scholarly, vigorous, and convincing.

### Hittell's History of California Completed1

THE History of California by Mr. Theodore H. Hittell, whose third volume was reviewed in the November number, has been completed by the publication of the fourth volume. This concerns itself with the political history of the State, giving a chapter to the administration of each governor in turn, from Peter H. Burnett to Washington Bartlett. Possibly this will interest the general reader less than the previous volume, which devotes itself to social and industrial matters, but is of even deeper concern to those who would post themselves on the varied and striking course of political opinion in the State. Nor are there lacking notable episodes and picturesque situations. The story of war times, with its doubtful balance of opinion, the Broderick episode, and the Sanitary Commission, the Sand Lot and other Anti-Chinese movements, and a whole catalogue of exciting campaigns and close elections, make material worthy the skill of any historian.

These are subjects, too, on which Mr. Hittell's readers will have their own opinions and prejudices, consequently he will not command so universal an assent as he did on other subjects, and yet nobody can fail to reckon with this book as in itself a strong

<sup>1</sup>The History of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. N. J. Stone & Company: San Francisco: 1897.



authority. Space does not allow a detailed discussion of any of these matters here, that may come in a later issue, but this notice will serve to mark the completion of what we believe will be the standard History of California for many a long year to come.

#### Fire and Sword in the Sudan<sup>1</sup>

THE present Anglo-Egyptian expedition up the Nile gives a special interest to the study of Slatin Pasha's eleven year's captivity among the Mahdists, which has just been brought out in popular form by Edward Arnold. The narrative forms one of the most re-

l Fire and Sword in Sudan. By Slatin Pasha. Edward Arnold: New York: 1897.

markable stories of modern times. Appointed by Gordon to the governorship of one of the Southern provinces, Slatin, then a young Austrian hardly out of his teens, was an interested spectator of the rise of the religious movement which eventually swept away every vestige of civil government in the Sudan, and overwhelmed the devoted Gordon and his followers in a common ruin.

After making a vigorous fight against the Mahdist forces, Slatin was finally forced to surrender his office to the cousin of the conquering prophet;] but having previously adopted the Moslem faith, his life was spared, and he was made the confidential slave of the Mahdi's lieutenant, the Khalifa Abdullabi. Present at the storming of Khartum he had the melancholy privilege of being the first to identify the head of Gordon, which was brought to him in a cloth, still warm and reeking from the shambles of the captured city. Then commenced for Slatin a horrible life which lasted eleven years - a life that was a living death. One wonders indeed that he was able to go through it. The Khalifa, who became the supreme power in the Sudan, on the Mahdi's death, was an ignorant fanatical savage, as bloodthirsty a monster as ever ordered the death of a slave. Before this brute, Slatin daily degraded himself for eleven years, now kissing his filthy hand, now crawling at his cruel feet. Fawning upon him with fulsome praise, addressing him as the light of the world and the source of [all good, commending his civelty as divine bereficence, this ien arkable Austrian



FROM "FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN," EDWARD ARNOLD



THE COWBOY.

FROM "THE STORY OF THE COWBOY," D. APPLETON & CO.

dragged on an existence which the majority of his fellows would unhesitatingly have refused as the price of a few miserable years of life. He tells us that Gordon, even before Slatin's final degradation, would not answer his letters; and one can well understand with what loathing the truth-loving, fearless Gordon would regard one who had not only renounced his religion, but divested himself of every common attribute of manhood — except the courage to endure —in order to save his own skin. Finally, after unspeakable degradation and suffering, Slatin contrived to communicate with friends in Egypt, and through their aid to escape by a midnight flight on camels across the

desert. The story which Slatin has given to the world is a remarkable one - remarkable for its candor as well as for its dramatic interest. It is one which we are glad to think could never have been told as the perexperiences of an Anglo-Saxon - glad for reasons which every American reader will realize. But the resulting book is a valuable one, and Slatin's experiences will undoubtedly be of great use to the Sirdar who is now so quietly reconquering the lost provinces of the Sudan. and whose aid Slatin now is.

#### Wolfville1

THE lovers of the "wild and woolly" in the West --who for the most part are Eastern people — will be pleased with "Dan Quin's" Wolfville. Western readers will not be so apt to like it. finding it wofully exaggerated over any type of Westerner that now exists, and its talk rather the speech that an Eastern man imagines that a cowboy should use than anything real. From "The Story of the Cowboy," by Mr. E. Hough, reviewed in the November Overland, was quoted that gentleman's protest against just the kind of writing about the cowboy found in Wolfville:

"Never was any character more misunderstood than he;

and so thorough was his misrepresentation that part of the public even today will have no other way of looking at him."

Mr. Lewis's work, like most humorous writing, is best taken in small doses. As it appeared in chapters in the newspapers, it was more enjoyable than collected in a solid volume, where it soon palls so that only occasionally a flash of wit or quaint expression forces a smile. This is severe criticism, not to be taken as meaning that the book is hopelessly barren or that it does not, with all its faults, interest and amuse

<sup>1</sup>Wolfville. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes: 1897.



A DRAWING RY ALBERTINE RANDALL WHEELAN, FROM THE CHANNING AUXILIARY CALENDAR

the reader, but it is so good that the judicious reader mourns and mourns that it is not a little better, a little truer, as a picture of Western life. Remington has illustrated the book; and that of course means that the pictures are striking, powerful, and full of life.

#### Some Children's Books

No more attractive and appropriate book has been written for the holiday season than The First Christmas Tree, which will be read with delight at all times and at all seasons. The author, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, by his deep religious feeling, his keen appreciation of nature, and his charming literary style, is em-



Copyright 1897, by the Doubleday & McClure Co FROM "PRINCE UNO"2

<sup>1</sup>The First Christmas Tree. By Doctor Harry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York: 1897. Price, \$1,50.

<sup>3</sup>Prince Uno. By W. D. Stevens. Doubleday, McClure & Co.: New York: 1897. Price, \$1.25.

inently fitted to write such a story. The reader is interested at once in the opening scene of the book, which takes place the day before Christmas, in the early Christian period, in the convent of Pfalzel. A famous guest has come, a guest by the name of Winfried, known in the Roman tongue as Boniface, whom the people called the Apostle of Germany. In the silence of the cloister, at the close of the day, Winfried translates to young Prince George the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians — the description of the preparation of the Christian as a warrior for battle. He translates it not only into the mother-tongue, so that all could understand, but into the realities of life. He tells of the combat with self, and the wrestling with dark spirits; of the demons men had worshiped in the wilderness; of the gods who dwelt in the impenetrable branches of trees, and in the caverns of hills, "Gods they were not, but foul spirits of the air, rulers of the darkness"; of the glory and honors of fighting them, in putting them to flight with the sword of truth; of the advantage a brave man has to go forth against them and to conquer them. He tells what religion means to those who are called to dare, and to fight, and to conquer the world for Christ. "It means to go against the stronghold of the adversary. It means to struggle to win an entrance for their Master everywhere. What helmet is strong enough for this strife save the helmet of salvation? What breastplate can guard a man against these fiery darts but the breastplate of righteousness?"

Then Winfried, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, exclaims: "Come, George, . . . This is the life to which we are called. Be strong in the Lord, a hunter of the demons, a subduer of the wilderness, a woodsman of the faith. Come!" Thus Winfried and George, the apostle and the prince, start on the trail through the forest; thus begins the story of The First Christmas Tree.

The closing scene of the book takes place in the forest; it is the birth-night of Christ. Winfried speaks to the tribes of the woodland, who listen to his message, first in anger, then in awe. He tells them that Thor is dead, he is lost forever in the shades of Niffelheim; that "this is the birth-night of the white Christ, son of the All-Father." Then amid the ruins of the fallen oak, he turns to the young fir-tree, saying: "Here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Then he bids them take it up and carry Christ-child.' it to the hall of the chieftain, where they shall keep their feast with laughter, song, and the rites of love; where the children shall gather around it, and rejoice as they listen to the story of Bethlehem, the shepherds and the angels' song.

The story of The First Christmas Tree deals with

the transition from heathen sacrifices, and the worship of false gods, to the establishment of Christianity, with the felling of the Thunder-Oak of Thor, the destroyer of giants, in the forest, to the raising of the glittering young fir-tree in our homes, in celebration of the birth of Christ. The subject is a fine one; the language is poetical, and the spirit of reverence which pervades it, is unmistakable. The writer, by means of this charmingly simple and forceful tale, brings another message to a vast congregation of readers.

The full-page illustration, by Mr. Howard Pyle, are worthy of the text which they adorn; the decorated borders, the illuminated titles, and artistic cover, leave nothing to be desired.

THERE was once a dear little boy who was very ill, so ill that he not only had to stay in bed, but he suffered a great deal of pain. His family were all very unhappy because he could not get up and play about like other little boys. Their being unhappy did not help him very much; but he did have help that all sick little boys do not have. He had a delightful Uncle Frank, who not only loved his little nephew dearly but had the most wonderful gifts. He quite by accident one day discovered a lot of fairies, who gladly welcomed him as a friend, delighted in using their fairy powers in making him a little like themselves; or when he wished to return to his own life to show him how to do so, or even to make him quite invisible when that



"H FOR HUNTSMAN," FROM AN ALPHABET BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON. PUBLISHED BY R. H. RUSSELL



Copyright 1897, by Robert Howard Russell

"THE BICYCLER," FROM "THE BLACKBERRIES"
PUBLISHED BY R. H. RUSSELL

was what he wanted. They showed him how to float through the air, so he could go from place to place without the trouble of walking. But best of all, they showed how very happy everyone can be if they tries honestly to make others happy, and help those not so strong as himself.

The little sick boy must have enjoyed the story very much and laughed a little in spite of his pain, for he got better, and liked the story so much that he got his Uncle to have it printed so that other little children—girls as well as boys—could hear all about these delightful little fairies, and all the wonderful things Uncle Frank learned while among them.

R. H. Russell, whose advertisement appears on another page, has published an exquisite catalogue of artistic books brought out by him for the holiday season. It is full of quaint and charming illustrations. Mr. Russell sends this catalogue gratuitously to anyone asking for it. The accompanying plates are from "An Alphabet" by William Nicholson, who has been called the modern Hogarth; and from "The Blackberries"—thirty delightfully humorous drawings in color by E. W. Kemble, who has made a specialty of negro sketches.

In Mythland¹ is a charming little classic. The author has adapted very skilfully the stories of the Greek myths to a child's understanding. The simple phraseology of the text makes it possible for very young eyes to look into that world of classic literature, which has fascinated each successive generation of readers. The child, who, in his early lessons, sees the beauties of Mythland, will eagerly look forward to Hawthorne's Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales, Thus he will develop a taste for the great literature of the world, which will be an abiding delight to him through life.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & Co. announce A Baok of Verses for Children, which will by no means appeal to young people only. The compiler, Edward V. Lucas, has included with others poems by Burns, Coleridge, Marjorie Fleming, the Howitts, Longfellow, James Whitcomb Riley, Scott, Shakspere, Stevenson, Ann and Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Turner, and some of the delightfully nonsensical verses of "Lewis Carroll," "Anstey," and Edward Lear.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & Co. announce that they have in press for immediate publication, a new book of children's stories, by the late Dr. Henry Drummond. The book will bear the somewhat curious title of "The Monkey that Would Not Kill."

#### The Statue in the Air<sup>2</sup>

MUCH was expected by a wide circle of friends from the book announced by Miss Le Conte. The name she bears has been so associated with valuable and charmingly written scientific work, both by her father and her uncle, that it was hoped that she would show her inheritance and training. Probably The Statue in the Air will disappoint most of these people. It is not a book that will please the general reader, who will have too little patience to study into its imagery and to submit himself to its spirit. It is a weird allegory of the power of love to overcome all the forces of darkness; and it attempts to revive the classic garb. The names are Greek, there is a chorus of maidens and one of old men; the ancient gods, Eros, Apollo, and others, again do service.

But it fails in the one characteristic most vital to the classic spirit, that of self-repression and artistic moderation. As a result the style is often extravagant and turgid to such a degree that when detached paragraphs are read, the listeners are at once moved to mockery.

But it is not fair to this book, even more than to most, to read it in paragraphs or chapters. It should

<sup>1</sup>In Mythland. By M. Helen Beckwith. Educational Publishing Company: New York: 1897.

<sup>2</sup>The Statue in the Air. By Caroline Eaton Le Conte. New York: The Macmillan Company: 1897. be taken as a whole, and it must be studied with serious purpose, before its real spirit will show itself. That it will repay such study and the overlooking of the faults we have spoken of, is sufficient praise and proof that though her mind has taken a very different turn, she may yet be worthy of the honored traditions of her family.

#### The Choristers of the Air1

THE Scribners have just published a delightful little volume by H. E. Parkhurst on Song Birds and Water Fowl. It is a book which we would gladly see in the hands of all the plain-looking women who have no use for a bird except as a bonnet-trimming: the pretty ones do not need such ghastly embellishments. Mr. Parkhurst has the charm and grace of Hamilton Gibson and John Burroughs; and his book ought to be in use in every school in the country. It is time that official recognition was given to the fact that birds have higher uses than the fancied adornment of female headgear.

#### The Ills of Indigestion<sup>2</sup>

Doctor Partsch in his Ills of Indigestion, as in his previous books on medical subjects, is nothing if not original. With thoroughness that is microscopic and unwearied, he probes into each minutest subdivivision of his subject, and comes to his own conclusions, These conclusions are seldom just the same as the accepted doctrines, and this no doubt causes friction between the Doctor and his medical brethren, as the book mentions in one or two places. Indeed, it is one of Doctor Partsch's merits to be refreshingly frank as well as extremely independent.

Dyspepsia he divides into three kinds, named by him from the predisposing causes, repetition dyspepsia (or that caused by a sort of ennui of the stomach love monotony in its bill of fare, - the merits of a "regular" life are much overrated according to the Doctor); energy diversion dyspepsia (or that caused by the habit of working with brain or body during and immediately after eating); and stale food dyspepsia. His second essay is largely made up of quotations from the Life of Charles Darwin by his son, and from Froude's Carlyle, to show how these celebrated dyspeptics grew better or worse according as they worked or not during the time that should be sacred to the gastric juice. In the third class are put all the epidemics that carry off city children in summer, when the germ is more active than the milkman. Here, too, he classes the pangs that follow the eating of pastry, as that is often

<sup>1</sup>Song Birds and Water Fowl. By H. E. Parkhurst. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York; 1897.

<sup>2</sup>The Ills of Indigestion. By Herman Partsch, M. D. Cumbernauld Co.: North Berkeley, California: 1896. For sale in San Francisco by F. H. Mitchell.

eaten cold and some time after it is cooked. Doctor Partsch looks on fresh pie with approval and allows even mince pie eaten at night as a soporific.

The book is written in pleasant and incisive style, and will interest, though it may or may not prove convincing. The Doctor has the courage of his investigations, for he has placed the price of his volume at five dollars. He argues that the possession of it will remove all necessity of calling in a doctor for that particular trouble, and but two doctor's visits would cost more than the book.

#### Briefer Notice

MR. F. MORTIMER TRIMMER is the author of a curious story about a California mine, which he has called the Golden Crocodile.\(^1\) The best thing about it is the publishers' imprint. Mr. Mortimer's knowledge of the Sierra needs revision. His pictures of mining camps are as far from the truth as Ludgate hill is from the Feather river: and we suspect that the former is about as near as he ever got to the latter. Apart from this, his story is neither interesting nor well told; and one is puzzled to know how he got a firm like the Roberts Brothers to print it.

Then, and Not'Til Then, 2 by Clara Nevada Mc-Leod, is a readable little story of the old-fashioned type, containing a redundancy of characters who get into a remarkable tangle and have to be opportunely killed off or otherwise disposed of, to straighten out matters. The story is told in a simple, unaffected way, full of homely sentiment and human sympathy. The dialogue is natural and easy, though a good many of the pages are more fit for a Sunday School library than a grown up novel. It is a pity one who has ability in literary lines, should not fortify his reserves by drawing on legitimate means for improvement. Grammars are so easy to get and study, that it is matter of regret to find an otherwise fair production marred by defects which though small, nevertheless sink the work into hopeless mediocrity. Clara McLeod does not seem to know the simplest rules of punctuation, and her paragraphing is pathetically amiss. Very young writers underrate the importance of remedying these omissions in education. Then, and Not'Til . Then, for example, needs a brief preface to explain why 'Til is used instead of Till; also why, in the flyleaf quotation; the word is rendered 'Till.

THE growing list of romantic novels has received a noteworthy addition in the story of Lawrence Claver-

<sup>1</sup>The Golden Crocodile. By F. Mortimer Trimmer. Roberts Bros.: Boston: 1897.

<sup>2</sup>Then, and Not 'Til Then. By Clara Nevada McLeod. Author's Publishing Company: New York: 1897. ing, 1 by A. E. W. Mason. It is a charming love story of the time of the Pretender, and is full of adventure. This young author gives promise of excellent work in the future.

WHEN Captain Charles King writes a war story, he attacks his work with a soldierly confidence that makes comrades of his readers. The Captain is on very good terms with the English language, and if he fails ever so slightly in the correct use of it. - why. who expects or requires perfect diction from an old veteran! In the first place the Captain knows what he is writing about, and delivers himself in terse sentences which are invariably effectual. As a rule, his descriptive powers are good, both as to character and nature. In A Garrison Tangle, however, his heroine falls short of our expectations. Almost any other woman in the story would make a better central figure than Nathalie Baird. As a character she lacks strength, and her reasons for various lines of conduct are by no means all-sufficient. A Garrison Tangle2 will have two distinct sets of readers: the women, who will skip all diversion from the interesting love-tale; and the men, who will study the military tactics to the exclusion of the romance.

MR J. K. Hoyr has shown a marvelous industry and much good judgment in compiling his Cyclopelia of Practical Quotations.<sup>3</sup> Over thirty thousand quotations are included, nearly double the number contained in the 1882 edition of the work, which received the commendation of many eminent literary men. A concordance of eighty-six thousand lines makes the quotations available, whether to verify a line desired for immediate use, or to "hold copy" on one found in the course of reading.

In addition an elaborate list of quotations from Latin and many modern languages is given, with translations, and an author's index, with much biographical matter in brief.

Altogether the work is one which all who write will find useful; all who read much, desirable; and those who do editorial work, almost indispensable. Editors of all people must have their reference books compact, accurate, and comprehensive,—and the examination we have been able to give Mr. Hoyt's book seems to show that it meets these requirements.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: 1897. Price, \$1.25.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>A Garrison Tangle. By Captain Charles King. F. Tennyson Neely: New York: 1897.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. By J. K. Ho**yt**. Frank Wagnalls Company: New York: 1897.

The Invisible Man¹ is the weird story of a young student who discovers some way of polarizing the molecules of which the cells of his body are built, so that they neither absorb light nor reflect it. In other words, light passes completely through him, and he is invisible,—except immediately after taking food, which can be seen until assimilated. Possessed of such a wondrous power, he contemplates a gigantic scheme of robbery, but being hampered by a normal sensitiveness to cold and being obliged to clothe himself, he loses his advantage over his fellows. Indeed, he actually is disadvantaged, for the clothes of course are visible, and they get him into all sorts of scrapes, in one of which he finally loses his life, when the body becomes visible again.

The story is well told, and rushes along at an exciting pace. It is somewhat suggestive of Ambrose Bierce's tale, "That Damned Thing," and it is almost as uncanny.

THE Lincoln Literary Collection, by the editor of the Pennsylvania School Journal, is designed particularly to aid and encourage the young in forming the habit of committing to memory choice selections of poetry and prose. It contains, for this purpose, a wide range of material from the best literature in the language.

The book is one of the choicest and most useful collections of literary selections for the purposes named that we have seen, and reflects great credit on the literary taste and skill of its editor.

DOCTOR TOPHAM'S scheme for *Health of Body* and *Mind* is a mixture of Christian Science and of physical exercises,—doubtless a good combination properly mixed. His exercises, however, as shown by the many plates, are often far too violent to make it safe to give them as a guide to those unused to gymnastic work, and nowhere in his text does he indicate how long it should take a beginner to arrive at these feats, nor the number of exercises, or of times each should be repeated as a fair allowance at the start.

It takes judgment and experience to govern these things, and if the pupil can go to a teacher possessed of these, he will need no such book as Doctor Topham's.

The style is devoid of literary quality, and the text might have been cut down to a third or a half and leave nothing of value unsaid.

<sup>1</sup>The Invisible Man. By H. G. Well. Edward Arnold: New York: 1897. \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup>The Lincoln Literary Collection. By J. P. McCaskey. American Book Company: New York: 1897. Price, \$1.00.

<sup>3</sup>Health of Body and Mind. By T. W. Topham, M. D. Brooklyu, N. Y.

#### Books Received

Report of Commissioner of Education: 1895-96. Lincoln Literary Collection. By J. P. McCaskey. American Book Company.

Dorothy Draycott's Tomorrows. By Virginia F. Townsend. Lee & Shepard.

The Wreath of Eve. By Mrs. Arthur Giles. F. Tennyson Neely.

An Open-eyed Conspiracy. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.

General Grant's Letters to a Friend. With introduction and notes by J. Grant Wilson. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The Daughter of a Hundred Millions: By Virginia Niles Leeds. F. Tennyson Neely.

Through Field and Fallow. By Jean Hooper Page.

Songs of Flying Hours. By Dr. Ed. Willard Watson. H. T. Coates & Co.

Cuba In War Time. By Richard Harding Davis. R. H. Russell & Co. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Price, \$1.25.

The Old Santa Fè Trail. By Colonel Henry Inman. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company. Price, \$3.50.

Perpetua; a Tale of Nimes in A. D. 213. By the reverend S. Baring-Gould, A. M. E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

What Dress Makes of Us. By Dorothy Quigley. Illustrated by Annie Blakesley. *Ibid*. Price, \$1.25.

The Workers. An Experiment in Reality. By Walter A. Wyckoff. With illustrations. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

A Manual of Mental Science. By Jessie A. Fowler. Fowler & Wells Co.

A Book of True Lovers. Octave Thanet. Way & Williams.

The Red Patriot. By Wm. O. Stoddard D. Appleton & Co.

Singing Verses for Children. The Macmillan Company.

The Onondagan of Ninety-Eight. Syracuse University. New York.

Cupid's Game with Hearts. Illustrated by Slelta Alys Wittram. Dodge Book and Stationery Company.

The Massarenes. By Ouida. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.25.

On Blue Water. By Edmondo de Amicis. Illustrated. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25.

Going to War in Greece. By Frederick Palmer. With illustrations from photographs taken by the author. R. H. Russell.

French Literature. By Edward Dowden, D. C. L., LL. D., etc., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. Literature of the World Series. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

His Grace of Osmonde. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The Last Cruise of the Mohawk. W. J. Henderson. *Ibid.* \$1.25.

Thro' Lattice Windows. W. J. Dawson. Double-day-McClure Company. \$1.25.

Bird Neighbors. Colored illustrations. Neltjie Blanchan. With introduction by John Burroughs. Fifty colored plates. *Ibid.* \$2.

Whip and Spur. George E. Warring Jr. Ibid. \$1.

# Overland Monthly

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Vol. II — January, 1898.— No. 7

#### **EDITORIAL**

A Change of Editors WITH this number of the OVERLAND the Educational Department comes under new management. Mr. Coffey, who has given much of his time to the

editing of the department during the past year and a half, severed his connection with the magazine at the close of the year. In taking up the work, the new editor is encouraged to hope for the support of the many friends of the magazine. It is pleasant to know that the educational edition of the OVERLAND is already welcomed in so many schools, and that it commends itself to the teachers, so that many of them provide themselves with copies for their own use, aside from the copy that comes regularly to the school library. It will be the aim of the new editor to make the OVER-LAND still more necessary to the teachers of the State. An official organ of the school department should have for its object the lifting of the standard of the department. Such an end can be accomplished only by stimulating and uplifting the workers. The teachers of the State deserve the first consideration, because their condition and attitude determine the standing of our schools. All subjects that affect them and their interests are proper matters for comment and discussion in the pages of the official organ. Such subjects are numerous enough at present. Indications are not wanting that the State has outgrown the form of school organization which was its heritage from the last generation. Another five years will probably see important changes in the method of certificating teachers, of providing adequate supervision for the lower schools, and financial support for the secondary schools. These are all matters of prime importance to the teachers of the State.

In recognizing the importance of the teachers' interests, we do not wish to appear to overlook that other element in the success of our schools, the trustee who appoints the teachers. No matter how much the State may expend for the training of teachers, it can get no return for its outlay without the co-operation of intelligent school trustees. Their interests are as much the business of the official organ as are those of the teachers. They will receive due consideration. The movement to form associations of trustees, which has appeared simultaneously in such widely separated sections of the State as Humboldt county and San Diego county, is a hopeful sign of the times. A still more marked evidence of the growing sense of responsibility which Boards of Education feel is the request made by the Oakland Board of Education for an address from the professor of pedagogy of the State University on the subject of "Methods of Securing the Best Teachers." Professor Brown's address is published in full in this number of the OVERLAND. principles discussed in it cannot fail to be of interest to every school trustee in California.

State Teachers' Association THE thirty-first annual session of the California State Teachers' Association was held in San Francisco from the 28th to the 31st of December inclu-

sive. The attendance was the largest the Association has ever attracted, the one thousand teachers of the San Francisco school department doubtless serving to swell the numbers. The feature of the first day's

general session was the address of President Andrew S. Draper of Illinois, on "The Functions of the State Touching Education." President Draper gave a most eloquent tribute to the public school system and showed that the State has failed in its duty if it does not provide a free education for children of all ages and bring a liberal training within reach of the poorest child.

The most important address of Wednesday morning's session was State Superintendent S. T. Black's discussion of the question of the Certification of Teachers. The text of his address is given in this number of the OVERLAND, and should be carefully studied by every teacher in the State. As Superintendent Black most pertinently remarks: "If the teachers of the State would agree on the legislation they desire on this important subject, it could be secured without difficulty."

The OVERLAND invites discussion of this important subject in its pages, and promises to give ample consideration to all arguments, whether they voice the views of the editor or not.

The plan of having the afternoons devoted to round-tables for the discussion of different subjects made it impossible to hear all of the papers presented. The one which was selected for insertion in the OVERLAND deals with a subject of interest to every teacher, the method of teaching music. Our school law requires that music be taught in the schools. Many of our teachers find their knowledge of the subject deficient. Doctor Van Liew's scholarly paper presents many thoughts which will be helpful, while his study of the psychology of the subject will repay the most careful attention.

There is not room for comment on the many subjects of interest discussed by the association. Some of the matters presented to the Council of Education will appear in the magazine in later issues. To sum up, one can but feel that California, while geographically remote from the accepted centers of thought, is fully alive spiritually, and that in spite of the struggles of politicians and unworthy teachers who strive to keep her back she will continue on her upward path.

# The New England Association

During these months when interest centers in the meeting of our California State Teachers' Association, reports of similar meetings held on the

Atlantic coast have a special interest. Perhaps the most notable of these is the meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, which was held in Boston, on October 8th and 9th, 1897. Those familiar with the history of secondary education in California know what has been accomplished here by the co-operation of the universities with the high schools. In New England an association which gives an annual opportunity for the discussion of questions affecting the colleges and preparatory schools has been in existence for twelve years. A full account of the meeting recently held in Boston is given in the December number of the School Review, published at the University of Chicago. Every teacher who has to do with pupils between the ages of twelve and eighteen should read these addresses, particularly the one by Professor W. H. Burnham of Clark University. One paragraph we quote, because it seems to find the root of the difficulty we have been struggling with. After stating that dissatisfaction with the results of secondary and collegiate education is widespread, and that the evils complained of were often referred to the prominence of classical studies in the curriculum. Professor Burnham continues:-

That the evils complained of exist and that there is need of modifying the old curriculum I do not deny. I doubt, however, whether the critics cited have rightly divined the cause. I have no intention of raising the perennial question of the relative merits of classical and scientific education; but it is worth while, perhaps, to note that whenever the results of secondary and collegiate education are unsatisfactory, we forthwith attempt to change the subject matter of the curriculum or in some way to tinker the educational machinery. The cause of such evils usually lies deeper. In the present case the matter is very complex. You would rightly be suspicious of any offhand solution. But without attempting to analyze the problem, it may be possible to point out the direction in which to look for the root of the trouble. My thought is very simple, and may be summed up in one general statement. We have devoted attention to the content of culture and to the scholastic product to the neglect of the object of culture - the growing youth.

# ADDRESS TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF OAKLAND

(DECEMBER, 6, 1897.)

BY ELMER E. BROWN.

THIS question of the selection of teachers is of the highest importance - a question of vital interest to the whole community. In accepting your invitation to address you upon this subject, I wish to express my high appreciation of the significance of such an invitation. It is no new thing for a school board to meet and consider the question of appointments. But it is somewhat unusual that a board should proceed to a careful consideration of the principles which should govern in the making of such appointments. and of the procedure which will best carry those principles into effect. I take this action of yours as a fresh indication that we are making substantial progress in the administration of our great system of education. It shows, too, that Oakland proposes to be among the leaders and not among the laggards in the forward movement. If I can contribute, even in a small degree, to a wise determination of the question under consideration, I shall be very happy to have had this share in your deliberations.

It would doubtless be carrying coals to Newcastle to urge upon you the importance of securing good teachers. I will not take your time for discussion of anything so clearly axiomatic. But let us put it in this way: The prime function of a school board is to secure the best teachers that can be got. Modern society recognizes the right of all children to be well taught. It will not be admitted that the school children of Oakland are inferior to those of any other town in natural abilities. Nor will it be admitted that any teaching short of the best is good enough for them. I join with you in hearty appreciation of the good teaching which is now found in your schools; but we are not now concerned with congratulations upon the present state of things but with plans for the future. I think you will agree with me that you

should not simply plan to get good teachers: The true watchword will be, *Get the BEST*. Nothing short of that will do.

Furthermore, the best are not to be got by simply waiting for them to turn up. The best are to be found only by diligent search; but they are worth the trouble of finding them. This is the gist of all that I have to offer you on this subject. The method of selecting teachers resolves itself, to my mind, into methods of seeking out the best

that can be got.

When Charlemagne wanted a teacher for his palace school, he ransacked the earth till he found Alcuin, an Englishman. We hold these little children in our schools to be no less worthy of the best teaching than were the princes of a mediæval realm. When a modern university has a vacant professorship, the authorities seek far and near for the best man they can get to fill it. But the university and the primary school are with us parts of our educational system; and as high ground should be taken with regard to the one as to the other. When a business man needs an errand boy, he may choose one from among chance applications for the place; but when he wishes to employ a general manager or a confidential clerk, he takes time and trouble instead of taking chances. The appointment of teachers is a matter of enough importance to warrant you in following the example of the higher rather than the lower grades of commercial employment.

But if you are going to search for the best teachers instead of waiting for them to turn up, the question comes again, How

is this to be done?

Before offering any direct suggestions of my own in reply to this question, I should like to remind you of what is done elsewhere. Within the past few years increasing attention has been paid to this problem in some of our great cities. As in other

branches of our municipal government, so in the appointment of public school teachers, we see methods employed that are sometimes clumsy and sometimes corrupt. But there is no branch of the public service in which reforms would be more generally welcomed; and there is, I believe, no other branch in which so good beginnings have been made. Of course, the great report of the Committee of Fifteen has set the generally recognized professional standard in this matter. No member of a city board of education in any of the United States can afford to be unacquainted with that famous document. The strongly centralized system of school administration therein proposed has been more or less fully exemplified in some of our larger cities, such as Cleveland, Buffalo, and Cincinnati. But it is not my purpose here to speak of plans so manifestly remote from anything with which we are acquainted on this coast. I shall undertake only the humbler task of pointing out methods of improvement which do not involve statutory changes, and which seem reasonably within our reach at this present time. this respect we shall find much to learn from the examples of cities which have not gone to so great lengths as has the city of Cleveland.

In Boston, teachers are elected directly by the School Committee, a body corresponding to our Board of Education. But in order to be so elected the teacher must first have been recommended by the principal of the school in which the vacancy exists, by the City Board of Supervisors,— a board of school superintendents, according to our use of titles,— by a committee having charge of the division in which the school is situated, and by a committee on nominations.

In New York City the Board of Education appoints a Board of Superintendents. This Board of Superintendents has a committee of Nominations and Advancement, which is charged with the responsibility of appointing teachers.

On the first of January of this present year, in the city of Baltimore, there went into operation a body of so-called "Civil Service Rules," providing for the appointment and protection of teachers on merit alone. These rules have undergone severe criticism, and will undoubtedly be revised.

But the distinct adoption of the merit system in that city is highly significant.

Chicago employs two methods of securing teachers. According to the first system, graduates of a high school, (a fouryear course,) spend one year in the City Normal School, followed by four months of work as cadet teachers; after which preparation they are eligible to regular appointment in the schools. The second system, for those who have not taken the course in the City Normal School, provides for an examination of teachers who have taught successfully four years or for college graduates who have not had such experience. The City Superintendent prepares a list of those who made the best showing among the successful candidates at the examination. After this list has been approved by the Board, the Superintendent assigns the persons so listed to places on the teaching force when suitable vacancies occur.

In St. Louis teachers are nominated by the Superintendent and appointed by the Board of Education.

New Orleans provides for the selection of teachers on the basis of competitive examination.

In Tacoma, the Superintendent recommends at least three candidates for every vacancy, and the Board selects from those recommended.

In Seattle the teachers are elected by the Board on the recommendation of the Super-intendent.

The Stockton Board of Education adopted, in June, 1894, a definite policy with reference to appointments in the school department. This policy was reaffirmed in 1895, and has been substantially adhered to during the past three years. I quote from the report of the Committee of Teachers and Schools for 1895.

Your committee submits that whatever be the method of awarding the various political offices in a municipal system, the positions in the schools should be held sacred from any savor of politics, and in the name of the children and their welfare, the sole consideration should be the merit of the applicant. The old doctrine seemed to argue: "We, the taxpayers, maintain the city schools to give positions to persons not otherwise employed." The newer one changes the view point and brings the children into the question. It says: "The public schools should be conducted in the interests of the children without fear or favor, and all other considerations must be secondary in importance." If, then, the schoolhouse is to be not an

employment bureau, but a place for the skillful training of children, the paramount question is the ability

of the teacher.

Your committee earnestly believes that the school is for the pupil. They have faith that the taxpayers favor the employment of skillful teachers in the schools of Stockton. They believe that only such teachers and principals should be employed as are qualified to give the best and most practical education to the Stockton children. Imbued with this thought, your committee have deemed it their duty to make a thorough and systematic investigation of the qualification of the various applicants. In justice to parents and taxpayers they have considered it their bound duty to recommend those best qualified to do the work rather than give positions to aspirants whose sole argument lies in their social or political influence.

Your committee submits that the following are some of the essentials in the equipment of a desirable

teacher in any Grade:-

1. A general education equivalent at least to that afforded by a high school of good standing.

2. A course of professional training in a State normal school or university, or, in equivalent, at least two years' successful experience in teaching.

3. A reasonable amount of current professional study, sufficient to keep the teacher in living touch

with the educational movements of the day.

4. A kindly regard for children, a knowledge of the workings of the young mind and a successful degree of tact in managing classes. Added to this a moral character above reproach and a sufficient degree of social culture to afford the pupils a desirable example in dress and bearing.

5. A capacity for professional improvement and

an earnest desire to improve.

Your committee are in favor of retaining the teachers already in service wherever these qualifications are present, in preference to considering fresh applicants. It is their pleasure to report that the present corps has, in the main, done commendable work throughout the department and it is to be congratulated on the nearly unbroken front with which it is to enter the duties of the coming year.

In undertaking to offer some definite suggestions as to ways of securing the best possible teachers for the schools of Oakland, I must ask you to remember that if the plan proposed is not satisfactory, the same ends can be sought by other means. I will outline a plan which I believe to be practical and progressive; but I care much more for your approval of the principle I have proposed than for your acceptance of this particular method of carrying it into effect. If this plan will not do, by all means get a better one.

I will then proceed without further delay to make such suggestions as I can offer: 1. The Board should, as it seems to me, make some provision for a careful scrutiny of all applications for teachers' positions; not only with a view to finding out whether the applicants have the qualifications required by your rules, but with a view also to determining, so far as possible, their comparative excellence, as teachers. Furthermore, this inquiry should not be limited to those who have applied for positions. Search should be made to see whether better teachers can be secured outside of the list of those who have entered applications. It is particularly desirable that this should be done when the list of applicants does not include a sufficient number of teachers of really superior excellence.

Such inquiries cannot be made expeditiously and thoroughly by the Board as a whole. It will be much more effective if delegated to a small committee, who can devote much time and attention to the matter, assisted, of course, by the Superintend-

ent of Schools.

In some cities the objection might be raised to such a plan as this that it involves an unfair concentration of the patronage of the Board in a few hands. But a reply to such objection is not far to seek. No school board and no individual member of a school board has now nor ever had nor ever will have any earthly right to dispose of teachers' positions as patronage. The assumption of such a right involves a confusion of ideas and a contradiction in terms. It is the function of the Board, in making new appointments, to secure the best available teachers for the schools; and whatever form of procedure best enables them to secure the best is fair and right and wise.

The assistance of the Superintendent of Schools will be of the highest importance in the carrying out of such a plan. As an educational expert he may fairly be expected to be your best judge of excellence in teaching. He has read — and written many teachers' recommendations, and knows how to read between the lines of those remarkable documents. Not infrequently the most important information they convey is that contained in their strong and expressive omissions. He is, moreover, in a position to know, better than most men, whose commendations may be taken at par, and whose must suffer discount on account of the sanguine disposition or obliging goodnature of the writers. In the long run, very much will be gained by seeking all possible aid from his judgment and experience in this matter.

2. If you are to seek only for the best,

you will not confine your search to the city of Oakland. Your committee on teachers and your School Superintendent should be encouraged to hunt far and near — to keep a sharp lookout for superior excellence in schools of other towns and other counties. You cannot afford to employ second-rate "home talent" in preference to first rate ability found abroad. Where it comes to a question of choice between two candidates of equal merit — as far as equality is possible — by all means give the home candidate the preference. But merit should be the first consideration. Oakland surely has nothing to fear from the adoption of such a rule; for she does not seem to be behind other towns of the State in the quality of the teacher material she possesses.

There is one special advantage possessed by Oakland, which should not be overlooked. This is known as a desirable place in which to live. Some of the most ambitious and efficient teachers in other parts of the State would gladly find positions in your schools. Every vacancy in your department for the coming year could be filled with a tried and proved teacher, thoroughly prepared to do work of the highest grade. The best teachers — many of them — would be glad of a chance to come to Oakland. You are in a position to take your choice among these. There is every reason why you should fill up your department not simply with good teachers but with teachers among the finest in the State. have some of the finest teachers already. Why not adopt a policy which will make each new appointee one of the same order as these? I would not advise this calling of good teachers from the places where they are doing superior work, if I thought it would result in the repeated unsettling of well established schools by invitations to remove. The time may come when such practise will do more hurt than good. But that time is still, I believe, far distant. Let Oakland get the best teachers she can find wherever she can find them. The result will be to encourage and stimulate the teaching force of those communities from which such teachers are drawn, with proof that the best teaching is in demand. each community wall itself about with a determination to employ only its own inhabitants as teachers, each will tend to become self-centered, stereotyped, provincial.

If these walls be broken down, and the best teachers be sought everywhere, a higher standard of excellence will be set, to the great advantage of all. The only towns whose "home talent" will suffer by such a movement are those whose home talent is below the average of excellence. such cases the disadvantage may be but temporary. I have in mind now a town in the Middle West where such a plan as I have indicated was faithfully carried out. The Superintendent of Schools had a keen scent for superior excellence in teaching. He visited the best schools of the State and kept in touch with what they were doing. The school board of the town gave him full freedom in the nomination of teachers. Little by little the superior teachers of the State gravitated toward that town. than once I have heard a principal of some remote school remark in speaking of one of his teachers who was developing unusual power and skill, "I am only afraid that Superintendent Blank will get her." Teachers were slow to apply for places in the schools over which Superintendent Blank presided; but an invitation to a position in those schools was prized as one of the highest of professional rewards. I had some occasion to inquire into the real estate business of that town and found that prices were high and steadily advancing; and that the excellence of the schools was recognized as one chief reason for the large influx of a highly desirable population. place was healthful, and death made few inroads into the teaching force. As much could not be said, alas, of matrimony. Two of my best friends, for example, carried off teachers of that town for wives; and they have never ceased to admire and praise the discriminating taste of Superintendent Blank and the school board of Blankville.

3. A normal requirement in addition to the ordinary teachers' certificate should undoubtedly be a full course of professional training and a reasonable term of highly successful teaching. I cannot regard professional training and experience in teaching as equivalents the one of the other. Each contributes something that the other cannot give. Actual experience is necessary to give the tact, the self-reliance, the firm and confident grasp, the wealth of resource for unlooked-for emergencies, which are so necessary to a full mastery of the

great business of teaching. Even the practise teaching required in the normal schools can give this preparation only to a very inadequate degree. On the other hand, professional training has a function of its own. In the first place it tends to shorten the period of necessary apprenticeship. It prepares the young teacher to profit by experience, to turn experience more quickly and surely to account, to avoid many of the blunders made by untrained beginners. It should accomplish another important end, in that it should increase the teacher's capacity for continued and indefinite improvement. We need in these days not only good routine teachers, but teachers who can keep abreast of the progressive movement in education and who care to do so.

Now, while both professional training and ability proved by successful experience should have a recognized place in our standard of requirements, it is plain that for a long time to come some discretion must be allowed in the application of this standard. For one thing, allowance must be made for the existence of a goodly number of born teachers or self-made teachers who have given themselves no professional training. On the other hand, if successful experience be everywhere required, the stock will eventually run out.

It seems desirable, then, that the norm be fixed as I have indicated, but that provision be made by which a limited number of teachers of superior excellence may receive appointment without having had a professional training; and likewise a limited number of professionally trained beginners, of superior promise, may be appointed for probationary periods.

These are the suggestions which it seems to me especially desirable to emphasize at this present time. I will not detain you with any elaboration of details. Permit me in closing to thank you for this opportunity of telling you what you ought to do — a real didactic opportunity, such as is dear to a pedagogue's heart; and to wish that you may succeed in bringing together here in Oakland the best body of teachers on the American continent.

## THE CERTIFICATION OF TEACHERS

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CALIFORNIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

BY STATE SUPERINTENDENT S. T. BLACK

IN ALL callings of a public nature requiring expert knowledge, custom or statutory provision demands some form of certificate of qualification at the hands of those seeking public confidence. The lawyer, the doctor, the dentist, the pharmacist, must exhibit their diplomas of graduation from a reputable professional school, attesting their fitness to begin the practise of their re-The ship captain, spective professions. the engineer, the army or naval officer, must arm themselves with similar evidences of preparation. Our civil service rules, like those of Great Britain and other leading European countries, admit only the

best qualified candidates to positions of trust, as tested by competitive examina-Even our own State has at last inaugurated the system of competitive examination for certain positions in our hospitals for the insane. Only the other day a stewardship vacancy in the Agnews Asylum was filled by the competitive examination method, and a man selected, not because of his position on the tariff or silver question, but because of his peculiar qualifications. Civil service examinations have lately been held at the other asylums. Even the milkman, peddling from door to door, must equip himself with a proper

certificate regarding the genuineness of the fluid offered for sale.

During the earlier years of the republic it was the custom to test the scholarship of those who would teach, and many amusing anecdotes are told of the old school committee examination. The custom established by our forefathers has developed into statutory enactment, and the school committee into a board of experts. Up to within a comparatively short period, though, only the scholarship side of the teacher's preparation was tested, — and even now this practise prevails to a large extent. Those boards of examination that recognize the professional side of the teacher's preparation place by far the greater stress on the academic side, and but few applicants are refused certificates who can make a good academic showing in the examination. It is just the opposite in the other professions—academic preparation being taken largely for granted — the real test being along professional lines. Conditions are such today that we must continue the academic test, but the time has come when the professional test ought to be emphasized more than it has been in the past. New York has taken the lead in the matter of requiring professional as well as academic training at the hands of those who aspire to city positions. The law has been in effect since January 1, 1879, and provides that no person shall be employed in the city or village schools having a city superintendent, unless he can give evidence of three years' successful experience, or in lieu thereof, he must be a graduate of a high school or academy having at least a three years' course of study, and in addition to such graduation, he must have taken a full year of special professional training in an approved school for the training of teachers. It has never been quite clear to my mind why the Empire State should have inaugurated this reform in the city schools alone,—why not in the rural schools?

It will be seen that the law of New York, as quoted, very properly considers three years of thoughtful progressive teaching as the full equivalent of three years' academic work plus one year's professional study and practise. In fact, it is the actual schoolroom work—the resolute facing and solution of every day problems—that furnishes

the best training, and makes the best The true teacher is never fully teachers. trained. Each day's work only adds to the training already acquired, — it is only a part of an apprenticeship that never ends, and this is true of all professions. But an adequate amount of preparation is necessary to guide and direct the novice in the solution of the ordinary problems common to all school work, and the recommendations I shall make in this paper are intended to apply to those persons who desire to become teachers — not to those already trained, no matter whether that training has been acquired by professional preparation, or by actual contact with the problems themselves.

California has reached that point in her educational history — and I speak from personal observation in fifty out of the fifty-seven counties — when she should demand that those who would, in the future, enter her schools as teachers, shall approach as nearly as possible the high plane now occupied by the experienced teachers of the State. I favor the preparation of teachers at public expense, but as little of this preparation as possible should be done at the expense of the children. It should be done in the future, as far as practicable, prior to taking up the actual work and responsibility of the teacher, which, from the nature of things, call for ability, scholar-

ship, and expert knowledge.

New York and Massachusetts, with their small areas, numerous normal schools, and splendid railway systems, bring the offer of professional preparation almost to the very doors of those who would prepare themselves to become teachers. California. with her 160,000 square miles of area, has but three State normal schools, - another will be opened within a year. We are justly proud of these professional schools,—they have no superiors in the United States, but there are counties so remote that it is almost impossible for young people ambitious to teach to attend any of them. our normal schools were smaller and more generally distributed throughout the State, their influence would be more generally felt and appreciated by the patrons of our schools. Again, the usefulness of those schools might be materially enhanced if they were in continuous session, or if their vacations came at a different time than the

usual school vacations, thus allowing those teachers, who from no fault of theirs, were denied normal school training, to attend ten to twelve weeks each year. So far as climatic conditions are concerned, this could be done at San José, Los Angeles, and San Diego. Such teachers ought to receive credit for their attendance and study, and in due time, receive their regular diplomas of graduation. From the intense desire for better preparation that I have witnessed in all portions of the State, I am satisfied that hundreds of teachers would avail themselves of the arrangement indicated, if it were carried out. It is only by some such arrangement that our normal schools will be able to fulfill their double function of preparing teachers, and aiding those already in the schools. It is easy to imagine how much more normal school work would mean to those struggling teachers than it does to the ordinary normal school student who knows nothing of the perplexing problems which teachers have been forced to face in their respective schoolrooms. These suggestions apply with equal force to our universities.

The limits of this paper prevent a complete history of the certification of teachers in this State. During the early periods of the State's history, the schools were divided into first, second, and third grades, and certificates were issued to correspond with these grades, the first valid for three years, authorizing the holder to teach in first grade schools, the second valid for two years, authorizing the holder to teach in second grade schools, and the third valid for one year and granted only to women, authorizing the holder to teach in third grade schools. These were local certificates, and were valid only in the county or city issuing them. Besides these, cities issued high school certificates, and the State granted life diplomas, educational diplomas, and certificates of the first, second, and third grade, valid throughout the State. The educational diploma was at that time granted on examination, and not on experience and recommendation as now; the first grade State certificate was good for four years, and the other grades for the same length of time as county certificates of corresponding grades. In the course of time, the third grade certificate was dropped from the list, and still later, the grammar

and primary grade certificates supplanted the old first and second grade papers. a brief period the grammar school course certificate was issued, to meet the requirements of the Caminetti law, establishing grammar course schools. These certificates finally merged into the present high school certificates. The scholastic requirements for the old first grade certificates, which at that time were established by law, were similar to those of the present grammar grade, the only professional branch being the Theory and Practise of Teaching, in which no applicant ever failed,—the test studied being almost universally Spelling, Grammar, and Arithmetic. The law still fixes the requirements for the primary grade certificate, but it leaves the requirements for the grammar grade and high school certificate to the discretion of the several County Boards of Education throughout the State, so that it is possible to have fifty-seven different standards of requirements for those two very important certificates, when granted on examination. While there is a great degree of similarity, so far as scholastic studies are concerned in the grammar grade requirements for examination, there exists considerable difference in the amount of professional requirements. The variance in the examination requirements for the high school certificate is so great as to make the problem of harmonizing the present high school certificates granted on examination by the various counties a very serious question. The one redeeming feature is the fact that those counties with the lowest examination requirements have issued but few high school certificates.

Whatever may be said, either for or against the means of ascertaining the qualifications for teachers, at the present time or in the past, I think it is generally conceded by the intelligent teachers of the State, that these means have outlived their usefulness, and that the time has arrived in the educational history of the State of California when the pressing necessities of the schools demand a modification of the present law relating to the issuance of teachers' certificates.

I would suggest for your consideration that the law be so amended as to provide three certificates instead of three *grades* of certificates as at present, and that each one of these be first class in itself, — nothing is too good for the children of California. First, we need the kindergarten certificate. At present, there is no law for the issuance of such certificates, and Los Angeles, San José, and other places that have established kindergartens, have had to resort to various devices to obtain legal certificates for kindergarten teachers. Second, there should be but one certificate for the elementary schools. The distinction between the primary and grammar schools is an arbitrary one - ranging all the way from the first four years of school work, in some counties, to as high as eight years in others. sides, why should not the primary grades have just as good teachers as the grammar grades? If any distinction should be made, the primary grades should be given the preference. Third, we need the high school certificates. The examination for this certificate. should permit a certain amount of election by the examinee. The various subjects should be arranged in groups of equivalent value, allowing the candidate to make his selection, or the election might be even broader than this, by permitting the applicant to select such branches as he pleased, providing his selections were equivalent in value to any one of the groups. The certificate. when granted, should be a full high school certificate. High school teachers being to a large extent specialists, it is patent to all why the elective feature should be adopted in the examination. Each of these three certificates being of the first grade, should be issued for the full period of six years, and renewable from time to time, for a like period, without the payment of any fee whatsoever, so long as the holder should teach successfully, or until the necessary success and experience have been acquired, that shall entitle him or her to a State life diploma.

I have purposely avoided discussing the special certificate question, as it is important and intricate enough to require consideration in a separate paper, and I hope that the Council will take up this subject and present a report at the next meeting of the State Association. Permit me to say in passing, that I think the special certificate privileges granted by law are liable to illegitimate expansion, and other abuses.

Regarding the requirements for certificates, it is not so difficult a matter to arrange for the granting of certificates on credentials. The real difficulty lies in the attempt to make the result of an examination as satisfactory as official knowledge of thorough academic and professional training. In the very nature of things, this can never be (and this is true of all professions), but California is not yet in a position to abolish examinations as a test of a person's qualifications to teach. If I am right in this conclusion, it is necessary for us to determine what measure shall determine the nature of the examinations for the three certificates. The evidence, whether obtained on examination or on credentials, on which a certificate to teach in the kindergarten should be granted, ought to demonstrate that the applicant has at least the equivalent of a good high school education, and in addition thereto, one year's training in an approved school for the training of kindergarten teachers. For a certificate to teach in the elementary schools, the academic qualifications should be the same as those required for the kindergarten certificate, plus satisfactory professional study or train-The high school certificate ought to represent scholarship which is the equivalent of that given by a reputable college or university, plus satisfactory study or training equal in value to that given by the pedagogical departments of our best univer-These requirements ought to be the sities. minimum. I must not be misunderstood here, — I do not claim that applicants for certificates should be graduates of the schools and colleges mentioned, -I care not whether they were ever inside of a high school or college, but I do claim that they ought, in some way or another, to have acquired at least the preparation herein referred to before receiving the certificate to teach.

Certificates based on credentials approach nearer to uniformity than those based on examination. In order to secure the free exchange of county certificates, we ought to come as near uniformity as the present method of certification will permit. The examination requirements for all certificates should be stated in the law, as is now done in the matter of primary grade certificates, and Boards of Education should agree upon the standards in examination, and having so agreed, the certificates granted by one Board ought to be recog-

nized by every other Board in the State. Perhaps the present system of county examinations is not the best, but it has been established by constitutional provision, and we must do the best we can with existing conditions.

Section 1775, which provides for the granting of certificates on credentials, ought to be amended somewhat. Boards of Education ought to be empowered to grant certificates on California educational and life diplomas. Of course, these diplomas are certificates, and valid throughout the State, but there are Boards of Education that conscientiously question this position. Therefore, to remove all doubt in the matter, these diplomas ought to be restored to former place among credentials, whence they were taken by the Legislature in 1891. I question the wisdom of granting certificates on the educational and life diplomas or life certificates of other States. as there are so many different standards upon which such diplomas are granted, varying all the way from no experience whatsoever, to ten years. If this provision is retained, it ought to be modified so as to require satisfactory evidence that the diplomas or certificates presented here are the equivalent in scholarship and experience to the scholarship and experience that are required in our own State for such diplomas. Nor should certificates be granted on the diplomas of graduation from normal schools of other States, unless such schools are recommended by the State Board of Education as being of equal rank with our California State normal schools. Some of these normal schools grant what is called an "elementary diploma" to persons who have finished a partial course, - some of them, too, have courses of study and standards of admission that are inferior to those All these matters of our own schools. should be carefully scrutinized by the State Board of Education before authorizing local boards to grant certificates without examination. We should welcome all thoroughly prepared teachers, no matter where they hail from, but we ought to guard carefully the door, and see that no unworthy person receives the high privilege of teaching in our public schools. The granting of certificates without examination to graduates of the State University ought to be limited by law to such graduates as have taken the pedagogical course. The practise of the University, now in force, limits the recommendation to such graduates, but it ought to be made statutory, so far as full certificates to teach are concerned.

Section 1521, which provides for the issuance of life and educational diplomas by the State Board of Education, ought to be amended in such a manner as to do equal justice to all classes of successful teachers. At present, it provides for the granting of such diplomas only to high school and grammar grade teachers, denying similar privileges to successful teachers of the primary grade. Now, so long as the law has recognized the primary grade certificate, it ought to recognize success in primary grade work, and reward the worthy holder of such certificate by issuing a State primary diploma on the same terms that it does the grammar and high school diplomas. There are in the State today scores of worthy primary grade teachers who are compelled to pay a fee of two dollars every two years to have the certificate the law has given them renewed, when such renewal has been fully earned by earnest, faithful, and intelligent work. If by any chanceillness or otherwise - they fail to make application for a renewal at the proper time, their occupation is gone until they submit themselves to another official test of their ability to do the work they have so successfully done for years. Is it not absurd? If the suggestion herein made relative to the issuance of kindergarten certificates be carried out by the Legislature, then Section 1521 ought to provide for a State kindergarten diploma on the same terms as other diplomas are granted. Again, the present high school, life, and educational diplomas are only limited certificates of little more value in law than special certificates. I quote the limiting clause in the law: "Authorizing the holder to teach any high school in which said holder is not required to teach languages other than the English." Now, as a matter of fact, there are scores of high school teachers holding this life diploma, who teach nothing but "languages other than the English." limitation clause referred to ought be be stricken out, so that the diploma may be a full certificate permitting the holder to teach those branches in which he can do the best work.

These diplomas should be granted, too, on showing successful teaching experience for eighty months in the case of the life diploma, and forty months for the educational diploma, instead of ten and five years, the present requirements. Again, a new section ought to be added, relieving all the high school educational and life diplomas now held by teachers, of the effect of the limitation clause, so that they may become, both in law and fact, full high school certificates.

In all attempts at legislation on certification, the question of constitutionality has arisen. A recent decision in the Supreme Court in the case of Edith Mitchell, vs. The Board of Education of San Diego County, has settled that question for all time, the Court holding that while the constitution gives to County Boards "the control of the examination of teachers and the granting of teachers' certificates within their respective jurisdictions," it is competent for the Legislature to prescribe the rules directing how that control shall be exercised. It was also held that any rule of a County Board of Education not in harmony with the statute was null and void, and of no force what-We are therefore now in a position to suggest wholesome school legislation on this important question without the fear of being met by constitue... ? bjections.

I have discussed this question only from the standpoint of the pressing necessity to the schools themselves for the reforms in-There are other phases of this question,—one of which I shall simply touch upon in closing. It has been estimated that there are between eight hundred and one thousand teachers in this State who cannot get positions. Every one of us is aware of the keen competition resulting from this surplus of teachers. If the result of this severe competition were to secure the best teachers for our schools, it would not be so disastrous. It is, however, otherwise, and the tendency is to give the positions to those teachers who will accept them for the least salary. The first schools to suffer from cheap teachers are those in the rural districts, which need added strength,—not weakness.

In altering the law for the certification of teachers, the utmost care must be exerthe rights and privil-

eges now enjoyed by the present holders of certificates — no matter of what grade. The certificates now in force are a solemn contract, and no legislation should be permitted that might impair in any way the rights conferred.

As to legislation on this, or any other school question, I am of the opinion that the teachers of the State can obtain whatever legislation they may agree upon. If we can agree on the general features of a certification bill,—leaving all details to be worked out by a committee,—and then stand by that bill, (even if we do not concur in every detail,) and interest our representatives in the Senate and the Assembly, we can secure this much-needed reform at the hands of the next Legislature.

I AM afraid that I shall never find out, and that other teachers will hardly find out, the answers to the question as to capacities of secondary-school pupils, until we have a convention between intelligent and conscientious parents and the teachers. have myself made some studies as to the reasons of fatigue and headache in our boys and girls. I don't think they are so unlike, though what has been said certainly does apply to difficulties more noticeable in the life of the secondary-school girl than in that of her brother. But I find that both boys and girls are quite as likely not to eat their breakfast before going to school, as to eat it too hurriedly. I remember very well a few years ago watching a great school for girls in Philadelphia when there was introduced a compulsory luncheon at half-past ten o'clock. Teachers who had been discouraged about the capacity of girls of fifteen or sixteen changed their opinions utterly in three months. It seems to me, therefore, that there are some very practical questions for teachers of the secondary-school children, and one of them is the question of food. Perhaps it is womanish and old fashioned, but for my part I should rather see, in the interests of the work of this association, a careful study of the questions of food for school children than even a discussion of a change of requirements for entrance to college.— Doctor Alice Freeman Palmer, New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

## EVOLUTION OF MUSIC

## A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MUSIC SECTION OF THE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

By DOCTOR C. C. VAN LIEW

THE theory, whose bearings on the musical education of children we are now asked to consider, is the doctrine of the socalled Culture Epochs, which postulates a certain parallelism in the development of the child and the race. It is under this caption, Culture Epoch, but a part of the still more sweeping evolutionary doctrine of Recapitulation, which not only parallels the physical and social development of the child after birth, with the essential steps in the physical and social development of the human race, but finds in the prenatal growth of the child remarkable evidences of a rapid recapitulation of typical structural features, that could only have belonged to an ancestry antedating the human race and coming

up out of a remote past.

We still hesitate to dignify the conception, even in its most general statement, by the term "law." But though we still speak of it rather as theory, doctrine, or even hypothesis, it may be well here to call attention to the fact that a great deal has been done to give the entire conception of recapitulation scientific dignity and practical suggestiveness. For centuries the doctrine, in some one or other of its phases, has interested human intellect and been argued and utilized theoretically in educational doctrine. It would, therefore, be surprising if, this conception being so long and so persistently part and parcel of the philosophic consciousness of the race, something had not been done either to overthrow it or to establish it upon a basis of facts. has been argued accordingly from the point of view of the theologian, the philosopher, the pedagogue, the philologist, the historian, and the biologist. While it is undoubtedly true that many of these thinkers, moved by the scientific problem peculiar to this century, that of growth, have brought entirely new and greatly improved points of view into their special fields, and have given us new perspectives in each as a basis for one line in the parallelism, it must be admitted that their view of the other line has been more or less dim and incomplete, that they have known comparatively little of growth in the child and have, in fact, been forced to postulate certain conceptions with regard to his growth in order to complete the parallelism. It has been the work of quite recent years to make some investigations that go to strengthen the weaker side of the hypothesis. Today, we can, I believe, safely claim a sufficient substantiation of the doctrine by facts to warrant its consideration in questions touching educational theory and practise. I have already referred to the strong evidence of embryology. In the light of its teachings the child, at birth, appears to us as one already experienced, as it were, having already borne the traces, at least, of an ascending series of life-forms, relatively less highly organized than man. birth the babe is the most plastic and has the promise of the longest period of plasticity, of all animal infants. The question with which we are more immediately concerned is whether this plastic being, in its separate physical existence, passes through its long period of growth materially influenced by social interests and instincts, or whether the phenomena of its growth can be accounted for by the principles of imitation and accommodation? In so far as our studies of the child will permit us to claim legitimate lines of parallelism, there seem to appear in the life of the normal child certain interests and instincts, strikingly similar to many the developing race is known to have possessed; and these, moreover, seem to preserve the radical sequence. I deem it necessary to refer briefly to these phases of parallelism here as they are all intimately associated with the one of our present special inquiry, musical development. There is evidence of a parallelism of social and individual development along almost all lines of expression, especially of speech, the graphic and plastic arts, and music. This statement should include also expression through plays and Again the successive mental attitudes toward the world of phenomena in the effort to give them explanation and broader significance seem to be, in general, strikingly similar in both child and early This is becoming more and more evident in studies of religious development. Socially and morally there are striking parallel traits. In certain striking phases of emotional life and growth and in the susceptibility to the power of suggestion and the imitative instinct, are to be found still other parallels. Still, with all of this evidence from a considerable number of sources, the theory has not passed the need of further scientific investigation. In this respect, it should be noted, it is not alone, but in an innumerable company of other good theories belonging to even more exact sciences. Suffice it to say the parallelism exists in certain respects at least.

Before entering further into this question as related to the growth of the musical sense and art in the individual, two other questions should be considered briefly. First: Are the lines of parallelism known to exist, all due to heredity and hence dependent upon the very fiber and organization of the individual, so that special instincts or innate interests may be relied upon for each phase or stage of recapitulation? I reply to this that it seems to me we are not warranted in any such sweeping hypothesis; but that while for many lines of the parallelism such inherited instincts undoubtedly exist, other lines are dependent upon a successive similarity of environing conditions and presuppose merely similarity of structure.

Second: If the growth of the child reproduces in essence that of the race, why this attention to aspects of racial development at all? Why is not the succession more or less evident in the child sufficient for our guide? My answer is, our view of the child is incomplete, even when we see how he has grown up under the stimulus of modern culture, without a survey of the growth of the race in the production of that culture. The race, with untried and

unknown fields for development ever before it, most readily reveals the lines of least resistance along which such a development takes place. Our present culture is itself a growth. By a study of those phases of race development from which it sprang, we are the better able to judge of its adaptability at the service of the state of the service of th

bility to the growing child.

I believe furthermore that the procedure of the race, in so far at least as the larger phases of its cultural progress are concerned, may be, often should be, alone suggestive of the method of the individuals, approach to a subject, even regardless of some minor defects in the proof of the parallelism; this is probably the case in at least one important point, with the subject in hand. It will probably never be shown that the child reproduces minutely racial development in all its errors, vagaries, backslidings, and evidences of progress. theory has never been presented from any such reckless point of view. Least of all are we warranted in expecting a necessary recapitulation of the specific forms or products of expression in which the race gave vent to its social and psychic life,—as piracy, alchemy, or astrology. In practise we have simply to do with an orderly and genetic recurrence of those instincts, interests, and attitudes, in mental life that mark essential traits in the growth of the race regardless of the specific forms in which these traits found expression.

We are now concerned with the question of parallelism in the musical development of child and race, especially as regards Music, in some form or other, was undoubtedly among the first, is not the first, among human arts, to receive cultivation in the race. Physiology and pathology, as well as history, furnish evidence that song and speech must have developed together, or nearly so. Beginning, as it evidently did, in the very dawn of human culture, we shall expect to find the early musical sense associated with the strongest of crude human passions and its development taking rise in those elements of musical structure that will most readily arouse these passions. Rhythm is accordingly the first musical element to receive a pronounced and extensive cultivation. Stimulated, perhaps, by the rhythms of their own savage physiques, the primitive tribes turn to rhythmical effects in their passionate expression, and

shout, clap the hands, stamp, or beat the trees with sticks rhythmically. From these crude physical conditions the development of rhythm proceeds. Those who have made a study of primitive rhythm tell us that in some tribes the sense of rhythm is so highly cultivated as to surpass, in power to maintain complex rhythmical effects, the skill of even our best orchestral instruments in

this respect.

The cultivation of this rhythmic impulse must have been doubly significant; not only did it lay the foundation for the time element of music, but opened to the voice the opportunity for the production of truly musical tones by rendering them recognizably definite in pitch. Thus the rhythmical use of the voice ultimately imparts to it a musically sonant effect and the monotone, which still plays an important rôle in some primitive music, is developed. Further revelations as to musical development in song are due to the work especially of Professors Fillmore and Boas, and Miss Fletcher. have already had presented to us this afternoon by Professor Fillmore, himself, illustrations of the way a primitive folk comes at the next essential step in its musical development, melody. In an article in Vol. V. No. 3 of Music, Mr. Fillmore sums up the results of all these investigations in the following words:

The primitive man, when he makes music under the impulse of emotional excitement, moves along the line of least resistance. And, if several hundred songs, collected from nearly all the races of the earth are sufficient to warrant an induction, that line is always a harmonic line.

The evidence seemed to me conclusive.

As to why the line of least resistance for the development of melody, and hence, ultimately of the finer distinctions of pitch, should follow the chord of the tonic and thence the chord nearly related to the tonic, we can, at present, give no other answer than to call attention to the physical nature of musical sounds and to the phenomena of overtones. There seems to be very great probability that primitive man must have been largely influenced in his selection of tones for his melody by the suggestions of the overtones produced by his own voice. Hence the physical nature of his own vocal apparatus, acting in accordance with strictly physical laws, will have furnished him with the second element in

his primitive esthetics of music, melody, and ultimately also of the third, harmony, just as the crude and often violent, though measured, movements of his own body, furnished him with the first, rhythm. I quote Professor Fillmore's words again by way of summary of these earliest stages:—

The laws under which folk-music is everywhere pro-

duced may be thus formulated:-

 Primitive men are impelled to sing, as they are impelled to shout and to dance, by emotional excitement.

2. All expressions of emotional excitement, whether they be bodily motions or vocal sounds of whatever sort, tend to take on rhythmic forms. Rhythm is the first esthetic element to be developed.

3. Rhythmical shouting comes after a while to acquire a certain degree of musical quality by becom-

ing recognizably definite in pitch.

4. This increasing definiteness of pitch manifests itself in three ways: (1.) By steadiness of pitch on a monotone. (2.) By going more or less plainly, from one tone to another of major or minor chord. (3.) By moving along the the line of a tonic chord with the addition of tones belonging to chords nearly related to the tonic.

In its earliest development, then, the music of the race is associated with the most vital concerns of primitive humanity, with intense emotional states, with sensuous and even violent physical activity, and hence is early called into play for its effects upon the will. Primitive music and song is one with the emotional, intellectual, and volitional existence of the primitive folk. Imitation and suggestion play an important part in influencing the development.

Let us turn to the child. In many respects our knowledge of the child's musical development is wanting. We need careful observations and records in this field. What is known may be summed up, with an eye to lines of parallelism with the race, as follows: Music is one of the earliest esthetic arts to appeal to the child. Sensitiveness to sound-waves, and even, in a measure, to certain qualities of sound, appears in many children within the first forty-eight hours after birth. Almost without exception infant children are susceptible to the suggestiveness of fitting song on going to sleep, especially if the quality be soothing and the rhythm appropriate. Very early children give decided evidences of pleasure in the music produced by others, but it is almost

<sup>1</sup> Music. Vol. V., No. 3, page 281. Article by J. C. Fillmore, on "Illustrations of Harmonic Melody in Folk-Song."

impossible, as yet, to determine in how far this pleasure is due to its rhythmical effects. and in how far to the other elements of musical esthetics. It is certainly noticeable, however, that tunes dominated by the most striking rhythms are greatly preferred by very young children, in so far as they ever express a preference, and sound qualities readily associated with stirring and powerful emotions, as those of a bagpipe, a piccolo, or a brass band, are known to arouse disagreeable emotions in very young children,—as of fear. These facts, together with the very great prominence of rhythm in the activities of child-life, lead us to the conclusion that the child is first drawn to music chiefly by its rhythm.

Since Botton's study on rhythm we are wont to regard this phase of activity with profounder respect. It now appears to us in the light of a pshcho-physical process of attention, by which the mind seeks to group and organize, hence control, its experiences. There can be no doubt that, in this sense, rhythm early plays a very important part in the physical and mental activity of children. Their nonsense syllables are grouped and accented. The same effects are noticeable even in their poundings and hammerings with one object upon another. Still more emphatic and significant is the responsiveness of children to the suggestions of the finer rhythmical effects of music. Not all are alike or equal in this regard; but many within the first year attempt to sway or move the body in some way with the rhythm of music. the first four or five years most normal children can be taught to subordinate their own rhythmical movements, running, beating time, dancing, etc., to the rhythm set by music. Others will do this very early without being taught; still others, a few, do not acquire it at all readily.

As regards the ear for melody children vary very greatly. Some are able to approximate the reproduction of a melody in the second year; others cannot do this by the sixth. Ordinarily the power to reproduce a melody that has been heard begins its development anywhere from the third to the sixth year. Closely associated with this is, of course, the power to recognize a melody when produced by different means and at different times. This power has, indeed, been placed somewhat earlier than

the first appearance of power to reproduce melody; but the claim is a doubtful one, for the reason that it is difficult to determine whether the recognition is direct i. e., merely through pitch succession and rhythm, or indirect, through the association of certain words with the rhythm alone.

But children very commonly indulge in spontaneous and original music of their own. Monotone singing is quite common. The child's natural fondness for rhythm gives the syllables that he repeats opportunity to receive a definite pitch and full sonance. Occasionally the monotone is varied by a change of pitch for a few notes. My own observation tells me that such singing is frequently closely associated with the child's play activities and is hence probably largely influenced by imitation. It is also a common substitute for more active employment, when the child is fatigued and trying to await the coming of sleep.

It is impossible to say to what extent children follow the harmonies in their spontaneous and wandering or random melodies, so far as they have any. I have been wholly unable to learn of any recorded melodies of children, except a few of my own daughter's recorded some time ago. It is a good field for investigation, and a collection of these melodies, if they may be called such, or even of mere sequences of pitch taken by children, might prove instructive. Even in this case we should have to make due allowance for the influence of imitation

There have been some experiments, however, that go to show that the so-called ear for pitch and interval, is not merely a matter of inherited power that bursts suddenly and spontaneously into activity, but is a faculty of natural gradual development and cultivation. Some experiments by Gilbert at Yale have shown that the power to distinguish slight differences in pitch increases with comparative steadiness from the sixth to the eighteenth year. This means also that the ear is a better guide to the voice where the intervals or differences in pitch are greater. Stumpf has shown also the inability of a large per cent of untrained adults always to distinguish the higher of two notes.

Finally as regards the child's preference for any class of song-themes, Doctor G.

Stanley Hall kindly writes me that a mass of returns show that:— .

Home and native land, and religion come first, and in that order, and that love follows considerably after. Comic songs seem to have a very inconspicuous place.

Such is in brief the sum of our knowledge of the child's natural musical development, so far as I am able to put it together. It is undoubtedly as suggestive of what the child needs to have done for him, as it is of what he ordinarily attains for himself.

The parallelism, so far as it exists in the musical development of the child and race. is apparent in early love of natural sounds. in the great susceptibility of both to the power of strong rhythm and cadence, in the intimate association of music with physical activity of the body, with vital emotional tones, and with the most significant phases of human life, as home, native land, religion, etc. I think that the race sequence in this development is ordinarily reproduced in the child. I make no claim for the parallelism, whatever, on the ground that the child does or would naturally develop melody along the line of the harmonics, but freely admit that this is one of the instances in which the method of the race is indicated as the method for the child on quite other grounds than a demonstrable correspondence of the two.

There is every reason to believe, and in fact nothing to interfere with the belief, that what the Javanese, Chinese, Indian, Arabian, or savage negro, finds the musical line of least resistance in his efforts to express emotion, what, indeed, he constantly feels for, so to speak, as Professor Fillmore's method of verification has distinctly shown, will also be the line of least resistance for the child.

To what extent, then, shall our knowledge of race-development be used in teaching singing?

To begin with I believe there are psy-

chological grounds for giving an early and special emphasis to rhythm in teaching singing, and by methods and means hitherto too little regarded. I think it is well established that sense for rhythm is primarily an affair of physical organization and that the development of this sense must proceed from the rhythm of the larger bodily movements. All that may have been claimed for

the child's responsiveness to suggestions of

rhythm is but sufficient to emphasize the need of early cultivation of this sense. There is a general readiness characteristic of the early years of childhood for cultivation in rhythm. The child's own play and the rhymes of Mother Goose have but begun the development. The Kindergarten and school must continue it, by expanding and refining. In the light of this thought the rhythmical games and exercises of the kindergarten appear to be among its most desirable activities. The rhythmical callisthenic exercises of the school also contribute to the same end. But this is not sufficient; singing itself should be associated with these strong physical rhythms. The singer must not rely wholly upon the visible rhythm produced by others pulsing the time, but upon an inner sense of rhythm which must rest upon rhythmical physical activity and its association with the cadence of music. I believe it is this indulgence in strong physical rhythm that must account for the great power of some physical tribes in producing complex and syncopated rhythms, and for the prominence of rhythmical effects in our American Negro melo-Accordingly I know of no reason why the child should not be stimulated to some appropriate form of rhythmical physical activity during the act of singing, such as graceful arm, body, and leg movements, even though they approach the profane limits of the dance.

But what shall be the nature of the melody and verse of the child's first songs? Before answering this question directly from the psychological point of view, I wish to enter a protest against one very common practise in teaching singing, especially in the public schools. I refer to the attempt to teach music by working first and chiefly, in the first grades, with musical representation, note reading. The entire unfitness of the child for such work so early, seems to me to thwart the possibility of any such results as are claimed, and they must therefore be ascribed to a naive self-deception. There can be no defense for the attempt to thrust a more or less elaborate symbolism upon the child when he has so little of that which is symbolized. I believe, then, that there are good psychological grounds for letting note-reading entirely alone for at least two years, and devoting this time exclusively to establishing for the child a large and varied repertory of good songs to be learned strictly by rote. My reasons for this claim are as follows: Music, in the form of song, is primarily an affair of the ear and vocal organs; its accuracy, quality, power, and expressiveness, all depend, to a greater or less extent, upon strong, habitual associations between auditory impressions and the muscular impressions of the vocal organs as they seek to satisfy the copies for which the ear sets the standard, The association of muscular-vocal with ear impressions must necessarily come first and preferably alone; otherwise the association with visual symbols introduces a third series of elements, requiring close and long analysis, and the thorough devotion of the attention to matters that are of themselves, not musical, such as notes, staves, bars, time and pitch representation, signatures, and what not. Simplify these through your method of gradual approach, and through your devices, as you will, they must still be complicated affairs to the child. But they are in no sense musical culture, and musical culture of voice and ear is what the child needs first and foremost. All claims that can be made for children's natural musical powers on entering school only serve to strengthen this thought. They do show decided musical tendencies; this art becomes earlier and more apparent in the child than any other, aside from speech, possibly. But the extent of development at the age of six seems to me to indicate the need of cultivation along the lines here being recommended. Any one who has listened to singing in the kindergarten, for example, even of the best, must have noticed how large a number of each class tend to fall below the pitch and interval requirements of the song. While they are striving in the right direction, there is a vagueness and uncertainty in many of the voices. Some follow the melody more or less accurately, many render it imperfectly. others get almost nothing but the rhythm, and play about the monotone with but few and slight variations in pitch.

Fancy then the gross error of the procedure that would first associate for the child the vocal utterances of the song, not with the auditory impressions that are the child's only means of correcting his imperfect muscular attempts, but with visual

symbols that are so new and intricate in use as to draw the attention predominantly to themselves. Like the race, the child must develop musically first by relying chiefly upon his power to imitate others and upon the suggestions of his own physical musical apparatus. He must expand his musical consciousness first by multiplying his musical experience, along strictly musical, as distinguished from representative, lines.

Another advantage in this suggestion lies in the opportunity offered the teacher to cultivate a love for good songs. The requirements of early note-reading too often cheapen the class of songs given children; the business itself is cheapened in the eyes or ears of the clildren and, - what is most lamentable — the best opportunity for cultivating a love of good song is lost. The classic song of childhood should have its place beside the classic story of childhood. It is well worth the child's while, as a fitting introduction to the great world of rhythm, melody, and harmony, to begin the journey by learning many good songs for their own sake. On this point Dr. G. Stanley Hall writes in the letter already referred to above: --

I have a very rational conviction that a lot of rote singing should precede notes, and that standard old tunes and not the cheap modern type should be used.

Another advantage lies in the opportunity to select songs with greater freedom as to verse theme and hence to bring them home much closer to the child's native cultivated interests. Here again, Dr. Hall's series, each member of which comprehends a great field to which music has always been devoted, — home, native land, religion, love, — seems to me to be full of suggestion to the teacher.

Finally there is nothing in the way of making these rote songs the very best early voice cultivation for the child. From birth to the age of three or four, voice box and voice change very rapidly; thence there is little change up to the time of puberty. Physiologically nothing stands in the way of voice cultivation in the primary and grammar grades. It seems to me that nothing can so challenge and stimulate in the child a free healthful use of his voice, as hearty, free, expressive, sturdy song, with no thought or attention directed, dur-

ing this important period of fixing voice habits, to musical notation. It will not be inappropriate here to quote, with reference to several of my arguments, from a great voice specialist, Dr. Mackenzie of England.

He says:—

To put a young child through vocal athletics, which the adult is rightly made to practise, would be as ridiculous as setting him to defend a wicket from the "demon bowler," or to row in the University boatrace. But I can see no objection to his being subjected to a certain amount of vocal discipline as early as the age of five or six or seven years. Only simple little airs of limited compass should be sung, and the co-ordination of the laryngeal muscles with the ear (which is the conscience of the voice) should be thoroughly established. This can be done by invariably correcting every note about which there may be any suspicion of falseness. There is a better chance also of getting rid of throaty or nasal production at the very outset than when these defects have become ingrained by long habit. Moreover, any physical deformity impairing the timbre of the voice can be remedied much more easily in childhood than afterwards. Again, the parts are more pliant and docile in early life than later on, and if it is thought necessary, on that account, to begin piano or violin playing in childhood, it cannot be wrong to teach the use of the muscles which play that difficult instrument, the human larynx. The immense faculty of immitation possessed by children should be taken advantage of in teaching them to sing as well as to speak.

It now remains to consider whether there is any other aid, than the principles already laid down, in selecting and arranging songs and exercises for the musical and voice culture of the child. The child's ability either to follow and catch a rote song, or to master the symbolism of musical notation, should not prevent our considering how best and most gradually to approach the greater difficulties of each. In accordance with the evidence from the study of primitive folk-song, I believe we should make scales and musical embellishments aside from expression a wholly secondary consideration, and a prominent tonality the primary requirement in the selection of both songs and exercises.

There seems to me, as already presented' strong physiological evidence for the assumption that the line of least resistance for the race in this respect, the harmonics, is also the line of least resistance for the child. If we are created, with either a psychological or physiological organization, more susceptible to tonality and harmony than to the scale, as we evidently are, and if the theory of scale development, which a critical history of music is now working out, is true, that scales have themselves resulted from the synthesis of chord elements. these facts must seem to be very weighty reasons for selecting those songs and exercises first, both in early rote work and note reading later, that employ prominently the line of least resistance, the harmonics. This method of procedure, properly and rationally applied and graded, should, it seems to me, help to dispel for the child the greater difficulties presented by tone perception and reproduction, and ultimately the mastery of musical notation. The same principle has already been employed in a way by the Tonic-sol-fa-system, and in this respect, to say nothing of others, the system seems to have been sound and prophetic of later revelation of science. When once the child shall have established the chordelements in his musical consciousness, as guide posts for the musical ear and interpretation, he has also laid the foundation early for some knowledge of principles underlying harmony and composition.

I may briefly sum up my thoughts as to in how far we may be guided in teaching song by racial development in the following series: Rhythm, monotone, classic songs by rote as an earnest emotional expression of the most vital interests in the successive stages of childhood and youth, chord-elements, the line of least resistance in the development of melody,

## CONVERSATION WITH CHILDREN ABOUT SOME WELL KNOWN ANIMALS.--II

#### BY MATILDA HAUSS

THE snake, lizard, and turtle, were next mentioned. Opinions in regard to the first two of these animals were very much divided. Some of the children had great horror of snakes, of course they had no sympathy for them.

"We kill them whenever we see them,

they are ugly, disgusting things."

"What do you see in them so disgust-

ing?"
"Their heads, they look at people and tongues, showing they want to bite," was the answer.

"Then your dislike for it comes mostly

from fear," said I.

"Yes, but we don't like its looks either, when it hisses it means something bad."

Those who were not afraid of the snake exclaimed, "The snakes are not bad, many of us have handled them, and they have not bit us. Most of the snakes in this place are gopher snakes, we very rarely see any others."

"How did you come to handle them, had you no fear of the poison in their mouths?" I inquired.

"Those we caught, surely had no poison:

they did n't hurt us," was the reply.

One said, "I put one in a gopher's hole in our garden, and since then we have had no gophers, they are good for something."

Then they told me of different men whom they had seen handling snakes. These men were never hurt by them.

"Well, do you ever kill snakes when you

come across them?"

"We never," answered the same children, "unless it is a rattlesnake or some other kind we don't know."

I then asked those who were afraid of the snakes or the lizards, "How did you come to have such horror of snakes and lizards?"

'We have heard people talk about them, saying they are poisonous. Mamma told us to look out for them."

"Did you ever catch one, or have a desire to do so?" I inquired.

"O, no, if we can not kill it we run from

By no means could they be persuaded to touch a snake or a lizard. As the children who were not afraid of snakes had told their experiences, those who were in fear of them wanted to tell stories about them also, what they had seen them do. They had heard at home of men who had been fatally bitten by snakes; of some of them sneaking into babies' cradles and strangling the baby; of others milking the cow; and what was worse, they had seen them swallow live animals at different times, such as little chickens and ducks and even frogs. Consequently they thought themselves justified in hating the snakes.

They all seemed to have the same feeling for lizards: that is, those who were not afraid of the snakes, were not afraid of lizards: those who were afraid of the former were also afraid of the latter. But as lizards are very seldom seen here, and as they had not read stories about them, their hatred for lizards did not seem to be so strong as it was for snakes.

"What are you going to tell me about

the turtle?" I asked.

"We like the turtle," was the answer. Some pronounced it pretty, others very ugly, but the liking for it was general.

Then the turtle is your friend?" I

said.

They all exclaimed at once, "Yes."

"You told me that animals which did not play with you, were not your friends," I remarked.

"But we play with the turtle," was the

"It does not play with you, though," I observed.

"We can hold the turtle, we can carry it any distance; if we tie it, we can keep it in a long time," they answered.

I found out that many of the children

there had at different times kept pet turtles.

"In what way do you play with them?"

It seems the chief amusement was to see them swim, when the children had no pond to keep them in they were placed in the trough and in the absence of the latter a pan was used.

They very soon learned that a turtle could not always live in the water. So when they thought it was tired, it was placed in some damp, grassy place. Of course they had to keep it tied. Looking at it drawing itself into the shell was another pastime.

"Have you ever seen a turtle misbehav-

ing itself in any way?" I asked.

The answer was that they had never either seen or read anything bad about it. I inquired from the older sisters of the children who had pet turtles, if they had ever caught their smaller brothers or sisters abusing them. The reply was that they had not.

One day one of the boys brought his turtle to be studied. The children were so pleased with it, that it became the recreation of that day at recess and I did not notice in the children any tendency to ill treat it. Yet, I know this is not always the case. I have very often heard of the cruel manner in which these inoffensive reptiles are treated by small boys. The placing of burning coals on the top of the shell is one of their favorite tortures.

The manner in which children treat dumb animals depends to a certain extent on their parents, if these show kindness to animals, children will, with very few exceptions, do

the same.

The mouse was next taken for discussion. My first question was, "How many of you

think the mouse pretty?"

Some time before this a mouse had come into the library, then into the children's boxes where they kept their drawing papers and compositions. This opportunity afforded a very good conversation on the mouse. The plumpness, activity, and shiny gray fur, of the little creature brought forth an exclamation from almost every one present, "Oh, how pretty!"

I then said, "Do you really like the

mouse?"

"We would if it was not so mischiev-

Then what shall we do with it?" I asked.

"Kill it!" was the reply. "It has ruined our papers."

Nothing could save that mouse from its

fate

"How many felt sorry because we had to kill the mouse?"

"I do," from every one.

"But what makes you feel sorry for the killing of a thievish animal like this?"

The only reason they could give was that it was pretty. They acknowledged it had no good qualities that they could see. But none of them disliked it. They killed it because they had to kill it; it was a case of protection.

Was any one of them afraid of the mouse,

or was it considered dangerous?

It so happened that nobody present had any fear of the mouse, and as they had never heard of its hurting any person it could not be dangerous.

Had any of them tried to tame a mouse?

They had attempted it, but from some reason or other they had never succeeded, could not tell what it would be if tamed; perhaps it would not steal so much.

Had they any objections to holding a

mouse?

They all could handle mice, they were not

repulsive animals to them.

Grasshoppers are very numerous here. We cannot keep any plants in our school yard, and the gardens of the neighbors share the same fate. Consequently the children never hear a kind word for grasshoppers. We frequently study them. Going around their desks at such time, I noticed that many of them had live grasshoppers and were pulling them to pieces.

"Why don't you kill the insects before

you tear them?" I said.

The answer came from the younger children. "Because grasshoppers are mean,

they eat up all the plants."

Then they told me of all the depredation the grasshoppers had committed, finishing the vegetables and small plants and even attacking the shrubs. "We wish to kill them all."

"Yes, kill them all, but do not torture

them," I remarked.

Is there anything hateful in the grass-

hopper itself?"

The answer in general was, "No, it is not bad to people, we hate it only because it destroys our plants."

Some of the younger ones said, "It is not clean either, it spits out tobacco juice."

I suppose this had something to do with

the dislike of the small children.

In regard to looks the opinion was divided; some thought it pretty and others very ugly.

"If they did not destroy plants would

you like them?"

"Perhaps we would," was the reply.

Some girls said they liked green grass-hoppers and green crickets, others remarked that they liked them when they were large with red wings. A large boy declared they made very good bait for fishing. We came to the conclusion that they would be well thought of insects if they were not so destructive to plants—their laziness was also mentioned. The children had read a story about these insects being lazy and improvident.

The horse, cow, dog, cat, and hen, are such dear friends and companions of children, and the reasons why they befriend these animals are so well known that a discussion on this subject is superfluous. Yet I asked a few questions.

"Do you ever get angry with these ani-

mal friends of yours?"

"When they don't do as we want, we whip them." This answer came from the boys mostly.

"Why do you whip them? Is it to make them mind, to make them understand, or only because you get angry at them?"

After thinking a few minutes they said,

"It makes them mind."

To this some of the older girls remarked it was a harsh manner of treating those animals.

Then all the boys replied to the girls that they had met some men driving a balky horse, that when the horse would n't go the men whipped it as hard as they could with a stick. At the dairy the men struck the cows with the handle of the pitchfork if they did not stand still. The speakers mentioned the names of the men who treated the cows in this brutal manner. The horses fared no better. The whip, the stick, or spurs, were the means of making them

mind. The dogs and the cats were treated in like manner. In the case of the latter, kicks were used in addition to the whip and stick. All these things were seen at the homes of the children.

I have seen a mother place a live kitten in the hands of a baby to play with. The

baby squeezed it almost to death.

"Then because these men you speak of treat animals, in this barbarous manner you think you ought to do the same?" I asked.

"We don't know of any other way of

making them mind."

"Do you ever beat the goat, too?"

"Yes, if it does n't go the way we want it to go."

"What makes you like the goat?"

"It plays with us, we teach it to draw a small wagon. We have lots of fun with it, although it bumps us sometimes," was the answer.

"Do you whip it at such times?"
"It won't let us, it is angry then."

"What about the lamb? Do you abuse it too?"

"No; it never does anything. It follows us everywhere if we treat it kindly, that is why we like it."

"Then you consider these animals your

friends?"

"Yes," was the unanimous answer.

"Why do you tease and beat them, then?"

"We tease them to make them angry; to see what they will do," they replied. "We only beat them when they won't mind."

"Do you always feed your pets?"

"Sometimes we forget."

In this particular point children are very careless. Some of them bring horses to school and others, dogs; if I don't remind them of it, the horses will be tied to a post nearly all day. They never think of watering or feeding them, nor is anything given to the dog. Yet, I don't think the children mean to be cruel, but their recess time is taken up with play and they don't think of the wants of the animals. Children well disciplined at home are not careless in that way.

## THE PUPIL AS AN INDIVIDUAL

Mr. W. F. CONOVER, Principal of the "R" Street School, San Diego, has prepared a "Term Promotion Blank" which Superintendent Cubberly has adopted for the City Schools. It calls for:—

1. Age

2. Promotion

a. From b. To

3. Books Read

4. Record in Studies

a. Nature Study

b. Reading

c. Languaged. Spelling

e. Arithmetic f. Geography

g. History Expression

5. Expression
a. Oral (Recitation)

o. Written (Composition)

6. Powers

a. Perception

b. Imagination

c. Memory d. Reason

. Application

7. Defects

a. Sight

b. Hearing

8. Health

a. Good

b. Fairc. Poor

9. Temperament

10. Remarks

(Add here anything that will aid the teacher to better understand the character and peculiarities of the pupil.)

On the front page of the blank are the following:

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Do not fold this sheet except in the center.

This blank is to be used whenever promotions are made from one teacher to another, or whenever the teacher in a room is changed. It is for the information of the new teacher.

At the February promotion this blank is to be made out only for the pupils promoted to another room; in June it must be made out for all divisions, and delivered at the office, with the teacher's other reports. Whenever pupils are promoted to the High School a blank must be filled out for the principals of the High and Commercial Schools.

Suburban teachers may make out all grades on one blank.

City teachers must make out the A and B divisions on separate blanks.

#### EXPLANATIONS

BOOKS READ. — If the pupil reads many indicate by M; some, by S; few, by F.

RECORD. — Indicate proficiency in studies as as follows: good, G; fair, F; poor, P. Indicate a condition, in any study, by C in red ink.

EXPRESSION. — Same as Record.

Powers. — First three for Primary grade;

all for Grammar grades.

TEMPERAMENTS. — (1) Nervous: Impulsive, excitable, sensitive, easily provoked, easily reconciled, usually hopeful. (2) Billious: Serious, passionate, revengeful, enduring, often gloomy. (3) Lymphatic: Not impulsive, slow, calm, persistent, lacking energy, indisposed to exertion.

Ellwood P. Cubberley, Superintendent City Schools.

Upon the last page is the following:-

"THE PUPIL AS AN INDIVIDUAL"

There are two factors in Education with which the teacher has to deal, the Pupil and the Curriculum. In times past, and, indeed, in times quite recent, a large percentage of consideration has been given the curriculum, the pupil, as an individual, receiving little attention. The question has been how much Grammar, Arithmetic, etc., can be poured into this reservoir annually without danger to the receptacle.

Modern progress in Education has been mainly due to a consideration and realization of the individuality of the child, an appreciation of the fact that he is a world in himself; that he has his peculiar likes and dislikes, his particular temperament, his certain interests, his strong and weak faculties; that he is a living, growing, individual being.

The true province of Education is not to deposit, but to develop; to take this being

as he is and to guide, train, and develop, his faculties that he may become a symmetrical being. And how is it possible to develop intelligently without a particular knowledge of the individual? As one well says:- "Surely it is time to act on the principle that it is necessary to know an individual before you try to instruct or govern him." We work with a pupil a year. We become acquainted with his powers and lack of power, with his individualities. As the year draws to a close we feel we are just now able to work with him with some degree of satisfaction. We have come to know his needs. He is not now a member of class "A" or "B," but a distinct being. Could we but have him another year, what might we not reasonably hope to accomplish? But we must pass him on, and the next teacher goes through a like process and travels over the same ground. Now, is it not possible to transmit with the pupil a record of some of the most important facts I have learned, and thus enable the next teacher to go on in her study and knowledge of the individual, or must she traverse the same ground I have, going through all the rudimentary steps? This question has for years been constantly recurring to the writer and pressing for an answer. It seems both possible and reasonable that such a record can be kept. . . .

## COMMUNICATIONS

## THE SAN DIEGO COUNTY SCHOOL TRUSTEES' ASSOCIATION

Lakeside, San Diego County, Cal., November 8, 1897.

Bro. Coffey: I will now try to make my word good by telling you and the readers of our school journal something about our School Trustees' Association. The San Diego County School Trustees' Association was organized September 2d, 1896, during the sessions of the county institute. The chief promoters of the movement were S. L. Ward, H. J. Baldwin, G. V. Thomas, William Thompson, J. V. Griswold, Samuel T. Black (Superintendent Public Instruction), Mary J. Shaw, Frank Harding, J. M. Asher, J. N. Turrentine, and W. A Mensch, ably assisted by County Superintendent Walter J. Bailey. The membership comprises all trustees legally qualified, city and county boards of education, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction. There are no admission fees. The total expense for the year past, including the annual meeting the last week in October, cash paid out, was \$34.67. There have been held eleven meetings in different parts of the county, and much interest is manifested. Our county is divided into seven institute districts. Our object is to educate our school trustees by informing them of their rights and duties under the laws of the State; to bring trustees, teachers, and patrons, of our schools in closer touch and harmony, and by so doing, better our schools and elevate the standard of It is our earnest wish and desire to see this matter taken up by every county in the State and eventually to form a State organization, and to this end we ask your hearty co-operation. At the last annual meeting, the President and Secretary were instructed to correspond with county superintendents of schools and school trustees in the various counties of the State with the object of forming trustees' associations throughout the State. This will be done at once, the two officials having arranged to divide the work There were some few changes in the constitution at the last session, one of which was in membership, permitting zealous workers in the interest of our schools to become honorary members. In order that this class may have some value and be duly appreciated, but five honorary members can be elected in any one year. At the last meeting, shortly before adjourning, the names of A. B. Coffey, San Francisco, and Judge A. Haines of San Diego were proposed, and both gentlemen received a unanimous vote. I shall be only too glad to answer all communications addressed to me on this subject by either county superintendents or trustees and extend a hearty invitation to them to write both myself and Mr. S. L. Ward, Secretary. His postoffice address is Ramona, San Diego county, California. At some future time, I will, should you so desire, tell you of some things we have already accomplished.

Respectfully and fraternally yours,

W. A. MENSCH, President.

Lakeside, California.

DOCTOR MARA PRATT is so well known to the teachers of this State through her books for children, that they will all want to help her in an attempt to get at the children's interest in verse and story. She writes:

#### WILL YOU HELP?

Will the teachers help to collect evidence as to what stories children like best? I would like the opinions of children of all grades from the lowest to the highest. Will you put this question to the children without comment, being sure that they get no bias from you? Then will you send the results to me at the Cook County Normal School, Chicago, Illinois?

Yours very truly,

MARA L. PRATT.

#### TO THE CHILDREN

1. If you were going to make a Reading book for your grade, what short story would you like best of all to have in that book? Tell me what the story is about and where I can find it.

2. Name one poem you would like to have in the

book, or write a few lines of it.



When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

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## THE OVERLAND FOR 1898

A GREAT PROGRAM has been prepared for the New Year which has just dawned on the new ten-cent Overland. It will be seen from this that there is to be no falling off in the literary quality of the magazine, despite its now insignificant cost.

THE KLONDIKE SERIES, of which the fifth appears in this number, has attracted such wide-spread attention, that arrangements have been made for at least two more—one by Dr. Jordan, President of the Stanford University. There will also be at least one practical paper designed to give the best and most explicit advice to those intending to start for the gold region this Spring.

LIFE IN THE U. S. NAVY, will be presented in its most interesting aspects by officers of the service. Lieut. Fullam will write on Annapolis and Cadet life at the Naval Academy, and his article will be profusely illustrated by a young Maryland artist of great talent. Another officer will tell how the U. S. S. Thetis saved a part of the frozen-in whaling fleet in 1889, and rescued a large body of starving miners from the Yukon region.

A STUDY OF MODERN CHINA, and its impending fate will be given by Dr.

Masters, who has so long worked in the Chinese Missions of California.

THE PRIZE STORIES, and some of the best of the unsuccessful competitors will be published, showing what the teachers and students of the Coast can do in the way of fiction writing.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FAR WEST, by prominent literary men will be one of the features of the year.

MR. ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, U. S. Consul to Hong Kong, and late editor of the OVERLAND, promises a series of three papers on Oriental subjects.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS, by Prince Luigi, is the subject of a fascinating article by one who accompanied him, which will appear in an early number, beautifully illustrated by Dixon.

A GRAPHIC SERIES OF COWBOY SKETCHES, skillfully woven into a touching narrative by a new Western writer, will find a place among the many attractions of the OVERLAND'S pages.

ARTICLES ON WESTERN ART AND ARTISTS, are in preparation, and will soon appear accompanied by many exquisite reproductions of the best current work.

FISHING AND HUNTING on the Coast, will receive attention at the hands of sportsmen, who know how to wield the pen as well as the rod or gun.

MR. ROSSITER JOHNSON, the well-known literateur, will conduct a special department of the Overland during the year, called "The Whispering Gallery." This will be a very important and attractive feature of the magazine. Mr. Johnson has a quaint originality and a fine vein of humor; and his "Whispering Gallery" will reflect pleasant echoes from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. The addition of such a celebrated and talented writer as Mr. Rossiter Johnson to the Overland is the most important event in the history of the magazine since the days of Bret Harte.

MR. NOAH BROOKS, whose place in California hearts will ever be warm, has

rejoined the ranks of the Overland's contributors.

MR. DUFFIELD OSBORNE, who has a signed article among this month's book reviews, has been engaged to write some of his weird and powerful stories; and from time to time he will probably discourse on literature and art in that trenchment style which has won him a place in the front rank of young American writers.

Many other new and interesting features will mark the first year of

## THE NEW OVERLAND MONTHLY

Old subscribers and friends of the magazine will help to make each issue better than the preceding one, by drawing it to the attention of their friends and securing their patronage, either as subscribers or as advertisers.

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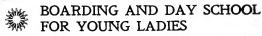
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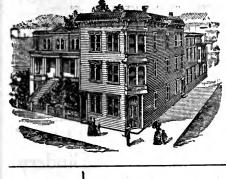
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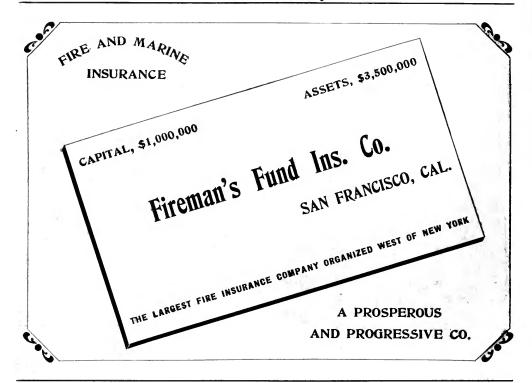
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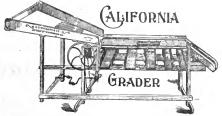
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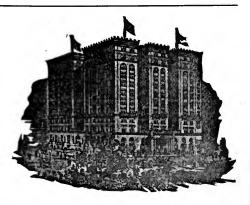
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NO TRAVELER

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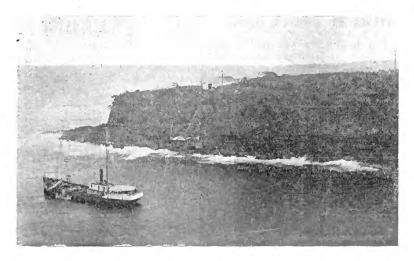
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HAKALAU, HAWAII, ON THE LINE OF THE WILDER'S S. S. CO.

## A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company

have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.

#### THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine Iron Steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the Coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattlemen in the midst of their herds, give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged Coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaiia Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the Coast can be had. First, high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks, and further up the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificant tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more

beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased, so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamized road winding its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied not only with all that the market affords, but also with game, fruits, and berries, from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula, and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

Parties contemplating a long stay can arrange to visit the Puna Hot Springs. Elderly people find these springs particularly efficacious in building up and toning the system. The sea

bathing is one of the great attractions. Accommodations are good and prices moderate.

The Puna District contains the finest coffee lands in Hawaii. Coffee plantations located there are paying from forty per cent. to seventy per cent on capital invested.

For further particulars inquire of

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Carrying the United States and Imperial Mails

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## PANAMA LINE

Sails from San Francisco three times a month for ports of

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-Connecting at Colon with the Panama Railroad Company's steamers, forming -

## The Great Through Line to New York

and with steamers for the West Indies, Spanish Main and Europe. Also at Panama with steamers for ports of the West Coast of South America. Each steamer carries an experienced Surgeon and Stewardess. Prompt attention paid to written or Telegraphic reservations of staterooms or berths.

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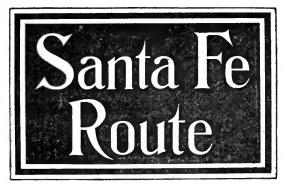
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THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED now runs twice a week between California and Chicago by the Santa Fe route, the third annual season for his magnificent train. Equipment superb, vestibuled Pullman Palace Sleepers, Buffet Smoking Car and through Dining Car managed by Mr. Fred Harvey. The most luxurious service by any line and the fast at time.

THE OVERLAND EXPRESS train leaves every day at 4:30 P. M., carrying Pullman Palace Sleepers, and Pullman's newest upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, from California to Chicago. No other line offers so many inducements to the traveler as the Great Santa Fe Route. Folders and descriptive printed matter sent to any address on application.

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Who has had over 26 years' practical experience treating Facial Blemishes...

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER

Is harmless, transparent, and when used is invisible. It is made by a dermatologist who has had over 26 years' practical experience treating skin diseases, and can be relied upon to contain nothing to irritate or cause a blemish of any nature on the skin.

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Removes scurf, scales and dandruff from the scalp, prevents the falling of the hair, stimulates its growth and restores the lustre. It can be used with advantage by both young and old. Its use does not stain the scalp or clothing . . .

WOODBURY'S DENTAL CREAM Is indorsed by the dental profession, is strictly vegetable, and a most agreeable medium for cleaning the teeth, arresting and preventing decay, and imparting to the gums that high color and firmness indicative of their health. It is put up in tubes, which makes it convenient to use at home or when traveling. Each tube will last from three to four months.

For 15 wrappers of either one or assorted of the regular size of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder or Dental Cream, we will send you a Diamond Stick Pin (suitable for lady or gent), or a Gold Plated (ladies' or gents') Watch Chain, which will wear from 5 to 10 years

For twenty
cents...

We will mail you a sample of each (sufficient for three weeks' use) of
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Dental Cream, and include our 132-page illustrated book on Derma-

The regular size of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Dental Cream are sold everywhere at 25 cents each; Woodbury's Hair and Scalp Tonic, 50 cents.

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Bargains in Second Hand Instruments, as well as New.

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We are agents for Eight different Standard Makes of Pianos. Our prices are the lowest. It will pay you to write and get our figures. Second-hand pianos from \$35 up.

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# How to Obtain a Sewing Machine Without Cost

## Who Has the Oldest Sewing Machine?

We will give 100 of our latest improved machines in even exchange for 100 of the oldest sewing machines of any make now in family use.

Awards to be decided from the reports sent to us before March I, 1898. The new ma-

chines will be delivered within 30 days thereafter.

All you have to do is to send this information on a postal card; (1) your name; (2) location of your residence; (3) post-office address; (4) name of your machine; (5) its factory number; (6) length of time in use; (7) name the publication in which you saw this. Send details in this exact order on a postal card—don't send a letter—and put nothing else on the postal but the information desired.

This is no guessing contest requiring a payment, a subscription, or a personal service of any sort. If you own an old machine, you have only to send the requisite information in order to compete for a prize worth having. It costs absolutely nothing but a postal card, which may bring to your door the best sewing machine in the world in exchange for your

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. Box 1814, New York City 



HE.— Even a burglar has a tender remembrance of early associations.

SHE .-- How do you know?

HE. - Why, they got into Mr. Bing's house, the other night, ate some of his wife's pies, and left a note in which they stated that they were not like the pies Mother used to make. - Yonkers Statesman.

OF ALL the rooming houses in San Francisco there is none quite so nice and desirable in every respect as Hotel Ramona, 130 Ellis street. It is new and naturally, modern. It has an electric elevator running day and night from the street floor; hot and cold water and electric call bells in all rooms; a lady, Mrs. Kate Hart, in charge as manager, which is a guarantee of the irreproachable character of the house; a location (adjoining the Y. M. C. A. Building) that is convenient to everywhere. You will find the Ramona just the house you r'e looking for for a short or long stay in the city.

ETHEL (aged six)— "I wonder where all the clergymen come from?"

FRANCES (aged five) - "I suppose the choir-boys grow up into ministers!"-Bazar.

AN INTERESTING OFFER.-Much discussion is rife over the fact that the Singer Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous sewing machines, propose to give one hundred of their latest improved machines in even exchange for an equal number of the oldest sewing machines, of any make, now in family use in the United States. The award is to be determined from the list of applications sent to the company's head office in New York before March 1, 1897.

The free particulars regarding sending the information to New York can be obtained from our advertising columns; they may also be procured at any of the Singer Company's offices and from their salesmen gen-

erally.

What many young people wanted, but thought beyond their means, they now possess by the simple way stated in our advertising columns by W. G. Baker, 356 Main street, Springfield, Mass.

If people will sell a certain quantity of his goods

he will send them an article of value.

For an order for 25 premium pounds of tea he will send a solid silver watch. Twelve kinds of men's and women's watches can be earned the same way.

Other articles include bicycles, cameras, parlor lamp, dinner sets, sewing machines, mandolins, guitars,

and many other things.

We have yet to learn of any person who has won the desired article and has been disappointed. -0-

"Your story," remarked the Chicago editor, "lacks local color."

"It seems to be gaining in that respect," rejoined the author, observing how soiled his manuscript had become.— Life.

COLUMBIA CALENDAR FOR 1898. For the thirteenth year the Columbia Pad Calendar makes its appearance promptly on time for 1898, and while its general style is of the same familiar character, the many bright thoughts it contains, contributed by its friends in many parts of the country, as well as abroad, are new, and will be appreciated by all who take an interest in bicycling, healthful exercise and good roads.

WALLACE.—I did n't know you rode a wheel.

FERRY .- I don't.

WALLACE. - Then, what are you wearing knickerbockers and a sweater for?

FERRY.—To keep the fool bicycle riders from running over me. They think I 'm one of 'em.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE OVERLAND is improving every month in matter and illustrations; and its circulation is increasing at a rate which shows the warm appreciation of the reading public. The February issue will be just twice as large as that of last April; and next month the sworn testimony of an expert accountant will be published to prove it.

Delia .- Professor Monograph is visiting you, I understand. Does n't he find the sights and sounds of the city odd?"

AMELIA. -- Not at all. Some berry peddlers passed he house today crying their wares, and the dear old man asked me what college they belonged to.—Puck.

MARIE - So you are engaged to Mr. Specie. Was he the only man at the beach with sand enough to pro-

EDITH - No. But he was the only man with rocks enough for me to accept.— Truth.

OVERLAND MONTHLY .- "The reduction in price of the Overland Monthly from twenty-five to ten cents a copy, has been attended with a slight diminution in size, but its quality has certainly been improved. The change has been a distinct gain to the readers of that distinctively California magazine of literature. This thought is suggested by the reading of the November number, which is replete with entertaining matter. It had several bright sketches and some good poetry, and is in all ways worthy of a place on the reading table of the lover of good literature."-S. F. Hotel and Wine Gazette.

"ARE you going to write a note telling Santa Claus what you want this Christmas?" asked little Davie Gazzam of Benny Bloobumper.

"Of course," replied Benny, with a wink of his other eye, "and I m going to give it to papa to mail, too."—Bazar.

A STANDARD ARTICLE.—The standard preparation known as "Sozodont," which has gained a reputation as one of the best articles for the cleaning and preservation of the teeth ever put before the public, continues to meet with a large sale. Some of the most prominent people in the country have testified as to its merits, and as it maintains its popularity, after being on the market for a number of years, it is evident that "Sozodont" is all that it is claimed to be.

FLORA (who has aspirations)—"Don't you think women can do a great deal to elevate the stage?"

ED-"It would n't be necessary if they'd lower their hats."-Bazar.

OKLAHOMA BELLE.—I think Pap 's a-goin' ter favor yer, Bill, over all the other fellers. I've been a-talkin' about ye, and he never said nothin', but I know he likes ve.

SQUATTER BILL. How d' yer know, Nance?

OKLAHOMA BELLE. - I told him ye was comin' round ternight, and he loaded up his gun with squirrel shot instead ov buck .- Detroit Free Press.



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#### Overland Monthly

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## Hartshorn Shade Rollers

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CAUTION.

The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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of "the cow that jumped over the moon" is not more barren of fact that the claims of some of the "cure all" silver cleaners which are supposed to clean everything from dishpans to diamonds.

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BE SURE to get the right kind.

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THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET.

Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap

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Return twenty-five or fifty wrappers and receive a handsome premium.



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For durability and for economy this preparation is truly unrivalled
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POLISHED WITH A BRUSH"

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Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and stubs 1008, 1043, and others. Highest Awards, Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.







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Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough,

Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sold by all druggists.

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Beautiful Pictures, 3½x4½, Snap-Shots or Time Exposures, readily taken by amateurs. The Camera is easily carned without any cost to yourself by selling among your friends 30 pounds or sell 75 lbs. for a Boys' or diris Bleyele; 100 lbs. for a Boys' or diris Bleyele; 100 lbs. for a Youths' or Maidens' Bleyele; 200 lbs. for a Ladles' or Gentlemen's highest grade Bleyele; 25 lbs. for a Soid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch and Chain or a Decorated Dinner Set; 90 lbs. for a Sewing Machine; 15 lbs. for pair Lace Curtains; 81bs. for Nickel Plated Skates or Express Wagon: 15 lbs. for Flobert Rifle; 30 lbs. for Shot Gin; 25 lbs. for Autobarp. Gultar or Mandolin. EXPRESS PREPAID.



Send postal for Catalogue, Order Sheet and particulars. W.G. BAKER, (Dept. 39), Springfield, Mass.

# \$300.00 IN PRIZES

## The Overland's Prize Contests for Amateur Photographers

The publishers of the OVERLAND have pleasure in offering a Series of Cash Prizes for the best photographic prints made by amateurs. The contests will run for a year, and three cash prizes will be awarded every two months.

The First Prize will be Twenty-Five Dollars; the Second, Fifteen Dollars; and the Third, Ten Dollars. The conditions are as follows:

The competitions are open to amateurs only.

Prints are to be made from original negatives on Aristo or Albumen paper, and suitably mounted.

Postage or express charges are to be paid by the competitor.

The prints will not be returned whether successful or not; and the publishers of the OVERLAND will have

the right to publish them during the contests or afterwards at their discretion.

The art editor of the OVERLAND will select for publication the best photographs sent in by the first of the month preceding the date of each competition. His selection will be governed by three qualities: photographic perfection, artistic treatment, subject. Each published photograph will be given a number. The maker's name, address, and title of subject, will also be printed. The readers of the OVERLAND will then be invited to record their votes on coupons which will be supplied, in favor of ONE of the published pictures; and the one that receives the greatest number of votes will be awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars; the one that receives the next greatest number will receive fifteen dollars, and the next ten dollars.

It is an essential condition that competitors be yearly subscribers to this magazine. Any one who is not a subscriber may compete by sending a dollar for a year's subscription at the same time that he sends his photo-

graphs.

The best half-tones are made from Aristo prints, toned to a warm sepia. The larger the print the better.

Particulars of make of camera, lens and plates should be sent with every photograph.

Photographs for the first competition should reach the office of the OVERLAND not later than the first of November. The best among them will be printed in the December and January numbers and the votes will be recorded till the end of the month last named, when the award will be made and the prizes paid.

For the second competition, photographs will be received during the months of November and December.

Address, Art Editor, Overland Monthly, San Francisco

## "Overland" Photographic Contest Ballot

#### FIRST CONTEST

To the Editor of the "Overland":

Having examined Plates Nos. 1 to 15 in "THE OVERLAND" PHOTO-GRAPHIC CONTEST, in the December and January Nos., my choice of the best picture is No......

# Sick or "Just Don't Feel Well."

ONLY ONE FOR A DOSE.
Removes Pimples, cures Headache, Dyspepsia and
Costlyeness. 25 cts. a box at druggists or by mail Samples Free, address Dr. Bosanko Co. Phila. Pa.

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The only talcum powder with a national reputation as a perfect toilet requi-site. This trade mark on box cover is a guarantee of absolute purity. Take no substitutes which are lia-

ble to do harm. For sale everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25 cts. (Free sample.) Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N.J.

#### STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 CALIFORNIA STREET.

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GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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Charley Freeman's; GOLDEN GATE

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#### Bicycle Repairing and Teaching.

William Clark, 102 Telegraph Ave; T Main 106 Oakland Cyclery, 1303 Broadway, junction Telegraph Ave; T Main 118 Starratt Bros., 422 12th

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Sohst Bros Pioneer Factory, cor. 8th and Franklin; T 887

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W. C. Mason, 2128 Shattuck Ave; T 221 Red; BERKELEY

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Ave; T Red 881 E. H. Driggs, 2126 Center; T Black 212;

BERKELEY

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T Main 26

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C. O. Wentworth, 1129 13th Ave; T Main

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Alameda Market, 1525 Park; T Black 421;

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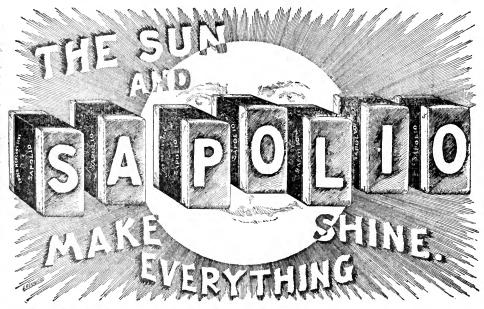
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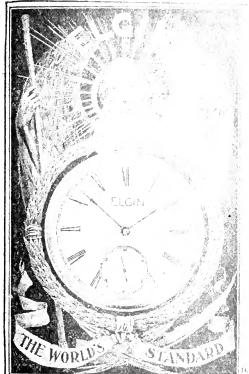
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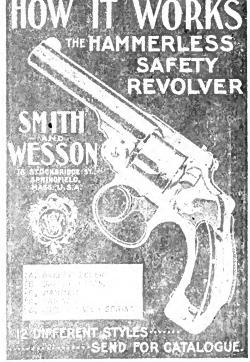
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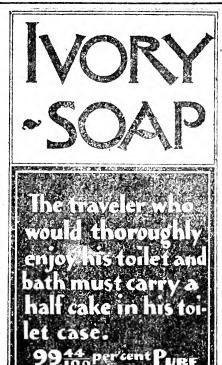
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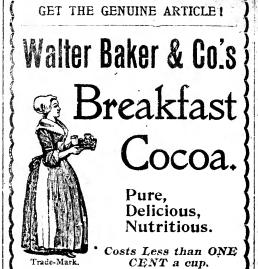


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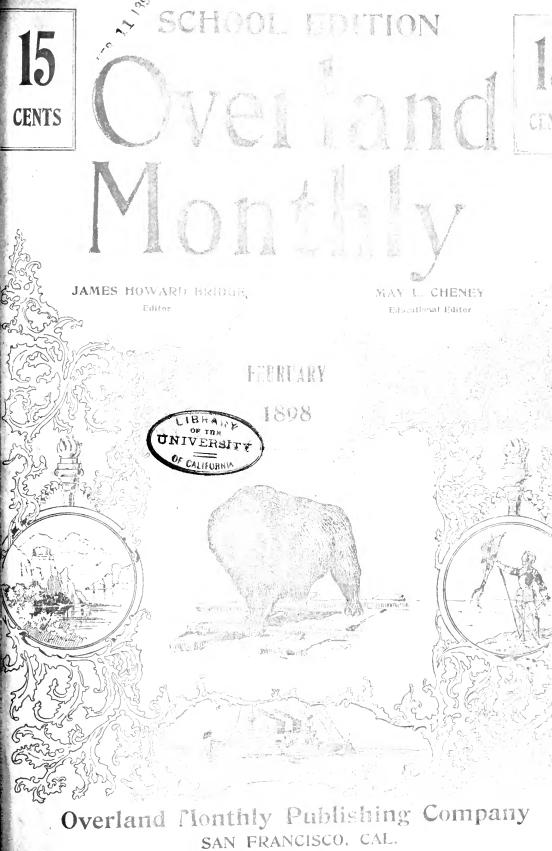
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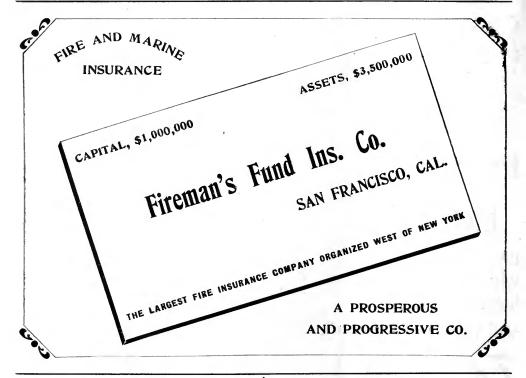
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# Overland Monthly

# EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Vol. II — February, 1898 — No. 8

#### **EDITORIAL**

Physical Culture in the Schools In this time of general awakening to the varied needs of childhood, there seems some hope of a tardy recognition of the important influence of

physical conditions and the need of systematic physical culture as a part of the process we call education. In this, as in many other reforms in educational practice, the tendency has been to work from the top downward. For a number of years scientific body-building has been a part of the curriculum of our best universities. It is now finding its way into our high schools, and there are evidences which promise that before very long there will be a systematic effort to apply these principles where they will do the most good, viz., to the growing child.

Superintendent Hyatt of Riverside county has recently issued a small pamphlet called "A Beginning in Bodily Training." In it he recommends to the teachers of his county the use of certain exercises from the Manual of Arms of the United States army. "These exercises," he says, "are the result of centuries of experience. That they will convert awkward, ill-shaped youths into symmetrical, and well-poised men has been proved at West Point. What may they not do for the more flexible bodies of young children?"

The objection to the introduction of physical culture has always been that it required expensive apparatus. Here is a proof that no such apparatus is required. The so-called "setting-up exercises" used in the training of men for the army are all free movements, and the results obtained in every civilized country of the world attest their value.

Professor Magee, director of the gym-

nasium of the University of California, has called attention to one defect in these exercises which teachers should be warned against. In some half dozen of the exercises the pupil is instructed to place the hands upon the hips. This should never be done, as the position of the chest that is thus induced is an incorrect one, and produces harm. These exercises have been modified in practice in the military department at the University of California, and the commander at the Presidio has also recognized the wisdom of the criticism.

Otherwise no better exercises could be found to produce an erect carriage, symmetrical development of the body, and command of the muscles.

Another evidence of the awakening of a general interest in physical culture was the favorable reception of the report of the Committee on Physical Education and Hygiene to the Council of Education of the State Teachers' Association. This report recommended the introduction of physical culture in connection with nature study. It advocated special teachers of these branches for the larger towns and cities, with thorough inspection of sanitary conditions, anthropometric measurements, and tests of the special senses of the children. It was adopted by the Council and will be recommended for discussion at the County Insti-The Council also passed a resolution to the effect that it would confer with the State Board of Health and with school authorities, urging the taking of statistics as to the health of school children, and its relation to their life and work. Doctor Wood of Stanford spoke of the startling results of such an investigation in Denmark. Every teacher who uses her senses knows that the same conditions exist in California.

#### Remember Lincoln's Birthday

The celebration of Lincoln Day by the children of the public schools is something that appeals to the feelings as a matter of especial fitness. Of all

America's great men Lincoln stands enshrined as the typical people's hero. His kindly sense of humor, his homely origin, his pathetic struggle against odds in pursuit of the education that all children now-adays receive as a matter of course, his qualities of honesty and shrewdness, and above all his unfailing fund of common sense, make him a lovable and attractive figure to children as well as to people of maturer years. There is nothing about him that we need fear to tell. His doings were always clean and wholesome and of the compelling sort that hold the childish imagination and hold it permanently and for good. Then, too, the vicarious element in the tragedy of his death renders it a specially appropriate lesson for the teaching of patriotic sentiment without the too common danger of falling into mawkishness and undue sentimentality. The Lincoln Society has begun the agitation and Superintendent Black's circular letter, published in this issue, shows that the attempt to introduce the observance of February 12th - Lincoln's birthday - in the public schools will probably meet with success.

Home and School Child Study Association ONE of the most interesting matters presented to the State Teachers' Association at its recent meeting was the plan for a Home and School Child Study Association which

originated with Mrs. E. G. Greene of Santa Cruz. This association was organized less than a year ago in San Francisco. Its constitution announces the purpose of the organization to be to unite home and school in the work of education. This tacitly recognizes the fact that studying children does not commit the student to writing a book. Printed syllabi are offered for the use of Round Tables established in connection with the association. But the central feature of the organization is the Mothers

and Teachers club. There is no more important work to be done in the cause of education than the bringing of parents into relation with the school. It is the rule in this country for parents to have nothing to do with the education of their children. The State undertakes that office, and it is perhaps natural that the majority of parents should consider themselves as relieved of all responsibility in the matter. They turn their children over to the schools at six years old and the teacher is expected to make them all that they should be. As one teacher is frequently responsible for fifty children at a time, it is not strange that the results are not always satisfactory.

Mrs. Greene has hit upon the plan of uniting parents and teachers for co-operative child study, which those who have made a specialty of the subject assure us is the most valuable kind. If she can impress upon the mothers and teachers the fact that printed syllabi are useful merely as a suggestion, a hint as to where to take hold, and that the real value of these meetings will be found in the discussion of problems of interest only to themselves, she will deserve credit for supplying a valuable adjunct to our schools. The ability to study patiently and systematically some one phase of childhood, or all the phases of some one child, is given to very few. But the ability to sit down and write out faithfully an account of Johnnie's latest piece of naughtiness is common to all conscientious teachers. and it is surprising how much self-examintion the process requires and how subtle relations of conduct appear in the written page that were unsuspected at the time of the struggle. This kind of child study is within the reach of all, and it has a value aside from the filling of books for specialists to pore over. It may be impossible to make notes of value in the development of this new science without a thorough knowledge of the principles of psychology. But any thoughtful mother or teacher can gain immense help in the difficult process of developing young souls by noting down her own impressions from day to day. where mothers and teachers have an opportunity to compare their notes some helpful suggestions are sure to result.

## NATURE STUDY AND ITS CORRELATIONS

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COMPLAINT seems general of an overcrowded curriculum in the primary and grammar grades, and a wail goes up from teachers, superintendents, and school boards. whenever new work is suggested. The cry is, "Fad! Fad! Down with the specialist!" The child is being crammed, not educated. Health is being sacrificed to mental training. All the ills child flesh is heir to, from late hours, social dissipation, improper or poorly cooked food, bad constitution, are laid at the door of the school.

The Course of Study may easily be overcrowded if things are loosely thrown together; its capacity, however, is doubled by careful selection and arrangement of work. Not too many subjects but bad selection and improper arrangement is the growing

evil of our Course of Study.

Nature study not only furnishes a valuable knowledge content, with training in thought and observation, but may even save much time in the easier and better teaching of other subjects. Very young children, indeed, are attracted to things they may see and handle. In no subject may a skilled teacher so deeply interest a class as in Whatever may be brought in nature. touch, therefore, with this study will receive a new baptism of interest. Dull plodding will be quickened into active, earnest work. The value of nature study for increasing the pupil's observation, for training his reason, for giving him interpretation of nature, both scientific and artistic, is, we believe, admitted by all. The only doubt of intelligent teachers is the question of We believe it will more than save time to other subjects by proper correlation with them.

The best reading material for the early school years consists of material easily within the pupil's comprehension, expressed in words already in his vocabulary, and in short, simple sentences. It should contain thought which the pupil wishes to gather from the printed page. What better read-

ing material can be supplied than nature study? The examination of the objects has already awakened the pupil's interest in them; the names are already familiar: he is now eager for the new power of interpreting the written symbols of these objects. His own composition will therefore furnish valuable reading material. The thoughts are his, the words are within his vocabulary, and the objects have already appealed to his interest. This will secure good expression in reading. Let pupils of the same class exchange and read each other's papers; let different classes of the same grade exchange papers and use them as reading material. Such papers may be exchanged sometimes between different grades, as between the second and third. Sometimes papers may be mimeographed so that each pupil may have a copy. Again, the teacher may copy a good paper on the board and thus furnish a reading lesson for an entire class. In my own experience nature study papers have been found very valuable reading material.

The best time to learn to spell a word is when it is needed, and vice versa, use determines the words to be spelled. Words likely to occur in the nature papers may be written on the board by the teacher; others may be told individual pupils as they wish to use them. Pupils old enough should be encouraged to use the dictionary whenever in doubt. All pupils should be impressed never to write a word unless they are sureof its spelling. Composition in nature study thus becomes a means of teaching spelling. Words are learned which the pupil wishes to use and learned when he is most likely to remember them. From these papers words should be selected for special

Interest in nature work will, too, lead to greater care and neatness in penmanship. The best drill in writing is not the copybook but the actual use of penmanship in expressing thought. Attention should be

drill in spelling.

constantly called to neat, well-written papers. These may be occasionally exhibited by pinning up in the room. Pupils thus compare each other's work, in composition, spelling, penmanship, and drawing. Judicious praise of effort will encourage the most backward. Mere drill exercises lack interest, are dull and stupid; associated with a subject loved by the pupil the drudgery is transformed by living interest.

In all grades of all schools composition should be taught, — the ready and accurate expression of thought in both oral and written language. To secure good composition two things are essential: The pupil must have thought to express and a desire to express it. Too often composition is mere uninteresting mechanical drudgery. The child who has something to say wants to say it, particularly if he has seen or thought it out for himself. It will then be expressed in his own vocabulary and in his own idiom. The faults of such language may be corrected and the pupil's style improved. If required to write in a stilted, unnatural style about virtue, George Washington, or the stars, both thought and language must be borrowed, and the corrections of such style and vocabulary will in no manner improve the one or enlarge the other. All good results in composition must be an improvement of the child's own language. When the pupil has made a careful study at first hand of any of the varied objects of nature, whether it be plant, animal, mineral, bit of local geography, or natural scenery, the thought he has to express is his own; and who ever had a thought entirely his own but wished to give it utterance? And what criticism will be more cheerfully received than that which aids in the easier expression of one's own thought? The boy learns to row a boat when it will help him to the fishing ground. He masters the wheel because it leads to the expression of an activity. The mastery of language becomes valuable in his eyes only when it gives a new power of expressing himself. To express a thought he must first possess it. Our pupils spend from six to twelve years in a mechanical tinkering with language and yet have almost no power in composition. A small fraction of this time spent in expressing the pupil's own thought, with wise criticisms,—suggestions of betterment, - will show power

in language in grammar grades not now attained by high school graduates. Nature study should not be the only subject for composition but it is one of the best, for here the pupil is led to observe and to think. All thought studies should share in the work of written and oral expression.

Drawing should be taught for two purposes. Like language it is a means of expressing thought; on the artistic side it expresses the beautiful. As thought expression it is surpassed only by the power of words. It is often quicker, simpler, and clearer than words. In truth it is itself a kind of language. Words may he translated into drawing or drawing translated into words. Both methods of expression should be cultivated. If drawing first expresses the child's observation, this may be translated into composition; if description be first employed, it may be translated into drawing. Compare either expression of thought with the object itself and correct errors or omissions.

For years we have been teaching drawing from flat surfaces, drawing of straight and curved lines, drawing from geometrical models and various mechanical designs, and yet teachers who have come through all this training lack the power to express themselves except in words. The muscles are sufficiently under control and vet the simplest object can not be drawn so as to be recognized. Why? Because the eye has not been trained to see. Nature study gives accurate observation. Before a thing can be drawn it must be seen. The power of looking at things is possessed by all, the power of seeing by very few. Drawing is in the eye more than in the hand. The eye does not know that it has failed to see until the hand attempts to draw. The attempt to express the results of nature study in drawing, therefore, enforces close observation, which in turn reacts on the drawing. "Reading maketh a full man, speaking a ready man," drawing an exact man.

Not all objects of nature study should be drawn, but the drawing should be taken very largely from the nature work. The drawing should be made first for scientific accuracy. If it be a flower, let each part be drawn separately so that the size, shape, and function of each may be represented; then let the flower be drawn as a whole. For artistic purposes a single flower or a

cluster of flowers may be drawn, or flowers with a leafy branch. The eye which has learned to see the scientific may more easily be taught to appreciate the artistic. In the same way the insect may be drawn by parts and then as a whole. The web of the spider has an artistic beauty in its symmetry, the graceful curves of a bird appeal to the æsthetic taste. Drawing taught in this way will please the child, it will become a pleasure, not a task.

The more the child knows of plants and lower animals the more clearly and quickly will he learn the physiology which is already

in the Course of Study.

All physical geography is but nature study. From the water-partings of the school-yard his imagination easily passes to the water-partings of the continent. In the small streamlet and its tributaries he may see the valley of the Mississippi. After each rain all the operations of transportation, erosion, and deposit, by water are going on before his eyes,—continent building in miniature. The delta of the Nile or the Mississippi is seen where the streamlet flows into the pond at the edge of the street. This study of out-door geography shortens the time which it takes to master that which is usually studied from the book.

But nature is more than individual plants, insects, birds. The sky with its everchanging aspect, the glowing sunset, the gray dawn, the fleecy clouds of summer, the heavy gray clouds full of the winter rain, the driving thunder-storm, the full-orbed moon, and the starry vault of heaven, are all nature's handiwork. The varied landscape,

"The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green, and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

are parts of nature and must be studied by the intellect for their scientific value and by the soul for their revelation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. When these are seen and appreciated the hand guided by a full mind may sketch them. But nature does not yield its entire content to the eye. The ear has its full share. "To him who, in the love of nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And eloquence of beauty."

The bird may be known not less surely by his note than by his plumage. His feathers are changed only with the seasons, but his song, his cry to his mate or his young, his warning of danger, or his scream of fright, change with his varying emotions. The inner life of the bird is revealed to the ear. To the trained ear of the naturalist the woods and the fields are always full of sound. Even inanimate things have voices; the winds play upon the harps of the trees, and almost every species may be known by the sound it gives forth as readily as by its flower or by its fruit. The complaining brook scarce gives forth the same sound in any two parts of its course.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

The waves of ocean speak volumes to him who has learned to listen, whether in the roar of billows lashed to fury by the tempest or in the sound of "lapsing waves on quiet shores."

"We heard the roar Of ocean on his wintry shore, And felt the strong pulse throbbing there Beat with low rhythm our inland air."

"Woods,

Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean,

The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn."

Teach the children to hear as well as see. There is much good music of which we are unconscious. Stop the school work for a minute and hear the patter of the rain against the windows; listen to the wind as it moans about the eaves. How the leaves

rustle as they are about to fall in autumn or as they are whirled along the ground!

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread."

How different from the soft and gentle note of full summer! Where is that cricket or katy-did? What bird is that, calling from the neighboring tree? Do you know the note of the tree-toad? Does it vary with the season and the weather? Can you tell by the song of the robin or the thrush whether the nest is building or the fledglings hungrily stretching their wide mouths to be filled?

"Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Soon as the little ones chip the shell Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln at length is made Sober with work, and silent with care." Can you interpret the varied song of the mocking bird? Have you noted the change with day and night? Is there a language of emotion in the lowing of the herd, the bleating of the sheep, or the neighing of the horse? To your ear do "drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds"? or the "beetle wheel his droning flight"? And does

"The moping owl . . . to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower, Molest her ancient, solitary reign"?

If you have not learned to hear, go forth with nature and listen while you see; then, from the woods, the fields, the sounding shore, turning to your literature and your pictures, you hear sounds and see sights where formerly were only words. Train the ear of the child by nature study and this training will give better results in music, spelling, reading and literature. Fill the mind with clear eye and ear images and the printed page becomes luminous word-painting. Nature study makes literature full of meaning. Time will then be saved and results obtained in place of effort wasted.

#### A TERM'S WORK IN CLASSIC MYTHS

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THE discussion on the use of classic myths in the schools will probably continue indefinitely, since it involves our educational ideals, and still more, touches our educational prejudices. But whatever way the war of words turns, as long as the University requires the work of the high school, many of us must face this question every term: how may this mass of ancient tradition be made a helpful force in the life of our boys and girls? Any suggestions which may follow have come from an attempt to find an answer.

It is well, I think, to recognize that in

the attitude of the class toward this subject, besides the inertia of ignorance, there is likely to be more or less active prejudice; the stories are pagan, therefore heathenish and probably vile; or they are silly, foolish stories which would never appeal to any except savage or childish minds; or again, the tales are the peculiar property of poets, artists, and other such useless members of society for whom the practical, workaday man or woman finds little place. Bigotry, ignorance, with its attendant prudery, and Philistinism are arrayed against us. For us may work the innate love of

adventure, of romance, of beauty in nature and art, if we can but teach so that the identity of human loves, hopes, sorrows, and ideals, may be made manifest. The very order of the presentation of the subject may utilize these forces and do much to

dispel the existing prejudices.

I have found that to begin with the first of the Classic Myths, or with Chapter IV.,¹ as is customary, deprives the teacher of the aid of the chief force for which the whole subject matter is to stand; I mean its embodiment in literature. Moreover, to begin with a recital of doings of the gods, with no background, no atmosphere for them to breathe, so to speak, rouses the latent prejudice, and often to the more earnest student suggests that hopeless moral confusion darkened the Greek world: the gods seem a sort of celestial demi-monde, he would turn away in disgust, if he dared.

The following plan makes no claim to originality. It is the outgrowth of experiment, and many suggestions; it has seemed to indicate some answer to the fundamental question, with less expenditure of time, and

less of friction.

But before any statement of method of work can be practical, there must be a determination of the time set apart for the subject. We have found it impossible to devote a full term to it, and unsatisfactory to devote less. Therefore we have combined the work in myths with the drill in composition. In that way the attention of the student is not diverted to other thought, and the subject itself, with its many-sided interest, supplies material for all sorts of written work. The telling of a story, briefly, sympathetically, and to the point, is with us an accomplishment held worthy of much effort, and the myths furnish, par excellence, material to be retold. Opportunity is given also to model original work after these tales, and in a variety of ways there is abundant room for self-expression. Again, the time involved must limit our aim. Something may be done in ten weeks; but even with a full term, any attempt to have the student carry away the chronology, genealogy, ethics, æsthetics, and what not, of the text is a manifest absurdity. It is surely enough if he grasps firmly what the chief gods meant in Greek life, and gains sufficient familiarity with the whole sub-

Classic Myths in English Literature. By C. M. Gayley.

ject matter to ensure an intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of classical allusions, and best result of all, if he gains a quickened love of beauty, whether revealed in nature, in conduct, or in art.

I believe it is wise to begin with some story from Greek literature. Choose any that is full of human interest. I believe Homer proves most satisfactory. this last suggestion I am indebted to the Oakland High School. In my own classes I find the Odyssey best to begin with. instead of reasons for some ancient religion as yet unknown, or a descriptive catalogue of its gods, we have account of a masterly tale of adventure, through whose shifting scenes the world has never tired of following Ulysses. Nor will the classes tire. especially if the teacher is able to supplement the necessarily scanty text with a constant background of the poem itself. The Iliad follows naturally, and if some one objects that this is not a logical arrangement, let him remember we are working now not in logic, but in art; that moreover our method has the high authority of Homer himself, who begins in the midst of things.

By the time these are read there is an interest in the gods as dramatis personæ. But I have found it well to pursue this plan still further. Hesiod may develop this interest, but I have turned for our second subject to the great dramas, that stir the imagination and the heart, and stir them deeply. Here the stories of Iphigenia, Agamemnon, and Orestes, may be recalled. Admetus and Alcestis, and Prometheus Bound are excellent also, but most classes love the Œdipus in Colonnus and the Antigone best of all. By careful preparation I have found it possible to read the two plays in three recitation periods, using Plumptre's translation. Even the least sympathetic is stirred by the lament of Antigone, hushed before the death of Œdipus; it is impossible to sneer at Antigone's words to Creon, or the clear faith of Œdipus, who, like Job, grounds his cause in the eternal justice of God. Moreover by this time the myths have won the sympathy and respect of the class and this sympathy and respect is the result of knowledge, not of languid consent to some special plea on the part of the teacher.

It seems to me that the fundamental



question is in a sure way of answer now, and whether we turn at once from these plays to the gods themselves, or take up the stories of the heroes is a matter of small moment. But after some simple notion of the relation of the gods to each other is made plain, say the work covered by Chapter IV, a fresh interest is aroused by grouping the gods as they were grouped to their Greek worshipers; for instance, the Apollo and Diana myths, with all their attendant divinities; then comes the Dionysus group, so allied to Apollo in his most sacred shrine at Delphi, as patron god of poetry, and in the nature worship, as identified with the returning spring. But to this latter group also belongs Pan, with his whole tribe of Sileni, Satyrs, Fauns, and wildwood creatures. Again Dionysus, the vine god, is akin to Demeter, the corn mother, and even shares in the mysteries at Eleusis, as very brother to Persephone, being thus identified with the deepest and most spiritual aspect of the Greek religion. These are enough examples to indicate what I mean. It is not that I quarrel with the order of the text as a work of reference. But these conceptions, which, under different names and held perchance in other relations of thought, are still working in our lives, should not be sacrificed to our modern mania of pigeon-holing all our intellectual possessions. A love of nature in its unwordable nearness to our own life, a vague stirring of the feeling that lies in that term, our mother earth, a sense of the joy of human life, even in its struggles, these are far truer to the Greek thought than any systematized theology. And more, these are far truer to the spirit of the text, and I believe, the interest which places it in our

In the Homeric work the greatest help to the teacher is a thorough knowledge of the Iliad and Odyssey at first hand. I do not mean in the original now, but as the poems are translated by Lang, Bryant, and others of the better translators. Beware of mistaking the spirit of Pope or of Chapman for Homer, though the latter is delightful as a great Elizabethan poem. Books about Homer are well enough; but to live alongside him for one full summer vacation gives infinitely more. We should know him as the student of Islam the Koran, the student of Christianity the Bible. Such vivid

pictures of cities, customs, beliefs, manners, states, are here, of set religious rites and hearts' love, that one may live again that springtime of the world if he chooses. If we are too lazy to do so, Gladstone or Jebb can help us disguise the fact but poorly. Such studies, however, as Schlieman's "Troja," or Walter Pater's Homeric Art in his "Greek Studies," are valuable in clearing one's conceptions, and I have found the classes enjoy such plans as are given of an Homeric house and ship, in Autenreich's classical dictionary; these may be found, however, in any good work of this sort.

I have used little in teaching the dramatic stories except the text in Classic Myths and the translations by Plumptre. The latter my students are not ready as a class to enjoy by themselves, but they do gain much, I believe, from the class readings. These furnish excellent material for reproduction of the story, character interpretation, etc.

In preparing to teach the more general features of the myths, the character of the gods, their worship, etc., I know of no works equal to Dyer's "Gods of Greece" and Walter Pater's "Greek Studies," to give one insight into the meaning of the gods to their Greek worshipers, and to us. in their effect on modern art and thought. I have found; also, "Marius the Epicurean," by Pater, suggestive and helpful in making these far away themes actually alive to the class. But for this purpose I know of nothing better than Theocritus, and that his work touches the lighter phases of life makes it that much the more valuable, for it is easier for a class to imagine an ancient people as heroic figures of tragedy than as every-day men and women. Try the effect of "Gorgo and Praxinoa" on a class, if interest is flagging, and see the response. Some one might object that Theocritus himself is modern in comparison to the myths: but however that may be, he is in perfect literary sympathy with them, and vitalizes them for the class. The "Harvest Song" in honor of Demeter is also excellent for class use. The classes enjoy Calverly's translation perhaps better than the prose versions.

One question which has been raised again and again is, what do you do with the myths that impress the class as immoral, or that are difficult to discuss before students at so

self-conscious an age? After making allowance for the gathering together of many local traditions under one name, for the purely nature myth, and for different moral standards, I think there is distinct gain in the frank statement that some of the myths were considered immoral even by the Greeks themselves, in the later stages of their thought. It would be foolish to omit, for this reason, any from the reading of the class, as the omission would but emphasize them; but I think it worse than foolish to compel some self-conscious boy or girl to stammer through the Endymion or even the Cupid and Pysche, though this last I know they really love, for its dainty

beauty. I think before such work in literature or before presenting representations of much of the best of antique art the teacher has a distinct work; he himself should recognize the sensitiveness of adolesence, but he should recognize also that he may help the student escape from his morbid consciousness of self into the enjoyment of the dignity and beauty of such art as the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus de Milo, or again, of the story of noble loves. That student most truly reads his myths whose mind and heart are alike kindled by the Still let him not linger in the soft languor of the Lotus Eaters, but in the ringing valor of the Ulysses.

#### THE PSYCHOSES OF CHILDREN'

It is, however, time that we discussed the easily raised question whether it be really necessary that every pedagogue should have a knowledge of the mental diseases of children; or whether on the contrary it be not sufficient that only those employed in asylums which are devoted to the training of idiots should engage in this study. By the term idiots those individuals are meant in whom there is a chronic and incurable weakness of the intellectual faculties prominent from infancy,— a weakness which is connected with marked anomalies of the feelings and the will.

It should be remarked that the number of weak-minded, imbecile, and idiotic children in the schools is greater than at first appears, because from the lack of proper institutions in certain regions and from various other reasons only a small proportion of those who should receive especial care and study, is confined in asylums. It is then readily seen that the teachers in the public schools frequenlty come into contact with weak-minded children, and unless they possess a certain amount of knowledge of insanity, they treat the abnormal child exactly as

¹In the Pedagogical Seminary conducted by Professor Elmer E. Brown at the University of California, Miss Miriam Levingstone presented a translation of Christian Ufer's "Geistesstörungen in der Schule." The article is too long to be inserted in full. But believing the subject to be one of interest to all teachers, the Overland presents the following extracts. To anyone having sufficient interest to write for them the list of books quoted in the article will be sent.

they treat the normal one or else entirely neglect him. Even if in the near future the activity of private asylums, the philanthropic associations, and not least, the providence of the State, shall secure the admission of the weak-minded into special institutions, the teacher of the higher as well as of the lower schools will still have to consider the elements of psychiatry. For it would be a gross and fatal error to believe that besides pronounced idiocy and imbecility with their marked signs there are no other mental disturbances occurring in children. Although their occurrence is not so frequent as in adults, still it is very much greater than one with untrained powers of observation would be led to suppose. It must be remembered that in many cases it is difficult for even the physician to judge whether certain phenomena of mental life be due to disease or whether they may be considered as normally produced.

No matter how much the opinions of alienists may differ in individual cases, they are all agreed that no sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the normal and the abnormal. Professor Krafft-Ebing in his text-book on Psychiatry remarks that health and disease are not necessarily paradoxical, and Emminghaus says:—

The fluency of transition between health and disease is nowhere more apparent than in the sphere of mental life.

And in Morselli's famous book on suicide we read:—

When can we ask, is this insanity or is it sense? Who has the power well to define boundaries between a brain that performs its functions normally and one that performs its functions abnormally?

He who has thoroughly learned the weak sides of human intelligence will have a broader conception of what psychic abnormality consists in. Naturally it cannot be expected that the teacher should be able to diagnose those cases in which even the alienist is in doubt, but at least he should not be blind to those phenomena which to the laity seem normal, but which when viewed from the physician's standpoint will be placed in all probability in the category of the abnormal.

We can realize the extreme importance of training upon the psychical disturbances of children only when we consider that the greater number of these disturbances are due to special diathesis, hereditary, or acquired very early in life. They therefore come directly under the head of that most important principle of pedagogy, the treatment of the individuality, and if success is to be assured must be made the starting point of all pedagogic efforts.

Other psychical disturbances of childhood have, however, a more superficial origin, inasmuch as they are connected with some corporeal condition which may last for a longer or a shorter period but which is always temporary. These generally disappear upon the proper treatment of the bodily ailment, but should this not be the case they may develop into an intractable

evil.

Still you will ask, by what one may recognize children who are not plainly weakminded or idiots as mentally alienated? The phenomena of this sort are so manifold and connected with one another in such different ways that I can only recommend Emminghaus's book for their proper study. It may be useful, nevertheless, if I give a few of the most prominent and frequent symp-Such children do not show mental weakness from infancy; they play, question, and answer, as much as other children; but their parents complain that their training has caused them great trouble, though they are unable to assign any particular reason for this. Their intelligence seems normal so long as they are not put to tasks which

require great or especially long continued effort. If this be the case, however, the strength soon gives out and a weakness of the memory becomes very perceptible. The children are anxious enough to do mental labor but they stare absently at their books apparently unable to think, they do not finish their work, and any exciting impression seems to increase the disability. At times an extraordinary but one-sided talent is manifested. As regards the feelings, these children may be extremely emotional, irritable, sensitive, obstinate, cry easily, are subject to attacks of violent passion, are loveless, hard-hearted towards their brothers. sisters, and playmates, and are fond of torturing animals; or the emotions may be extraordinarily apathetic; the normal medium is, however, always absent. If we observe these children while they sleep, it will be noticed that they are subject to nervous attacks, — that their sleep is restless, that they cry out loudly from time to time, have spasmodic muscular contractions, make When awake, the disturbance faces, etc. of the muscular innervation is also apparent. The children are exceptionally lively in their movements, but these are vehement, incoordinate and angular, and differ essentially from the lively muscular movements of strong, healthy children. In some cases these movements simulate those of chorea: rarely they take the form of convulsions, which may be epileptic in character. In the gymnasium the children are awkward, and in playing the piano the fingers spread out and the playing is a torment. Their complexions are not infrequently pale, and the muscles are spongy and flaccid.

The question now arises in what way the knowledge and the recognition of psychoses of children can be of use to the teacher in individual cases. First, it is plain that the teacher who has been trained to recognize the abnormal phenomena of mental life will not be as likely to do harm to the mentally alienated child in judging it and in his treatment of it, as he would were he not so trained. Observe the following cases: Emminghaus speaks of a boy who came under his observation, who during his tenth and eleventh years acquired the permanent peculiarity of stamping his foot on the floor twice whenever he accidentally struck his foot anywhere. Whenever he supported his arm upon the table he regularly knocked

twice upon it with his elbow. When questioned in regard to this, he replied, "I must." Nothing further was to be ascertained.

Berkhan described another case:-

A fourteen year old boy was formerly melancholic. If he should happen to strike against a stone, he immediately returned to it several times in order to strike it again; if he spat, he repeated that act twice; if he accidentally made an ink blot, he felt compelled to make two more next to it. When he wrote a word incorrectly, he wrote the incorrectly spelled word over twice and then scratched those out and wrote the word correctly. He was aware of the "compulsory impulses" (imperative conceptions) to which these actions were due, and had spoken of them Should he struggle against them and attempt to repress their exhibition, he was attacked by restlessness, which often impelled him to give way to the imperative idea after an hour had elapsed.

#### Krafft-Ebing gives another case:-

A ten year old boy, weak, the son of a hysterical woman, had became debilitated by rapid growth and excessive efforts at school; he was anæmic and had been for many months depressed and anxious. Besides other phenomena, there were present imperative ideas of disgusting actions and coarse words, whose exhibitions he restrained with much difficulty.

Only too easily is the teacher who has never heard of the so-called imperative idea led to consider similar cases which might occur among his children as signs of poor training, naughtiness, or mischievousness, and treat these children accordingly.

The case is similar in the occurrence of certain hallucinations and illusions. Meschede describes the case of a five year old girl who one day complained that her three year old sister was cursing her, whereas, there was a perfect silence in the room. Gustav Siegert, a pedagogue, in his pretty little book, "Problematishe Kindernaturen," relates the case of a girl who suffered from hallucinations:—

With mixed feelings do I remember the day when the mother of this little child fiercely accused me of having boxed its ears. I, as well as all the scholars present at the time, asserted that no such thing had occurred, and the child finally substantiated my assertion. It was eventually ascertained that the child was merely threatened, and that the abnormal state from which she was suffering led her to believe that she had had her ears boxed. There is hardly the difference of a hair's breadth between imagination and lying.

The so-called "confusion of ideas" (Ideenflucht) must by no means always be considered as due to inattention, for it is very frequently due to some abnormal con-

dition of the organism. Gustav Siegert tells of a girl who suffered from this evil:—

Often she can form only the beginning of sentences successfully in speaking as well as in writing. The demon of confusion acquires the supremacy in the second part. For instance, it was sometimes the case that this child, when asked to repeat the well-known piece of poetry by Goethe which begins, "The flower was as beautiful as a spring morning," would in spite of the fact that it had been said loudly and distinctly many times, say each time, "The flower was beautiful" (pause and long contemplation) "and the gentleman went to borrow a Bible." In the history of Germany, this child, in speaking of the University of Leipsig, brought forth the astonishing remark, "At the Leipsig University butchers . . . are educated who . . . . print pictures." That a child with head filled with such marvelous confusion could say and do the most absurd things can readily be believed without the addition of any more examples.

Of course, extreme caution must be used in the judgment of individual cases lest one mistake cases of mischievousness, inattention, and laziness, for nervous cases and thus treat them with a mildness and consideration which they by no means deserve.

If children have symptoms which our trained powers of observation would lead us to suppose belong to the psychoses, we must first ascertain whether these recur, or whether they remain uninterruptedly for a longer period. We must then investigate whether these particularly striking phenomena be not also connected with other apparently diseased and simultaneously initiated conditions, as is illustrated by moral insanity, which always appears in conjunction with a generally weakened intellect. Furthermore, it is of importance to ascertain whether there be any insanity in the family of the child. In this case the mistake that insanity can be transmitted only from the parents to the offspring must be guarded against, for it not infrequently happens that the predisposition is inherited from the grandparents, while the parents are to all appearances perfectly normal. Griesinger was in the habit of asking whether there was a genius in the family.

In speaking of the relative importance of individual symptoms, Krafft-Ebing expresses himself as follows:—

It is only by systematic connection with other symptoms, by a correct combination and interpretation of the separable phenomena, and by a careful study of their sequence and mutual relations, that the individual symptom obtains its value.

From this it follows that the recognition of these diseases requires long and careful

observation, the individual results of which must be carefully written down, by each teacher, and combined from time to time. This observation must not be limited to the school-room, but must be extended to the play ground and the street; indeed, we must go so far as to investigate the life of the child at home, its environment, the health and habits of its parents, even grandparents and other relatives.

We now come to the question of what influence the teacher can exert in the prevention and cure of insanity in children. Many phenomena which are of cerebral origin or which are related in some way to the psychical functions and which in time would affect these functions, often originate in some bodily ailment, which if recognized early might be cured. Hack describes the case of a boy who had a chronic hypertrophic catarrh of the nasal mucous membrane. He had headache and was incapable of performing his school duties; he had a poor memory and was melancholic. Cauterization of the nasal mucous membrane restored the previous intellectual capacity completely.

The abnormal mental condition which is due to the obstruction of the nasal breathing was first made known to physicians through the researches of the Dutch physician, Guye, and is known as aprosexia nasalis. A similar condition may arise trom aural catarrh. Teachers as soon as they become aware of such an organic affection, are in duty bound to notify the parents of its presence and to strenuously advise them to have the child treated by a

good specialist.

The same duty falls upon him in cases in which he has reason to suppose that the mental health is in danger or is already affected, whether this be due to an appreciable corporeal condition or not. For instance, if he notice that peculiar liveliness and freshness is replaced by exceptional earnestness or even melancholy; if he find that even early in life a striking but onesided talent is manifested, or if he find in spite of all efforts to advance him the child goes backward instead of progressing,—in such case he should make strenuous effort not to have the child examined by an ordinary physician, but by a well-trained specialist in nervous diseases. In this way he can do much to avoid having the case mistreated before it comes into the right hands. As Neumann says:—

It takes the family a long time to decide that one of its members is sick; the physician when finally called takes a long time to decide that the patient is mentally affected, and then a long time elapses before they both decide that an alienist must be called. Frequently it is then too late.

In still another case is the advice of the teacher in conjunction with that of the physician helpful. Not infrequently ambitious parents, thinking to incite the child to renewed efforts at study censure and nag it, even when a diseased condition of the nervous system causes lack of mental power. In this way the brain which in all probability needs rest only is weakened and a condition of mental depression is easily produced, which may lead to serious results. In these cases the parents should be warned against asking too much of their children, especially when they have inherited a poor constitution, and against forcing them into professions which require long and severe preparatory study and the practice of which requires much mental exertion.

As regards the actual instruction the teacher must use the utmost discretion in his method, so that he may not abuse the large mental power possessed by children; and develop pathological predispositions or actually produce diseased conditions. Undoubtedly Laehr was correct when in 1873, before the Congress of German Alienists, he said that the development of pedagogy into a science led him to expect good results from a sanitary as well as from other points of view. He proposed that those men who intend to devote themselves to pedagogy be required to include the physiology and pathology of the brain in their regular courses at the University. Inasmuch as the course in pedagogy already involves the acquisition of a knowledge of the phenomena and the laws of the normal mental life, the teacher should possess a valuable foundation for the comprehension of the pathological mental condition.

On the other hand the study of the abnormal mental states is important for the comprehension of psychology, inasmuch as phenomena are here treated of which do not present themselves in normal mental life; but which nevertheless must be studied, if an extensive knowledge of the psychical phenomena and laws is to be obtained.

If, finally, we turn to the question as to what part of the extensive domain of psychiatry shall be taught the student of pedagogy, I would suggest that the necessary material could be selected from Professor Emminghaus's book on "The Psychical Disturbances of Children." The purely theoretical side could be taught in conjunction with psychology, the purely practical in conjunction with the "hygiene of instruction" and with "the science of pedagogical errors," which is now being elaborated by Strumpel.

For the teacher in the public schools this material would serve all purposes, but for those preparing for the higher

schools, whose charges have already passed the stage of childhood, the study of those diseases which frequently accompany the changes which occur at puberty would be necessary. Even if the school physician, so loudly demanded on all sides, obtain an entrance into the schoolroom, the teacher cannot do without a knowledge of psychiatry. The activities of the teacher and the school physician are carried on in spheres which cross each other. The domain which we have had in focus is common to both of them. Just as the school physician must within certain limits be acquainted with pedagogy, so the pedagogue must to a certain extent be a hygienist.

## READING MATTER FOR CHILDREN

EVOLUTION AS A GUIDE

T PON what principles shall we select reading matter for the primary and grammar schools? It is true, in a general way, that the development of the individual from the infant to the adult is similar to the growth of mankind from savagery to civilization. Does it follow, then, that the literature of the world's infancy is best suited to very young children, and the works of the barbarian stage best fitted to the upper primary and grammar grades? If this be true, then the mind of the infant is in all respects like that of the adult savage, and the boy of nine or ten years is mentally the adult barbarian. But such is not the case. The civilized boy does not think, feel, or act, as the adult barbarian. The two lines of development, of the individual and the race, are in some respects parallel, but by no Chronology, therefore, means identical. cannot be the proper basis for the selection of reading matter.

Only recently have we begun to study child psychology. Formerly adult mental operations were superimposed upon the child's faculties. We are now learning that the child's mind cannot be known by introspection of our own minds. Only re-

cently has there been a literature written for children. The literature of the ancients was written for adults only. It may or may not be suited to children. It is not necessarily appropriate because written in the infancy of the race.

Three fourths of the children leave school by the end of the sixth year. At this tender age they cannot comprehend the great world-movements which have produced its literature. Chronology, therefore, is thrown away upon them. They can appreciate literature only for its content of thought, feeling, and beauty. Guided by our limited knowledge of child life, let us select from all sources literature best suited to the age and development of the children. That written last will in many cases be most appropriate, because written for children and with an understanding of them.

Some of the ancient literature may well be modernized by those who know how to write for children. Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and Scudder's mythological stories are written expressly for children. Dickens, too, knew how to write for children. The Iliad and the Odyssey by Church are as well suited to children as were the originals to the people for whom they were written.

If there is a similarity in the growth of the individual and the race, let that literature be selected which will soonest lead the child from the savage through the barbarian to the civilized man. Let us not hold him too long in the lower state. Let the literature be that which will delight, will fascinate the child, but which will be just a little in advance of him, which will require a little striving, a stretching forward toward better things. It took the race many centuries to pass through the various stages of growth. The child must pass through them also; but let him do so as rapidly as possible, that he may have the longer enjoyment of his full inheritance.

#### **OFFICIAL**

OFFICE OF STATE CONTROLLER, & SACRAMENTO, JANUARY 4, 1898.

Honorable S. T. Black, Superintendent of Public Instruction:

DEAR SIR:-

The money in the State Treasury, belonging to the School fund, subject to apportionment, is two million thirty-six thousand nine hundred nineteen dollars and twenty-three cents (\$2,036,919.23) as follows:—

• •	"	property taxpoll tax	227,670	
"	"	interest on bonds	64,318	68
44	"	interest on ponds	24,010	48
64	44	tax on railroads	50,141	
44	"	tax on collateral inheritances	52,998	
"	"	sales Geological Survey Reports	14	00
To	otal		32,037,799	06
т				

10 θαι	01,100	00
Less amount paid on restitution interest on lands sold, not the property of		
the State\$	575	02
Less amount paid on annulment certifi-		
cates of purchase	304	81
	\$879	83

Net amount subject to apportionment...\$2,036,919 23 Respectfully submitted,

E. P. COLGAN, Controller.

Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sacramento January 4, 1898.

In accordance with the foregoing statement of the State Controller, I have this

day apportioned the State school moneys to the several counties, as follows:—

Total number of census children, 340,-952; amount per child, \$5.97; amount apportioned, \$2,035,483.44; amount unapportioned, \$1,435.79.

(	Census	Amount
C	hildren.	Apportioned.
Alameda	29,710	\$177.368 70
Alpine	89	531 33
Amador	2,920	17,432 40
Butte	4,283	25,569 51
Calaveras	2,815	16,805 55
Colusa	2,172	12,966 84
Centra Costa	3,813	22,763 61
Del Norte	558	3,331 26
El Dorado	2,232	13.325 04
Fresno	7,636	45,586 92
Glenn	1,335	7,969 95
Humboldt	6,601	39,407 97
Inyo	979	5,844 63
Kern	3,090	18,447 30
Kings	2,206	13,169 82
Lake	1,723	10,286 31
Lassen	1,088	6,495 36
Los Angeles	40,254	240,316 38
Madera	1,470	8,775 90
Marin	2,799	16,710 03
Mariposa	119	6,680 43
Mendocino	5,012	29,921 64
Merced	2,059	12,292 23
Modoc	1,382	8,250 54
Mono	374	2,232 78
Monterey	5,350	31,939 50
Napa	3,640	21,730 80
Nevada	4,112	24,548 64
Orange	5,197	31,026 09
Placer	3.348	19,987 56
Plumas	977	5,832 69
Riverside	4,524	27,008 28
Sacramento	8,558	51,091 26
San Benito	2,032	12,131 04
San Bernardino	6,405	38,237 85
San Diego	8,477	50,607 69
San Francisco	74,840	446,794 80
	,	,

San Joaquin	7,651	45,676 47
San Luis Obispo	5,489	32,769 33
San Mateo	2,861	17.080 17
Santa Barbara	4,927	29,414 19
Santa Clara	13,714	81.872 58
Santa Cruz	5.591	33,378 27
Shasta	3,868	23.091 96
Sierra	· - · -	5,056 59
Siskiyou		20,375 61
Solano	4,659	27,814 23
Sonoma		54.010 59
Stanislaus		14,166 81
Sutter		7,958 01
Tehama	2,692	16.071 24
Trinity.		4.405 86
Tulare		32,124 57
Tuolumne		10,686 30
	/	23,193 45
Ventura		
Yolo		20,375 61
Yuba	2,101	12,542 97
Totals	340,952	\$2,035,483 44

SAMUEL T. BLACK, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

> SACRAMENTO, Cal., January 5, 1898.

#### TO COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS:-

By the exercise of great economy, it may be possible to supply each county with Census Marshal's Reports.

Please report at once how many of these blanks you have on hand. Upon the receipt of this information, this office hopes to so distribute the blank census reports on hand here, that each county will receive enough for the next census.

Respectfully,
SAMUEL T. BLACK,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Sacramento, Cal., January 6, 1897.

TO COUNTY AND CITY SUPERINTENDENTS:

The State Board of Education at its meeting held January 3, 1898, placed the University of Indiana on the list of "accredited" colleges and universities.

Harper's Book of Facts, The Cyclopædia of United States History, and Hittell's History of California, were placed on the list of books recommended for district libraries at the same meeting.

Respectfully,
SAMUEL T. BLACK,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 17, 1898.

TO COUNTY AND CITY SUPERINTENDENTS:— The Lincoln Monument Association of San Francisco, W. W. Stone, President, is making extensive preparations for the celebration of "Lincoln Day" on February 12th, They have asked this office to name a committee on public school celebration. In accordance with this request, I name each city and county Superintendent of the State as such committee, W. W. Seaman, chairman, and recommend that each member of this committee constitute himself or herself a special committee of one to take up this matter within his or her jurisdiction and prepare and have carried out a suitable patriotic program in the schools.

The Association, through its President, will be glad to co-operate with you in making the day a patriotic and profitable one to the children of the State.

Respectfully,
SAMUEL T. BLACK,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

# COURSES IN PEDAGOGY AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY

DURING the second term of the current year, beginning January 10th, Professor Dresslar will lecture at 9:25 A. M., Saturdays, on the Practice of Teaching. He will be largely assisted by Mr. Heaton. Other lectures in this course are given on other days of the week; but those given on Saturdays will be of interest to teachers who cannot take the course in full. Professor Brown's course of Studies in Secondary Education will be given on Saturdays, from 10:20 to 12:10 A.M. Any teachers who can regularly attend these Saturday sessions will be welcomed as visiting members of the classes. Ordinarily, University matriculation will not be required nor University credit given for such attendance. The classes will meet in Room 25, North Hall.

School principals who receive this announcement are respectfully requested to extend the notice to the teachers in their several schools.

ELMER E. BROWN,

Professor of Science and Art of Teaching. Berkeley, January 6, 1898.

#### COMMUNICATIONS

MENIFEE, RIVERSIDE Co., CAL., December 18, 1897.

EDITOR EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

OVERLAND MONTHLY:-

I take the liberty of addressing you with the object of bringing the following proposition to the attention of the school officers of the State and others interested.

The proposition is to make a saving of a large portion of the school money now paid for insurance of school buildings and other school property in the State, by having set aside a small per cent of the State school funds (say one per cent) to secure against losses by fire any school property of the State. The expense that is now incurred for insurance, according to the best information I can get, is about five per cent of the yearly apportionment.

This would require an act of the State Legislature, which could be easily obtained if it had the united support of the school boards, county superintendents, State superintendent, and boards of education.

The suggestion that something should be done in that direction meets the approval of our county superintendent, Mr. Hyatt, and others in this vicinity.

Hoping this will call forth the support it

merits, I remain yours truly,

A. W. REYNOLDS, Clerk Menifee School Board, Perris, Cal.

BOSTONIA, Cal., Jan. 7th, 1898. EDITOR EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, OVERLAND MONTHLY:—

During the holiday vacation, the San Diego County Schoolmasters' Club held several meetings and enrolled a number of new members. The object of the club's existence was explained, many educational questions were discussed, and plans laid for future work and entertainment. The club is proving a valuable means of bringing together men of different views, whose mutual criticism and exchange of ideas cannot but prove fruitful. It serves a second purpose also, that of furnishing an enjoyable social relaxation. The holiday session closed with a banquet, at which A. F. Shaw of Gravilla, presided.

Sincerely,
A MEMBER.

EDITOR EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT,
OVERLAND MONTHLY:—

It seems to me that there is a distinct element of danger in the attempt to push specialization down into the lower schools.

It was a radical move when the old college course was overthrown and the doctrine of the equal worth of knowledges as instruments of education made it possible to obtain a college degree by the special study of one branch and the two or three other studies grouped about it. fact that the secondary education is approached at an age when the pupil is by the more marked stages of immaturity, makes it possible that the "narrowing in" of the specializing process may not prove as harmful as it would seem it must. There is much to be said against the cramming and soul-deadening of the older scheme; and the apostles of the new creed no doubt have felt that the gain in spontaneity and self-respect that comes from the original research made necessary by the new regimen, more than makes up for the loss of breadth occasioned by the narrower view.

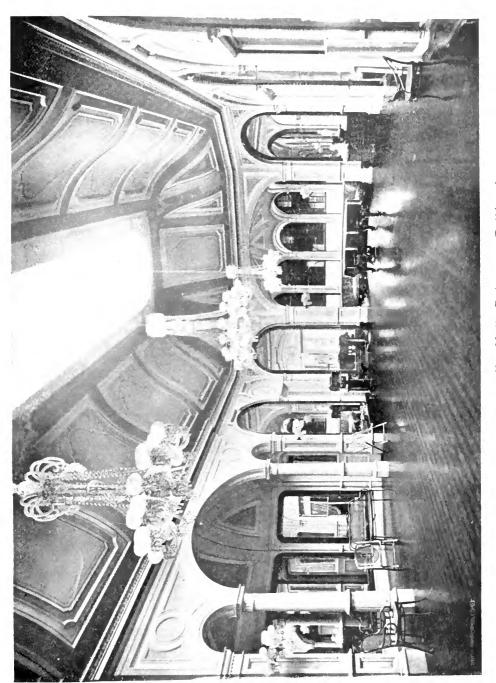
The error — if there be one — lies in the honest effort to make the practical life work of the the individual take its inception from the time that the high school course is done.

But there must be a limit to the application of the process. It out radicals radicalism to assume that it can be carried back to the beginnings of infant education. That all studies have an equal educative value is as yet a mere theory, which lacks the confirmation of successful practical results.

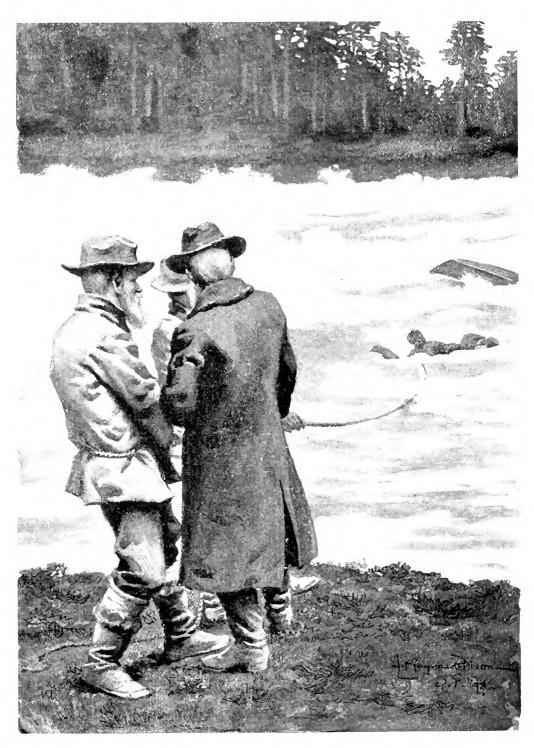
Perhaps I feel more strongly on the subject because the advocates of this early specialization always urge it in the name and for the sake of "science study." Science has its place, and has come to stay in that place, in the curriculum. But it is not a cure for all things, and the sooner its advocates realize that its claims are inferior to those of the studies which cultivate and develop the higher thoughts and feelings, the sooner a solution of this much vexed question will be reached.

ALEX. G. HOOPER.

Fresno, Jan. 20, 1898.



Music Room, Radcliffe Hall, Belmont, California



From "The Gentleman with the Grindstone"

"Once he was thrown off his feet"

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXI. (Second Series.) — February, 1898.— No. 182



A STORY OF THE EARLY KLONDIKE

BY W. W. MORELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

THERE was great bustle and activity at the ocean steamship wharf in Seattle, Washington, one afternoon about the first of April, 1896. The restless vessel which lay at the dock with steam up and hissing, with screw turning, and with the stem and stern lines alternately tightening and loosening, was about to start to the southwest coast of Alaska, the voyage to end at a point about one hundred miles above Juneau; and most of the persons who were collected on the ship and dock were to become passengers to that point. The end of the sea voyage was not, however, the final destination of the passengers. It was only to be the first and easiest stage of their journey. From that port they were about to seek their fortunes over the mountains and in the interior of that little known land. They were bound for the mythical land of gold.

For a good many years it had been known that gold existed in placers along the coast; in some places in sufficient quantities to pay for the working; and during the same period of time, vague and uncertain rumors of the existence of the precious metal in mines of fabulous wealth along

the banks of the Yukon and its tributaries, had periodically found their way to the outside world. Undeterred by the stories of hardship and starvation suffered by others. the first of which must, and the second might await them, these restless men were willing to brave the dangers of the mountain pass, of the river rapids, the cold and severity of an Arctic climate, and more than all, the possibility of starvation should their stock of provisions become exhausted before the return of the short summer. It was a motley throng. The boy just out of school, the bewhiskered man of middle age, the large and strong, the small and delicate looking, the learned and the illiterate. elbowed and jostled each other on the dock and ship. Though their ages, their appearance, and their acquirements, were so diverse, there was a similarity in their "outfits" and their "supplies." The freight, nearly all of which at the time our narrative opens had passed over the ship's side, consisted almost altogether of flour, tea, sugar, coffee, bacon, and beans, and of miners' picks, shovels, pans, and axes; and from the character of the baggage, lugged and carried aboard with difficulty by the passengers, it seemed that each had, beside what he wore, a heavy overcoat, boots, an extra suit of heavy clothing, three pair of blankets, and underclothing to match. Before depositing it on the ship, each passenger brought his baggage to the scales to have it weighed. In nearly every case the weight went to the full limit,—one hundred and fifty pounds. Toward the last, when nearly all had been weighed and disposed of, a much smaller package was placed on the scales by the expressman who had brought it to the wharf. It weighed scant sixty pounds.

"You travel light for a man who is going

to the Arctic," said the weigher.

"The baggage does not belong to me, but to the gentleman over there," pointing to a man who was standing a short distance down the wharf, calmly smoking a cigar,

and looking up the street.

The person designated was alone; no friends were taking leave of him; and like many others, he was to all appearances only a casual spectator who had, in passing, been attracted by the unusual sight, and was idly looking on to while away the time. His face was fresh and smoothly shaven, his hands were small and white; he seemed to be well preserved, apparently had never been enured to hardships, and was too neatly dressed for a man who proposed to "rough it." He seemed also to have the aspect and bearing of one of those few persons whom fortune, good or bad, could neither exalt nor cast down.

"If he is the owner, let him come forward and present his ticket," said the

weigher.

At this the smooth-faced gentleman came forward, deliberately presented his ticket, and very quietly said, "Please mark the weight of my baggage on the back."

This done, though it was hardly "regular," he said to the expressman, "Take the

baggage on the ship."

That gentleman, with an inward remonstrance at being asked to do more than his contract required, carried it up the gangplank and deposited in the bow with the other baggage. The smooth-faced gentleman resumed his position on the wharf, together with his far-away look up the street. At last the noise and confusion incident to the departure of a vessel on a long voyage, with an unusual purpose, had

died out; those "not going" had been warned by the gong to go ashore; leaves had been taken, and apparently the last passenger was aboard and the lines were about to be cast loose. The gentleman on the wharf was still looking up the street, with a trace of anxiety and impatience in his countenance, when an express wagon came dashing toward the steamer with extraordinary speed, and the driver was hastily about to deposit at the feet of the silent gentleman a grindstone and a small box which it was afterward ascertained contained an ax, an auger, and about one half pound of assorted wire nails.

"Hold on; take them on board the ship!"
The driver, thinking no doubt to make amends for his tardiness, started up the

gangplank with his heavy burden.

"Take that back!" came in stentorian tones from the officer in charge. "We want no grindstones on board this vessel."

The imperturbable man, who was just behind the expressman, said in a soft and quiet voice: "Go ahead; I will make it all right"; and turning to the mate, he said: "Your rules allow one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage to each passenger; what I have had put on board weighs only sixty pounds. I claim this grindstone, which only weighs eighty-five pounds, as you can see by the mark on it, as a part of my personal baggage."

The officer in charge, astonished by this unexpected proposition, was about to enter into an argument as to whether or not a grindstone was personal baggage, when the captain, who was on the bridge, and impatient at the delay, shouted, "Why don't you cast off?"

The mate solved the question by dropping it, and calling back to the captain, "Aye, aye, sir," the lines were cast off, and

the expressman leaped ashore.

It is proverbial that acquaintanceship on a sea-going vessel on a long voyage, is quickly formed and made. The proverb was more than justified in this instance. It is true that on our vessel there were a few parties, of two or three, who came from the same town or vicinity. These of course needed no introductions. But our passengers being all men, and generally from the West, with a common object in view, and expecting to meet and overcome the same obstacles and endure the same hardships, it

is not surprising that soon everybody knew everybody else. The thin ice of reserve began to break even while the baggage was being stored away. It began in each stateroom between those who had been assigned to it. It commenced by the lower berth saying, "How do you do?" to the upper. The upper not only recognized and answered the salutation, but further ventured to say, "I think we are going to have a fine trip." Then the middle chipped in and proved itself to be an ice-breaker, by saying, "I suppose you two gentlemen are starting out to seek your fortunes the same as myself?" These observations, and such as these, were ordinarily commonplace enough, but they served the useful purpose of paving the way to the more important plans and communications which followed.

After a bit, when they began to leave the rooms and come on deck, the gregariousness of the human kind manifested itself by the passengers gathering in little knots; the occupants of one stateroom introducing themselves to those of another; and it was not a great while before nearly every person on board was acquainted with every other. On the second and third days out, parties of four and five were formed who were to travel together; and before the voyage was ended many partnerships to live, prospect, and mine, together were entered into.

"It's no trick at all," said Mr. Sandy



INDIANS



Dalton, formerly of Mokelumne Hill, "to get acquainted."

Mr. Jagsey Smith, whose proper, if not baptismal name was Aaron, and who since he has been raised to the dignity of a "grubstaker" by the favor of a well-to-do brother-in-law, had had his name inscribed on the passenger list by the latter cognomen,—concurred in the truthfulness of the observation, with an exception.

"Blame my skin," said Jagsey, "I can't tumble to thet feller with th' smooth face. I passed him as we was comin' out o' th' Straits an' I says to him, 'How d'y do?' an he on'y nodded his head. An' th' nex' day as we wus a settin' at th' table an' I wus a tryin' to show my p'liteness, an' seein' th' biled meat wus n't on his side, I kinder keerless like ast him if he would hev some, an' he on'y drapped his coconut as befor'. He 's a queer duck, I 'm a-tellin' ye."

"Yes," said Judge Sinclair, formerly of San Bernardino, "he is a peculiar character; he appears to be very diffident; yet I dare say he would like to make friends. We must try to make it as pleasant for him as possible; we must cultivate his acquaintance. Every man has his good points, and we must try to find his."

Whereupon Judge Sinclair was deputed to interview the gentleman, and bring him into the fold of goodfellowship. This task the Judge was not long in undertaking. Strolling along the deck in a careless manner, he met the gentleman referred to, and casually bade him good morning. The stranger returned the salutation. The



Judge then ventured to make the usual remark about the weather; the stranger assented.

The Judge still persisting, said, "I suppose you have the same object in view that the rest of us have, and that you expect to find a rich claim?"

The gentleman replied that he did not expect to engage in mining, yet he hoped to make some money before his return.

"The fact is," he said, "I have never worked, and I would not know how to go about working in a mine, or do any other kind of labor, for that matter."

The Judge pursued the conversation further, but did not acquire much information. The gentleman was polite and agreeable, in his way, but did not seem to be communicative on the point on which the Judge wished to draw him out, and on which all the others were very loquacious. When the Judge reported the result of the conversation to the group, the consensus of opinion was that he was a gambler, and that he was following the crowd for the purpose of plying his vocation.

During the remainder of the voyage, when he was spoken of, he was called the "Stranger." Out of this throng of more than one hundred men, coming from all parts of the country, and who had met but four days ago, there was but one who was a stranger. All the others were acquaintances, and many were already warm friends.

The shore at the head of Lynn canal was strewn with tons of freight, stores, baggage, and impedimenta of various kinds. A semblance of order had been evolved out of the great mass of personal belongings, but they were still badly mixed. Tents had been erected, and some were engaged in cooking their first meal ashore, or for that matter, at any other place. Others were still seeking to disentangle individual stores from the great mass on the shore. The outline of the vessel, which had left them on this spot, and the only thing which bound them to home and friends, had disappeared on the horizon. The spot on which they were encamped was a fairly good stopping place, though they were somewhat cramped for room. Snow covered the towering mountains in the immediate rear, and the inlet was in front, with a narrow fringe of comparatively level between.

Amid all this stir and preparation in the camp, there was one who did not seem to be troubling himself about meals or camping facilities. The "Stranger" whom we met on board the ship, as night came on, had settled himself down to rest under an Alaskan spruce, where his personal belongings, including the grindstone, had been first placed. It is true that a few Alaskan Indians, many of whom were circulating about the camp, had been seen talking to him; but otherwise he had no communication with any human being.

As night and darkness drew on, the noises, except the baying and fighting of the Kamchatcan dogs in the immediate vicinity, had died away, and the adventurers slept the sleep of the tired. After many days of tossing on the ocean it is sweet to enjoy the rest which only mother earth can afford. With the dawning of a new day, however, all was work and activity. Every group and "partnership" were preparing for the journey up the stream and over the dangerous pass, which would lead them to the waters of a succession of lakes whose final outlet was the great Yukon river of the Northwest.

As breakfast was about to be announced Judge Sinclair remarked to those about him, "Boys, I don't like to see the 'Stranger' over there all alone. Last night as I passed his camp he was eating dry crackers, and I believe that is the only grub he has. I propose we ask him to breakfast."

It was so agreed, and the Judge went over with the invitation. It was quietly and politely accepted, and the stranger took his seat on the ground around the coffee pot and frying pan, with the others.

It was a plain but substantial camper's meal; and as they warmed up under its influence, conversation began to flow. It very naturally turned upon the work before them, the difficulties of the mountain pass over which they proposed to travel, and whether they should employ Indians to carry the goods.

Sandy Dalton thought they should try to transport the goods themselves. "Of course, boys," he said, "we are not as expert at that kind of business as the Indians, nor as hardened; it may go a little hard with us at the first, seeing that we are soft, but we shall have to get used to this kind of work, and many other kinds, and we might just as well commence now. I am willing to do my part, and to shoulder as much as I can reasonably carry and start up the hill."

"Leadville Joe" was of the opinion that if they would take their time, carry a moderate load a short distance and then rest, and go on again, they would get the stuff over the mountains almost as quick as the Indians could do it. "By doing the work ourselves," he said, "we will save a whole lot of money, and you all know it might come in handy before we get back."

And so it fell out that they would at least make the attempt to transport their goods over the pass.

While the foregoing discussion was being carried on the "Stranger" had remained silent, except to acknowledge politely the invitations to partake of the dishes which were pressed upon him.

Jagsey Smith, who between the satisfaction of his appetite and the deference due his superiors, had heretofore no opportunity to join in the conversation; but now being unable to restrain himself longer, turned to the "Stranger" and addressed to him this preamble, followed by an interrogatory:—

"Mister, we all com' up on th' ship, includin' yerself; an' we got so well acquented that we know purty near everybody's name; 'xcept yourn. What may it be?"

The "Stranger," not directing his remarks to Jagsey in particular, but to the group, and speaking as though it were a matter on which they were entitled to information, and on which, in view of the relations which they now sustained, and which they might hereafter sustain toward each other, he evidently thought it his duty to enlighten them, said quietly and deliberately: "Gentlemen, my name is Whizzer, Nickelby Whizzer. My parents gave me a fair education, but little else. I am a native of Connecticut, but came West several years ago to seek my fortune. Since then I have been thrown mainly on my own resources. I have not been an entire failure, neither have I forged ahead to any great extent. The rumors of gold mines somewhere in the interior of Alaska coming to my ears, as it has to yours, I thought I would try my luck

### **EXODUS**



there. I have brought no supplies and but little clothing with me; and I had hoped to attach myself to a party and pay it what it was reasonably worth for my board and transportation while on the trip. It would be useless for me to have provisions, for I do not know how to cook, and don't think I could learn. I have never worked, and know but little about it."

It was an ill-advised thing for Mr. Whizzer, as he had just introduced himself, to proclaim his inability, if not his aversion, to labor, to men in their situation; and no one realized this more than Mr. Whizzer. But he thought it best to tell the truth at the start. He reasoned that it were better for them to know it now than to find it out afterwards.

After a long silence, produced by the novelty and boldness of the proposition, Judge Sinclair, not assuming to speak for the company, as he expressly declared, replied: "Your proposition, sir," he said, "is a very extraordinary one. This company will have great difficulty in getting over the pass with its own goods, and could not, in my opinion, think for a moment of assisting one who asserts that he is unable, and I might say unwilling, to do his part. I can conceive of no place in a camp, or in a new country, for a man who is unable and unwilling to labor. Every man in this company has agreed, as you have heard, to do his full share of the work; and from the size of our packs and the height and steepness of yonder mountain there will be plenty of it. God knows."

The rest of the party warmly concurred in the sentiments which the Judge had just expressed, and Mr. Whizzer's proposition was thus unanimously rejected.

After the sense of the meeting had been taken in the manner above stated, Mr. Whizzer said, "Gentlemen, I think you have partially misunderstood me. I did not expect you gentlemen, nor any one else, to carry my pack without pay. The objection the Judge has made is a very reasonable one and I have anticipated it. I have employed three natives to carry my meager belongings to the lake on the other side. One of them will carry my blankets and clothing, and the others will transport my grindstone, —"

Sandy Dalton: "Grindstone?"

Leadville Joe: "What, a grindstone?"

Jagsey: "Well, blame my skin if --"

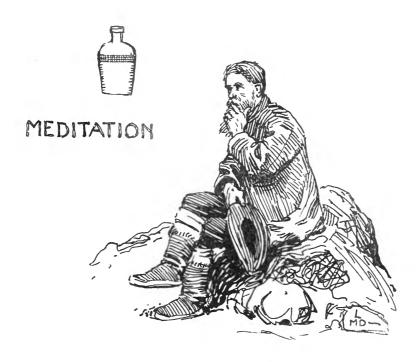
The Judge had been trained in a profession where he had learned not readily to give way to surprises, and he said nothing; but notwithstanding his self control, his jaw dropped, and he stared at Mr. Whizzer with a look of astonishment.

Just at the very moment that Mr. Jagsey Smith was calling down imprecations on his cuticle, as above, a team of untrained dogs which had been brought up on the steamer, and which at an adjoining camp were being given their first lesson in the traction of a sled, bolted and ran pell-mell into our group, tripped up Jagsey and piled up, one confused mass of harness, sled, and growling, fighting, and writhing dogs, in and about the remnant of the fire which had shortly before served the useful purpose of cooking the breakfast. This diversion turned the thoughts of the crowd into other channels, and the mystery of the grindstone was unsolved.

When quiet had been partially restored Mr. Whizzer took his departure, and turning to the group said, "I suppose I shall meet you again at the lake on the other side."

The transportation of the grindstone over the mountains was the great problem which had disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Whizzer since the evening before; at which time the Indians had declined to carry it. argued, with great truth and plausibility, that owing to its peculiar shape and cumbersomeness it would be impossible to get it over the mountain unless it were broken into two parts. Now, the breaking of the stone was the one thing Mr. Whizzer would never consent to. So, after due reflection and consideration, Mr. Whizzer, by the aid of his small ax, into which he had put a temporary handle, cut and fitted a ten-foot pole of tough wood into the square hole in the middle of the grindstone, and tightly wedged it so that five feet of the pole would be at each side. By this means, one Indian could shoulder the end of the pole in the front and the other behind, and thus dividing the weight, transport it without difficulty.

The exodus of Mr. Whizzer from Lynn canal was the most picturesque that had ever been witnessed at that place. The two natives carrying the grindstone in the manner above described, reinforced with about twenty-five pounds each of flour and



bacon, which Mr. Whizzer had purchased at the landing, followed by the Indian with the clothing and blankets, and the rear brought up with the box containing the ax, auger, and nails, which Mr. Whizzer in defiance of his resolution not to labor had himself concluded to carry, presented a picture at once unique and interesting in that section.

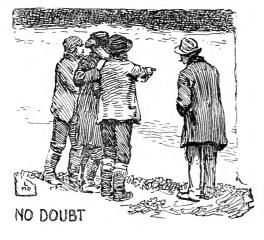
It is useless to narrate the numerous perils and difficulties encountered by the party in reaching Lake Lindeman. Suffice it to say, that in the afternoon of the third day they reached the navigable waters of the lake; and Mr. Whizzer being the first arrival for the season, selected the most eligible camping place. Finding a piece of rough board near by, which no doubt had been left by some party of the previous year, he marked upon it with charcoal "Camp No. 1" and nailed it to the nearest tree.

The natives, after initiating Mr. Whizzer into the mysteries of ash cake and bacon broiling, returned to Lynn canal in search of more business, and Mr. Whizzer was left alone.

It was certainly not a very desirable situation. The earth was covered with snow, the lake was frozen, the wind was blowing, and it was bitterly cold; but Mr. Whizzer, philosopher that he was, set about to make himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

He was not long, however, in a state of single blessedness. The next day others began to arrive in parties of two and three, footsore, backsore, and fagged out, and after selecting a place of deposit for their goods and taking a short rest, would leave one of their number to guard the camp, and return for a further supply. And thus the various parties would come and go.

In the afternoon of the third day who should Mr. Whizzer see but Sandy Dalton coming slowly and laboriously down the trail under a heavy load. Mr. Whizzer met him and invited him to leave his burden at "Camp No. 1" and to make that spot the headquarters of the party. This, Sandy was very glad to do; and the spot not only became their stopping place at the lake, but the party was thereafter known as "Camp No. 1" wherever they were found in the Northwest Territory. Mr. Whizzer offered to take charge of the camp while the others finished the packing, and thus it happened that all the supplies belonging to "Camp No. 1" were transported to the lake before those of the others.



Soon the sounds of the ax, the whipsaw, and the hammer, were heard in the land. Each company was engaged in building boats in which to float down the river as soon as navigation, such as it was, opened. About the middle of May our party, having finished their boat, launched it and stored their goods in it. There was some difficulty in providing for Mr. Whizzer, but it was finally agreed that in consideration of the sum of four dollars per day to be paid by Mr. Whizzer, they would board him and carry him and his goods to their final destination. It was stipulated, however, that Mr. Whizzer should carry his belongings around all portages that might have to be made on the journey.

Owing to the floating ice, and the shallowness of the water, their progress was at first very slow; but after many adventures, more or less thrilling, they finally reached the dreaded White Horse rapids, around which a portage must, of necessity, be made.

Here arose another difficulty. It had been stipulated that each person should carry his own property around the rapids; but it was impossible for Mr. Whizzer to carry the grindstone, owing to its shape and weight. That gentleman argued that as the boat was too heavy to carry around the falls, it must of course be allowed to float through; that it required some ballast to keep it steady, and that the grindstone placed in the bottom was just the thing they needed. These representations being considered reasonable, it was allowed to remain in the boat, provided that Mr. Whizzer

was willing to take the chances on its loss. Mr. Whizzer was willing; and tossing his bundle of blankets on top of the grindstone, said, "I will take the chances on that too."

Leadville Joe, who had had considerable experience in shooting the rapids on the upper Arkansas and Colorado, insisted on getting into the boat and steering her down, "because," he said, "I think I can keep her off the rocks and bring her through all right."

All, except Joe, went to the end of the portage at the lower portion of the rapids. Sandy was prepared with a rope in his hand to throw to Joe when he emerged, and thus bring the boat on the right side of the river and at the proper landing. When the latter observed that the others had reached and stopped at the place agreed upon, he jumped into the boat and pushed off into the cur-Sitting low on Whizzer's grindstone, he dexterously kept her straight and off the rocks. She rushed down the stream, through the foam and waves, with incredible swift-Barring the excitement of the passage, everything went right, until, when within about fifty yards of the group on the shore and as he was passing out of the mouth of the rapids, there was a sudden jar and stoppage. The boat seemed for a moment to be lifted in the air. Then it whirled broadside on, and turning over and over, rapidly floated down the stream, keel up. It was all done so quickly that no one seemed to know just how the disaster occurred. Those on shore appeared transfixed with horror, and incapable of thought or action,—all except Mr. Whizzer. With the quickness of a flash he snatched one end of the rope from Sandy's hand, and taking two half hitches around his left arm above the elbow, and shouting, "All hold on to the other end as you value your lives!" plunged into the stream to meet the coming Joe. Once he was thrown off his feet, but quickly regaining them, went farther into the stream. Joe was now scarcely ten feet away, rolling and turning helplessly in the angry waters. Mr. Whizzer arrived at the point where Joe would pass in the nick of time, and succeeded in getting a firm grip with his right hand on his leather belt. Now began a gallant struggle to save Joe's life, and incidentally the life of Mr. Whizzer. Sandy wound the end of the rope around

himself as the anchor man in a tug-of-war contest, while the other two braced themselves and held on with all their strength. Although the tightening of the two half hitches on Mr. Whizzer's arm gave him indescribable pain, he grimly retained his hold on Joe's belt. The consequence was that the strength of the current soon swung those in the water around to the shore, where they were rescued, Mr. Whizzer exhausted, and Joe more dead than alive. As to Joe, the above is no figure of speech. He was entirely helpless, and his breathing could hardly be distinguished. They rolled, rubbed, shook, and walked him up and down the bank, until he was able to speak a few intelligible words. Then the Judge produced a flask from some mysterious source and gave him a portion of its contents; whereupon his life and strength slowly returned.

Notwithstanding their serious surroundings, Jagsey's attention was so distracted by the sight of the flask, and with speculations as to where the Judge had kept it all this time, that he forgot his charge and sat down on a near by stone, stroked his beard. and rubbed his head in deep meditation. After sitting there for some time, and being apparently unable to solve the problem under consideration, he suddenly sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I don't know wher' the Jedge got that ther' bottle, and I don't know wher' he put it after he give Joe the drink, but ther's one thing I do know. I know that Whizzer's a dead game man; and don't you forget it."

Nobody dissented from Jagsey's statement, and it was enthusiastically conceded by all that Whizzer was a hero, and no mistake.

As to poor Whizzer's physical condition, he was indeed in a bad way. His arm was sore and badly swollen. He made no complaint, though it was plain to be seen he was suffering acutely. His friends, true friends now, did all they could for his relief; but his thoughts were not all on his physical sufferings. His grindstone was at the bottom of the river, and he could barely think of anything else.

It was plain to him that the object of his trip to this remote and inhospitable region must now be abandoned, and he must return to the "States" unless the grindstone could be found and recovered. Seized with



this idea, which, it must be admitted, was a remote and unsatisfactory one, he went down to the river and walked up and down its banks, peering intently into its waters. Useless. The water was muddy from melting snow and ice and its recent rapid rise, and he could hardly see an inch below the surface.

Finally he returned to the camp discouraged and found his companions talking about a subject which had not yet entered his mind, the loss of the boat and the chances of finding it. It had been arranged during his absence that the Judge should remain in camp and prepare the supper while Sandy and Jagsey would go down the river and search for the boat.

During their absence Mr. Whizzer was not communicative, but sat apart from the others seemingly abstracted in his thoughts. He at last arose, and coming to where the Judge was working, quietly announced that in the morning he intended to return to the coast.

The Judge tried to cheer up Mr. Whizzer, and to dissuade him from carrying out his intention to leave them. "I have noticed," said the Judge, "that you are worried about the loss of your grindstone, and that you have been trying to find it in the water.

Do not allow the matter to disturb you at the present time. Tomorrow morning early we can search for it under more favorable conditions. I think, from the feeling in the air, that tonight will be cold. If so, the thawing of the snow and ice will cease, the river will fall considerably, and the water will be clear in the morning. Then if it is possible to see the grindstone lying at the bottom of the river we can do so. Beside, Mr. Whizzer, we have all taken a liking to you and don't want you to return. We desire that you remain with us."

Consoled by these manifestations of friendship, and the prospect of recovering the grindstone, no matter how remote, Mr. Whizzer assumed a more cheerful bearing, and actually rendered some assistance in

the preparation of the meal.

At the coming of twilight, Sandy and Jagsey returned and reported having found the boat about two miles below, bottom up, and wedged between the shore and a root which projected out of the water. They were unable, however, to do anything more than to pull it up on the beach, and fasten it to an

adjoining tree.

When the hour of retiring came, Mr. Whizzer, having lost his blankets in the boat wreck, the party divided theirs with him; and Joe and Mr. Whizzer having been made comfortable, they were soon enjoying that repose their labors had earned. The next morning at early dawn Mr. Whizzer was on the bank of the stream anxiously gazing into its depths. The night had been cold, as the Judge had predicted. The water was clear, and the river much smaller than on the previous evening. But notwithstanding Mr. Whizzer's anxious search he could see nothing.

"Wait," said the Judge, "till the sun rises and shines upon the water. From our position it will cast its rays in the right direction to see anything on the bottom, if it can

be seen at all."

The rising of the sun found the whole party on the river bank where Joe had been rescued. From that point the Judge and Sandy went up the stream, while Jagsey and Mr. Whizzer went down. They had not been long separated till a great shout was heard from Jagsey.

"Blame my skin, if I don't b'l'eve I have

found it. Come here, boys."

They immediately gathered around Jag-

sey, and there, sure enough, resting against another rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the current, appeared the dim outlines of the round grindstone.

That it was the grindstone there could be no doubt; but how to get it out of the river was the question. Many methods were proposed, but after discussion were rejected as

impracticable.

Mr. Whizzer, however, was equal to the occasion. He sent Jagsey to the camp in haste for one of his augers, a stout piece of small rope, and an ax. Upon his return he requested Jagsey to cut a long, small pole; and into the end of this pole a hole was bored about two inches in depth; and one end of the rope was tied around the auger about the middle so that the two ends would balance and remain in a horizontal position when held by the rope. Then Jagsey, under the direction of Mr. Whizzer, tied the other end of the rope to the pole above the auger hole so that there would be considerable slack of the rope between the two places where it was tied and inserted the auger, loosely, in the hole in the end of the pole. Jagsey was then directed to push the pole slowly and carefully into the water and through the hole in the middle of the grindstone.

"Now shake the pole," said Whizzer, and the auger dropped out on the under side of

the grindstone.

"Now all pull," said Mr. Whizzer; which they did, and the grindstone was once more on terra firma.

On the same day the boat was rescued from its position and towed up the river to the camp; and the two following days were employed in caulking, repairing, and repitching it. On the morning of the third, the boat now being as good as new, it was loaded with the baggage and supplies, and the party again turned its prow down the stream.

The convalescent Joe, being as yet unable to perform any labor, was allowed to sit in the bow and act as the lookout. In the afternoon he saw something in the river which seemed to have been caught and retained by an overhanging bough. On inspection it proved to be the bundle of blankets and clothing which Mr. Whizzer had thrown into the boat before it went through the rapids. The package was uninjured, but of course very wet, and the

whole of the next day was spent in camp, drying Mr. Whizzer's baggage and clothes.

The voyage was then resumed, and nothing of importance occurred, except that they made frequent stops to prospect for gold along the banks of the adjacent creeks. In this way they leisurely floated down the stream till they came to an embryo town called Dawson, or Dawson City, situated at the junction of the Yukon and the Thron-Duick, the English pronunciation of which is "Klondike."

Here Mr. Whizzer concluded to remain, for a time, at least; and the water journey of the rest of the party also terminated at this point. The boat and the greater portion of the supplies were left in charge of Mr. Whizzer, and the others, taking as much as they could each conveniently carry together with the mining implements, struck out into the interior.

Mr. Whizzer engaged board at the only restaurant, and made a little camp on the river bank where he might sleep and watch the boat and its contents.

The time thus passed until the summer was nearly over, Mr. Whizzer not hearing from his party but once, when they had sent in for more provisions. They reported that they had not found gold in paying quantities, were becoming much discouraged, and announced that if they did not locate a claim before the first of September, they intended to return to Dawson, take the boat and go down the river as far as Circle city.

It has always been a mystery how news, in a sparsely settled country where there are no mail routes, telegraph lines, or other means of rapid communication, travels with such celerity and certainty. Uncivilized tribes appear to have means of communicating with each other, at long distances and over mountains and deserts, with a speed which is astonishing; and to civilized people, when surrounded by the same environments, the same facility seems to come as a necessary part of their isolation.

One day in the latter part of August a man came into Dawson and said he had heard that a mine of wonderful richness had been discovered about forty miles above the town on the "Klondike."

The same afternoon another man came from an opposite direction, and said, "As



how he had hearn tell at his camp down the river that a feller had made a rich strike over on the 'Klondike.'"

The next morning early a party of four passed through the town announcing that they had heard down at Forty-Mile, where they lived, of great finds on the "Klondike," and the same afternoon a part of tenderfeet from the "States" came down the river and wanted to know whether the report was true about rich gold mines on the "Klondike."

The following day the village was almost deserted of its inhabitants and people were passing through in parties of two, four, six, and eight, all headed toward the east and bound for the "Klondike." On the same day a messenger arrived with a letter from Judge Sinclair stating that "Camp No. 1" was at the new diggings; that they had located and prospected a good claim near that of the original discoverer, and that they had used Mr. Whizzer's name in their notice as one of the original locators and owners; and concluded with a request that Mr. Whizzer, immediately on the receipt of the letter, employ a sufficient number of packers to transport their goods and supplies to the claim. It further said that two of the number from the claim would follow the bearer of the letter on the next day to assist in packing the supplies.

Mr. Whizzer at once went to the Indian village on the opposite side of the river and engaged a sufficient number of packers, not forgetting to hire a couple of likely looking fellows on his own account to carry

the grindstone to the newly discovered mines.

In due time Mr. Whizzer, Sandy, and Joe, with a long line of well loaded packers took the trail leading from Dawson to the mine. Their arrival at "Camp No. 1" was heralded with joy; Jagsey not being the least demonstrative of the lot. The mine, and the nuggets picked up and panned out were shown, and many things were talked over.

"And just to think," said the Judge, "we are all together again, and with an almost certain prospect of becoming rich. We have now prospected the mine sufficiently to know that it contains enough of the precious metal within its boundaries to satisfy any five reasonable men in the world. We have made you one of the owners, having an equal share with the others, but we do not expect you to do any of the hard work. We have talked the matter over, and all we ask of you is to look after the camp, keep things straightened around, and do only what you feel like doing."

Mr. Whizzer demurred to owning any part of the mine. "It would be neither fair nor right for me to have any interest in the mine. It was neither through my labor or enterprise that it was discovered. To you who have undergone the hardships and performed the labor, it rightfully belongs: and I cannot accept any share of it. I thank you, however, for your kindness. I would like to remain with you during the winter, and promise to look after the camp, during your absence, to the best of my ability."

Mr. Whizzer was so firm in his refusal of any share in the mine, that the matter was not pressed further, and was not afterward alluded to.

The following morning, after the other members of the party had gone to their daily labors at the claim, Mr. Whizzer did a very unusual thing. He got out his ax, put a temporary helve in it, and went to the woods on the side of the mountain. In the afternoon he returned with as much split timber as he could comfortably carry, and out of the timber he constructed a frame for the grindstone, and put it together with the nails he had brought with him. Then, by means of the auger and ax he fitted a shaft to the grindstone, and made a crank and handle. The bearings, which he had been very particular about,

he greased with bacon rind. After hanging the grindstone, he made and nailed a small shelf on the side of the cabin and put on it a fruit can which he had found around the camp, and placed beside it an iron teaspoon. When the whole was completed it was no ordinary piece of work, as Mr. Whizzer was no mean amateur mechanic.

After he had carefully put away his tools he went into the cabin. From his actions it would appear as if his task was done, and his work finally completed. He washed himself, changed his clothing, lit his pipe, and sat down, and shut his eyes in comtemplation, as if to say, "I never intended to work, but circumstances compelled me to do so in this instance, but now my work is finished for life. I will never do any more," and then settled back against the wall for a nap.

How long Mr. Whizzer slept we have no means of knowing; but he was awakened from his reverie by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Jagsey. To that gentleman had been delegated the task of supplying the mine and cabin with wood; to the mine for thawing purposes, and to the cabin for heating and culinary purposes. He had diligently and cheerfully performed his appointed employment since the mine had been first discovered to the entire satisfaction of the company; but on this occasion he came home very much out of sorts. He was almost ready to throw up his job.

"Blame my skin if I'll try to cut any more wood. I have used this old ax till it's as dull as a frow."

Mr. Whizzer, although somewhat discomposed by his sudden awakening, listened to Jagsey's lamentations, and when he had finished, quietly said, "Jagsey, there's a grindstone outside, ready for business. Grind your ax."

As Jagsey could not grind it alone, and as Mr. Whizzer did not offer to help him, he had to await the return of the rest of the party. Jagsey spent the intervening time in the inspection and admiration of the stone and the frame on which it hung. Even the can and spoon on the shelf did not escape his attention. He asked no questions, but he could not have been more delighted and surprised if he had discovered another rich claim. Of course he had known of the grindstone, but he had not before thought of its possibilities. In a short

time, after the return of the others, the ax was in excellent condition, and Jagsey had exacted a promise from his partners that he was to continue the woodsman of the camp. His voluble tongue soon spread the news of the grindstone over the immediate district, and the next morning several miners appeared with axes to grind. When they asked of the owner the terms for using the stone, he replied, "To 'Camp No. 1' it is free; to all others the terms are a spoonful of gold dust for each hour you use

it. After you have used the stone, put a spoonful of dust in the can for each hour."

The next day a delegation called to see whether they might grind their picks. It was agreed that they might do so, on the same terms.

"Grind fair, and don't bear down too hard."

In a few days the knowledge of the existence of the grindstone had spread to the remotest parts of the district, and every miner used it, or wanted to use it; some even standing, in line for hours, each waiting his turn and so it came around that

all through the short winter days and the long Arctic nights the grindstone was kept turning, turning; and as the circumference of the stone grew smaller, the mooseskin sacks, containing its earnings, grew fuller and heavier. The end of every twenty-four hours saw twenty-four spoonfuls of bright yellow gold dust in the can. The can was a veritable cornucopia to Mr. Whizzer. Every day at high noon he would empty the contents of the can into his mooseskin sack; and this effort on the part of Mr. Whizzer comprised the total of his labor during the winter. As there was no blacksmith shop

in the whole region nearer than Circle city, the miners were glad to have the opportunity of using the stone, and thought it a favor and a condescension on the part of Mr. Whizzer to allow them to do so. The price asked and paid was only an incident, and was not taken into serious consideration.

The long winter at last wore itself out; the days were perceptibly lengthening; the snow and ice were rapidly disappearing; a few shrubs of the hardier kind began to put

forth buds and blossoms; the waters began to flow and the miners were busymaking ditches and diverting it into their sluices for their summer's work. Spring had come with all its Arctic suddenness.

About this time Mr. Whizzer announced his intention of going to St. Michaels by the first steamboat which came up the river. and from thence to the "States." That gentleman had been so manly during his stay with them, and had conferred such an inestimable boon on the miners by bringing a grindstone to the district, that they determined the best

methods of showing their appreciation of him before his departure was to call a public mass meeting, and pass resolutions expressive of their feelings toward him as a man and public benefactor.

The meeting which assembled at "Camp No. 1" a week later was unique in character. Nothing like it had ever before been seen in that or any other country. The district was populated by all classes and conditions of men. Among them could be found the gambler, the hardy but illiterate son of the frontier, and the man who had been recognized at home as an educated professional



man of the highest standing. Shut out, as they had been from civilization for eight months they were bearded and unkempt, not too well dressed. Their appearance was not prepossessing; but when a person looked beneath the surface, and saw their actions, and heard them talk, the opinion of them changed. They came from all the region round about. Every creek, gulch, and cañon contributed its quota.

In view of his experience and popularity, Judge Sinclair was elected the chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Robinson of Bonanza Creek, a graduate of Harvard, was selected

to act as the secretary.

The chairman then stated the object of the meeting, and dilating at some length on the many virtues of Mr. Whizzer, concluded by asking for the further pleasure of the assemblage.

Mr. Asahel Shinn of Sand Bottom creek, elaborated on what the Judge had just said; and moved that the chairman appoint a committee of three to draft resolutions suitable to the occasion.

This motion having been seconded and carried, the chair appointed Mr. Shinn of Sand Bottom, Mr. Puckett of Last Chance, and the Secretary, as such committee.

The Chairman now declared an informal recess until the report of the committee was ready to be submitted, and remarked that during that time if any gentleman had any remarks to make the meeting would,

no doubt, be glad to hear him.

Immediately there were cries of "Whizzer!" "Whizzer!" and that gentleman, in spite of his resistance and protestations, was forced to the front. He began by saying that he was no speaker - could not make a speech if he tried; that he appreciated the honor of being their guest on this occasion; and that he would always hold in kindly remembrance his associations with them. He further said he would like to leave with them some token of his appreciation of their uniform kindness; but had nothing he thought they would esteem more highly than the remnants of the grindstone, that it was now very small,—only weighed eleven and one-half pounds,—but with their permission he would leave it as a legacy to the District. He concluded by saying that he would be glad to take them all by the hand and bid them farewell.

At the height of Mr. Whizzer's impromptu

levee, which had been quite enthusiastic, the chairman rapped for order again, and announced that the committee on resolutions was ready to report.

When quiet had been restored, the secretary, by direction of the chairman, read the following report, which was received

with vociferous applause:—

"Mr. President:—Your committee on resolutions do report the following, and ask the meeting to adopt them:—

WHEREAS, we have heard with deep regret of the intended departure of Colonel

Whizzer from this District, and

WHEREAS, the association of the people with Colonel Whizzer during the entire time of his residence with us has been of the most pleasant character, therefore,

RESOLVED, That the thanks of the miners on the Klondike are due, and they are hereby tendered to Colonel Whizzer for the great service he has rendered them during

the past winter.

RESOLVED, FURTHER. That the good wishes of those who are here assembled, for the health and continued prosperity of Colonel Whizzer will attend him to whatever land he may go, and in whatever spot he may hereafter reside.

RESOLVED, FURTHER, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions, signed by the President, and countersigned by the Secretary, be presented to Colonel Whizzer before

his departure.

The secretary having concluded, the chairman arose and said the resolutions were so apropos he would take the liberty of calling for a vote on them without the formality of a motion for that purpose; and then said, "All who are in favor of the adoption of the resolutions which have just been read, please say 'Aye."

The vote in favor of the adoption seemed to be unanimous, but the chair, as a matter of form, was proceeding to take the negative, when "Battle Axe Bowers" of Freezeout Diggings, a tall, uncouth-looking man with a sweeping white beard, arose and commenced talking incoherently and ges-

ticulating wildly.

"I don't agree with them reserlutions," he protested. "They air too soft. What's a man a comin' to this kentry fer, an' a payin' his own ixpenses, ef soft soap's all he's a goin' to git? No, sir, they won't do."

The Chairman: "Does the gentleman intend to make a motion?"

Mr. Bowers: "Do I intend to make a motion? Not much. I hev lived in Tombstone an' Deadwood too long, before I kem to this blasted kentry, to make a fool of myself a makin' motions unless I 've got the drop on the other feller; which I have n't got in this case."

At this point a smooth shaven gentleman from Bear Creek, with his hair neatly combed and parted, and whose name in the noise and confusion the chair did not catch, called Mr. Bowers to order, "on the ground that he was not speaking to any question before the house."

Mr. Bowers: "Call me to order, do yer? Well, I'm not as smart es some dudes I've seen. I can't do pen writin', an' I hev n't got es much book larnin' es some people, but I'll bet fifty ounces—"

At this juncture, when everything seemed to be getting into a condition of sixes and sevens, and the meeting liable to break up in a row, Mr. Ransom Quigley of Skookum Gulch, a pleasant appearing young man, arose, and said: "Mr. President, I think I understand the gentleman from Freezeout. His heart is right, and his ideas are right; but he does not appear to have the faculty of expressing them to the meeting. I, therefore, move as an amendment to the resolutions, that this meeting contribute to Colonel Whizzer the sum of one hundred ounces for the purpose of assisting him to defray the expense of bringing his grindstone to this country."

Mr. Bowers: "That's right, sonny. That's just what I want, an' I could n't 'a' sed it

better myself."

The resolutions and the amendment were now adopted with a rush, and the meeting adjourned with everybody in a good humor.

On the third day after the meeting Colonel Whizzer set out for Dawson to meet the boat, which was expected daily. Joe and Sandy insisted on accompanying him, and carrying his dust. The arrival on the upper Yukon of the first steamboat of the season is a great event; and when, after much weary waiting and watching, it was seen steaming up the river in the middle of June, 1897, the population went wild. Every man, woman, child, and dog, in Dawson rushed pell mell to the landing to meet it. Who can blame them? Shut up as

they had been on the Arctic circle for nearly a year without a word or whisper from the outside world, it is no wonder they became excited at the prospect of learning of what had happened during their imprisonment.

Colonel Whizzer took an affectionate leave of Joe and Sandy; and the boat turned its prow down the stream toward home and civilization.

On the 18th day of July, there was great excitement in Seattle. For several days vague rumors had been coming from the far North telling of wonderful discoveries of gold at some remote mining center in Alaska; but these rumors appeared to be too exaggerated for belief. On this particular day, however, the newsboys were running up and down the streets selling extras which announced that a steamer was then coming up the Sound, and would arrive within two hours, and that it had on board seventy miners with tons of gold from the newly discovered mines. When the steamer arrived it was met by an immense concourse of people; and when they saw the gold in canvas and mooseskin bags, in blankets and tin cans, the rumor materialized into certainty; and when the onlookers saw the gold loaded into express wagons for transportation to some safe place in the city, they simply went wild.

After the departure of the crowd, Colonel Whizzer, who had remained in the steamer, called to an expressman and told him that he had some gold which he wished taken to the office of the Northern Pacific

Express.

"All right," said the expressman, "bring

it down."

"No," said the Colonel, "you come up and get it. It is too much like work for

me to bring it."

When the gold had been weighed at the office the Colonel tarried at the counter for his receipt, but the clerk appeared absent-minded and did not attend him. He bent over his desk, making figures, and rubbing his chin, and stroking his hair, until finally the Colonel called his attention to the fact that he had not yet handed him the customary receipt.

"O, I beg your pardon, but there is something very peculiar about your package," said the clerk. "As I estimate its value there is exactly twenty thousand dollars

worth of coined gold; no more, no less."

Colonel Whizzer took his receipt and went out to the street and did some figuring also. When he finished he put his book in his pocket and said to himself, "Well, that is strange, very strange. Exactly

seventy-three and one half pounds were ground off of that grindstone, and twenty thousand dollars in coined gold weighs just seventy-three and one half pounds. Very strange." And the Colonel walked up the street and disappeared in a Puget Sound fog.



## THE PATRIARCH SEQUOIA

WHERE the summer winds are blowing From Pacific's sunny sea,
Stands the patriarch sequoia
Walled by mountains vast as free,—
Ancient, calling from past ages
To the ages that will be.

When blind Homer swept his lyre
Till it voiced his matchless song,
When young David sang of heaven
To the heavens' starry throng,
In a valley that was nameless
Grew this seedling young and strong.

Slow the cycles waxed and wasted,
Lordly grew the tree and tall,
And the very sun that kissed it
Saw the Greeks at Tyre's wall,
Saw the hosts of Alexander
Push all Asia to her fall.

Mightier it was when Cæsar
Led Old Rome's embattled host
Roughly o'er the northern nations
To an island's savage coast,
Beating into dust the armies
That were Gaul's and Britain's boast.

When its summit towered lofty,
Christ was teaching Galilee,
Rome had spread her law-leagued power
Over every land and sea.
Lands that now are bright with learning

Then knew naught but savagery.

Realms were born, grew old, and perished,
Till the telling but remained,
Time, with its relentless seasons,
Turned to dust the trophies gained,
But this green tree 'mid its mountains
Waned not the years that waned.

When shall fail the life within it?

Men a thousand years from now
May enraptured gaze upon it

Towering still with lofty brow,
Mindful that our boastful nations

Withered ere its weakest bough.

"Viva, viva," calls the zephyr
From Pacific's sunny sea,
"Stand forever, grand sequoia,
Walled by mountains vast as free,
Living witness of past ages
To the ages that will be."

Henry F. Thurston

## A FRESH VIEW OF "MANIFEST DESTINY"

#### By JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE

HEN, some six score years ago,
Uncle Sam ascended the pulpit of Bunker Hill, and delivered his famous homily
on the rights of man, the
listening nations did not
realize any more than did
the preacher himself the
full purport and meaning of this
new sermon on the mount. The

young prophet spread wide his legs in unflinching defiance, and poured forth volley after volley of the weightiest arguments in favor of the thesis then first heard by a won-. dering world; but he little knew that his flashing eloquence was teaching such wisdom as would lift the mother of his race to the loftiest pinnacle of national prosperity. The jealous nations gathered round, and threw their caps into the air with joy at a family rupture from which they foresaw nothing but humiliation for England and her progeny. Had they but known it, the quarrel was destined to bring unparalleled glory and greatness to both. Dame Britannia, no more prophetic than the rest, scolded and stormed and strove to thrash into obedience

her rebellious boy; but when all was over, the lesson had been well learnt. A numerous brood of young nations has since been born to her; but Britannia has carefully avoided the mistakes of Lexington.

The results have just been set forth in a series of pageants such as the world has never before witness-In these America has more ed. than a spectator's interest. Our own "Manifest Destiny" has caught a reflected radiance from the illuminations of the Jubilee festivities; and by their light we can see the greatness of the Anglo-American race. On this glowing topic, I had occasion, some ten years ago, to write a few pages, and I have been astounded to find what revision is necessary to fit the old figures to present conditions. The comparison is most suggestive. Here is a part of the article with recent statistics added in parentheses:

TEN years of progress in America equal twenty years in England, and half a century in other parts of Europe. The wealth of the United States has quadrupled in less than thirty years, and multiplied sixteen fold in the memory of persons living. Mulhall shows in his "Balance Sheet of the World," the increase of Uncle Sam's wealth since 1850 would suffice to buy up (nearly twice over) the German Empire, with its farms, cities, banks, shipping, manufactures, Krupp guns, and millions of conscripts. The annual accumul ation has been \$925,000,000 (since 1880, \$1,451,000,000 a year); and therefore each decade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or Spain (Italy and Spain, and Portugal, and Norway, and Sweden, combined!) Each year witnesses the birth of towns which in less than a decade surpass in size, wealth, and material comforts, many Old World cities whose names are found on every page of history. Geneva is only half



(one third) the size of Milwaukee; Cleveland is as large (larger than) Geneva; Duluth, a fifteen-year old city (far) exceeds Mecca or Jerusalem in population; Venice is not (half) as big as Detroit, and Rome itself is only half (less than a third) the size of Chicago. Though many persons may consider such comparisons fanciful and absurd, it is probable that these young flourishing cities of America are destined to exercise as great an influence on the history of the world as any of the ancient cities have Their power as cities may not be as great. Their influence may be but that of co-operating units; but they are units of a magnificent whole, which is working out a revolution in political and industrial methods as comprehensive as anything that has preceded it in time.

Any forecast concerning America which goes further forward than ten or twenty years must seem chimerical to many people. How would John Adams or Benjamin Franklin or George Washington have received a prophecy which gave a full and clear account of the United States in the year The population swollen to twelve (sixteen) times the number they knew; the mile a minute trains that would cross the then unexplored continent in a few days (three and a half); the material wealth greater than all the world had seen before; the six (five) days' sail to Europe in mammoth steamships of palatial luxury; the British House of Lords rising to honor the American Minister; and a funeral oration on an ex-President within sound of Andre's monument in Westminster Abbey. The concondition of America in the year 1987 would appear equally visionary if described to us Let us not then look so far ahead.

The population of America has repeatedly doubled itself in twenty-five years. The census of 1880, however, showed that the population was several millions short of being double that of 1855, or four times that of 1830. Probably it will never again double itself in so short a time. Taking thirty years or even more as the period required, it is safe to say that during the lives of persons now living the Republic will count two hundred million citizens. Even with this enormous population, America will be five times less densely peopled than the United Kingdom is now. If ever America becomes as thickly peopled as England,

the population will number 1,785,000,000!

It is unquestionably the "manifest destiny" of America to leave all the nations of the world far behind. She has already a greater population than any European nation except Russia, and no people increases so rapidly. France has taken one hundred and sixty years to double her population, and now she appears to be declining. Great Britain multiplies faster than any other European people; yet she has taken seventy years to double her number nearly three times as long as America. In half (a quarter of) a century, indeed, America has added to her numbers more than the present population of Great Britain, of France, or of Austria.

Equally marvelous has been her progress in manufactures. In ten years the aggregate of industries rose 35 per cent. (From 1850 to 1890, manufactures increased nine fold, while the number of operatives multiplied only five-fold. The total working energy, as indicated by millions of foot-tons daily, advanced from 17.349 in 1840 to 128,700 in 1895.) In 1870, American made steel was less than one fourth the quantity made in Germany, and less than half that made in France. Ten years later — only ten years - she made more than France, Germany, Austria, and Belgium, combined. (Now America makes one third of the world's output, England one-quarter and the other nations the remainder.) Progress is a word which fails to express such an expansion. The manufactures of America now exceed in value those of any other nation (double those of England, three times those of Germany, and four times those of France, - being indeed, more than half the total of the world). In agriculture, of course, she is without a rival. (Increase from fifteen million tons of cereals in 1840 to eighty-nine million tons in 1895. The grain crop of 1895 was equal to eight tons per hand employed in farming, the average in Europe being two tons.)

And the parent stock of the English race—what are its industrial achievements? In manufactures England still leads the Old World in a way that admits of no comparison. Her textile industry has trebled in value in fifty years, and her yearly product is two sevenths of the world's output. Her cotton industry has trebled in thirty years, and while her product is double that of the

United States (no longer true), it is nearly four times as great as that of any other country, and is more than one third of the product of the world. Of steel England makes as much as all the rest of Europe put together, and half as much again of iron. More than one third of the commerce of the world is hers. In forty-five years it bounded from ninety-five millions sterling to five hundred and seventy (seven hundred and three) millions sterling. She has acquired more than half the carrying trade of the world; and five ships in ten the world over fly the Union Jack. Her tonnage nearly doubled between 1870 and 1880. (Between 1881 and 1894 the carrying power of British steamships increased from 17,850,000,000 tons to 29,560,000,000 tons — an addition equal to twice the entire total carrying power of the French mercantile navy, after including such small fry as pilot boats and vessels lying ashore.)

During the present century the English in America have added to their territory more than three million square miles—twice the area of the Indian Empire, which supports a population of two hundred and fifty millions. The English at home have done more. They have taken possession of all the choicest parts of the world, so that other nations, ambitious to found colonies, have now to take jungles and swamps in the torrid zone. The British Empire contains nine (nearly twelve) million square miles—fully one fourth of the habitable

globe. Every nationality under the sun is represented in this mighty empire; yet there is (with the single exception of the Transvaal) not an English-speaking community under foreign rule. These sixty-five (or seventy) dependencies have for the most part their own governments elected by the people. Each is therefore a stronghold of democracy. In New Zealand even the native Maoris vote, and they have elected five of their race to the House of Representatives. Stated briefly, the Anglo-American race is in possession of one third of the habitable world; under its rulers lives one fourth of the human race; its governments are everywhere controlled by the people, for even the government of India is subordinate to the democracy at home. The English race is supreme in industry, in trade, in agriculture. It is by far the most numerous of

civilized races; it is also the wealthiest, and, what is more important, the richest in character. It is dominant in the thought of mankind; in political methods it is greatly in advance of other peoples. In everything which makes a people great, the supremacy of the Anglo-American is the most prominent factor of this age.

It is in no spirit of vain-glory that I reiterate these tokens of Anglo-American greatness, although I consider them a cause for legitimate pride. It is of implications that I would speak. These facts are pregnant with a meaning which every year's growth of America and England makes They indicate the ultimate preclearer. dominance of the English race, with the corollary that our language will be the speech of the world. "Will be?" say I. It is already. Ten years ago the native representatives of China and Japan during negotiations at Tientsin concerning the affairs of Corea conducted their discussions in the English tongue.\* Already English is the native language of one hundred (and twenty) million people — five (six) times as many as at the beginning of this century. At present our language is spoken by nearly two sevenths (one third) of the civilized world. In 1801 thirteen Europeans in every hundred spoke English, while about twenty spoke French, which was of all European languages the most used. Now there are but thirteen French in every hundred to more than twenty-seven (thirty) English.

At the close of the civil war in America—which has so far lost its bitterness that it has come to be spoken of simply as "the late unpleasantness," Napoleon was in Mexico. He was there, as he himself said, to assure by means of French soldiers "the preponderance of French over the Latin races, and to augment the influence of these races in America." As soon as Uncle Sam had put his house in order, he hinted to Napoleon that Mexico was part of America, and came under the operation of that law

<sup>\*</sup>Since writing this, an American friend from China assures me that at this conference the contribution of the Japanese representative to the discussion was the single expression, "My hop pacific." The hope of peace concealed in the phrase is decidedly encouraging. May every extension of our language be accompanied by a "hop pacific." (The Japan Times, now published at Tokio in English by native Japanese, is one of the best written and most cleverly edited newspapers in the world.)

formulated by Monroe. The French took the hint and left. Mexico has a share in the manifest destiny of the republic which a keener man than Napoleon recognized. Forty-five years ago Lucan Alaman, the Mexican statesman and historian, left on record the pathetic prophecy that the future greatness of his country would "not be for the races which now inhabit it." Since then the destiny of Mexico has become more manifest. Her rich valleys and mines have tempted southwards hundreds of rich Americans, who are developing the latent powers of the country. It will not be long before Mexico drops into the starry group of States. From Mexico it is only a step to Central America, where there will soon be a ship canal of primary importance to the republic. America's authority has already been asserted and acknowledged in Panama. The manifest destiny of the republic certainly includes Mexico and Central America (Cuba and Hawaii). still looking south, it seems impossible that the vast regions included in the name of South America can remain in the possession of the emasculated Europeans and Latinized half-breeds who now live there. Americans say of an unreasonable man that he wants the earth. Without consciously wanting it, it seems probable that the Anglo-American will get it. There is only one continent left for other nations to wrangle over, and even of this England has picked out for herself the choicest bits. The northern boundary of the British possessions in South Africa now almost reaches the Zambesi. (Mediterranean!!) It is barely a generation since this river was practically unknown.

Here let me quote a paragraph from Professor Fiske's little book on "American Political Ideas":—

The work which the English race began when it colonized North America is destined to go on until every land on the earth's surface that is not-already the seat of an old civilization shall become English in its language, in its political habits and traditions, and to a predominant extent in the blood of its people. The day is at hand when four-fifths of the human race will trace its pedigree to English forefathers, as four-fifths of the white people in the United States trace their pedigree to-day. The race thus spread over both hemispheres, and from the rising to the setting sun, will not fail to keep that sovereignty of the sea and that commercial supremacy which it began to acquire when England first stretched its arm across the Atlantic to the shores of Virginia and Massachusetts. The

language spoken by these great communities will not be sundered into dialects like the language of the ancient Romans, but perpetual intercommunication and the universal habit of reading and writing will preserve its integrity; and the world's business will be transacted by English-speaking people to so great an extent, that whatever language any man may have learned in his infancy he will find it necessary, sooner or later, to express his thoughts in English. And in this way it is by no means improbable that, as Grimm, the German, and Candolle, the Frenchman, long since foretold, the language of Shakespeare may ultimately become the language of mankind.

Returning to our Arithmancy, let us look at shadows cast by coming events which are not so remote. The most conspicuous augury is that American industry, free from the most oppressive burdens which feudalism has bequeathed to other nations, willoutstrip European industry just as America is outdistancing everything else European. Then, in sheer self-defense, the warlike nations of the Old World will have to drop militancy as a pastime too expensive when starving for food. Perhaps the burden of hereditary privilege will be dropped at the same time. The first king was only a leader in war; with cessation of war royalty become not only useless, but detrimental as a profitless burden on industry.

America is fast becoming the market garden and provision storehouse of Europe. Her shipments of food are already indispensable to the Old World; and Europe's dependency on the Republic is to increase. Europe must give something in exchange for cargoes of wheat, beef, pork, etc. What will she give when America not only becomes self-sufficing but sends her cheap manufactures into the neutral markets of the world? Already her exports are 31 per cent in excess of imports. This problem will get more difficult of solution as it grows old. America, favored by great natural resources, and untrammeled by military taxation or service, free from war debts and from the burden of royalty and large classes of non-producers, will soon undersell the products of Europe in every market. This will be the way in which the Western Republic will join the European concert. Her entry will produce greater changes in governmental theory and method than the advent of a political Wagner or a Berlioz. It may be visionary to speculate how the other musicians will receive such an advent. To me only one result seems possible: Europe will have to send her sons home

from the barrack and camp, that in the forge and workshop they may take part in a struggle keener than that of Waterloo or Bunker Hill. The contest will be industrial. Shuttles, picks, and hammers, will be the

weapons. The victory, like that of military encounters, will be survival to the fittest; but the fittest here is the one possessing the most efficient and economical industrial system.

### QUETZAL

HE STOOD in the prow of his snake-skin craft, He steered for the rising sun.

The tropic waters about him laughed, The tropic heavens above him shone.

A wine warm breeze from the shore was blown, As the God fared forth on the sea alone, His mission and duty-done.

"I have wrought with a strenuous hand," said he.

"I have left a race of men
Where I found but beasts; and the land is free
From the wars of old, from the years of strife,
When with blood and brawls was the nation rife,
From the War-God's rule and the slaughter knife,
And the Aztec charnel-den.

"The land lies lulled with the songs of peace,
The ripened corn-bloom swings,
And Aztec maidens cull the fleece
Of the cotton plant; but the wild alarms
Of the ruined towns and the ravaged farms
Call their lovers not from their brown, round arms,
To die for their cruel kings.

"I have labored long, but I builded well,
And my toil was not in vain;
For Aztec mothers long will tell
Of the days of peace that the White God brought,
Of the arts of peace that the White One taught,
How in years to come, with new blessings fraught,
The God will come back again."

He roused himself from his pleasant dreams,
He shoreward turned his eyes,
And far away, where the beach-line gleams,
He heard the shout of the Aztec folk
Above the roar of the waves that broke,
And saw the sullen, ascending smoke
From the stone of sacrifice.

Joseph L. Hooper





#### THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

WHO mourns the ancient chivalries,
Who says our heroes fail,
Who deems our nineteen centuries
Have made our courage quail?
Where Afghan's bristling mount deters
With flames of Hell's own breath,—
'T is there the Gordon Highlanders
Step gaily out to death.

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North,
His lilt is upon their ears,
And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth
From the tombs of the gallant years.

Their leader speaks; an answer stirs
Each pulse: "The fort must fall.
My men! The Gordon Highlanders
Will take it." That is all.
No laggard hand, or heart. Each man
Stands up with flashing eye.
"Hurrah! Hurrah!"—The Gordon clan
Leap gaily out to die.

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North, His lilt is upon their ears, And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth From the tombs of the gallant years. The pipers play. Wild echoes ring
Amid the battle shock,
And ghostly hero-voices fling
Their notes from rock to rock.
The pipers play, the tartans stream,
The Gordons press before,
As, in the air, they catch a gleam
Of dirk and of claymore!

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North, His lilt is upon their ears, And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth From the tombs of the gallant years.

The pipers lead, the Gordons leap,
They step to death's own reel;
They reck not if the floor be steep,
They reck nor fire nor steel.
The pipers lead, the tartans wave,
The Gordons to the front!—
And with them scale ghosts dim and brave,
Who never brooked affront.

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North,
His lilt is upon their ears,
And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth
From the tombs of the gallant years.

The piper plays,—the piper falls,—His pipe rings on the air;
With shattered limbs his breath still calls
The Northern Cock to dare!
And still the Gordons, leaping, flying,
Dance on to face Hell's fire,—
Their fathers heard that strain when dying,
Each son is worth his sire.

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North,
His lilt is upon their ears,
And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth
From the tombs of the gallant years.

They fight their way over fire and steel
As their fathers fought before,
They dance the step of the old sword reel
To the clash of the old claymore.—
And the grand old courage asserts its might,
The old blood stirs our veins,
While the Gordon Highlanders scale the height
To their wounded piper's strains.

For they hark to the strain of the Cock of the North,
His lilt is upon their ears,
And the souls of their ancestors beckon forth
From the tombs of the gallant years.

A. R. Rose-Soley

## ESOTERIC REALISM

#### By PANTIA RALLI

"By his works shall a man be known."

IT WAS well on to the middle of the night, or rather in the small hours of the morning, when Paul Grainton, the well-known realistic author, put the finishing touch to the manuscript that lay before him, and amused himself for a few seconds by penning in a fine ladylike hand an elaborate "finis" at the foot of the last page. He passed the blotting paper over it with a sigh of relief.

"My head aches fearfully today," he said to himself, pressing his hand to his forehead, "and now that this is off my mind, I'll take a run down to the seaside with the wife and youngster and see if a week or two of fresh air will not sweep the cobwebs from my brain." Then he added with a half smile as he glanced up at the clock and thence to a mirror, which reflected back a corpse-like mask with dark rings round the eyes, "Even the unco'gude might show me a little mercy if they knew what it costs me to sweat out one of those polished trifles at which they throw up their hands in holy horror. And now to bed!"

Suiting the action to the word, he extinguished his cigarette in the half-empty glass of absinthe at his elbow (for he affected not only French literature, but also French habits) and stretched out his hand to lift the lamp from the table. As he rose to do it, his legs seemed incapable of supporting the weight of his body, and he pitched heavily forward, striking his head sharply against the angle of the table, and upsetting the lamp with a crash on the floor.

"What a clumsy fool I am," he muttered, as he painfully dragged himself to his feet. "I might have set the house on fire, and that precious manuscript of mine smells of the midnight oil with a vengeance. I am afraid Sarah will have something to say to me in the morning about the broken lamp. But really, I cannot be considered responsible for my actions tonight; my poor head feels as if somebody were drumming on it

with a sledge-hammer. Well, I shall have to find my way to bed in the dark." And he began to grope toward the door.

After several paces forward, feeling his way with outstretched hands, he paused, puzzled.

"Come, come! I must pull myself together. What is the matter with me to-night? Every trifle seems to upset me, and I feel as nervous as an old woman. Somebody must have left the hall door open; I can feel the night air blowing on my face. As for the furniture, it seems to have taken wings. I have not even barked my shins up against the bookcase, or tripped over a foot-stool. And what is this? I could swear that it is the bare ground underneath my feet, and not the carpet. Surely it is impossible—no! it cannot — but how else to explain that that I should go mad?" And in spite of reeling head and faltering limbs, he threw himself in the direction of the door to give the lie to so hideous an idea.

No longer, however, did he possess the control over his limbs; some influence, before which he felt as powerless as a newborn thing, urged him onward — on through the darkness — on through the gloom, and a nameless horror enshrouded him, that bereft him of all physical individuality but the power of thought, and with it the faculty to conjure up vague fears, terrible in their intangibility. What sin had he committed to draw upon himself this punishment, and where would it all end? Was he to wander about this noisome labyrinth to die of exhaustion or hunger, like some sick beast in its tracks? What if he were already dead, and it were beyond the power of death even to bring relief? He tried to call aloud if only to break the immensity of the silence by the sound of his own voice. As it left his lips it fell thin and artificial, and the echo wafted back a long, sorrowful wail.

After a short time, when his eyes accus-

tomed themselves to the general gloom, it seemed to him that strange shadows with something of the human shape were flitting around, but whenever he would have approached them, they faded away gradually and mingled once more with the darkness. Presently they grew clearer and clearer, and proved indeed to be human beings, if that name can be given to the motley crowd of stunted men, women, and children, that now confronted Paul Grainton.

On they came, a hideous, dwarfish throng, howling and yelling, jostling and treading down one another in their frantic efforts to be the first to reach him, not one whose countenance did not bear the impress of fierce hate, malice, and depravity. Terror tied him to the spot from which he would

have fled.

As soon as they came within a few yards of him, they halted abruptly, and one, more loathsome, if possible, then the rest, stepped forward, and throwing up his right hand in burlesque oratory amidst yells of discordant laughter, instituted himself as spokesman for his comrades.

"Welcome, noble master, thrice welcome to this noble domain. We trust that it meets with the approbation of one who has helped so much to build it up. We, the humble creations of your brain, will be most happy to escort you round your broad possessions and draw your attention to its manifold beauties." And with a flourish and a mock bow, he stepped back among his companions.

In vain the miserable author flung himself on the ground and tried to blot them from his view; he was powerless to shut out their cries and gibes as they joined hands and grotesquely danced around him.

It seemed to him hours before they paused for an instant, weary even of tormenting him, and just when he was thinking how much more of this was durable, his strength all at once returned to him, and with one bound he was upon his feet and fleeing for dear life.

Like sleuth hounds, they were on his track, but a glimmering light in the distance gave him hope of a refuge, and he led the pace with the energy of despair. Fearful lest their prey should escape, his pursuers followed, and only just in time, when the foremost had stretched forth a misshapen claw to impede his flight, he

threw himself into the open doorway from whence streamed the light, and slammed the heavy door upon them. Like baffled wolves they snarled and yelped outside, but at length he had the satisfaction of hearing their sounds grow faint, and gradually die away in the distance.

All sense of weariness and depression quitted Paul Grainton once within the building, and with a light step he prepared to mount the broad marble staircase leading out of the spacious hall in which he found

himself.

As his footsteps fell noiseless on the thick carpet, he paused every now and again to admire the pictures that hung around the walls. Never had he seen, so he thought, not even in the most famous galleries of Europe, such brilliancy of design and execution or a more masterly

handling of color.

Every branch had its devotees, and every style was represented. Whilst some artists showed the qualities and defects of a school, others reveled in a sturdy independence. A few bold strokes of one would express what another had arduously undertaken with a world of minute detail. Some he felt the happier and better for having seen, others filled him with disgust at so much talent gone astray.

One picture attracted his peculiar attention, the gruesomeness of the subject, with its fidelity of detail and the skilfulness of the grouping, usurped over him a strange fascination. It was the figure of a young and beautiful woman stretched on an operating table, surrounded by a group of curious students listening to a professor who was evidently lecturing on the nature of the disease. Not one glance of pity was directed toward the patient tossing uneasily under the influence of the chloroform, but a smile on some of their faces denoted a sally of wit on the part of the professor who could even torture something humorous from so sorry a subject. Paul Grainton noticed with a shudder the resemblance between his own features and those of the professor, and that the picture was signed with his name, although he had never handled a brush in his life.

After this, the pictures lost all interest for him, in fact, he feared to look at them, and he hurried up the staircase, hardly daring to look behind. It led up to a room from which floated out the strains of sweet, dreamy music, and an occasional ripple of girlish laughter fell with pleasant cadence upon his ear. The whole palace was bathed in a soft crystal light that streamed through the half-opened door, and which would, every now and then, strengthen in intensity till it reached a dazzling brightness that gilded everything it touched, and then gradually faded back to its former state.

A feeling of proprietorship came over Paul Grainton, as if the place somehow belonged to him, and he boldly entered the room. A young girl was seated at the piano, occasionally striking the keys, whilst a young man bending over her shoulder made a pretense of turning over the musicleaves. When she saw Paul Grainton enter the room, she sprang up with a little cry of welcome, and said, as she kissed him on both cheeks:—

"O, father, if you come home so late another time, I really shall scold you. The dinner must be all spoilt from waiting, and cousin John became so ravenous, I was really afraid he would turn cannibal. And laughing and talking, they sat down to table.

Paul Grainton only toyed with the dainty dishes before him; his mind was wandering over the different events he had gone through, and groping for a solution. had he been spirited from off the earth into a land of impenetrable gloom? had those hideous phantoms accosted him as their creator? Why should he figure in a painting bearing his own signature?—he who knew nothing about painting? should this girl-beauty call him father, and why should he acknowledge it? should be alone have to suffer? He had been a good husband and father, as far as it lay in his power, had helped out his fellow creatures. What more could he have done?

Then the thought struck him. "But what about your life-work? Is it not permeated with gloom that has no redeeming ray of sunshine to cheer the wanderer? What are your men and women but mere dwarfish enormities of vice and depravity, with only the shadow of reality? What use do you make of your skill? To pander to the morbid and vicious by jesting at some fraility of human nature that is laid bare beneath your knife. This is your life-work,

and you have the right to sign it. Do you delight in the innocent grace by your side? Wait till the finish."

As he looked up toward her she stopped talking to her cousin, who, up till now, had engrossed her conversation, and with a shade of anxiety in her voice, turned to him and said:—

"What are you thinking of, father? You look as solemn as a judge, and have positively eaten nothing." And she pressed some dainty on his plate.

Paul Grainton accepted it with some playful rejoinder and fixed his eyes on her with admiring satisfaction. She was indeed a worthy daughter. Tall and supple, with slightly drooping shoulders supporting a small head, with clear cut features and soft blue eyes; but her chief glory lay in the mass of golden hair that rippled down her back and crowned her with an aureole. It suffused a dim radiance around her that gradually increased in strength, till it shone with dazzling whiteness.

It shed its luster on her companion and ennobled his features. It illuminated every nook and cranny of the room and played about the table. It made its way down the staircase, and streamed far into the black night. This was the light that had been his guide.

Surely much would be forgiven him, for having enriched the world with this embodiment of youthful grace and beauty and innocence. What harm could be found in the manly form at her side? How could his open, honest countenance harbor evil thoughts? Did not the dark background of shadows he had left behind him, make these two figures stand out the nobler, the clearer?

Thus he tried to excuse himself and stifle the chiding voice of conscience. But this false security was not to last for long. Something in the voice of the girl startled him from his reverie. Was it only fancy that the lines of her mouth had grown harder, that he missed the genuine ring of her laughter, that the very light about her had lost somewhat of its ancient luster? No longer did she seem aware of his presence, her companion alone engrossed her conversation.

Brilliant as it might be, it gave him a pang to listen to it. Had so fair an exterior no feeling, no soul, that everything furnished her with a subject for satire or ridicule? Was nothing held sacred? Was nobody disinterested? Was there naught to live for save pleasure and the satiation of one's passions? Was poverty a crime, and old age a misfortune? Coming from her lips, it left behind a sting like the cut of a whip; but alas! He had forfeited the right to reprove her, since each word she uttered seemed to be culled from one or other of his own works. Every curl of her lip, every toss of her head at suffering, toiling, hoping humanity had been his own.

It was as though she read his innermost thoughts and every now and then she would appeal to him to bear her out, and somehow he would give a smile and a nod of his head in approval although it was the pain of a hard clutching at his heart's strings.

As she paused, Paul Grainton reached over, he knew not why, and touched the light that had shone so gloriously and now feebly flickered about her head,—and in so doing extinguished its dying rays. Putting up her hand as if to ward him off, she wailed,—partly in complaint, partly in reproach,—"Father, father!" and faded away in the darkness that fell over everything. Castle, lover, girl, all had disappeared.

Once more he was at the mercy of his relentless foes, and already he could hear their cries, as they bore down toward him

through the pitchy night.

Too sick at heart, and too weary to attempt another flight, he awaited them, careless of what might happen. Once only did his tortures succeed in wringing a groan from him, and that was when he perceived amidst the rabble the form of the girl and her lover, who with livid faces and vampire eyes spat their venom at him, and cursed him for their withered beauty, and as the author of their grief and shame.

Well! it was over now. Death, the leveler of all things, had freed him from his misery. Perhaps he swooned,—he could not tell; but he awoke to find himself in a coffin; his heart did not beat, his hands lay heavy by his side, his body was cold and stiff. This was death indeed! They would lay him in the churchyard and there he would sleep, calmly and peacefully, for his

dear wife to join him.

He could feel her presence near him, as with bowed forehead against the side of the coffin, she moved her lips in silent prayer.

Her daughter, a little tot of five years, came crawling from out of the corner where she had been playing, and threw her chubby little arms around her mother's neck and tried to console her in her baby fashion.

"Papa told me he wrote books," she babbled. "When I'm a big girl shall I read father's books, Mamma?"

The mother kissed and fondled her, but

the child still held to the subject.

"Papa said I was too little to read his books; are they not good books for a little girl? When I am big I mean to read them all."

The widow burst into tears.

Could she tell her daughter before his coffin that her husband had forbidden her to read his own works,—that they were as dangerous to pure womanhood as a snake in the grass is to the barefooted savage? No! but she would learn it all in good time. Would it not be for her a life-long battle against the legacy of sneers and contempt her father had bequeathed her? Was she not already branded from her birth as the daughter of Paul Grainton, the man, who under the plea of realism, employed his fluent pen and easy talents to no better purpose than to pander to the baser passions of human nature? He who could have towered head and shoulders above his contemporaries and left a name above all cavil, was content for a little more leisure, or a little more remuneration, to trail himself a slave behind the chariot of Mammon. What could she do but keep silent?

"That is the interpretation of her tears," thought her husband. "There is no rest for me, not even in the grave. How can I peacefully await them, regardless of the stumbling blocks I have strewn in their path? Not only have I proved my own worst enemy, but I bring ruin on those that are dearest to me. Ah! how different it might

all have been."

Just then his wife bent over and kissed him; he could feel her soft hair brush lightly against his cheek and a tear that she let fall lay wet upon his forehead.

A quiver ran through his body; once more was the errant spirit summoned to its shell, and he opened his eyes — to find himself in his bed with his wife watching over him.

"Hush, dear!" she said, "the doctor gave orders that you were to be kept quiet, and

on no account be allowed to speak. You have not been well, but thank God, the worst is over!"

Weak and languid, but with a thankful heart, he lay back with his hand in that of his wife and slept like a little child.

The next day the papers contained the following paragraph:—

We regret to announce the sudden illness of Paul

Grainton, the celebrated novelist, who was discovered lying in a state of insensibility on the floor of his study, where it is feared he passed the greater part of the night. Medical aid was promptly sent for, and it was found to be occasioned by a severe attack of brain fever brought on, no doubt, by over-pressure. Although the crisis is happily over, it will require time for the patient to recover from the severe shock he has undergone. This unfortunate occurrence will probably delay the publishing of "Scarlet Lilies" so anxiously awaited by his admirers.

#### THE MUSICIAN

SOMETIMES, when thus she plays, long dead desires Awake and stir, old happy ways of thought Return upon me, visions come and go Between mine eyelids and mine eyes,—I know What once I was, and long have ceased to be.

These ghostly joys
Are not all joyful,—through such mists of tears
I see them, over such abyss of years,
And with such vain regret,—methinks their eyes
Reproach me, as young things that suffer wrong.
One saith, "Thus was I till thy faith grew chill";
One saith, "I failed with failing innocence";
One saith, "Love's promises are unfulfilled";—
And one, more sad than all that passed before—
More sad and sweet,—saith thus, "I am the joy
That is the portion of the young; with me
Pass Glamor, and a thousand voiceless faiths
That flatter life."

These ghostly flitting feet
That pace the heart! This blithe processional
Of unforgotten loves and faiths and joys,
So sadly gay! This dance of dear things dead!
This brightness in the long unlighted house,—
And seen through such vain tears! This strain too keen
And potent for the heart,— too long unheard
That one should hear it smiling! This soft mist
From out the Past that blurs the present good
And wets the cheek of Memory! Ah, and now
This emptiness and darkness, and the hand
Of Age upon my shoulder!

Play no more!

## WE CAN BUILD STEEL SHIPS

#### BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR

IN THE July, 1897, OVERLAND, the writer used the following language:

Still others explain [the falling off of American tonnage engaged in foreign trade] that "steel ships are rapidly displacing wooden ones and we cannot build steel ships in competition with Great Britain because material is cheaper in Europe."

This ground I will cover in a future article. It is

This promise I am expected to redeem, and hope satisfactorily to establish the fact that it is not the cost of material that causes the alleged disparity.

But first, I wish fully to impress the reader with the importance of this discussion, and will therefore give a few figures from government statistics similar to those heretofore made use of but of a little

later date:-

A striking comparison may be noted in the following demonstration that the merchant marine of the United States registered for foreign trade is more a memory of historical record than a present fact: the tonnage registered in 1897 was only 792,845 gross tons (excluding whalers), as against 981,019 tons in 1810 and 2,496,894 tons in 1861, a falling off as compared with eighty-seven years ago of 188,174 tons and a decline in the last thirty-six years of 1.704.049 tons. Again, during the year 1897 American vessels carried but eleven per cent of our total exports and imports, while in 1861 our vessels carried sixty-five per cent, the latter being the lowest percentage during the century down to that date. The decline has been continuous and uninterrupted from 1828 to 1898. Why? I think it is largely the result of unwise legislation and treaties, and to some extent, of indifference.

As a further object lesson, let us compare our domestic and foreign shipping for a moment. In 1897 we find vessels engaged in this home trade, which is reserved by act of Congress for American built and American owned vessels, numbering 21,651, of a gross tonnage of 3,963,436, which I believe exceeds the total tonnage of all classes of vessels of any other nation except England and Germany, while there

were in 1897 only 1230 American vessels of 805,584 gross tons in the foreign trade, including whaling vessels of 12,714 tons. the latter having declined from 198,594

tons engaged in whaling in 1858.

Of iron and steel steam vessels in the American merchant marine there are 103 engaged in foreign trade and 826 in domestic (coastwise and lake) service, and of the ninety-four iron and steel sailing craft there are (including barges) twelve in foreign trade and eighty-two in domestic. It would seem to be sufficiently established by these figures that the United States is deplorably deficient in merchant vessels suitable for and engaging in foreign trade, and that action of some kind should be taken as soon as practicable that will have for its object the creation of a more creditable showing by this great nation on the oceans'

international highways.

The major proposition, so strongly urged by some well-informed persons, to the effect that "during the past few years the shipbuilding business has entirely changed, there being no more wooden vessels constructed (except for our protected domestic commerce), and the minor proposition that iron and steel vessels can be produced at a much less cost at European (notably English) shipyards than at the yards of this country, seem to be well substantiated by the facts. But the conclusion "that therefore the United States cannot hope to compete but must leave the shipbuilding and ocean transportation business to the more fortunate nations of Europe," is not to be accepted as a final or satisfactory solution of the problem for our people.

It is not American. It is not patriotic. Will citizens of thoughtful intelligence and pride of country concede such a humiliating failure? What would they have done about it in 1776? They would have built steel ships to carry at least their own ex-

ports and imports; and so will we.

Let us reason the matter out a little: give heed to the experiences, investigations, and opinions, of practical people and try to convince ourselves that by the exercise of our best judgment, necessary legislation, and good management, we can build steel ships for our merchant navy that shall wave the flag of freedom on the waters of every sea and in the ports of all nations, and it will be done. With this accomplished, in our mind's eye, we can prophetically look into the future, the near future, and see our hundreds of iron mines, of steel foundries, of shipbuilding plants, in many States, giving directly and indirectly, profitable employment to many thousands of laborers throughout the length and breadth of this Union of States, and thereby creating communities of happy, contented people, whose allegiance to the flag will be

First, then, let us see why we do not now build steel ships in the United States, as asserted. The answer is that we do build steel ships, that we build all the ships of our nation's navy, for our domestic trade, and some for the navies of other nations; who not those for the foreign merchant navy of our own country? Because the conditions are not the same. The law provides that our warships and vessels for domestic trade be builded by our own people in our own shipyards. Everybody agrees that this is a good law, and you never hear a suggestion that these vessels be given out to competition in the markets of the world or be purchased where they can be bought the cheapest, nor even that the material be bought abroad because it might be gotten at a less cost. Why is this?

Is it patriotism that insists upon giving this work to American labor regardless of cheaper bids from across the water? It really looks that way. And patriotism is another name for national self-preservation and protection. And if it is patriotic to have such a law by which employment is given to thousands of our own workmen, who fully appreciate this opportunity to earn good wages, would the rule not seem to be equally good when applied to more workmen of the same kind? Suppose we ascertain as a collateral fact what constitutes the difference in the cost of construction at our own yards and those of Great Britain, and then see if a remedy cannot be suggested that will give us our just share of steel shipbuilding.

Concerning, then, the cost of material referred to in the first paragraph, I will

quote from unquestioned authority to the effect that "The United States has outstripped England already in steel making, and ship material sells here (in the United States) today at lower prices than over there." If, then, materials sell cheaper here than in England where is the trouble? It is all covered by one item: Labor.

Mr. W. I. Babcock, who was a delegate to the recent International Congress of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers held in England, makes the following statement:—

Now, the ability not only to build good ships but to build them as cheaply as any competing nation can, is one of the prime essentials, and it is, therefore, a great pleasure to be able to say that it is my deliberate opinion, after careful inspection of the various yards that were so freely thrown open to us, and of some others not on the regular programme of the congress, that, given work enough to keep our yards occupied all the time, our larger and more modern yards could build ships and make money at English prices, and this notwithstanding the fact that the wages paid on the Clyde — taken from an official list I obtained in Glasgow - average about 55½ per cent of the wages we pay. This is due to the much greater use of labor-saving machinery in our yards, to their better arrangement for handling materials, to, in many respects, better tools, and, last, but by no means least, to the fact that we manage our own business, that the union and the walking delegate are not all-powerful with us, that master and man work together in America with mutual respect and esteem, that our mechanics are better and brighter workmen, more intelligent and taking more pride in their work, and our managers are always ready to try anything new in the hope that it will be better than the old way.

The Britisher is very conservative. He believes in sticking to the bridge which has carried him safely over, and does not take kindly to new tools or new methods.

This statement is undoubtedly accurate so far as it applies to the immediate present, but with this great disparity of wages continuing, and when the Britisher fully realizes his disadvantage in the matter of machinery and its application and that his business is threatened by the enterprising "Yankee"; when he adopts the American methods in this and other particulars, how shall we compete on the wage problem? For, while the variation of wages paid at shipyards of Europe and the United States is estimated at  $55\frac{1}{2}$  per cent by the English authority from which Mr. Babcock quotes, showing that the American laborer has at the present time this advantage over his English brother, the former will not readily assent to a reduction that will equalize this item of cost, and who would ask him to?

Low wages and general prosperity do not make a good working team and never will.

It would seem that the question may be solved in one of two ways and in no other way. American labor must be protected by this great government, with its hundreds of millions of dollars of yearly income, so that good American wages can continue, either by paying liberal subsidies for the building of steel ships, and if necessary for sailing them, or by encouraging their building through the adoption of a uniform system of discriminating duties on imports, the latter being probabably the most practicable and least objectionable. such help is given, the other alternative is that American labor must positively get down to the level of competing European labor or we build no ships for international service. For capital is not, nor ever was, patriotic; capital will not go into a losing enterprise if it knows it, and hence will not invest in shipbuilding from patriotic mo-The government which (in theory) means the people, with us, must furnish the patriotism through its statesmen, as it does through its millions of brave soldiers in times of war. Capital cannot do and live. what the laws of the nation will not permit it to do. I have no sympathy with the cry of the demagogue that there exists and ever will exist an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor. It is the demagogue's business to make people believe this, but it is not so. There is no such conflict nor ever has been. Capital, although a coward, is not usually (though sometimes) controlled by fools, and only fools in charge of capital will intentionally antagonize the creators of capital represented by labor. Capital, for selfish reasons, wants labor to be satisfied, but when American capital must carry enterprises in competition with the cheap capital — which buys cheap materials, produced by the cheap labor of Europe or Asia, capital is compelled to buy labor as cheaply as possible or go out of business. Understand me when I refer to "cheap material" that this is only another way of saying cheap, ill-paid labor. No one will contend that God charged more for putting the metals in the earth of American soil than He did in the soil of Europe, and any man with an intellect above the animal nature will readily comprehend

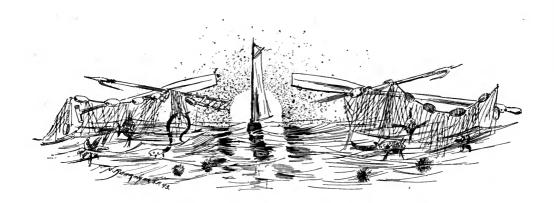
that the cost to man of raw material is the expense of reducing it to possession and subjection and that the additional cost of transforming it into a manufactured article is the price paid for more human labor. But, through American enterprise and the bountiful gifts of nature, we have already solved the shipbuilding material problem. The labor question remains to be solved and its solution must therefore be looked to as indicated.

One thing is now essential to the future greatness of this nation and that is a powerful merchant marine that will carry the star spangled flag through all the waterways of commerce and to all the great trading ports and countries of the world. Our country has been developed in a rather lop-sided fashion. Being so large, this could hardly be otherwise when the growth of industries and population was so rapid. In the earlier years, when the population was located along the Atlantic coast and before it had extended to the interior, there was wonderful activity and success in ocean commerce, until for a number of years our prestige on the seas was duly acknowledged by the civilized world and our ships were at once the admiration and envy of Europe and Asia. Then there came a change, apparently marked by the dark lines of domestic war, but actually the result of legislation commenced long before 1860 and continued from time to time since, through which less encouragement was given to ship commerce and more to internal development and especially to railroad building. Shipbuilding was neglected by capital, because not encouraged by government and because capital and labor found more profitable employment in railroad building and other enterprises. Legislation favored the railroad and gave to promoters of such schemes land and money subsidies enough in value to build a merchant navy that would carry the entire trade on the oceans of the world for many years and defy competition. But the subsidies were not for ships — only for railroads, through the building and running of which our people made money out of each other and great fortunes were amassed and lost. Speculation, manipulation, monopoly, and many of the other ills of our social life, including legislative and judicial corruption, have been charged to railroad influence, and while

thousands of stockholders have lost their all in such investments, never having seen a dividend from start to finish, it is well understood that the manipulators and officers themselves have become enormously rich. Probably the railroad legislation of this country opened up the most prolific source of fraud and legalized robbery that the world has ever known, while our most needful source of national wealth and prosperity, our international ocean commerce, was permitted through neglect, mistaken policies, and foreign influence at Washington, to be strangled and starved for the want of a little legitimate assistance and finally to languish and die.

England never subsidized her railroads, but has always lavishly helped her marine shipping, with the result with which everybody is familiar, that today she is the mistress of the seas.

Allow me to reiterate, then, that the creation of a strong merchant marine should be a source of solicitude to the general government, and the weight of responsibility seems to rest upon Congress, to the acts of which the eyes of an anxious people are just now properly directed. If Congress says we can continue to pay American wages and build steel ships in competition with Europe, our future standing as a maritime nation will be assured.



### IDEALISM VERSUS REALISM

THE idealist, with tender touch And rapt, uplifted soul, Gives to us only of the best,— The realist, the whole.

The idealist may speak of love, Its tenderness portray; The realist with dry details Hath frightened love away.

The first in glowing colors
Paints the best from heart and mind,—
The latter daubs in gray and black
For those who 're color blind.



Number 17

EVENING LIGHT

James G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Washington

# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—III

BALLOTS have been coming in on the first contest quite freely of late, and indeed are coming in so much more numerously in the last few days than in the earlier stages that it has been deemed unwise to close the polls soon enough to announce the result in the present issue. In the March number, however, the election returns will be given. Meanwhile any procrastinating voter should bestir himself, to be sure of having his choice of favorite counted.

One of the pleasant letters received in the matter of this contest is printed in the "Etcetera" pages, and truly the contest is proving a success in winning friends for the magazine and making them take a lively interest in it.

The editors think, too, that it is proving a success in giving the readers a large number of beautiful and varied pictures, covering the picturesque spots of a wide range of country. From Alaska on the north and Iowa on the east, to Southern California, the photographs of the present selection have come, nearly half of them from outside of California. Truly if the California amateurs are to maintain the supremacy that has long been claimed for them they will have to be up and doing.

Fully thirty years ago the present writer can remember seeing photographs that were sent East from California, and hearing them exclaimed over as being remarkably fine,—to which the explanation was given that there was something in the air and light of the Farthest West that was peculiarly favorable to photography. Those were professional photographs, of course; for in those days the amateur as yet was not, and the dry plate process with its revolutionary results was unknown. They were the days of head-tongs, and "look pleasant" for a minute at a stretch, and "wink all you want to."



Number 18

A GENTLE STEPMOTHER

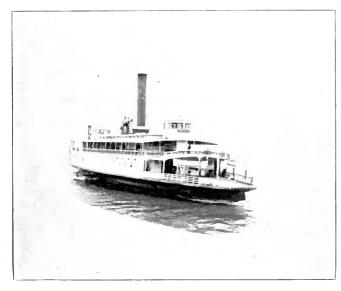
Mrs A. O. Judson, San Francisco

But still in the East the tradition lingers that California is a good place for photography. Only a short time ago that fact was given as a reason why photographic process work should be excellent in the Golden State, and truly, considering the somewhat limited market for the highest grades of photo-etched plates, the coast

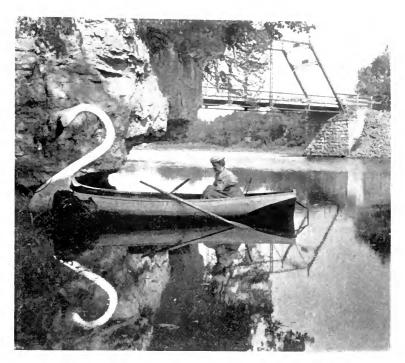
can claim to have fair facilities in this line. Experiments are going on, too, in various stipple processes and three-plate color processes, which may enable the OVERLAND some day to interest its readers by representing yet more faithfully the beautiful things everywhere at hand.

We spoke last month of allowing those contributing photographs to present a short bit of text describing the subject chosen. None of the present lot have done so, however, because, no doubt, most of them had been sent before the January number had been distributed.

Yet there is little need of text to explain most of them. Of course, the dwellers on



Number 19 FERRY BOAT BAY CITY F. T. Mumma, 2223 Chapel Street, Berkeley, California



Number 20

ALONE
Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa

Puget sound will best be able to "read into" the black and white of number seventeen the deep and wonderfully beautiful coloring of that fair arm of the sea as the sunset light throws into relief the pretty town of Port Townsend from the Sound. Number eighteen, however, needs no local coloring. Everywhere the sight of the fine great dog brooding the first chickens of a nest while the mother hen completes her task, will touch a responsive chord. nineteen is one of the first "snaps" of an amateur, made with a tiny camera and reproduced with no reduction. Of number twenty we have no word other than the picture shows on its face, and number twenty-one is also its own best commentary. Number twentytwo also requires some knowl-



Number 21 "I'M A DAISY TOO"
Miss Caroline McDougal, Mare Island, California



Number 22 GARDEN, SAN JUAN BAUTISTA Professor William D. Armes, University, Berkeley, California



Number 23

SITKA BAY, ALASKA Arthur Inkersley, 508 Montgomery Street, San Francisco



Number 24

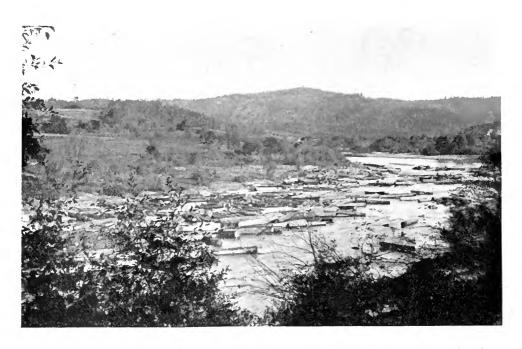
"FALLS OF PICKWICK"

May Huffman, Winona, Minnesota

edge of the sunny Mission gardens of Southern California, to see the creamy walls, the red tiles, and to know what a restful change the rich greenery is from the prevailing stubble yellow outside. Number twenty-three takes us to the far north and shows Sitka bay with its rocky islets, its deep hued shores, and its engirdling mountains, snowclad even in summer. Number twenty-four is a Minnesota scene and a pleasing variety to anything that can be found on the Pacific coast. Twenty-five, however, takes us back to one of the Sierra foothill streams made famous by the goldhunters of 1849. For the American river and its various forks drain that very region where gold was first discovered; the famous mill race, pictured and described in another part of this number, was on one of the small tributaries to the American. As in all these Sierra streams, the head of water in the American varies much with times and seasons. Fed largely from the melting snows of the mountains, it does not respond more quickly to a drenching rain than to a scorching hot summer day, which melts the garnered snows of the previous winter more rapidly than usual. Logging on such a stream is subject to quick and unlooked for vicissitudes. These great logs are mostly the yellow and sugar pine and the tamarack of the Sierra slopes brought down at high water to be used in timbering the quartz mines of this foothill region.

There is surely variety enough to please many tastes, and we hope that all our readers will study the pictures carefully and when the March pictures are added (February and March making up the second competition), will send in a conscientious vote on the one that seems best to each.

The Editors are aware that in asking readers to take the trouble to cut out and fill up a coupon, and to stamp and mail it to this office, they are asking a good deal; but that seemed the best way to arrive at a fair and unbiased verdict, free from individual preferences or considerations other than artistic. For it is pretty sure that only those really interested in photography,



Number 25 Drift from Log-Drive on American River, Eldorado county, california

Charles E. Upton, Placerville, California

and to that extent fitted to render judgment, will take the trouble to vote. Should the experiment prove unsuccessful, then it will be time to modify the plan of later competions. At this writing, however, the bunch of ballots is growing rapidly, and it looks quite certain that there will be enough

votes cast to make the result a fair judgment as to comparative merit. That the result will be free from local influence and prejudice we are glad to state; for the count so far shows that both the first and second prizes in the first competition are likely to go outside of California.



# A SEVENTH DAUGHTER'

ONIL MARY

#### By L. B. BRIDGMAN

TEACHER OF SCIENCE, SAN DIEGO HIGH SCHOOL

MARKA HARRIS sat on her door-step and waited for Silas Glespie. She gave to the low, lead-colored house the

aspect of an armed fortress.

To the left, not half a mile distant, lay the village of Glespie, named for the man on whose land it had been founded. this season it was hid from Marka's cottage by the sunflowers which grew rankly on each side of the road. All around stretched the prairies, undulating and vast, though already turned to domestic uses, for the young wheat billowed over every knoll and hollow, while here and there windmills and clumps of cottonwood, the unfailing accompaniment of every dwelling, bore evidence of the mark of progress. To Marka Harris the world had never worn a fairer seeming. She did not wish to see it in any other guise. Moreover, between her and the village was the graveyard where slept her dead. She would stay.

Marka knew that Silas was coming just as she had known where his wife's money was hid, and "what for looking" man Jennie Newman's future husband was. She divined it. It was because she could and would divine things that she was now in

arms against the world.

Marka Harris was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Data on the fly-leaf of her Bible testified to this, but long before she had attached any significance to these records, she had been wonderfully quick in noting and arranging facts and drawing conclusions therefrom. Gifted with a silent tongue, she had stored by, unsuspected, a fund of information concerning her neighbors near and far. But she had ever been apart from them. Her poverty and pride, and more than all, her silent tongue, had kept her a stranger to those she knew so well. She had worked out by the day until her strength failed her, and

had been considered a pretty respectable and harmless old creature. When she grew too frail for that, she gathered herbs and simples and carried them from door to door, receiving in return whatever the kitchen garden or poultry yard could spare. For years she had lived rent free in her little weather-stained shanty on a corner of Silas Glespie's farm.

"It don't take no more room than a hen-

coop anyway," Silas had said.

She knew when the sassafras root was tender, the mandrake juice golden, so that the very bees swooned as they tried to pass; when the bark of the slippery elm was most toothsome and satisfying. Mrs. Harmon used to say, when Phil was a baby, that a "gaub o' that slippery elm bark would send him to sleep better'n the breast."

From the soothing teas and extracts to the healing touch, to the prophetic voice, was a slow and almost imperceptible change. That Marka "knew" things was at first

only a whisper, but it grew.

"They're in your vest pocket on the right," said Marka out loud in church one morning when Brother Dean, in his absentminded way, began fumbling around in his Bible and hymn-book for his glasses, as he always did. But how did she know?

"I put'em there before I left the house," said Brother Dean to the deacon when, some time later, they were discussing Sister

Harris's queer ways.

Before the sermon was over, Marka leaned forward and whispered to pretty Katie Wren, "Yes, he is,—and you're lookin' real sweet!"

Katie was so surprised that she turned around right then and there to make sure. And he was! But how did Marka know it? — for he sat back of Marka, and she had not turned around once: and how did she know that devout Katie was wondering if he saw her?

Lost silver moved mysteriously to her seek-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>This story received the second prize in the OVER-LAND'S recent competition for stories by teachers or students of public schools.

ing fingers; sickness fled from her; she could tell and did tell the love-lorn striplings the exact color of hair and eyes of their waiting sweethearts.

"Yes, Rufe, she's light complected, an' got cattle in her own right. She likes you, but you'd better be lively,— there's a dark

man a-nigh her!"

Later, Rufe, flushed with success, told the tale abroad, and Marka had opportunity to pair nearly every youth in the county.

It was after Rufe had married his light complected girl and one of her cows had calved, that he again came to Marka in great distress. "The pesky critter won't milk!" he complained. "I 've tuck her calf away from her an' put it over in the lot next to. Thar ain't no knot-hole for it to get through, but at night she won't milk an' the durned calf won't drink. Butted the pail all over me!"

"Put the cow in the calf-lot an' the calf in the cow-lot, an' the milk will flow!"

chanted the seeress.

Rufe was wont to give these things in evidence if any scoffer questioned Marka's powers, and he stood loyally by her when it was pointed out that from his calf-lot it was possible for a loose picket to be swung outward, allowing the passage of a small and hungry head, while from the cow-lot it would only be pushed tighter against the base-board.

For two years the farming region around Glespie had been growing poorer and poorer because of the wheat rust; and Glespie, too, had suffered from the consequent depression in trade. At last a special request was tendered the Lord to abate his wrath. Marka rose at this prayer-meeting and told them it was a mulberry tree (legend to the contrary notwithstanding) from which the cross was made, and that if they would cut down and burn all the wild mulberry trees which fringed the river, the wheat would be free from the blight. In desperation they did so, and it was as she had prophesied.

The most startling exhibition of Marka's craft, most convincing to the credulous, was her recovery of little Phil Harmon's body. There were elements of the dramatic in it that for a time numbed reason, and people said, "A miracle! a miracle!"

He had been swept from his horse while crossing the ford and all search for his body had been unavailing. Then Marka appeared. She drove a nail through a shingle and on the projecting point, stuck a small candle. Around this, she wrote figures in black,—what mystic power had they?—muttering the while,—was it a charm? Then lighting the candle, she sent the shingle adrift up the stream. Along the bank she followed it, with arms extended and with moving lips, her eyes fixed upon the dark waters. She seemed to guide the frail craft and it obeyed her, for if it swerved to the right or to the left, lo! Marka also had swerved. Behind followed a crowd of village folk.

west came a streak of red, and a shaft of sunlight leveled across the prairies and struck Marka, enlarging and uplifting her. She waved her arm. Then, slowly, with a stately motion, the little craft curved to the right and moved backward against the current, tipping until the people held their breath. The candle sputtered; the shingle swung round, completing a circle, and then stood motionless. The stream was broad here and curved to the right. Farther on, the current hurled its will against the bank, but here the waters were still. The wick, unsupported by the melting oil, toppled and

also, and with it the magician, for none

knew when or how she left them. They

dragged him out, poor little fellow, still

clinging to the roots which held him down,

and carried him home to his mother.

The shaft of sunlight faded

went out.

The afternoon had been gray; now in the

After that Marka had more clients than ever. But the favor of a people is a shifting and uncertain thing. There were those who never had believed in her; there were others who believed in her only in times of trouble. Old stories of evil craft were retold, and close comparisons were drawn between the doers thereof and Marka, -"Mother Marka" they began to call her; and in truth she only needed a pointed cap and a broomstick to resemble in looks those she already rivaled in guile. Nobody believed in witches in Marka's day, but she certainly had a strange power, and was befooling the young and not sparing the old; though, unlike the witch-wives of old, she brought them (each would have been forced to confess it) naught but good luck.

The minister shook his head gravely at

the turn affairs had taken, and the deacon shook his head when the minister was by, but at other times was inclined to laugh at Marka as a clever old dame to thrive so well on a gullible world. She did not grow rich, but she made her living out of it. There was no danger of her coming on the county and increasing the taxes. Let those who would pay, pay. But most of the "better element" were aroused to the dangers of such a dweller. The new doctor was her bitter and relentless enemy, — so Marka divined.

"Have you met that young doctor that's hung out at Glespie?" asked Rufe of Mrs. Harmon one evening as he stood, one foot without the door, preparatory to departure. He had just borrowed Mrs. Harmon's flatirons, for the morrow was his wife's ironing day.

"No, I ain't, an' I don't want to," said Mrs. Harmon with unusual asperity. But Rufe did not heed. He was deeply occupied, for he had been studying all day on

something he had heard.

"He says thar ain't no sech thing as divinin' an' sech. He says thar 's a scientific reason for everything. I told him about the wheat rust, an' he said any fool ought t' knowed that that kind of rust can't grow no wheres else but near a mulberry tree, that it's bound to lay its eggs — he called em something else but said they was just the same as eggs — on the mulberry leaves, for they won't grow nowheres else. got some over to his office an' he showed 'em to me through a kind of spy-glass. They was mighty curious. That's why there wa'n't no rust after we burned up them trees. There wa'n't no place for the eggs to grow."

"Eggs!" scoffed Mrs. Harmon, "eggs of a mildew, of a sickness! Whar's his hen!"

"They wa'n't eggs, of course. He had another name for 'em, — but they was like

eggs."

"Whar's his hen?" reiterated Mrs. Harmon, but this was too much for Rufe. He puzzled and shook his head. Mrs. Harmon continued upbraidingly: "Did n't you say nothin' to him? You never let it go at that! Did n't you tell him about — Phil?"

"I ain't never misdoubted that, Mrs. Harmon, not onct. That was the Lord's work. I ain't misdoubted, so to say, anything, but thar's some things it don't seem as if He'd

ought to bother Hisself about. I don't doubt she knows, but how does she know?"

"How does she know? She's always knowed. She knows because she can't help knowin'. She's got to know! She's a

seventh daughter!"

"I reckon it's so," said Rufe, coerced by reason. Then he burst forth in sudden indignation. "An' it's a burning shame! They're goin' to run her out of town! They've made Glespie promise not to let her have that house any more. They're goin' to tell her to leave the town!"

Mrs. Harmon was aghast. "Do you sup-

pose she knows?"

"Yes," said Marka, suddenly present,

"She's knowed it for some time."

"Don't you be afraid, Mother. We'll stand by you. They sha'n't turn you out!" Mrs. Harmon exclaimed valiantly.

"I ain't afraid. There ain't nothin' to be

afraid of. I'm goin' to stay!"

The next day Marka received notice,—to which she paid not the slightest attention. Leave the little house which had sheltered her for so many years? She would as soon, aye, sooner, have cast aside the body which harbored her fierce spirit, and to which she clung so tenaciously despite her eighty years.

At the end of thirty days of grace, the sheriff came to eject her forcibly. He did not succeed, and now Marka sat on her doorstep waiting for Silas Glespie. The sun beat down upon her with all the ardor of early summer and late forenoon. The wind slipped around the corner of the house and snatched with rude fingers at the wisps of gray hair over which her cap kept careless guard.

As Silas Glespie strode up the path, she eyed him like a thing at bay, yet not bereft of resources. He was a large man with a florid complexion and iron-gray hair. Prosperity had made him somewhat pompous, yet before that barricaded door he quailed.

"Good mornin', Marka," he began propitiously. "You an' the sheriff could n't seem to come to no friendly agreement, so he says, an' I just thought I'd drop in an' see if we could n't talk this over reason-

able."

He looked around for a place to sit down, for he felt awkward standing with those wary, steady eyes fixed upon him. The gallery offered space but no invitation. He was forced to seek what ease and selfrepose he might by shifting his weight

from one foot to the other.

"You don't seem to noways understand the case, but it stands just this-a-way: I'm a-needin' this piece of property of mine. I have a call for to use it. "T ain't yours no way. I've let you live here an' you ain't had to pay no rent, but now I reckon you'd better go. To tell the truth, we don't approve of the way you make your livin'. You're puttin' notions in the young folks' heads an' gittin' their money dishonest. You'd do better in the city anyway. I reckon you'd better go quiet."

Not a word did Marka say. He grew more restless under her unswerving gaze and her silence. Moreover, he was not accustomed to opposition. He felt his temper rising, and exclaimed with some heat:—

"I've give you notice peaceable an' I've give you notice legal! Why don't you get out? The law's agin you, an' durn you, why

don't you say something!"

Thus adjured, the seeress spoke. Her gaze was fixed on some point through and beyond him. "She ain't goin' to have you, Silas Glespie: she ain't goin' to have you,—not till old Mis' Glespie gits cold."

"What air you talkin' about? What do

you mean?" thundered Silas.

"She wants to know why you 're a-spendin' her tombstone money a-perkin' yourself up as if you was a young beau. She ain't been able to rest quiet. Thar ain't nothin but that tombstone that'll hold her down, Silas Glespie!"

"I got her a tombstone. I got it last

week," quavered Silas.

"'T ain't a monimint. She planned for a monimint with a shawl hangin' down from the top an' them verses on it about "In death they was not divided!" She had money saved up for it, her butter money, hid onder the closet shelf where you found it, Silas Glespie, afore she was cold!"

"I did n't know she was so set on it. I'd

just as soon got her a monimint."

"Well, you'd better if you want her to rest comfortable." A pause. "Be I goin' to stay here?"

Thus brought back to the business of the day, Silas sought to regain his wonted

supremacy.

"I ain't got nothin' agin you, Marka, but they do say you pretend to know more 'n any human ought to, an'," suspiciously, "you do seem to know a heap. The Council has decided against you. I reckon you'd better go."

"You tell 'em you ain't got nothin' agin me. Tell 'em they kin put me out!" pleaded

Marka.

"I reckon you'd better go," said Silas, thoughtful of his promised word, given somewhat boastfully.

Marka grew rigid again.

"The school-ma'am ain't goin' to have you, Silas Glespie, — not till old Mis' Glespie gits cold. An' I'm goin' to tell her about that tombstone money. You know what she 'll think of that, Silas Glespie!"

"I said I'd git her a monimint!"

"But you ain't got it. You jest got a You've been buyin' them clothes you got to do your courtin' in! — an' Mis' Glespie not cold yit! You're a pretty pictur! An' the school-ma'am never looked at you when you rode way round by her house this mornin', for all you was in sech a dreadful hurry to turn an old woman out of her home! An' she ain't goin' to look at you, Silas Glespie, not after you turns me out! Do you think she'd wanted to be courted in them grave-clothes you're a-wearin', — if she knowed? - Not but what she has thought you was well favored, bein' able to see but poorly, but thar is glasses, Silas Glespie, that kin make them that is blind to see!"

Marka paused. Across her lifted face passed a tense, listening expression. Every line that years and cares had drawn helped to intensify her prophetic attitude. She stretched out her hand commandingly.

"Hark!" she whispered, "Listen to them bells, them weddin' bells commencin' to ring! But thar ain't goin' to be no weddin'! Hear 'em all janglin'! An' now they 're jest old Mis' Glespie's funeral bells. One, two, three, —fifty years they 're tellin'. Fifty years of trouble, an' nothin' but a cheap slab at the end of it! Do you hear them bells. Silas Glespie?"

"No, I don't!"

"An' you ain't goin' to hear 'em. They ain't goin' to ring. The school-ma'am's got some feelin's!"

"I tell you, Marka, I ain't got nothin' agin you. What do you want any way!"

"Be I goin' to stay here?"

"I don't keer where you stay! You kin

for all me. They kin put you out if they want to — if they kin."

Silas stalked down the path. Marka called softly after him, "If you ride round by the Holberts', the school-ma'am will be mighty glad to see you. She went thar early this mornin'."

Silas was as good as his word. He got the monument, and his wooing prospered. Though Marka remained unmolested in her cottage, hers was never again the same indomitable spirit. She had long been old and poor, but had always kept a hard grip on life. Now she seemed to shrivel and wither. Even Mrs. Harmon could not get a word from her till the spirit of prophecy opened her lips and she foretold the marriage of the winds. But Glespie, careless, blind, paid no heed till the very day was upon them.

There was but one street in Glespie, and that ran straight through the town and out upon the prairies. At the close of the day in question most of the inhabitants were out in this street, or at least on their doorsteps, giving data as to the heat. It had been a sultry, murky day, and now there was an ominous deepening of the atmosphere. The northwest was piled with clouds. Mrs. Harmon called shrilly across the street to a back-slider:

"You mind what she said? A week ago, An' now it's the very day an' the hour! 'The four winds are a-comin' to the marriage! The East wind with the West wind, an' the North wind with the South wind! An' they 'll dance an' be merry an' feast with the dead — right hyere in Glespie!' That's what she said, 'Right hyere in Glespie!' You did n't believe her, but look! whar they be!"

And lo! from the east and the west and the south, huge dun-colored masses rolled and swept forward to meet their kinsmen hastening from the north. Only above, the sky still showed through the amberhaze. Mrs. Harmon, triumphant, gloating over her own possible destruction, pointed toward the clouds.

The young doctor, attracted by woman's shrill voice, came out on the steps of his office, and gazed anxiously at the heavens. The air was charged with possibilities of danger. Heavy, motionless, palpable, it weighed upon him. In the upper spaces it was hurtling violently with that peculiar, unmistakable, churning motion; but here it was still, yet he felt that a breath might cause an explosion.

The shrill voice of the woman grew suddenly silent, and all eyes were turned down the street, where Mother Marka was coming towards them. As to the manner of her coming, accounts differed in after times. Some said that she did not walk, but through walls of still air, was borne on the wings of the wind. Others said it was only her voluminous draperies swaying as she came; but the faithful claimed that as those draperies swayed, so did the clouds stir along the horizon. By whatever means, up the street she came, and passed them by with fixed, unheeding eyes. At the doctor's door she paused and with much waving of her arms (with each movement the clouds grew blacker) said words to him which the people could not understand, but the doctor turned and "Scooted into his office like he was afeared." The office boy, however, maintained that the doctor, "Walked in slow," saying, "The old fraud really believes she 's done it!" and commenced getting out his instruments, and told him, the office boy, to get those bandages ready and look out for quick work. Consequently, of what followed, two careful and conscientious witnesses are lacking; but many aver that, as the doctor turned away, Mother Marka called down a malediction upon his roof, and at that moment the clouds closed over, shutting out the blue. But it was not dark. Space was filled with a golden glow, and through it Mother Marka passed on up the street; and the winds, now wedded, came to meet her and caught her up and carried her away among the clouds.

Then the air thickened and grew dark with dust and flying leaves. People rushed

hither and thither, shrieking.

The doctor's office was the only building injured by the storm. That was swept clean away. Even this calamity failed to convert him. Mrs. Harmon still maintains that the town was saved because Mother Marka went forward and turned the fury of the winds aside; and that she is not dead, (else, where is her body?— and it is true they never found it,) but that she still dwells upon the earth and rules the destinies of men, herself invisible to the scornful eye. And Mrs. Harmon ought to know, for she has seen her in the dusk of evening, scudding, wind-blown, along the horizon.





DOUGLAS TILDEN, THE MUTE SCULPTOR

### CALIFORNIA ARTISTS

III. DOUGLAS TILDEN, SCULPTOR

BY WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES

THAT San Francisco is one of the most picturesque cities in the world is the testimony of many a traveler. The more than seven hills rising steeply from the water, "citied to the top"; the broken outline of its towers, spires, and palatial resi-

dences, silhouetted against a sunset sky; the magnificent tiara of its myriad lights at night, from the scintillant diamonds at the top, hardly distinguishable from the actual stars with which they mingle, to the great rubies and emeralds at the ferry land-



"OUR NATIONAL GAME," GOLDEN GATE PARK SAN FRANCISCO

ings at the base, that cast their long reflections on the quiet waters of the Bay, — each aspect produces a picture that more than once has called to the mind of the jaded traveler the line,—

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

But heretofore there has been little in the city itself to answer the high expectations aroused by the first view: the architecture on closer inspection generally proved to be flimsy or pretentious; the statues and monuments were few in number and unspeakably bad in design and execution. The picturesqueness of the city seemed to come not from the taste and culture of its inhabitants but from the accident of its position, and the wise San Franciscan hurried his traveled friend as rapidly as possible out to our shows, Golden Gate Park and the seals!

But we are fast changing all that. San Francisco has entered on a period of artistic embellishment. Her leading citizens now seem animated by a spirit akin to that that led the old Athenians to make their city renowned for its beauty; and buildings have been erected that would anywhere attract attention by their solidity, symmetry, and appropriate decoration. More sig-



W. E. BROWN, ESQ.

nificant still, several monuments have been set up that should make forever impossible the monstrosities that formerly disfigured our streets; and others are in various stages of preparation. The success of one of these has directed public attention to the work of a native sculptor, Mr. Douglas Tilden, and it has been thought that a resumé of his career would be of interest to the readers of the OVERLAND.

On both the paternal and maternal side Mr. Tilden is descended from old colonial stock. His ancestor, Marmaduke Tylden, came to America in 1625, and settled in Maryland, where he became owner of Great Oak Manor, an estate of thirty-one thousand acres. A number of his maternal ancestors were officers, from captain to brigadier-general, during the two wars with England; and his maternal grandfather was a pioneer of pioneers. He came to California in 1846, two years before the discovery of gold, and became the last alcalde of Santa Cruz. Mr. Tilden's father, Doctor W. P. Tilden, came ten years later; was twice a member of the Legislature; and for many years Director of the State Asylum for the Insane.

Douglas himself was born at Chico, May 1st, 1860. An attack of scarlet fever at

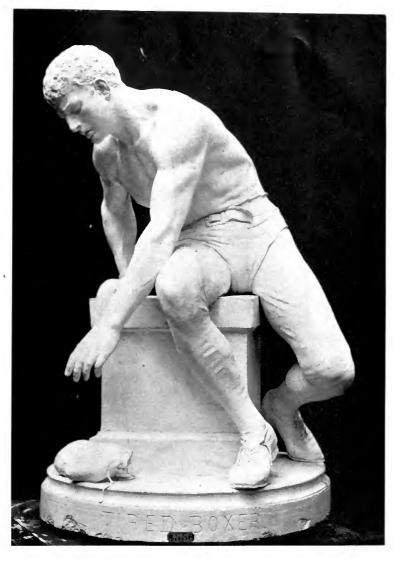
the age of five having left him incurably deaf, he was sent to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Berkeley, and remained there till his graduation in 1879. He entered the University of California in the class of '83 with Theodore Grady, the well-known deaf-mute lawyer; but a vacancy occurring in the faculty of the Institute, he gave up a collegiate education to accept a position as a teacher.

Throughout his student-life he was a member of the drawing-class, and for about a month drew from casts at the San Francisco School of Design, then under the direction of Virgil Williams. His latent talent was, however, slow in developing, and it was not until he was twenty-three that he discovered, almost by accident, in what line of artistic endeavor his strongest abilities lay. To quote his own words:—

On going home in the vacation I was shown a plaster copy of one of the Flamingo boys. It was modeled by my twelve-year-old brother. My first sensation was that of surprise and admiration. The art of putting together clay and creating with it a harmonious and beautiful something, was a mystery to me and it was explained for my benefit. I looked long at the chubby face hung on the wall, and I asked myself, "Can I do the same?" . . . I knew nothing about sculpture; it never once had a place in my thoughts.



HON. J. D. PHELAN, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO



THE "TIRED BOXER." NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

So strong was the impression made that he at once sought Mr. Marion Wells, who had been his brother's instructor, and from him learned the technique of the art with such rapidity that at the end of a month he was able to work alone. He continued teaching at the Institute for four years longer; spending all his leisure in modeling, with a growing conviction that he had found his life-work. In 1885 he produced what he considers his first work, a small statuette

entitled The Tired Wrestler, a seated figure of a nude man with a massive torso, which shows that its maker was at that time strongly under the influence of the antique, especially of the Græco-Roman sculptors. While characterized mainly by virile strength, this work, which is now at the Institute at Berkeley, is by no means lacking in grace and delicacy. So successful was it considered that the Trustees determined to give Mr. Tilden the benefit of a

fun l established for the help of especially meritorious students and to send him abroad for further study. After seven months in the National School of Design at New York, he sailed for the Mecca of art-students.

In place of entering any school in Paris, he became a private pupil of Paul Chopin, a gold medalist at the Salon, and like Mr. Tilden himself, a deaf-mute. He was never permitted to watch his master at work, but had his own atelier, to which the instructor came at stated times to give his pupil criticisms and suggestions. After five months of this Mr. Tilden felt able to work independently, and the thirteen months enumerated constitute all of the instruction he has had in his art. During the whole of his seven years in Paris, however, he haunted the museums, galleries, and salons, and read assiduously on the history of sculpture and the methods of its masters. He came under the influence of no man sufficiently to destroy his individuality; but one knowing their work is not surprised that he expresses the highest admiration for the works of such "robust" sculptors as Fremiet, Dalou, and Rodin,—and the greatest of these is Rodin.

That the novice had not overrated his abilities was proved by the acceptance of the first work that he sent to the salon, the statue known as The Baseball Player, or Our National Game. His own interest in athletics and his acute perception of the artistic value of this phase of modern life had guided him in the choice of a subject, and the figure of the strong, alert young pitcher about to deliver the ball impresses one as a direct transcript from life. The munificence of Mr. W. E. Brown, who had the statue cast in bronze and presented it to Golden Gate Park, has made this early work by Mr. Tilden familiar to every San Franciscan. But Mr. Brown's interest in the sculptor did not stop here. He was also the leading spirit in the movement that led to the purchase of the Tired Boxer for the Olympic Club, and on numerous occasions gave the student material aid.

Following up his first success, the sculptor exhibited at the Salon of 1889 the bronze of The Baseball Player and a plaster cast of a new work, The Tired Boxer. The latter marked a distinct advance, being informed with a grace, beauty, and sentiment somewhat lacking in the earlier work. To

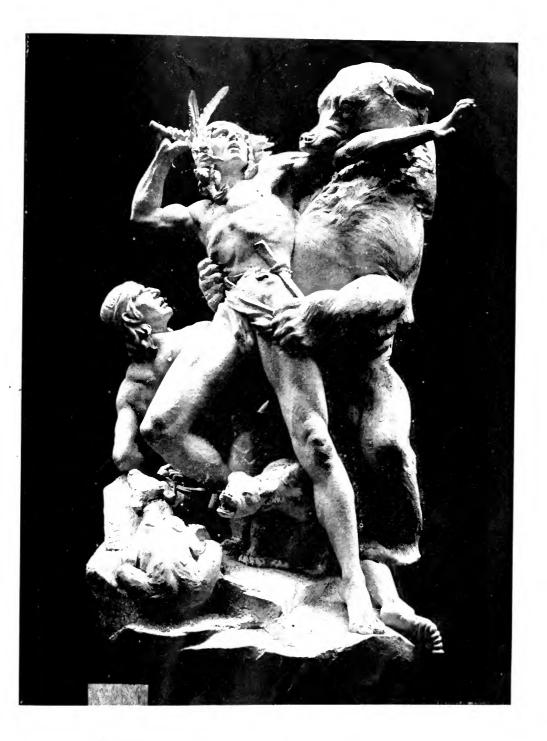
one unfamiliar with the statue these may seem incongruous qualities to attribute to a work on such a subject; but a visit to the beautiful home of the Olympic Club, in which it has found a fitting resting place, will show him that they are actually present in the figure of the weary boxer stooping from his seat to pick up the glove that he has let fall, and he will not wonder that when exhibited in bronze in 1890 it gained for its maker the coveted "Mention Honorable" at the Salon.

Though both of these works had shown a marked tendency to depart from the hackneyed and conventional, the artist's contribution to the Salon of 1891, The Young Acrobat, possessed even greater originality. The chubby, naked baby balancing himself on his father's uplifted hand is a charming conceit charmingly executed, appealing to many somewhat repelled from other works by a lack of interest in their subjects.

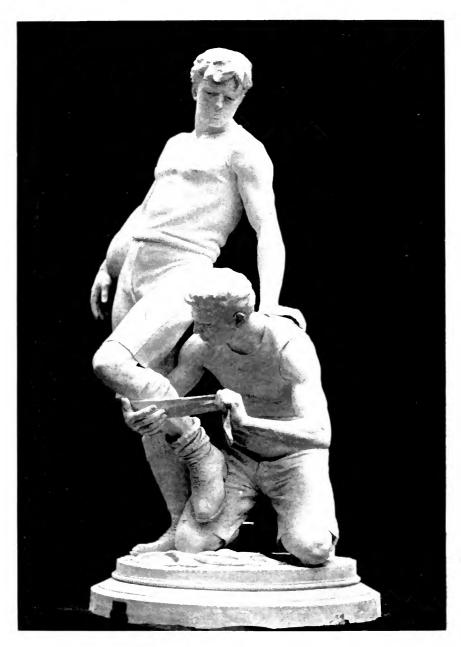
In 1892 a much more ambitious work was exhibited at the Salon, the large group known as The Bear Hunt, representing an Indian in the clutch of a grizzly, and with a look of despair and agony on his face, striving to protect himself and his crouching comrade, who has the bear's cubs held in leash, by giving the animal a death-blow. In a paper contributed to *The Silent Worker* for October, 1894, Mr. Tilden himself tells how a sculptor's difficulties increase with the addition of every figure to his design. He writes:—

If it is difficult to make an image in marble or bronze that is beautiful on all sides, it is much more so in a group composed of two or more figures. Well, they must be so huddled together that a downward stroke of a sword cannot pass between the figures without lopping off a head or limb or even cutting open a whole body. This is one rule of grouping. The other is, we must again see whether the group on all sides carries out the same canons of symmetry, variety, beauty. This is a very hard nut to crack. Nor is that all. The sculptor must also keep an eye to the best effects of light and shadow and not be forgetful of the rules of perspective as well as of the law of gravity.

This work won the sculptor the honor of appointment on the jury of the Columbian Exposition and with all of his previous works, was exhibited there. After the close of the Exposition it remained for some months in the Field Columbian Museum, but in 1895 was brought to this city. It was exhibited at the spring exhibition of the



THE  $^{66}$ BEAR HUNT," NOW ON THE GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF, BERKELEY



THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS

Art Association the following year, and is now at the Institute in Berkeley.

While the works named were evoking the admiration of the artist's countrymen at ('hicago he was winning yet another success in Paris. In the Salon of 1893 he exhibited

The Football Players, a graceful group of two young men, one of whom has been injured in the game and stands with the ball pressed to his side by his right arm while his left hand rests lightly on the shoulder of the kneeling comrade who is bandaging his leg. The grace and beauty of the figures are noticeable, but it is the

harmonious composition that makes this one of the most successful of the artist's works. The dress of the players has been objected to by those familiar only with the ludicrous costume in which our heroes of the gridiron seek glory, but is said by the artist to be a faithful reproduction of that worn by the London teams that he watched at play. group is being cast in bronze in a Parisian foundry and will undoubtedly adorn some park in California before long.

This was the last work produced by Mr. Tilden abroad. He returned to San Francisco in 1894 and soon after his arrival was made instructor in modeling at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, a position he still holds. While he has been engaged on several important works since his return, only one has as vet reached completion, the monumental fountain, commemorative of the admission of Cali-

fornia as a State,

dedicated to the Native Sons and presented to the city bу its publicspirited young Mayor, James D. Phelan. on the fifth of

last September. worked for many months, the design finally

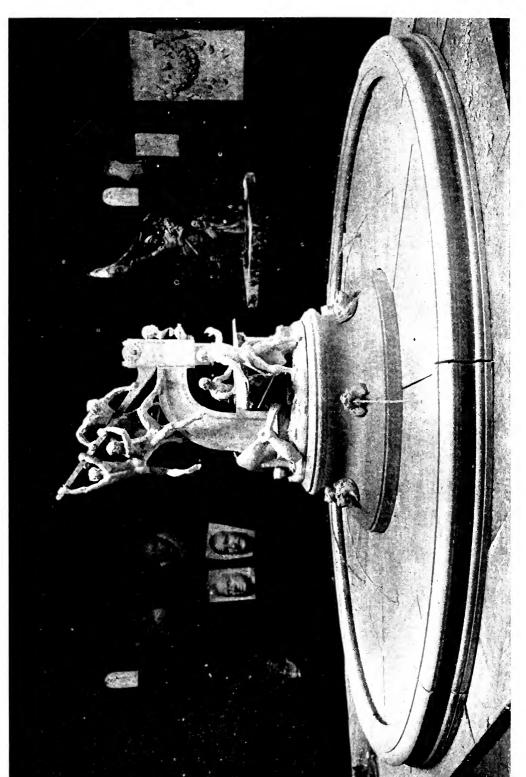
accepted having been selected from no less than twelve submitted. The treatment of the subject is strikingly original; and though the limits of sculpture may be somewhat transcended. the boldness of the design and the excellence of the execution would make the monument a noteworthy one in any city. The figure at the base has provoked some criticism, not because of the lack of any æsthetic quality, but because it seems unnatural that the cheering miner should swing the flag with his left hand while holding his pick over hisshoulder with his right; and the present writer is one of the many who preferred the even more spirited figure in which the flag was raised aloft by the right hand while the hat was swung with the left. But about the figure that crowns the slender granite shaft, the genius of California holding on high an open book on whose pages is inscribed the date, "Sept. 9. 1850," there is but

On this the sculptor

one opinion; and it is an open secret that the fair Californian who inspired the creation that so fitly represents the genius of



THE ADMISSION DAY FOUNTAIN, LOOKING UP MASON STREET



A side view of the design for the Donahue Fountain



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE DONAHUE FOUNTAIN, TO BE ERECTED AT THE JUNCTION
OF MARKET AND BATTERY STREETS

the State was none other than the sculptor's charming wife.

Regret has been expressed that the monument was erected so far up town and in an open space so restricted that the proximity of the surrounding buildings detracts much from its impressiveness; and it has been suggested that the foot of Market street should have been utilized as a site. But surely that space should be reserved for a fitting statue to him from whom our city takes its name, that pure, gentle spirit whom Protestants as well as Catholics should be proud and glad to honor, the compassionate, self-denving St. Francis of Assisi.

An alternative design for the figure of the pioneer is used on the cover of the present OVERLAND. It was shown at the Fall Exhibition of the Art Association, and is perhaps even better known than the one cast because of its having been adopted as the chief feature of the poster announcing the Golden Jubilee.

The success of the Native Sons' Fountain has brought to Mr. Tilden not only invitations to enter several competitions in the East, but at least two commissions for somewhat similar works to be erected in our own city. Mr. Phelan has given further proof of his interest in local history and



A DESIGN IN ROUGH FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT OF BALBOA

TO BE SET UP AT THE GOLDEN GATE PARK

OVERLOOKING THE SEA

his intelligent and liberal patronage of art by ordering a statue of Balboa, to be placed in Golden Gate Park at a point overlooking the ocean, and to represent the discoverer,—

When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Two sketches in clay now stand in the sculptor's studio, but they have not yet been submitted for Mr. Phelan's approval. A photograph of one of them is given here, which, whether accepted or not, seems to me in force and originality no whit below the artist's best work.

The Donahue memorial fountain has, however, progressed somewhat further.

James Mervyn Donahue, son of Peter Donahue, the pioneer ship and railroad builder, left a bequest of \$25,000 for the erection of a public fountain to be dedicated to mechanics in memory of his father. And the city some years ago set aside the junction at the gore of Market, Bush, and Battery streets as a site. Shortly after the unveiling of the Native Sons' fountain the trustees entrusted to Mr. Tilden the production of a suitable design. The problem was by no means an easy one, to produce a fountain that should satisfy æsthetic demands and at the same time be equally suggestive of the life-work of those to whom it was to be dedicated. the mechanics of San Francisco. sculptor had made three more or less conventional designs that by no means satisfied him, when one morning as he was passing a shop on Mission street he caught a glimpse of workmen operating a large lever punch. Instantly he saw a motif for the memorial. and ere long had produced the design pictured for the first time by photographic process in these pages. As will be seen, an immense lever press is being worked by three nude men while two others hold the sheet of metal that is to be punched. a bracket on the front of the punch is a bust of Peter Donahue, and at the rear are the symbols of his profession, the anvil, propeller, and locomotive driving-wheel. From six lions' heads of granite around the laurel-entwined pedestal streams of water spout forth into a circular stone basin forty feet in diameter. As the figures are to be life-size, the total height of the memorial will be no less than twenty The idea of adopting such a heavy, unpromising mass as an immense machine to such a purpose is almost bizzarre in its originality; but the strong, agile figures are so composed that the whole work impresses one as light and full of grace. The trustees having accepted the design and

the foundrymen and stone-cutters having made estimates within the amount of the bequest, we may hope ere long to see in enduring bronze and granite this notable addition to the artistic embellishment of the city's chief thoroughfare.

Considering Mr. Tilden's work as a whole, it impresses one principally by its simplicity, directness, and strength; its absence of mere sentimental prettiness. Knowing the antique well, he has sought his subjects in modern life; and has revealed the grace, beauty, and charm, in the seemingly commonplace and prosaic. "Art was given for that." The amount of his work is not large only twelve figures counted separately, since his student-piece in 1885—; but all are of life-size or larger, and all, save the two produced since his return, won the honor of acceptance at the Salon. He is a young man, and the advance to be noted is his successive works makes it improbable that he has yet done his best. May he adorn the metropolis of his native State with many a masterpiece before he is taken from us by an East that seems so appreciative of the artistic work of California's talented sons and daughters.





FROM THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL BY E. A. ABBEY

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# THE HOLY GRAIL

#### BY EMELINE G. CROMMELIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM ABBEY'S PAINTINGS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY 1

THE legendary literature of Greece and Rome, which for centuries has swayed the imaginations of men, is the prototype of the romantic literature of the age of chivalry, the period of knighthood. The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table, the Holy Grail; the adventures of Galahad and Lancelot, are as fascinating and as necessarily a part of a student's education as the stories of the Golden Fleece, the Siege of Troy, and the Wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas. In this literature, as in the pagan mythology, fact and legend are so closely blended, that in spite of the vast amount of information that has been contributed to the subject by able scholars, still its origin and formation remain a difficult literary problem. The Greek and Latin romances were followed by narratives in which religion and romance were blended. These stories afforded ample material for successive generations of writers, who wove them into different forms, and portrayed their individual conceptions of them. No century, since the end of the Middle Ages, has been more prolific in contributions than the present one.

Says Tennyson, whose works form a large and valuable addition to this literature:—

How much of history we have in the story of Arthur is doubtful. Let not our readers press too hardly on details, whether for history or allegory. Some think that Arthur may be taken to typify conscience. He is anyhow meant to be a man who spent himself in the cause of honor, duty, and self-sacrifice, [yet]—

... No man knew from whence he came, But after tempest, when the long wave broke All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bob, There came a day as still as Heaven, and then They found a naked child upon the sands Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea; And that was Arthur; and they fostered him; Till he by miracle was approven king; And that his grave should be a mystery From all men like his birth. . .

During the twelfth century the name of Arthur became the synonym of chivalry,

knightly prowess, and wisdom; his knights formed.—

A glorious company, the flower of men, To serve as model for the mighty world.

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs.

There are many theories in regard to the origin of the Arthurian legend that are the result of investigation and study by learned men. Professor Saintsbury classifies these theories in the following order: Celtic. which is the oldest; French, which has an advantage as regards texts; English or Anglo-Norman, which has strong claims; lastly, that the legend may be a legitimate descendant of previous literature. In consideration of all the facts, however, and giving all claimants their fair share in the matter, that writer believes it to be as natural that Arthur should be sung in Britain as that Charlemagne should be celebrated in France.

As the stories of chivalry circle round King Arthur's Table, so those embodying Christian thought circle round the Sangreal, which is not found in the earliest versions of the legend, but of which, at a later period, it formed an important part. The semi-religious story of the Holy Grail marked a crisis in mediæval literature, and it gained such ascendency in all Christian countries that the Arthurian romance became the delight of all scholars. One of the first employments of the printing press in England, France, and Germany, was to multiply poems and romances containing this legend.

From England, which is now generally conceded to be the land of its origin, it went into France, where it was interpreted and subtilized by the French poets. Later, the German writers and singers invested it with a spiritual significance. In the French prose romance of the Saint Graal, it is supposed that Joseph of Arimathea, having obtained permission of Pilate to take down



the body of Christ from the cross, received into the holy vessel the blood from the spear-wound in the Saviour's side.

The word Grail, derived from the Latin word cratella, was used in the sense of a bowl or shallow cup; the Sangreal signifying real or royal blood; the Holy Grail, the holy cup:—

The cup itself from which our Lord

Drank at the last sad supper with His own.

This from the blessed land of Aromat -

After the day of darkness. when the dead

Wentwanderingo'erMoriahthe good saint,

Arimathean Joseph, journeying, brought

To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn

Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.

And there awhile it 'bode; and if a man

Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once, By faith, of all his ills. . . .

In certain general ideas all the Graal legends agree: that the holy cup, first the vessel of bodily blood, becomes a source of spiritual light, and by its presence bestows a blessing; only he who is blameless can behold and keep it. This legend, which is one of the most interesting literary productions of the period in which it appeared, has been presented in widely different forms by two geniuses, belonging to the same generation: Wagner in his sublime Parsifal; Tennyson in his exquisite idyl, The Holy Grail.

Wagner's operas, the Tannhäuser, the Lohengrin, and the Parsifal, form the remarkable triolgy of Christian legends. which were the first legendary dramas to illustrate the Christian chivalry of the Middle Ages. By means of these sacred myths, Wagner portrays the temptations, struggles, and triumphs, of the human heart with great dramatic force. The religious drama, Parsifal, is, doubtless, his highest inspiration, for by the grandeur of the theme, the unity of text and music, the master-musician reaches the very acme of art. It is the story of the Knight of the Sangreal, the holy brotherhood, of which Titurel is the head, and to whom the cup and spear have been intrusted. He and the other knights guard the sacred relics in the palace of Montsalvat, in the Vizigoth mountains of Spain. Occasionally they go forth to fight for innocence and right, always returning, however, to renew their strength and youth by the contemplation of the Sangreal and by participation in the Thus Montsalvat, with its holy feast. brotherhood and sacred cup, is the poetic symbol of the highest and best in the medæival times. In this representation Parsifal is "the guileless one"; his only fault has been the slaying of the white swan, beloved of the Grail brotherhood. He has, however, never awakened to the life of the spirit; he has never seen the vision. must be spiritually tried before he can learn the message of the Grail. He is tried and is triumphant; he becomes the acknowledged head of the brotherhood; he heals the wounded King and God's love is restored to the Knights of the Sangreal. Each subject is distinctly conveyed by the voices and instruments - the "Spear," the "Pain," the "Love and Faith" themes, and the famous "Grail" motive. "Words can add nothing to the completeness of the drama," says Doctor Haweis, who witnessed the performance of Parsifal at Bayreuth, "and no words can give any idea of the splendor and complexity of that sound-ocean upon which the drama floats from beginning to end."

Tennyson's idyl, The Holy Grail, is considered artistically to be the central point of interest in the Idyls of the King. It is the turning point, in fact, the culminating point, of the great poem. Evil had gained the ascendency; the times,—

Grew to such evil that the holy cup Was caught away to heaven and disappeared. . . . . and when King Arthur made His Table Round, and all men's hearts became Clean for a season, surely he had thought That now the Holy Grail would come again.

Religious enthusiasm takes possession of the Knights of the Round Table; good and bad alike pledge themselves to the pursuit of an object, which can be obtained only by purity of thought, word, and deed; the Quest of the Holy Grail performs the original work of the holy vessel itself. Arthur, knowing there are few who will succeed, warns them against following "wandering fires" and neglecting the work that lies nearer to their hands; The tale begins with the Siege Perilous, the chair, "in which no man could sit but he should lose himself," the chair fashioned by Merlin, the prophet, and destined for the youth Galahad, whose strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. (Tennyson early in life made this knight the subject of one of his finest poems.) For Galahad there is never any doubt of victory; Percivale, the narrator of the story, is confident of success at first; but he is obliged to learn the lesson of *losing himself* in helping others; Lancelot has a more difficult task than the other two knights: but after great struggle and pain he reaches the shrine of the holy vessel. He approaches it; but he is thrown down and blinded; the holy cup is there, but, "covered with red samite," he cannot see it. What shall be said of Bors? He is the only knight of all the company to return to the path of duty and the cleansing of the world! Shall he not be called the hero of the poem?

The Holy Grail [says the Victorian poet] is one of the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the Reality of the Unseen. The end, when the King speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men. The three lines in Arthur's speech are the (spiritually) central lines of the Idyls:—

In moments when he feels he cannot die, And knows himself no vision to himself, Nor the high God a vision.

This symbolical poem, judged independently, and as a part of the great epic to which it belongs, is ranked as the highest achievement of the poet's genius. Mr. Edwin A. Abbey has portrayed with the brush what dramatist and poet have with the pen. His exquisite work, which fittingly decorates that room of the Public Library of Boston which is dedicated to fiction,

poetry, and romance, preserves in marvelous coloring the old legend, the "gift of the British people" to the world's great literature.

The artist, taking for his theme "The Quest of the Holy Grail," has drawn from various sources, chiefly from Robert de Borron, Chrestien de Troyes, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Walter Map. His hero is the British hero, Galahad, identical with the Percival (Parzival) of the continental versions of the story. In the first picture which we present the child Galahad, in the arms of a nun, is visited in the convent by the dove bearing the golden censer; the Grail is borne by an angel. Thus the child is fed. The second picture gives us the beginning of the Quest; Arthur has instructed the search for the Holy Grail; the knights are about to go forth on their mission; Galahad kneels in front, his badge is the sign of the cross. The last picture presents Galahad's First Coming to the Grail Castle; Amfortas, the King of the Grail Castle,—the Roi Pècheur of Chrestien de Troyes,—and the other inmates of the castle, lie under a spell. They are spiritually dead; often the Grail has been in their midst; but they cannot see it; they can be liberated by death only, when the blameless knight shall arrive. Galahad has come; but he is too full of himself; he has not yet learned through self suffering to take upon him the suffering of others; he has not yet seen the vision.

Lowell in his beautiful epic, *The Vision* of Sir Launfal has enlarged the circle of competition in such a manner as to include other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, and a time subsequent to Arthur's reign; the plot is original.

The author dwells on the follies and disappointments of life; the price paid for all

earthly things,-

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking:
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

As the organist touches his loved instrument, Sir Launfal's eyes grow dim and he remembers his vow:—

My golden spurs now bring to me, And bring to me my richest mail, For tomorrow I go over land and sea In search of the Holy Grail. The gloomy gates of Sir Launfal's castle had never been opened "save to the Lord and Lady of high degree." The maiden knight in his unscarred mail mounts his charger and starts in search of the Holy Grail. He passes through the gateway and sees a leper crouching beside it. A loathing comes over him,—

For this man, so foul and bent of stature, Rasped harshly against his dainty nature.

In scorn Sir Launfal tosses him a piece of gold; but the leper without taking the gold from the dust exclaims:—

Better to me the poor man's crust,

He gives nothing but worthless gold Who gives from a sense of duty.

When Sir Launfal returns from his search through all climes, he is an old man, bent, worn out, and frail; his hair is gray; his raiment thin and spare; he cares not for the loss of his earldom; the cross is no longer blazoned on his surcoat.

But deep in his soul the sign he wore The badge of the suffering and the poor.

He sees the gruesome leper once more, he hears his cry for help; in him he beholds mild Mary's Son; he shares with him his single crust, and breaking the ice in the streamlet, gives him to drink.

'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

The leper crouches no longer at Sir Launfal's side; but standing erect and fair, says:—

Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail.
Behold it is here — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;

Not what we give, but what we share,— For the gift without the giver is bare.

Sir Launfal awakes; the vision has entered his soul and he exclaims:—

The Grail in my castle here is found! Hang my idle armor on the wall. Let it be the spiders' banquet hall; He must be fenced with stronger mail Who would seek and find the Holy Grail. Whether it be Parsifal in the German opera, Galahad in the English idyl, or Sir Launfal in the American epic, all express the feelings of our common nature—the

hope, the endeavor, the triumph, of beholding the *vision* through forgetfulness of self, the highest aspirations of the human heart.



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SIR GALAHAD'S FIRST COMING TO THE GRAIL CASTLE

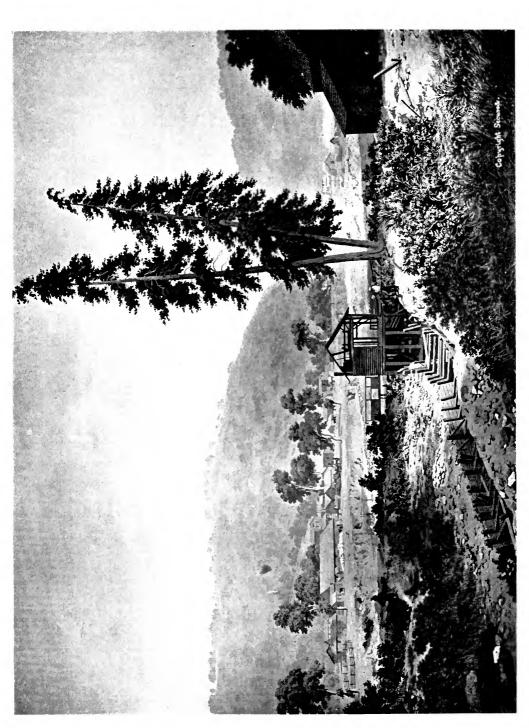
#### THE CITY'S VOICE

THINKEST thou that Nature only dwells Where solitude his message tells,—
The only impress of her hand
On somber peak and lonely strand,—
Sole tongue her mighty heart could find
In booming wave and whispering wind?

Nay, in this strife the force remains
That struggled in old uplift strains.
Erst rose this cry of pave and mart
From out the grinding glacier's heart.
Maturer womb of Mother Earth,
That travailed with the Andes' birth,
Now bears to Time these granite piles,
Their walls of books, these sacred aisles.

Not in an idle, aimless hour Niagara received his power; Or carbon locked the sun rays fast, Or fir-tree grew to spire and mast. Fond Nature smiles with equal pride On vaulting dome and prairies wide; Her harpsichord the singing wires, Her altars the electric fires.

This human tide bears in its flow The wild unrest, the voice of wo, That first a lifeless ocean bore In pain to Earth's primeval shore.



# THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

BY MARION BELLAMY

**PRECEDING** the significant discovery of gold in California in 1848, there are romantic accounts of its existence even as far back as the times of the "good Queen Bess." Sir Francis Drake reported to the English government in 1578 that "a reasonable quantity of gold and silver is found in the regions of California." But in the neighborhood of Drake's bay none of the precious metal exists, so the accounts were probably gilded thus, in order to exaggerate the importance of the lands the great navigator took possession of in the name of his queen. The Mexicans also held fanciful ideas of the wealth of California, and it is certain they knew of gold dust taken from the soil of San Diego and Los Angeles counties as early as 1841; but so far as the great world knew, the first piece of gold was found in the tail race of Sutter's mill by John Wilson Marshall.

This cry of gold, like the shot at the battle of Lexington, was heard around the world. It stirred the blood as only shots of war and possibility of wealth have power to do, and brought that great influx of adventurers from all parts of the world, will-

ing to work and to endure.

For thirty years the Society of California Pioneers celebrated the nineteenth of Jannary as the date of Marshall's discovery, the one that Marshall himself, in his first printed report, remembered as the probable date; but from the diary of General John A. Sutter and those of Henry W. Bigler and Azariah Smith - two employees of Sutter's — it has been ascertained that the real date is January the twenty-fourth. The date was fixed and accepted by the Society of California Pioneers shortly after the first publication of Bigler's diary in the Overland Monthly of September, 1887. Mr. John S. Hittell procured these valuable papers for the OVERLAND, when he found, through correspondence with Bigler, the mistakes in Marshall's statements regarding the dates of discovery. This diary bears every mark of genuineness, and except Sutter's and Smith's accounts, is the only record made at the exact time, and at the place of

discovery. Azariah Smith's diary was also published in the OVERLAND, with notes by Mr. John S. Hittell. Both Bigler and Smith were enlisted in the Mormon battalion of five hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke, which marched from Missouri in 1846 to aid the United States in conquering California. Both were discharged honorably at Los Angeles on July 16, 1847, and both sought and obtained employment with John A. Sutter at the saw mill, which the enterprising pioneer was building near his fort. The most important entry in Bigler's diary is the following very brief report:—

Jan. 24. This day some kind of metal that looks like gold was found in the tail race.

#### The entry in Smith's diary is:-

Sunday, Jan. 30. This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) gold, and he has gone to the Fort for the purpose of finding out what it is. It is found in the race in small pieces; some weigh as much as a five dollar piece.

Sutter states that on the 28th, four days after the finding of the first nugget, Marshall came to him in the greatest excitement. He requested an interview behind closed doors. He revealed his treasure and after applying all the tests suggested in the encyclopedia, they were convinced that the metal was gold. Captain Sutter followed Marshall back to the camp next day, and on the granite bed of the race he found

enough gold to make a heavy ring.

A man named Peter Wimmer was with Marshall when he found the gold, and his wife (who did the cooking for the men at the camp) boiled this first nugget in a decoction of strong lye to test its genuineness. Mrs. Wimmer, since the summer of 1848, has been in possession of the nugget found by Marshall at the mill. He carefully preserved it at first, intending to have a ring made from it for his mother, but when about to leave the diggings he gave it to Mrs. Wimmer, both as a souvenir and as a means of securing it against being lost. Though far from rich, Mrs. Wimmer refused to part with her treasure at any

price and it is only to be seen at her home in San Luis Obispo county. It is to be hoped that the Society of California Pioneers will secure this interesting relic in time.

The large detachment of the Mormon battalion, that stopped to work at Sutter's mill, recalled again their original purpose as the spring approached. In these words Bancroft honors them for their consistency and faithfulness:—

Amidst the scenes, now every day becoming more and more absorbing, bringing to the front the strongest passions in man's nature, at the call of what they deemed duty, these devotees of their religion unhesitatingly laid down their wealth-winning implements, turned their backs on what all the world was just then making ready with hot haste and mustered strength to grasp at and struggle for, and marched through new toils and dangers to meet their exiled brethren in the desert. But they had promised Sutter to stand by him and finish the saw-mill; this they did, starting it running on the 11th of March. Henry Bigler was still there.

With the exception of William Nance, who lives at San Lucas, Monterey county, the only surviving witnesses of the event at Sutter's mill, are James S. Brown and Israel Evans, who were members of the Mormon battalion and who came from their home in Utah to preside at the '49 camp at the Midwinter Fair in 1894.

Bigler seems to have been the first to find gold outside of the mill race. area of the gold field began to spread in as rapid proportion as the news of its existence. In the latter part of February, William Bennett, one of the men employed at Sutter's mill by Marshall, took some of the gold to San Francisco. He showed it to Isaac Humphrey, who returned with him to Coloma, and after prospecting for a short time with a pan, was satisfied with the richness of the deposits and built a rocker, such as he had been accustomed to use in Georgia. Others imitated Humphrey's business-like method of washing gold, with equal success.

The whole region was found to be richly auriferous. Coming to Sutter's ranch about the middle of March, Pearson B. Reading visited the site of the new gold discovery. Finding the appearance of the country similar to that of his own land, at the head of the Sacramento valley, he returned home, and at the end of a month was engaged washing out gold on Clear creek, nearly two hundred miles north of Coloma.

John Bidwell, having also visited Sutter's

mill, returned to put his domesticated Indians to work on the banks of his own stream, Feather river. Before the end of the first year the gold seeker had pushed his way over more than two hundred miles of territory.

It is strange what ill fortune followed these men who first discovered the wealth of the California soil. It seems as if the god of gold considered this first touch blessing and honor enough in itself, and so he gave his most bountiful stores to those that came at the call of the heralds.

Marshall, Wimmer, and Bennett, though first on the scene made little or no profit. Wimmer, though a man of intelligence and some business capacity, acquired no more than his little homestead in San Luis Obispo. Bennett, who brought the first samples of gold to San Francisco, lived in comfortable circumstances, though far from rich, on a fine farm near Santa Cruz. He left the mines in '49 and never returned to them. Bigler and Smith also left the mines in forty-nine, returning to Utah poor men.

Marshall, followed up his discovery for a few months, collecting a fair amount of gold, then left the diggings, to return after a short absence to meet with only moderate success. Tiring of this, he began to grow fruit and vines on some land he owned near the mill, or Coloma, as the town that had grown up there, was called. Though, in a few years he had the best nursery and vineyard in the country, he parted with his place, and after that he had no permanent home. For a time he lived in a cabin at Kelsey's Diggings, an ancient mining camp on the opposite side of the river a few miles above Coloma. he visited San Francisco, Sacramento, and other large towns. He received everywhere a cordial welcome, was generally liked, though odd, and very eccentric in his unconventionality. He was intelligent and thoughtful and his store of reminiscences and general information made him an interesting companion for even people of mental culture. He had a real grievance against the State on which his discovery conferred such a blessing, for besides a subsidy of \$100 a month awarded him by the Legislature for a few years, he was allowed to spend his last years in actual need.

The most prominent character in connection with the discovery of gold, is that of

General John A. Sutter. He was one of the noblest of the pioneers, and was a gentleman and soldier as well a prominent and distinguished citizen. He was born in Switzerland in 1805, bred a soldier, and after distinguished service as a captain in the armies of France, he emigrated to the United States. He landed in New York in 1834, but at once took his way toward the After staying for awhile in New Mexico, he joined a party of trappers and made his way toward California by a most circuitous route; first to Oregon, then to Honolulu, then back to California. He at once made his way up the Sacramento river: and there, near the junction of that stream with the American Fork, erected in 1839 Sutter's Fort. We are told by Doctor De Groot that he had been guided to this spot by the descriptions of old beaver hunters. with whom it had been a favorite camping ground, and who had recommended it to him as an eligible site for an agricultural establishment and trading post. Sutter then established a large trade and organized schemes for the manufacture of flour, the tanning of hides, and the sawing of lumber. It became necessary to put up a large three story flour mill near the walls of the fort, and timber being obtainable no nearer than the south fork of the American river, James Marshall was intrusted with the business of constructing this mill about thirty-five miles from the fort.

It was while trying to deepen the mill race by allowing a full head of water to rush through the gate, that the first nugget of gold was washed up, giving a double re-

sult to Marshall's work.

The large and promiscuous immigration that this discovery led to, caused the downfall of Sutter. He was unable to protect himself against the flood of sharpers that tried to wrest his property from him. They squatted on his lands, dispersed his domesticated Indians, and stole his cattle.

General Sutter was a man of great ability. He was well educated, speaking with ease four different languages. He lived without ostentation or vanity, and showed on all occasions the practical enterprising man of affairs. He was the first to lay systematic and extended plans for the manufacturing and agricultural industries for which California has since become famous.

General John Bidwell assures us of the

magnificent personality and the almost feudal power of General Sutter at one time. The Mexicans found him powerful enough to treat him with the greatest respect. General Bidwell also testifies to Sutter's great generosity and kindness and his never failing benevolence.

The following is quoted from Doctor

Henry De Groot:—

When he heard of an incoming immigrant team snowbound in the mountains, he at once sent them provisions on pack animals, in charge of trusty men, these relief parties going sometimes far into, and even quite across the Sierras on these errands of mercy. All who arrived at the fort destitute were supplied according to their necessities, and this without any charge being made or anything said about future compensation.

It was by noble and disinterested acts like these, running through a series of years, that General Sutter managed to attract to his cause the entire foreign population, and even many of the native Californians, so that when the final outbreak came, the conquest of the country became an easy matter. That the subjection of California did not cost us a long and bloody struggle is largely due to the course pursued by Sutter and his coadjutors, prior to the commencement of active hostilities.

As a partial recognition for the service so rendered, the Legislature of this State many years ago voted General Sutter a monthly stipend of \$250, limiting the same to a certain number of years. On the expiration of this period this subsidy failed to be renewed. On the 18th of June, 1880, the eventful career of Sutter was brought to a close in the city of Washington, where he had gone in the hope of obtaining from Congress compensation for his property, of which he had been so unjustly deprived. It is said they intended in time to grant his petition, and during this time he died pinched with hunger and want. General Sutter, who was seventy-five years old at the time of his death, was taken to the little town of Letitz, in Pennsylvania, where his daughter resides, and there he was buried. His wife has since been buried at his side.

California has built no monument to this, one of her greatest heroes. No monument stands—not even the mill—to indicate the place where the great enterprises of the West were first conceived. The little town of Coloma is almost all washed away, but this very little town was the center at one time of all the hopes and interests in California.

Doctor De Groot, at the time of his

death, was preparing a paper for the OVER-LAND on a recent trip he had made to Coloma. From the notes which his son-inlaw, Mr. Birge, brought to the editor, we are told that it was with great difficulty the site was located. The only man he found, who had lived continuously at the place since the days of gold, was a negro, who had been brought to California as body servant to his master, and of course found himself free on his arrival here. By careful surveying from known landmarks they succeeded in locating a point some hundreds of yards from the one usually indicated as the site of the mill and which they felt sure was its true position. The people of the town were altogether given over to agriculture, chiefly fruit raising, and took but little interest in mining or its history.

Mr. Theodore H. Hittell in his "History of California," considers it a remarkable coincidence that the discovery of gold came at the same time with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which California was transformed from a Mexican territory into an important factor in the history of the United States. Previous to the time of the discovery, it was doubtful whether Monterey or San Francisco would become the metropolis of the new territory. There was no room for doubt when traffic began to sail into the Bay of San Francisco, the nearest opening to the gold fields. There was, however, some question for a time as to whether San Francisco, with its two newspapers and its real estate dealers. would itself survive the gold fever. Almost every male citizen went to the diggings. The California Star, which had been very enterprising in its encouragement of immigration, especially from Missouri, found that it was obliged to suspend publication, following the example of the Californian, because all of its employees down to the printer's devil had struck work and gone off to the diggings.

On June 1, 1848, Thomas O. Larkin, former American Consul, wrote officially from San Francisco to James Buchanan, Secretary of State at Washington, an ac-

count of the discovery.

It was then several weeks since the gold had commenced to come in, and by that time about twenty thousand dollars worth had been exchanged for gold and silver. Miners were taking for from ten to fifty dollars per day. One half the tenements in the town were locked up, furniture and all, and the owners, store-keepers, lawyers, mechanics, and laborers, all had gone up to Sacramento. Many United States soldiers had deserted.

A second letter to Buchanan states that he (Larkin) had been to the mines and found them to be all he had heard and more than he had anticipated. Miners were scattered over a hundred miles of country and the placers were supposed to extend from river to river.

Governor Mason, hearing so much of the richness and extent of the mines, resolved to visit them. Accordingly accompanied by Lieutenant William T. Sherman, he started from Monterey on June 17th. Three days after he reached San Francisco and found that all, or nearly all, of its male inhabitants had gone. The town—a few months before so busy and thriving—was almost deserted.

On August 17th, ten days after the proclamation of the treaty at Monterey, Mason wrote to the adjutant-general a very full and circumstantial account of the mines, gathered from information derived by his recent visit, and sent this with valuable specimens of gold and cinnabar by special messenger to Washington. It reached the government before the meeting of Congress and President Polk in his annual message of December 5, 1848, laid it before the American people.

Thus was the first official report made public, bringing with it conviction to those who talked of the mythical voyage of the Argonauts,—and they sailed from all parts of the globe toward the Golden Gate, hoping to find within the Golden Fleece. This very valuable treasure, divided unjustly or justly among those who sought and found it, has added to the wealth of the world one billion five hundred thousand millions of dollars.

## CALIFORNIA'S JUBILEE

#### THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF GOLD

By S. G. WILSON

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that there would be a great Jubilee parade and celebration on the fiftieth anniversary of Marshall's discovery. Californians have never been backward in festivals of that sort. They like to show in the striking fashion which such an occasion allows the results of their industry and the evidences of the State's resources. So it is pretty hard to tell where the idea of this Jubilee originated. As well might I now announce that when fifty years more have rolled by there will be a great Centennial pageant and exposition, and then try to live to claim the merit of being the first to put the proposal on record.

But wherever the idea originated, to four organizations is due the credit of taking it up promptly and thereby assuring success. The California Pioneers was, I believe, the first body to take collective action. And this was quite proper; for one of the main purposes of that Society has been the conserving of historical material and historical interest relating to the very time this Jubilee commemorates. It was as a result of that discovery that there is a Society of California Pioneers, for although it is true the Society was at first composed of men of an earlier day than forty-nine, yet as shown by Mr. Willard B. Farwell's history of the Society, printed in the OVERLAND for February, March, and April, 1897, the organization would soon have died out had it not early taken in the forty-niners, which have since been overwhelmingly its dominant The old veterans have been element. dropping away pretty fast of recent years, and the half-masted flag on their hall is no uncommon sight; but there are enough of them left to make a brave showing still, and it is likely that in this Jubilee parade they will appear in larger numbers than they have shown for a long time or than they will ever muster again. This means of course, the original members, and not the younger hereditary element.



JOHN H. JEWETT
President Society of California Pioneers
President of the Jubilee Day

primacy of the Pioneers has been properly recognized by making its President, Mr. J. H. Jewett, President of the Jubilee celebration.

Next naturally come the Native Sons of the Golden West and their sisters, the Native Daughters. These organizations may always be counted upon for vigorous and effective co-operation in any pageant celebrating California, and with their enthusiasm, their numbers, their perfect organization, their gorgeous regalia and fine marching, the Sons make a striking division in any parade, while the Daughters also find abundant means by floats, carriages, and cavalcades, to make themselves a prominent feature in a procession, and by their



NILES SEARLS Vice-President Society of California Pioneers Orator of the Day

balls, receptions, and other social functions, will fill up much of the time of the Jubilee week.

The fourth organization to be mentioned among the originators of the Jubilee is the State Miners' Association. This body was in session when the arrangements were first in active making, and it at once took hold of the proposal with effective zeal. To its efforts will be due the fine showing to be made of the mining industry in all its branches. By elaborate floats in the parade and yet more in the mining exposition to follow, by intricate and realistic models in the Pavilion, they will exhibit so that he that runs may read the various methods of getting out gold, and by striking fac similes of great cubes of gold, the State's output of the precious metal.

Making exhibits of this kind is no new thing to this Association. Many OVERLAND readers will remember the magnificent display in the Mining building at the Midwinter Fair in 1894. The great fence in front of the Rawhide mine's display will be remembered. It was made of great blocks of ore so rich that the free gold could be seen all over it. And this was only a little part of the display of one county. A model of the workings of this mine is promised as one of the features of the mining exhibit.

These four co-operating organizations of themselves could make a parade and an exposition that would be notable and not unworthy of the event that is to be celebrated, but they are only the nucleus around which have gathered hundreds of other organizations, until it is fair to promise that the parade will be one of the largest and most splendid that San Francisco has ever seen. The military, both regulars and militia, will show the "steel in war" which figures in the city's motto equally with the gold in peace." They will be reinforced by the men from the warships. The Secretary of the Navy has been asked to assemble off the city front all the naval force of the department.

Following them will come a great variety of military, fraternal, trade, and social bodies, with floats, bands, banners, flags, and regalia, until the gorgeous line stretches



S. H. DANIELS
Society of CalifornialPioneers
Secretary of Jubilee Committee

out the whole length of Market street. At this writing it is estimated that about seventeen thousand men will be in the parade. One feature not seen in a general San Francisco procession for many a year, is a Chinese division. It is necessary to go back almost to the days of the Burlingame treaty, to find a like case. This marks the better feeling on all sides that is growing up between the races now that effective immigration restrictions have removed the fear of an overwhelming influx.

Governor Budd has declared the day a legal holiday, and the public schools are to have the whole week for festivity. The decorations are now (this is written on January 17th) being put in place. Strings of flags and streamers, many to the block, will flutter from the ferry to Twin Peaks. The private decorations, too, of many shops and residences are to be tasteful and elaborate. The Bear flag, the golden pennant of the Jubilee, and the Stars and Stripes are everywhere mingling to make gay the streets. The fact that these decorations are likely to be pretty well soaked before the festal day does not dampen the ardor of the decorators, and



GEORGE D. CLARK
Grand President Native Sons of the Golden West



JOHN F. MORSE, M. D. Native Sons of the Golden West Grand Marshal

everybody will take it cheerfully and make the best of it if the very day of Jubilee shall prove to be rainy. In a winter that has caused anxiety by scarcity of rain, Californians would view its coming with smiling faces, in spite of a little present discomfort, knowing that it was raining dollars into their pockets. This is a trait of our people which has often exasperated winter visitors.

Literary exercises are to be held in the Woodward's Pavilion, and with so glowing a theme for the song of the poet and the periods of the orator, no doubt they will prove worthy of the occasion. Certainly they will be heard by an audience that should inspire any speaker.

The week following the 24th is to be filled with festivities, on one day a military review and military games of the soldiers at the Presidio. A varied programme of interesting, exciting, and amusing events has been prepared. A Children's day at the Park, a floral exhibit, and many such features will keep up the Jubilee. On Saturday, January 29th, the Jubilee week ends, and the same evening the Mining Fair at the



J. H. NEFF President California State Miners' Association



JULIAN SONNTAG
Secretary California State Miners' Association



T. J. PARSONS

President San Francisco County Miners' Association



JOHN.M. WRIGHT
Chairman Committee on Jetties and Dredging,
California State Miners' Association

Mechanics' Pavilion opens, thus making the celebration continuous. The Fair is to last five weeks, and as I have said, is to exhibit in great detail and with the closest attention to accuracy all the methods of mining that have been practised in the State, from the crudest "horning" and "panning" and "rocker" and "long tom" work, through all varieties of placer, drift, hydraulic, and quartz mining, to the most perfect appliances in use today. California claims an easy precedence in the matter of mining machinery and tools; for her inventions in that line have made as marked an improvement in mining methods as have American inventions in general improved the comfort of modern life, — and I do not forget the steamboat, the telegraph, the cotton gin, or the sewing machine, when I make the claim.

A special feature of the Fair will naturally be those mining appliances most fitted for practical work in the Klondike country. There is to be a competition for new inventions to work in frozen ground, to be actually tested at the Fair on earth artificially frozen. There are to be Klondike outfits, and Klondike provisions, and Klondike tools. There are to be lectures on traveling on



A. S. COOPER California State Mineralogist



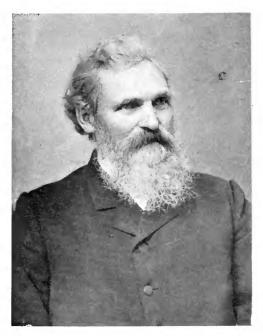
FRED SEARLS
Chairman Committee on Legislation, California
State Miners' Association

Klondike trails, and on preparing Klondike foods. It is certain that any man intending this spring to go to the frozen North, unless he has peculiar opportunities for information and expert advice, will find it amply worth while to visit San Francisco before starting for just what he can learn at this Fair.

But beside this, there will be the exhibits of the baker's dozen of California counties, each of which claims, so far as present developments have shown, to be able to turn out as much gold as the Klondike region, with a tithe of the risks and hardships.

For the visitors not specially interested in mining, there will be abundant material for interest. Horticultural California does not intend that it shall for a moment be forgotten that the wealth in golden grain and golden fruits is greater than that dug from the earth and as worthy to claim attention in a Golden Jubilee. California's manufacturing interests, too, are not to be left unrepresented, and the whole five weeks will be full to the brim of special days and special programmes.

Meanwhile the city is a bustle of active



JUDGE CHARLES N. FOX

preparation. The offices of the Parade Committee are crowded with reporting heads of organizations. Their aids are scurrying about, some of them seeking in vain to find presentable horses to ride on the great occasion, finding that all the real warhorses have long since been engaged. The

rank and file are furbishing up accouterments, making new regalia, and assiduously attending preparatory drills. In out of the way places floats are being constructed, and the once plain dray is being built up into a thing of wonder and beauty. The queens" who are to ride on the pinnacles of these constructions are preparing their crowns, and trying to cultivate the regal bearing. On Market street, all aflutter with flags, workmen are constructing the arch, which is to be the finest single bit of decoration, with its symbolic figures in niches, and its representation of the historic Sutter's mill on top. Even in the studious shades of Berkeley the State University students, having unanimously voted to parade, are busy with their uniforms and equipments. They will make a regiment of over five hundred men, and will be on their mettle, as they march directly behind the regulars. And all over the State, in every little hamlet for hundreds of miles, the stir is felt; parties are forming to visit San Francisco, and contingents of the various organizations are making ready to take their places in the parade which is to celebrate California's Jubilee of Gold.

If it occurs to any of my readers that perhaps it would have been well to wait until this Jubilee could have been described in the past tense, and with the definiteness of the thing that has been, my reply is ready,—then it would have been too late to urge them to come and see.



# OUTFITTING FOR THE KLONDIKE

### A PRACTICAL PAPER

BY L. W. BUCKLEY

IF YOU are not going to the Klondike, and if you have not relative who is going to the Klondike, and who has therefore asked you what you think he should take for an outfit, you are a very lucky individual. In nearly every large city, and not a few smaller ones in this great and glorious country of ours the most ordinary sign today, in every color and variety of lettering, is the well worn phrase, "Alaskan or Klondike Outfits Sold Here." Quite a number of sellers of these goods are well posted on what is necessary to make life fairly endurable in the land of the Arctic regions. It is, however, almost as certain that there is a very large proportion of the sellers of Klondike and Alaskan outfits, who have not the faintest idea of what is necessary to protect life and good health for those who purchase their outfits from them. It would look as though it was almost a matter for legislation that some protection should be thrown around the buyers in this respect, and perhaps some of our wise statesmen of the country will devise a plan whereby this safety can be assured.

The outfitting of today is as much of a science as it was a misnomer early last This is due to the fact that intelligence in buying and fitting up stores with goods has ruled; for dealers have been able through intercourse and personal contact with persons who have been through all the various experiences of extremes in Alaska, during the past year, to become wise and discriminating in their purchases and manufactures. The buyer of today if he seeks the proper and right sources, can obtain an outfit which will at once insure to him life and health in the Arctic regions. It is also pretty certain that those who go to Alaska the present year can enjoy a great many luxuries impossible of access a year ago.

In a general way it must be stated that an outfit is divided into four departments: First and most important, food products; second, clothing; third, transportation; and fourthly, as the good old circuit riders had it, equipment and mining supplies.

It is a wise intending prospector who places not his trust in many. The best company for traveling a man can have is one more man, of an equal capacity in the point of endurance, good temper, and moral habits, and with an outfit as good as your own. Neither borrow nor lend anything, is a wise precept.

Of food products it is possible that a considerable portion of the outfits carried into Alaska this year will embrace prepared foods put up in condensed form, but it is almost as certain that the necessity for much in little will not be felt, as the means of transportation will be so largely increased that they will have all of the ordinary food products, such as beans, canned goods, meats,—and in fact, as large a quantity of potatoes, onions, and similar foods, as are ordinarily used in the States will be sent into Alaska and sold there in the stores.

The German government has experimented for years on food tablets, and has achieved probably the greatest success in this line. Evaporated and desiccated foods, prepared in Germany, samples of which have been shown in this country, possess merits unquestionable. They are very white and clear, without the semi-translucent look of some of the evaporated foods made in this country. At the same time, the Pacific Coast States have the finest vegetables in the world for desiccating and evaporating purposes, and with the improvements and advancements made by our firms in preparing these goods, they will soon, if in many instances they do not at present, surpass the German article. The latter is considerably higher in price, owing to transportation and duty charges.

An old Yukoner, through his personal experience, is pretty well satisfied to have his outfit very largely consist, as far as food supplies are concerned, of beans, split

peas, corn meal, flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, condensed milk, rice, and evaporated, or desiccated, as it is more proper to term it, onions and potatoes, with the addition of salt, pepper, candles, alcohol, and an alcohol stove for occasions when a light snack has to be prepared in a hurry and the regulation camp fire cannot be prepared. A prospector who has this outfit is pretty well equipped to exist in the Yukon country, whether on a trail, or in camp.

Professor Killick, who has just returned from a thirteen months' tour of Alaska, and who, as a scientist of the practical description, studied the subject of food pretty thoroughly, using all kinds and classes, with the exception perhaps of a few of the new fangled preparations, has returned from the frozen north, and with a view of putting before those intending to visit the Yukon his experiences, he will deliver a series of lectures on food products and outfitting at the Golden Jubilee Mining Fair in San Francisco, which opens January 29th, and continues for five weeks. It is very probable that his demonstrations will be interesting to a great many persons. Among others who are expert, and who have made a study of the preparation of food preparations suitable to Alaska, as well as to all camp life, are Miss Susie Tracy, a graduate of the Minnesota State University and Experimental Station, and of the Boston School of Cookery, and who is at present in Seattle and Tacoma arranging a treatise and lectures Klondike cookery; Miss Clarke of Philadelphia, at present in San Francisco, and Mr. Charles Kelcy of Juneau, but at present a visitor in California.

So much can be said about proper Alaska clothing that not one, but several OVERLAND MONTHLY articles would yet fail to deal exhaustively with the subject. In a general way, from a practical standpoint, it is well to consider the following facts in regard to Alaska clothing. Mr. H. E. Skinner, of San Francisco, who has made a study of this question, and who has prepared reports for the government, and for some of the largest parties intending to visit Alaska, on the subject of clothing, advocates "mackinaws," or blanket coats and trousers, but prefaces his statement as follows:—

They should be made of fine wool, and not too thick, which renders them more serviceable than the very heavy ones. Heavy clothing, aside from its cumber-

someness, induces profuse perspiration and extremely dangerous results in cold weather. Over the mackinaw, wear canvas overalls and jumpers, which, in my opinion, are preferable to canvas suits with mackinaw lining. The cold, cutting winds of the frozen north affect a person more than the extreme cold, and the canvas over the mackinaw forms as nearly as possible wind proof garments. The canvas suit can be worn with outer garments at all times, the underclothing being changed to suit the temperature.

A very usual garment, made of canvas, is a loose fitting blouse reaching to the knees, and open just enough at the neck to let the head through. It has a hood which fits the head neatly, leaving the face exposed, similar to the Esquimau hood. This hood is so arranged that it can be thrown off and hangs down the back when not needed. The old Yukoner or Alaskan calls this garment a "parkie." A point of great importance to all, relative to clothing and bedding, is that the winter dress should be put into two garments, instead of one. This not only secures greater protection from the cold, but admits of safer changes for the different seasons. It selecting make your choice of fine, closely-woven wool; avoid the fluffy, coarse goods.

Shoe packs, or moccasins with soles, are the proper shoes for the trip over the snow, and for winter wear generally in Alaska; they are light and can be used on snow shoes, and should be large enough to allow for straw or dried grass being used as packing in them, in addition to two pairs of heavy German stockings.

Two pairs of the best rubber boots are needed; one pair should have heavy leather soles with projecting edges, for use in the gravel. The boots for everyday wear, when not at work in the placers, should be of the best red-grained leather, with thick, flexible soles, and not too heavy.

From Mr. Knapp, who has visited Alaska twice, putting in two years at one time, the following good advice has been obtained. He advises the taking of from two to four suits of outer clothing; one for summer is to be made of canvas without lining, and on the order of the mackinaw, that is, to be belted at the waist. He does not believe in waterproof canvas clothing; thinks socks should reach to the knees, and advises taking rubber cement for mending boots. He also advises rubber mits for use in cold weather in mining, and wool, or wool-lined mits for ordinary use. Mosquito nets are decidedly necessary in summer. They cover the head thoroughly and protect the face and neck. The way to carry the clothes is in a canvas cloth bag, which should be of not very heavy weight. Several pairs of colored glasses should be taken.

Mr. Knapp states that no one should go to the Klondike without being well equipped with necessaries in the way of food and clothing.

It seems to be a pretty generally accepted fact that there are many little details which are often forgotten, which, tersely put, are about as follows: Small stoves and fire boxes are worthless. Many a good meal comes with a fishing tackle. Do you relish small game? If so, you can obtain the game by having cartridges to fit your revolver. A friend in need is a dry match indeed; it comes from keeping them in water-tight boxes. Malthine waterproofing keeps out the cold and keeps your tent from leaking, and is a good standby.

In my experience as the director of various Pacific Coast expositions, where the principal department has been Klondike outfitting, I have noted many ideas and novelties in not only Klondike food products, but in Klondike clothing. I have seen a suit which weighs from two and one-half to three and one-half pounds, and have been told that it was warmer and more serviceable than a fur coat. On the other hand I have been told by old Yukoners that a good fur jacket was not only a "thing of beauty," but a "joy forever," and so serviceable a garment that it cannot be surpassed.

Diverging a little from the outfitting line, if there is any one topic on earth that interests an intending prospector who has had a little experience, or has met those who have had that experience, it is the question of cutting out or thawing the frozen ground, in order that they may properly mine it. It might be well to state that acting on this line the California State Miners' Association, through their management of the Mining Fair at San Francisco, have offered a diploma and a gold medal for the best device or machine for this purpose. am also informed by Mr. Fails that a Seattle engineer has invented a machine which, I am told, is very practical, and which probably can be seen in San Francisco, although I have not seen it, nor a model of it.

Another novelty which I have seen is made under the direction of an Alaskan miner for E. T. Allen & Co. of San Francisco. It is a little tool called a bedrock scraper, and it is supposed to be very effective in coaxing the yellow metal from the seams and fissures of the rock. If you are a hunter it would be well to investigate expanding bullets, as fired from a thirty caliber rifle. They are said to be very effective. Safety scabbards for holding your sheath knife so you cannot lose it, and sleds that can be used in combination, as a sled or toboggan for either hard or soft snow, seem the best thing for transporting the whole year round in Alaska.

When it is considered that the rivers are navigable for only about three months in the year, that for nine months the question of transportation largely depends upon sleds and men packs, it must be admitted that the choice of sleds is of rather vital importance. Sleds can be drawn by either dogs or men. There are, of course, many kinds of packs and pack saddles. It is a well-known fact now that during the two or three months of summer weather, when the trails will be open for traveling, that many hundreds of burros, mules, and horses will be shipped into Alaska and utilized.

It must not be forgotten that a medicine chest, with its stock of liniments, bandages, and similar appliances, for cuts, bruises. and sprains, is of great importance.

Many stores in all parts of the country are now showing by the aid of men and men-packs, burros and burro-packs, the most approved methods for arranging goods for transportation in that country after you arrive there. It is well to bear in mind several facts; there are no avalanches in the interior of Alaska, especially in the Yukon country; that cold water will relieve frost bite and frozen hands or feet; that a sleeping bag should always be taken in the place of blankets; that you should carry a compass. No more spirituous liquors than are needed for medicinal purposes, or in cases of exhaustion, should be carried. You should have a partner in messing and traveling. Also a good stove, although, perhaps, occupying more space than you desire; it should be non-collapsible, and must have a metal bottom so it can be used on the snow. You must remember that they burn wood in that country, and your stove should have an oven that you can pack a considerable amount of provisions in while traveling. If you carry soap and towels, you can be just as clean as in your own house. As to provisions, "Waste not, want not," is a good maxim to preach.

Many a dreary, weary evening on the trail, or in the camp, fades to a pleasant recollection, if you take along and use checkers, chess, and cribbage boards. Keep the mind occupied, the senses clear, the body neither over nor under fed, and you will probably be capable of performing as much work as you desire during your existence in Alaska.

It seems to have been a wise move on the part of the California Miners' Association when they decided to introduce to their Eastern brethren and intending investors in Alaska, a little knowledge, or perhaps to put it better, a considerable knowledge of the art of mining, and the best methods of outfitting, as shown in a big fair, or exposition which will continue for five weeks after January 29th, in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco. Everything in the outfitting line and in the form of mining will be shown there, and it will prove very interesting.

It may be added that outfitting can only be learned by a thorough investigation at whatever point you may be, or intend to start from for the Alaskan country. However, the statements of all classes of merchants in this respect cannot always be accepted as truth. There are many firms who avowedly, openly, and unblushingly advertise Klondike clothing, or Klondike foods, and set before you the ordinary article as used in this country. Only those who have

had the wisdom to obtain the actual requirements from persons who have returned from there, and have had goods manufactured strictly in accordance therewith, are in a condition to supply proper outfits. The best advice I can give is to patronize reliable outfitters, whose position in the community of whatever city they live in is sufficiently important to warrant the [acceptance of their statements as facts.

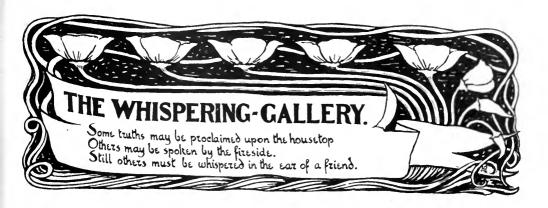
A good outfit, complete for one year, should cost not less than four or five hundred dollars. It is, however, very probable that intending prospectors going to the Alaskan country as late as the latter part of May or first of June will find all heavier stores being transported into the country in such quantities as to obviate the necessity of their carrying such supplies.

In conclusion, if you are intending to go to the Yukon country, take into consideration the matter of outfitting and the selection of a place to buy your supplies; transportation, and selection of the point most available from your present home. All of the four or five great cities of the Pacific Coast competing for the outfitting traffic this year, will find by June first that they will be handling all the people they can attend to, and it will scarcely become a necessity for any of the larger cities to enter into aggressive competition to obtain the business.



### **ULYSSES**

TO GAIN his home all oceans he explored,—
Here Scylla frowned—and there Charybdis roared;
Horror on sea—and horror on the land,—
In hell's dark boat he sought the specter band,
Till borne—a slumberer—to his native spot,
He woke—and sorrowing, knew his country not!



MAN'S dearest possession—the first gift that he receives when his eyes have opened upon the world, the thing he cherishes most sacredly and defends most stoutly, the one thing that not only accompanies him through life, but follows him to the grave and takes its place upon his tombstone — this is the one upon which the smallest amount of skill is expended, and in connection with which the most extraordinary stupidity is displayed. Dear as it is, he often does not hesitate to share it with his father, his grandfather, his uncle, his cousin, his son, or his grandson, - and sometimes with all of them, - needlessly, and to the disadvantage of them and of himself. Have you heard of Claude Duval? Probably. Have you heard of James Piper? Probably not. Yet the old song tells us that.

When Claude Duval was in Newgate thrown He carved his name on a dungeon stone.

And Edward Everett tells us how, a century later, James Piper carved his name on the rocky wall at the Natural Bridge, higher than that of General Washington, and nearly lost his life in so doing. Why Duval, why Piper, why Washington,—on any stone? It takes both a subject and a predicate to make a sentence and convey any information. These are only subjects, where are the predicates? The reader who can supply the predicate could also have supplied the subject without any carving. Duval some Washington we all know. of us know. Piper, who did the most difficult carving of all, nobody knows. moral is obvious, and it seems almost childish to repeat it: the name, however spelled, or wherever displayed, can confer no dignity or glory whatever upon the man; but the man may be able to give honor to the name.

Why then should one bear his father's name, or his grandfather's? Or why should the boy's uncle give him a farm on condition that the parents christen him with the uncle's name? With all our system of records, is not the identity of sir-name alone sufficient to establish the family relationship, without repeating also the Christian name, and then adding the particle, Jr. or 2d? It is said that in a certain Highland regiment there were nineteen men whose name was Donald Macdonald. This is only carrying to perfection the absurdity that begins with John Smith and John Smith, Jr.

In spite of Juliet's familiar remark, there is a great deal in a name,—that is, a great deal may be put into one if we give the owner a chance. But if he has no name but "Jr." or "2d," how is he to get much dignity or glory into it, live he never so nobly? The Indian who objected to the creed of the Baptist missionary thought he presented a knockdown argument: "He name shall be written in the Lamb's book of life. You no baptize the baby - how can he name be written in the book of life? He got no name." The object of having a name, and writing it in the books of everyday life, is to distinguish one person from all others. Unless it serves that purpose, it fails in the first requisite. And if it thus fails, somebody is to blame inexcusably: for the world is full of names, actual and possible, and they are as free as air and sunlight.

There may be something correct — or at least pardonable — in the words of the old British nurse who congratulates herself —

and thinks she congratulates all mankind as well—upon holding on her lap the fourth "Sir Oo" in direct line. For there the estate is the thing. the estate is perpetual, and the successive Sir Hughs are merely a desirable adjunct, altogether subordinate to the property. They have some things in common with the former serf in Russia. who could not be sold away from the ground on which he was born and reared. It does not matter whether it is the third Sir Hugh or the thirteenth, so long as it is the only one living, and signifies that the man is the current tenant of that estate. But in our glorious country a man is more than a manor, and a boy would rather sport a dozen patches on his garments than be pinned to a patch of ground. Why then should we confuse our family records and city directories by following an old-world fashion, when we have none of the conditions that give it reason or excuse? ownership of every acre of real estate in our country is recorded, and no identity or similarity of names is necessary to its ten-Indeed, the succession of title can be traced more readily when the names of father and son and grandson are not the

My friend Elacott, who is a man of very pronounced views, carries this principle of nomenclature farther than I should dare to even in the Whispering-Gallery. He says that, to him, the repetition of family names is like making the boys wear the old clothes of their ancestors. He gives an extreme instance, to prove the absurdity of the practise, in the name of a classmate of his. Says he: "Poor Baker's parents appear to have thought this wonderful child capable of carrying all his relatives to eternal renown, for when they came to christen him they loaded upon him the maiden names of his two grandmothers and that of his mother, so that if he had written his signature in full it would have been Bandolier Angithorpe Manchester Baker. In fact, they tried to make a family guide-post of the poor innocent baby, that the world might know and forever remember that there was once a granny named Bandolier, and another named Angithorpe, and a doting mother who had given up the name of Manchester for that of Baker. Just why it was desirable that the world should know or should remember anything of the kind, I

am unable to say. But I know what was the practical effect of their effort. My classmate had not a single name by which we could call him, and so he never wrote any but the initials of the three names, and never was known as anything but "Bam Baker." Discussing the same theme, he once told me some of his experience in making a biographical dictionary. Said he:—

"When we arrived at the letter T we discovered a family of Terrys in which the men of several generations had each accomplished just enough to give them a place in the work. But, to our confusion, the family had been so fond of one Christian name that every one of these men was called Hazlitt Terry, and we had a job of it to separate their achievements. The entire brains of the staff were racked with the questions: which Hazlitt Terry was it that wrote the treaties on nuncupative wills? — and which Hazlitt Terry was it that invented the artificial marble?—and which Hazlitt Terry was it that collected the coleoptera of Colorado? How thankful we were when we got fairly out of that tangle of Hazlitt Terrys! But I am not certain, to this day, that we fully separated the jurist and the entomologist. In spite of all our labors, the several men, like their names, become blended in the mind of the reader, and thus that family has but one glory where it might have had three or four if it had understood the true principles of nomenclature."

My friend Elacott even goes so far as to say that the people who resort to this kind of naming unconsciously class themselves with the illiterates of by-gone ages, when there were few or no records, and only the clergy could read what there were, and it was necessary to give father and son the the same name, in order to be able to prove their relationship. And I have occasionally heard him, when he became earnest on the subject, declare that if he ever were a member of the Legislature he would introduce a bill making it a misdemeanor to give any child the Christian name of his father or his grandfather, and declaring such a signature void when attached to any legal document. But you must not pay too much attention to what he says.

His friend Miss Ravaline is still more radical. She says the weary repetition of the well known Christian names indicates ETC.

such a poverty of imagination that she despairs of the mothers of the Republic. "John, John, John, — James, James, James, —Joseph, Joseph, —George, George, George, — Henry, Henry, Henry — William, William, William," said she, one day, with pitying intonation; "if they can't do any better than that, they might at least put the letters into a box, shake them up, turn them out on the table, and see what they spell."

"I knew a man who named his daughter in that way," said my friend Elacott, "and the throw decided that she should be called

Zoma Viola — which she was."

"And that," said Miss Ravaline, "was infinitely better than Sarah Jane, though I suppose many people would laugh at it who would not think of objecting to Sarah Jane.

But I wish you would add another section to your bill in the Legislature, making it illegal for a term of years to bestow any of those common names upon any child. At the end of that term the liberties might be restored on those names, and another set put under ban for the next term. In this way, after a while, we should have neighbors and friends who were really named,—now they are only classified; they belong to the John class, or the Henry class, or the James class, etc."

I think my friend Elacott and his friend Miss Ravaline have a trick of trying to cure each other's extravagances by occasionally outdoing them. As I have already remarked, we should not pay too much atten-

tion to anything they say.

Rossiter Johnson

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### America's Interest in China

WHEN George Washington made his famous Farewell Address, the infant Republic was in swaddling clothes. The loosely hung colonies fringed the Atlantic with a sparse population,

whose aggregate numbers were less than the present total inhabitants of a single city; and beyond the narrow fringe was an unexplored wilderness which has since grown into a populous empire. The great deeds and wise words of the founder of the Republic have rightly acquired a quasi-religious sanction among us; for if ever a watchful Providence had charge of his own it was when Washington led the ill-shod hosts of patriotism from victory to victory; and later pointed the young nation's feet into the narrow paths of safety. The inspiration which made his last words glow with the brightness of Sinai, has been the Republic's guide to a prosperity unparalleled in the story of nations.

It is nevertheless appropriate, now that we stand at the head of nations and in the very vanguard of civilization, to ask whether the diminutive garments which were made to fit the juvenile Republic a hundred and twenty years ago, are suited to its present proportions. In other words, it has become proper to ask whether freedom from entangling alliances and a a stay-at-home-and-mind-our-own-business policy advocated by Washington shall for all time govern us in our relations with foreign nations. If so, then there should be forthcoming some reason more convincing to modern minds than mere respect for the words of the wise father of his country. If not, it would seem that the present is an opportune moment for breaking away from old traditions and initiating a policy at once forceful and revolutionary, and in keeping with the changed conditions of our national life. Frankly, the OVERLAND is an advocate of the new doctrine of America's interest in external affairs, whether in the Carribean sea, the Pacific islands, or the Orient. Cuba, Hawaii, and China, are joined to us by commercial ties more closely than Baltimore was to Boston in Washington's day. The submarine cable and the weekly steamboat service have united us with the remotest ends of the earth in the bonds of a common interest, and entangled us in the most exacting and sensitive of all alliances, the alliances of trade.

The subjugation of a continent was sufficient to

keep the American people busy at home for a century; and it is probable that we should have avoided entangling alliances, and consistently minded our own business, even without the warning voice of first of his generation. But now that the continent is subdued, we are looking for fresh worlds to conquer; and whether our conservative stay-at-homes like it or not, the colonizing instinct which has led our race in successive waves of emigration from the valleys of the Hindu Kush to the forests of Gaul and the fjords of Scandinavia; to the Western Isles of Britain and to the storm-swept shores of Massachusetts; to the prairiehome of the red man, and across the Sierras to the Pacific; is the instinct which is now pushing us out and on to Alaska, to the isles of the sea, - and beyond. This instinct is as much a part of our nature as is the color of our skin. Its roots are so deeply embedded in us that our Anglo-Saxon character is but as a thin veneering in comparison; for it was a strong and lusty growth when, thousands of years ago, our ancestors overran the plateaux of Central Asia. And our not remote posterity may complete the girdling of the earth which our Aryan forefathers began.

Our interest in the neighbors who live opposite to San Francisco, however, differs in many essential features from that which the wandering Aryans showed in the various peoples they ran across on that long and oft-interrupted journey toward the setting-sun, which, in our own time has just reached the Golden Gate. We have no gastronomic interest in them Neither do we desire their territory or their wives at least at present. But we do want to sell them flour and rails and machinery and things; and it is pertinent to ask how our right to trade with them is going to be affected by the land-grabbers who are now seizing upon China. If the seizure were being made by England we could afford to look on with mild toleration; for since Lexington, the British conception of the uses and purpose of colonies has undergone a radical change. When England now seizes an outlying piece of territory, she immediately throws it open to the commerce of the world; and Briton and Yank, German and Greek, Parsee and Chinaman, are all made equally welcome to such trade as they can find there. But the other European nations still cherish mediæval theories of colonization; and the partition of China among France, Germany, and Russia, will mean to the American trader irksome restrictions, unjust discriminations, and a costly and corrupt administration supported by taxation of the merchant.

Thus we have a very direct and material interest in the fate of China. It is our interest that no change shall take place which does not make for a broad and liberal commercial policy; and our government should oppose to the utmost anything that will tend to place American traders at a disadvantage in any part of the

Flowery Kingdom. Indeed, if the Declaration of Independence is anything more than a piece of sentimental rhetoric, it asserts the equal right of Americans to live and trade in every part of the world. This may be considered a very broad interpretation of the famous document; but it has the merit of exactly meeting the present contingency.

On another page of this issue of the OVERLAND is set forth at some length the Republic's growth as a commercial power. And great as this is, it is but the beginning of an industrial expansion which is destined to overshadow the growth of every other nation. It is therefore the height of folly to look complacently on the spoliation of the Chinese empire, which lies at our very door, and with which every succeeding year brings us into closer commercial relations. The Monroe doctrine does not restrain us from efforts to extend our influence and power beyond the limits of our own continent, though this seems to be the tacit assumption of European statesmen. It is time, however, that our government asserted our right to equal consideration with other powers when the dismemberment of a friendly and profitable neighbor is under contemplation.

Of course the affair will right itself in time. Whatever may be the immediate results of Germany's action,—however high a fiscal barrier she may raise against American products, and however strongly she may entrench herself on the shores of the Yellow sea, we shall some day go over there and rectify our present blunder of allowing her a free hand. China is not Africa.

### The Ten Cent Overland

We once heard a wise and successful man say that the only way to prosperity is to get astride a tendency and ride with it to fortune. The idea thus tautologically emphasized was

the one which prompted the |publishers of the OVER-LAND, some nine months ago, to reduce the price of this magazine from three dollars to one dollar a year. The tendency of the time is towards cheap production, the scaling of profits to a minimum, and the development of economical distributing agencies, so as to bring products into the hands of consumers in vastquantities. The decreased cost stimulates consumption, and an infinitesimal margin of profit grows great by multiplication.

The principle has been justified by the results of the reduced price of this magazine. Without any deterioration of literary quality, with positive and marked improvement of its illustrations, the OVERLAND MONTHLY at ten cents a copy is more profitable to its owners than it was at twenty-five cents a copy. Where last May but four copies were sold, this February fourteen copies will be sold; and although the margin.

of profit has been cut down so as to be almost microscopical, the increased circulation has brought higher rates and a more abundant patronage from advertisers. The issue of this month's OVERLAND is, with a single exception, larger than that of any magazine published outside of New York; and at its present rate of progress it is only a matter of a few months before it establishes itself as the leader of all the magazines outside of the metropolis.

While frankly vying with the New York magazines in circulation, the Overland has no ambition to compete with them in character. The Overland is suigeneris—in a class of its own, as it has been for thirty years. It is the most characteristically American of all illustrated periodicals. It represents in literature the most virile of American traits. It copies nobody, and owns allegiance to no set or literary clique. Native authors have ever found the Overland's latch-string hanging hospitably out; and Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Joaquin Miller, are not the only writers its portals have led to the temples of honor and fame.

The Overland has not won its unique position without hard fighting, however. There have been periods of stress and storm when the publishers would gladly have borrowed a birch-rod and gone a-teaching. But if the wind is not always tempered to the shorn lamb, it at least stimulates a new growth of fleece, which in a magazine means circulation; and the new growth is making the Overland very comfortable. The press of the East as well as of the West has been uniformly kind, and it is pleasant to acknowledge its aid in making the ten-cent Overland a success.

Here is a cheering message from Canton, Illinois. In its simple eloquence it says more in a score of lines than we have been able to say in all of the foregoing:

CANTON, Ill., Jan. 6, '98.

EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND:

Enclosed find contest ballot, which I give No. 4. I studied the pictures carefully and decided upon this one because of the distinctness of all the objects in it. I have looked at it many times through my reading glass and enjoy it each time quite as well as I did the first.

The Overland is an interesting magazine to me, because it is so entirely different from any of our Eastern magazines. Most of the same priced periodicals are giving so much space to pictures of actors, musicians and beautiful women that those of us who do not care for that, do not have much left in reading matter. The tone of your magazine is good; and for one who like myself talks business over a dry-goods counter six days out of every seven, it is indeed refreshing to have such a magazine to give one a rest at night. I am sorry that the word contest has caused trouble, but am glad just the same it was published, as it first attracted my attention to the Overland.

Mattie J. Jones.

Canton, Ill.



### The Fort Gunnybags Tablet

WE PRESENT a cut this month of a design drawn by Mr. Willis Polk, on suggestion of Mr. Douglas Tilden, for the tablet which the latter gentleman has agreed to model for the memorial on Fort

Gunnybags, advocated in the January Overland. The design is subject to modification and as yet is only a suggestion, but it will serve to show something of what it is proposed to do to mark the historic building. The material is expected to be bronze and the size three and one half feet in width.

This is supposing the sum of \$500 can be raised for the purpose. No active canvass has been made;—nor is it proposed to make one: if the money does not come easily when the proposal is set before the old veterans and those who think the event important enough to have its spot thus marked, then the plan will be modified accordingly. Just at present, too, the minds of patriotic San Franciscans are taken up with Jubilee matters, and their purses drawn upon for that object, and so it was not to be expected that the fund would grow rapidly at first.

Meanwhile, we urge it upon our readers, especially the old Vigilantes, to keep the matter in mind, to talk it over with their friends, and to make to the Committee any suggestions that occur to them in the matter. We repeat the names of the Committee:—

Martin J. Burke, 626 Market street; Almarin B. Paul, Crocker building; Charles J. King, 122 Davis street.

### The Hearst Program for the University

THE Program for the international competition of architectural plans for the University of California has been printed in English, French, and German, and distributed in America and

abroad. Its ambitious proportions have naturally caused a good deal of comment; as in it money is put

as a very secondary consideration when compared with grandeur, beauty, and utility. The London Times comments on the extent of the plans, and notes that the area of ground mentioned is hardly adequate to the number and size of buildings called for, comparing it with the area covered by the great English universities. To this the answer is, that it is purposed, if found necessary, to enlarge greatly the grounds of the University by purchase, or if unavoidable, by condemnation, of adjoining lands. Yet it would seem that the two or three hundred acres now in the University grounds, if fully occupied would hold a fairly extensive group of buildings, nor is it necessary that they should cover the ground required by an English university made up of dozens of colleges each with its close. The London Spectator also comments on the plan at length and with commendation, in spite of the slight surprise naturally felt that a State so far removed should have intellectual ambitions so magnificent. Harper's Weekly recently gave two pages to views of the site and a statement of the plans.

The California press has perhaps been slower to move than that afar. It has heard of the competition and knows that Regent Reinstein has stated that four or five millions have been promised with enough more in sight to make the amount twenty millions if necessary; but these things have seemed too good to be true. The publication of the program should remove this hesitating spirit; for it certainly shows that the plans have been carefully thought out and that those who have the matter in charge are in deadly earnest, and base their action on solid grounds. The OVER-LAND has no doubts. It welcomes the plan with delight, and with all true Californians feels and would express gratitude to Mrs Hearst, the woman whose generosity and good sense have made possible this competition for plans, and given assurance that it will not be in vain to secure a really grand plan for the University of California.

### Overland Editions Exhausted

AGAIN we are obliged to appeal to the forbearance of our friends who have been sending in subscriptions and orders for copies so rapidly that we have been unable to fill them all.

The reduced price of the magazine was expected to result in a large increase of circulation, and the publishers prepared for it by ordering a much greater edition. But they had to be conservative in their estimates, because the cost of the magazine is so great that a hundred copies unsold take away the profit on many hundreds sold. Still they were bold enough to increase editions by several thousand at a jump.

What they did not expect was a demand that has made the current issues a rarity in this office the

moment all the news company orders and mailing lists had been filled. The orders coming in during the month, they have had to fill and file so far as they could from the few returns of the magazines placed on sale. New subscriptions they have generally had to begin with the number issued after the order was received. We can only thank our friends and promise to adjust as rapidly as possible.

### An Echo of the Days of Gold

SAN JOSE, Cal, Jan. 18, 1898.

EDITOR OVERLAND, SIR:-

Enclosed please find a copy of a letter that my father, Doctor Benjamin Cory, wrote from the gold mines in Cailfornia in 1848, to his brother in Ohio.

The letter was sent East by government express, and was forwarded to his brother, who with a party was on his way to California. The whole party was very much discouraged and was on the point of turning back. The letter spread the gold fever among them, and was the one unfailing source of hope and encouragement that beguiled the tedious journey across the plains.

My father was a prominent pioneer of California, and was largely associated with its early history, being a member of the first legislature. He was the oldest practising physician in the State at the time of his death, two years ago.

The letter is just as it was originally written with the exception of a few personalities which have been omitted. . . .

Very respectfully,

(Signed) HARRIET CORY.

GOLD PLACERO, California, Nov. 6, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:-

I have not heard from home since I left it. Many persons have arrived here from the States. Almost every person in this country has received letters; but I, alas, have none. Many persons have sent letters by government express, and received answers, since my arrival here. I have sent letters by the same express, but no answer! I have sent by public and private conveyance, by land and sea, but no returning sheet has gladdened my eyes. Have you not heard that I left Oregon a year ago, and that I have been in this glorious country, California, since my last birthday? Or do you think I am still in that detestable, country, Oregon, and do you direct my letters there? I do not know why it is, that I have not received letters from the States. One thing I do know, and that is, that I am not already forgotten by my distant family and friends. No, I am remembered at home. But I think my relatives do not know of the yearning that I continually have for news from home. If, to pay a thousand dollars for a letter fresh

from home, would give me one, I would pay it without a thought.

I am now at a ranch (farm) near the gold diggings. I was seventy-five miles from here, in the mountains, trading clothing to the Indians for gold; but was sent for to attend the owner of this ranch, who has had a rifle ball discharged through his hand. He was attended three or four days before my arrival by a physician who lives at the next ranch; but the patient saw fit to discharge his doctor The case is a bad one; there is great danger of mortification; he has had a rapid pulse and irregular, low delirium, etc., and all threatening a bad result. But I have made deep incisions, and the result is entirely satisfactory; my patient is quite smart this morning. He says that I shall not leave him until all danger is over. "Charge what you please, Dr," he says, "and it shall be paid. Here is my ranch with its horses, cattle, &c., and I have a good large bag of gold!" I am sorry, dear brother, that I ever had "Dr." stuck to my name. It is more trouble than profit. I am vexed to death. I tell people that I can get more gold in the mountains by digging and trading, than my conscience will permit me to charge my patients. I tell them that I have quit the practise of medicine; I am occupied with other pursuits more congenial to my feelings. But it all does no good; when a man begs of me to go and see his friend, I cannot but go. At first here in the mountains, I charged eight dollars a visit if the patient was near, and very high mileage if he was at a distance. But you know how it is everywhere, people do not like to pay a doctor bill, and I am a poor collector. Three fourths went away to other gold diggings without calling on me, although everybody said my charges were not high in proportion to the amount of gold which everyone bad, and in proportion to other expenses of the mines - neither were they. I have bought flour in the mountains at two dollars a pound, tea at four dollars, and sugar four dollars a pound, and candles a dollar apiece, a pair of pantaloons (worth in the States a dollar and a half) twenty-four dollars. But I cannot quit practising I tried another plan. I practised without charging a cent. I showed every applicant that I went with extreme reluctance, I attended with negligence, told the friends of the patients that I was no longer a physician, that I shouldered no responsibility, etc. But this would not do. I was pestered more than ever. I have now determined on another plan. I shall always have a quantity of medicine with me, shall attend patients when I have time, and charge abundantly. I shall visit no patient for less than an ounce of gold, shall ride nowhere to see the sick for less than half an ounce unless it is a rare case -- a case of poverty.

This is the richest gold country on the face of the globe. Gold almost looks to me like a worthless toy,

I have seen such vast quantities of it. A man. here in the mountains, who has not ten or twenty pounds of it, is looked upon as a poverty-stricken man. I think the gold here is quite pure; it must be worth at a mint some eighteen or nineteen dollars an ounce. But gold, here, on account of the scarcity of coin, and the rifeness of speculation, is selling for from five to ten dollars per ounce. If I had ten thousand dollars in coin, I could convert it to thirty thousand in two months. The first month I was in the mines, my partner and I dug out three thousand dollars apiece, calling each ounce sixteen dollars. The diggings then became poor, a man had to work hard all day, for only an ounce or two. So hundreds of people left and went to exploring, and I among the rest. I spent about two months exploring through the mountains - found gold everywhere; but we did not stop to work, we wanted to find places where we could pick up, without much labor, two or three hundred dollars per day. But we were not fortunate enough to find such a place. But such places have been found, and are still to be found. Several men got into a ravine where they got from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars in two or three weeks -- most beautiful gold, in round and flat polished masses, weighing from one dollar to two hundred dollars each piece. I have seen several pieces weighing two, three, eight pounds. The gold on the river is very fine, like small fish scales. I have never worked on a river; I like to see the gold as I dig. I have worked in dry gullies or ravines. The first month I worked, my partner and myself hauled our dirt three miles to water, where we washed it in a trough made of boards; we could wash out five wagon loads in a day. The dirt, of course, varies much in richness; we washed one load in which we got five and a half pounds, and in other loads we would only get five or six ounces, but it was quite common to get a pound in a wagon load. If we had hauled dirt the month we dug, we would have had much more gold, but we did not use one wagon half of the time, on account of our oxen straying, etc. As it is, I have only cleared in the mines, about two hundred and sixty ounces of gold. think in two or three days, I shall load several horses with provisions and a few goods, and go into the mountains and spend the winter. It will be very unpleasant, doubtless, but gold is abundant and there will be no lack of water to wash the dirt; it will not be necessary to carry the dirt a mile or two to wash it. There is a wholesale store, fifteen miles from here, where I can make an outfit. I think I know of a place, where a few men now are, in which I can make five or ten thousand dollars by spring.

My expenses have been great — horses from onehundred to two-hundred dollars each, and everything else accordingly. Wages are, of course, high in this

country. You cannot get a man to haul your trunk across the street for less than five dollars. Laborers are paid from ten to twenty dollars per day. You cannot get your dinner at a public house for less than from one to three dollars. You cannot get your handkerchief washed for less than a dollar; a dollar is the same here as twelve and a half cents in Ohio. This is fact. But every man is able to pay his bill -there is no credit - every man has his sack of gold. For the time I have been in the mines, I have been more fortunate than the mass of people, yet many have been more fortunate than I. One man found a piece of pure gold that weighs twenty pounds by the steelyards. And as many have done better than I have, I am not satisfied. I feel as poor with four or five thousand dollars in my trunk, as I used to feel when I had but a hundred. Why thus changed, I know not. I am not at all miserly. If I ever was generous, I still am the same. It gives me more real pleasure to confer a favor than to receive one. I know that a man can live in Ohio quite comfortably on ten thousand dollars, judiciously managed, all his life time. But that amount looks to me now-a-days quite paltry. I shall not leave this country with less than one hundred thousand dollars. And before three years, I shall have that amount, if my health is spared - I feel quite sure of it. And then I shall spend my days in comfort, and in dispensing blessings upon those poor mortals, whom I have often wished to assist, but could not for want of means.

Gold has been discovered for three hundred miles in extent of country, and it certainly extends still farther, but beyond that has not been explored. Tell my relatives that they must not be angry with me, when I urge you to come to this country; you are quite young, I know, but you have a good education, and can thrive in this country. There is no country on the face of the earth where a fortune can be made so easily, as in California. I believe that ten millions of gold have been taken out of these hills since last May; and the population has not been large. Every mineral is here in abundance. There is enough of quicksilver to supply the world. Silver is abundant, etc., etc. I sent to father specimens of silver and of quicksilver ore; he doubtless received them long ago.

The population is rapidly increasing. The news of the gold has extended like wildfire. Every ship from the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, and the Southern Coast is loaded with passengers—Oregon is dead; I saw eight or ten men from there the other day; they say that at least a thousand men will be from there, at the first opportunity. Joseph W—— is in San Francisco; came in by water, is well, and making from

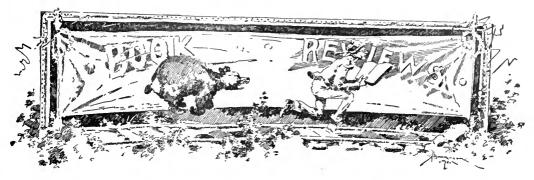
twenty to fifty dollars per day at his trade, so I am told, and I am sure it is true. I have seen repeatedly, a common tin pan (which is used to wash gold) sell, in the hills, for sixteen dollars; I sold two of them for thirty-two dollars. Of course he will do well.

I presume I will not have another opportunity of writing home again before spring, as I am going into the mountains to live, and will not be able, probably, to get out when the rain and snow come. There is never any snow in the valleys in the winter, but plenty of it in the mountains. I will at all events get out of the mountains by the first of May. I have lived somewhat roughly here in the mountains. I have slept upon the ground, in the open air, every night for five months. I have frequently had to cook my bread and meat upon a stick or in the ashes. I have lived as much as four or five days together upon dried meat and coffee without sugar or cream. I have gotten so that wherever night overtakes me, I feel as if I were in my house. I sleep as well on the hard ground, with perhaps a root or stone under my ribs, as if I were in the softest bed. And I am quite well also. I had a severe spell of bilious fever in August, but I had a good friend to nurse me, and I got well in two weeks.

Come to California immediately! Come in the steamer by way of Panama. You can get here in thirty or forty days, and what is that? Come, and I will be a good brother to you. You need not have a cent of money when you land, for I will divide generously with you, and take you as full partner in my business. Most of the merchants in San Francisco can tell you where I am. If you have not money sufficient to buy a horse and rigging to come to me, stop at a hotel, and send me a letter. I will come to you at the rate of two hundred miles a day. Come, for I want you as a partner in business. I have had two partners all along for the last two months; one of them, in whom I put the most confidence, has cheated me out of seven or eight hundred dollars. And he has done it in such a way that to appeal to court would do no good; I trusted to his word, without paper or any other witness. I did not hear of it until last night, and today I have withdrawn from the concern, so that I am alone again. I will hereafter trust no man to any extent but a brother or long-tried friend.

I enclose a small sample of California gold: get it made into two rings, one for our mother and the other for our sister. I dug it myself; I have many specimens like it, but cannot send larger pieces or more in a letter. Write to me—write to San Francisco. Upper California. I remain your very affectionate brother.

BENJAMIN CORY.



### A Holiday Retrospect

This is a banner year for everyone who has to do with books. The sellers have been at their wits' ends for some time past to make even an approximate meeting of demands. The Macmillans are "sold out of everything, even the standard books." They expected a rush, and thought they had prepared for it; but no human being could have foreseen the one that came on them. Everywhere one hears the same thing, and it is encouraging, not only because it shows that "good times" are on us, but that the public is prompt and glad to show its appreciation of the efforts made to produce books of superior order, both as to quality and dress. This is shown by the impossibility to fill the orders for the most expensive editions. The Tennyson Memoir, for instance, was called for faster than the press could turn it off. R. H. Russell's beautiful books sold with equal rapidity. The large stores were obliged to replace even the sample copies of Remington's Drawings, The Holy Grail, The Penfield Poster Calendar, as well at Gibson's London, so absolutely worn out were they by eager buyers.

Mr. Edward Arnold's keenness of perception in pubishing this year, when adventure is in the air, such works as With Fire and Sword in the Sudan, British Central Africa, and Through Unknown African Countries, is amply demonstrated by their sale.

The Scribners' beautiful store in New York was filled to overflowing; and the dignified men one is accustomed to see there, seemed transformed, as they flew about in the desperate effort to make every one in the vast throng feel that he or she was the most important one there.

E. P. Dutton & Co. say, "Every book was sold before it reached the counter," and judging by the piles deposited in their cellar, they must have begun the new year with a plethoric bank account.

Enormous sales greeted so many books that it is impossible to mention a tithe of those that have made a record; but it may be interesting to know that the sales of *The Christian* can perhaps be best indicated by the fact that in one day alone they reached fifteen

hundred copies. *Quo Vadis* effectually refutes the idea that a book, however good, lasts only a month or so, for now that it is a year old it still pursues its sweeping march, finding it necessary to reproduce itself many thousands of times to satisfy the demand of the public.

Hugh Wynne, that delightful novel of Revolutionary days, has reached its thirty-fifth thousand; while The Honorable Peter Stirling is by no means dead. On the contrary, he is so much alive that he is making acquaintance with his thirty-fifth edition; while The Prisoner of Zenda is rioting in his forty-second.

San Francisco publishers are equally satisfied with the holiday boom. Mr. Doxey reports an unprecedented demand for all of his publications. The exquisite and timely book of Mary Elizabeth Parsons on the Wild Flowers of California has been particularly successful, as has Hudson's Idle Hours in a Library. The bound volumes of the Lark rank third in the list of local demands.

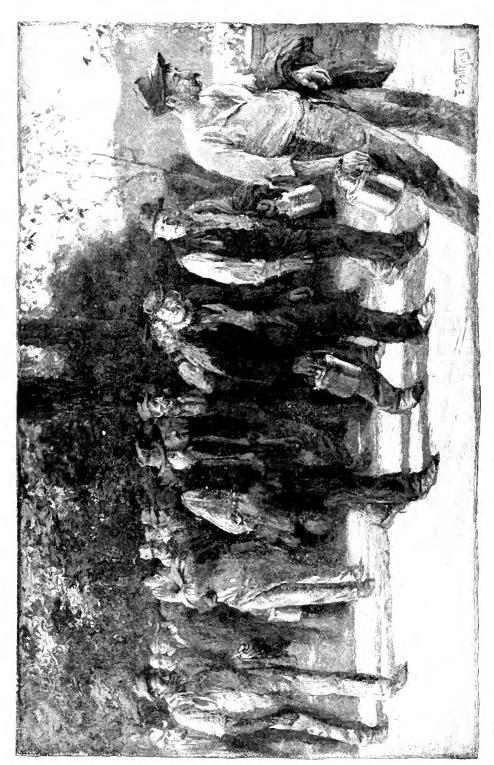
The sale of text-books by the American Book Company for the last year have been very much larger than in any previous year, and the demand for supplemental books is increasing at a rapid rate.

Altogether, the outlook is most encouraging; for as the booksellers' business is the first to feel the stress of hard times so it it the first to feel the influence of a proximate prosperity. We may not have a boom, but we shall certainly have good times in the immediate future.

#### An Experiment in Reality<sup>1</sup>

It would be an interesting and valuable experiment if all the books in the world were locked away in dark closets for a year and never opened. We should perforce turn to the ever-open but rarely-read book of nature, and learn from it at first hand. Our school children would find a text-book in the universe itself, and learn to read things which most of them remain in ignorance of. That the proper study of mankind is man has been insisted upon for ages; yet we go on

<sup>1</sup>The Workers — An Experiment in Reality By Walter A. Wyckoff. Chas, Scribner's Sons: New York: 1897.



From "The Workers," by Walter A. Wyckoff Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons

studying words, words, words,—mere names of men and things, and we measure our knowledge by our ability to repeat words that somebody else has set down in a book. Some day a bookless school will be established, and we shall marvel at the wisdom of its graduates, and the affluence of its founders.

This is a propos of an experiment which a bookish man recently made of an effort to get at things directly, and not through the everlasting medium and tedium of printer's ink. A certain professor of sociology at Princeton University, Wyckoff by name, somehow developed a doubt as to the accuracy of his own teachings, which were based upon the written lore of others, which in turn was derived from other books, and so on ad infinitum, or nearly so. Probably the original fount of this alleged wisdom was some spectacled philosopher with a bald head and a fund of experience in the lecture-room, who by the aid of certain a priori rules and measurements, and certain other tools which he called deductions, constructed a something which he dubbed "sociology." But Wyckoff got an idea that the thing was wrong somewhere; and so he doffed the pedagogic mortar-board and donned the laborer's slouch-hat, to see if the thinking machine under it would not work with greater accuracy of movement. In other words, he dropped his books, and became a tramp, associating with men and things, and working for his daily bread and a place in the hay-loft at night like any other tramp-worker. His object was to get at the heart of things himself - to feel them pulsing with life, to touch and handle them himself, to see them as they are, and not as they are made to seem in books; to get at men and their ideas; to hear them talk, to see them eat, and work, and take their amusements; to mould his own opinions on his own observations; to take nothing á priori, but everything á posteriori; to make his own deductions, and construct his own sociology. And the admirable way in which he has done it shows not only the excellence of his method, but the completeness of his mental equipment - too great to have been derived solely from books. Mr. Wyckoff started without money, and during his experiment which lasted two years, he depended on what he could earn as a worker. He was alternately a day-laborer, a hotel porter, a ditcher, a farm-hand, and a member of a logging camp. It was a varied experience, and his great powers of observation have made his record a reliable one. He has not only produced an interesting and instructive book, but he has acquired an equipment for his vocation which will place him in the front rank of teachers, and give to the sociology taught by him a substantial basis of fact. So that what he calls an experiment in reality is a success all round. The public benefits by his book; he profits by his experience - and royalties; his students gain by his teaching. All of which tends

to prove, what many people have denied, namely, that there is such a thing as a science of sociology.

#### Taine's Last Book on France1

IT is like a dip into the middle ages to read Taine's Journeys Through France. Yet it is only thirty-five years since these journeys were made. The rude conditions of life, the neglect of sanitation, the grinding poverty of the laborers, all suggest the seventeenth rather than the nineteenth century. The debt which France owes to Napoleon, nick-named the Little, is outlined in every chapter of this book, though M. Taine did not intend it. The filth and squalor and pestbreeding conditions of towns like Marseilles were to a great extent wiped away as if by a touch of magic under the third Napoleon's beneficent but costly sway; and the huge monument with which the Marseillais testified their gratitude to the emperor was a very appropriate recognition of his work. True, the volatile citizens afterwards filled with concrete the carved dedication, "Napoleon III. Marseille Reconnaisant," yet the words showed plainly beneath the stucco, as the hygienic measures he inaugurated showed through

In Lyons Taine took a look at the silk weaving industry.

Here a workman earns from a shilling (twenty-four cents) to five shillings, an average of two shillings and sixpence. The silk is brought to them; they steal a little of it, and damp the rest to make up the weight. There are as many as two hundred prosecutions for this in a year. The middlemen between the employers and the workmen often claim the daughters of the latter as the price of their favor. I went into the workroom of a silkweaver in order to ask my way. He was asleep over his work. It was a wretched, lean, sallow face, with a black tuft of beard, and washedout eyes. Many of these workmen have to ply their task in unhealthy attitudes. They save nothing, and the intervals of idleness are terrible.

These, of course, were hand-weavers, using a loom which was little if any better than those in use in Egypt four thousand years ago, and the sanitary and moral condition of the workers were in accord with their primitive industrialism.

The book is full of interest. Interspersed with these and similar descriptions of the rude life of the people are beautiful passages setting forth the delightful nature of the country. Here again,—

"Every prospect pleases And only man is vile."

But as the French themselves say, "Nous avons change tout cela!"

<sup>1</sup>Journeys Through France, Being Impressions of the Provinces. By H. A. Taine, D. C. L. Henry Holt & Company: New York: <sup>18</sup>98.

UNIVERSITY

### An Astronomical Memoir<sup>1</sup>

THE introductory note gives Doctor Holden's reason for writing his memorials of the Bonds. No adequate biography of either father or son had been written. The author is related to the wife of Professor George Bond, and at the request of her daughters he has put into this permanent shape the memoranda in their possession.

The book is divided into the introductory note, five chapters, and an appendix, consisting of a list of their writings. The first chapter deals with William Cranch Bond, and gives a brief account of the early family. He was a watch-maker and earned enough at his trade to maintain the family and to permit a mild indulgence in instruments with which to pursue his then avocation. His first astronomical instrument was a sun-dial and a string, with which he plotted the stars. Eventually, in 1839, the beginnings were made toward the Harvard College Observatory, and he became its first Director.

The second chapter is devoted to his son, George Phillips Bond, who was made the second Director of the Observatory upon the death of his father.

Chapter three consists of extracts from the diaries of Professor George Bond during his visits to Europe in 1851 and 1863, while chapter four is made up of selections from his personal correspondence from 1852 to 1865.

Chapter five is an account of the scientific writings of both father and son, and in order that the reader shall make a true estimate of their services, he is shown briefly the conditions which existed in this country in the beginning of the present century, and the part our early scientific men have taken in the foundation of American science. The author is qualified to pass judgment on their work since he has followed their footsteps along some of their chosen lines.

The chapters of especial interest to the general reader are the third and fourth. It is fascinating to one of our day to read of conversations with men whom we have been taught to regard as the shining lights of science; Leverrier, Foucault, D'Arrest, Bessel, Struve, Von Humboldt, and it is gratifying to read that men of their rank showed honor to our man of science. Doctor Holden intimates that the present volume is the first chapter of a history of early American Astronomy. It is to be hoped that other chapters may be forthcoming, for a glimpse of the personal side of the lives of great men is always a source of helpful interest, and the author understands thoroughly how to bring out the valuable in such material.

<sup>1</sup>Memorials of William Crauch Bond, Director of Harvard College Observatory, 1840-1859 and of his sou, George Phillips Bond, Director of the same Observatory, 1859-1865. By Edward S. Holden, Director of the Lick Observatory. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.: 1897.

### A Delightful Irish Book<sup>1</sup>

ONE reads so much of Aubrey De Vere in the Tennyson Memoirs, that it is with ever increasing surprise that one turns page after page of the Recollections of Aubrey De Vere himself without finding a reference to Tennyson. There is as great a difference between the two books as exists between Ireland and England themselves. Everyone who has a bit of affection for the Irish should read Aubrey De Vere. A genial, half-rollicking exposition of the Irish character pervades the book. Story after story is told, each irresistibly funny; while the Irish "bulls" are gems. The writer's keen sympathy for that heedless, amusing, fiery, warm-hearted, unjust, generous, fun-making, fighting contrariety, the Irishman, is really beautiful. Whatever Pat may have brought on himself, he is at least understood by Aubrey de Vere. And none save those who have a drop of the blood in their veins can understand this heterogeneous nature - the nature that caused Paley to feel really sorry for the Archbishop of York, who said that in fifty years of married life he and his wife had never had a difference. If there is anything that an Irishman rises up in revolt against, it is monotonous perfection.

Aubrey De Vere explains why the Irish are so rarely consistent, and generally rush from one idea to another. It is because they think so much and so fast that one thought crowds another out. Not every one sees that we are apt to mistake a surplus of material for a lack of it. A few years ago there was a story, possibly in Harper's. A settler returned to his home to find his wife and children had been murdered by Indians. The man stunned by the horror of it kept repeating: "It's perfectly ridiculous!" The incongruity was not amusing, it was tragic.

Aubrey De Vere tells a story that reminds us of that one, with the tragic left out. He tells of an agent whose absolute fearlessness alone, had many times been the sole means of saving his own life. One time he had mounted a flight of steps going to a house where some tenants had promised to meet him, and pay their rents. The steps as well as the streets were thronged; he stood on the highest step with his bailiff beside him. Through the crowd a man pushed his way and up the steps, drew a pistol, placed its barrel close against the breast of his intended victim, the agent, and fired. The pistol flashed in the pan. The crowd divided; and the stranger escaped. The intended victim turned, clutched the bailiff round the shoulders, exclaiming: "This is your doing! It was you who set him on!" The hailiff replied: "Sure it was not I! Your honor knows I would be the last man to do anything of that kind." The fearless old man

<sup>1</sup>Recollections of Aubrey de Vere. Edward Arnold: New York: 1897. buttoned up his great coat, and strode down the steps, red with wrath, exclaiming, "I was never more insulted in my life!"

Mr. De Vere gives an example of Irish welcome that puts our boasted Southern hospitality into the shade. The great O'Connell was standing in frort of his hall door haranguing a large body of men, who had chosen him as arbiter in some local dispute, when a carriage containing four ladies drove up. O'Connell immediately walked up to them, and raising his hat welcomed them as cordially as if they had been old friends, although realizing that he had never seen them. Before they had got half way through their excuses for intruding he assured them that none were necessary; that the country was a wild one; that Derrinac was the home of every passer-by, and that his housekeeper would show them to their rooms at once.

Mr. De Vere thus ends the story: "My English friends accepted his hospitality for several days, and his family showed them the loveliest objects in that enchanting region, and especially that ruined church on the seashore which O'Connell had taken as a model for the chapel he had added to his own house, and in which he daily made his meditation. When making their farewell thanks they presented him with their cards. "I am glad to learn your names," he said, "because that makes it all the more likely that we may meet again; but I should never have asked for them."

One of the many things that make Mr. De Vere's book so interesting is that his habit of quoting from his own letters written at the time the events happened, gives an actuality and intensity to the Recollections that recollections alone could not possess. There is a vivid understanding that would be well-nigh impossible after years had dulled the keen edge of feeling. A letter he wrote to Sara Coleridge just after his father's death will perhaps show this:—

Your prayers for my mother have been heard. She thinks only of him, not of self. It is said that maternal love is the most unselfish of the affections. I am now disposed to think that a wife's affection is more unselfish still. A mother sometimes seems to regard her child as in some sort her own property, and when it is snatched away, to feel amerced of her own. My mother always felt as if she belonged to her husband. The expression of her countenance is changed: much that belonged to it is gone, and something new has come into it. It was otherwise on the death of her two young daughters.

While all may not agree with Mr. De Vere's feeling that the maternal love is stronger than the wifely, it shows the wonderful understanding he had of the greatest sorrow that could come to his mother.

Mr. de Vere gives an amusing incident showing how Wordsworth's honesty would not be suppressed. Once when they were looking at a mountain, Wordsworth exclaimed: "Travelers often make their boast of Swiss mountains, on being two or three times as high as the English; but I reply that the clouds gather so low on them that half of them remains out of sight" I answered, perhaps dryly, "That is true." He resumed, making the same statement several times in different forms: and I made no defense of Switzerland, remembering that it was folly to,—

"Beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall."

It might be inexpedient to do battle with the prophet and priest of the English mountains as he stood on his own ground. "You cannot see those boasted Swiss mountains when the clouds hang so low." "Certainly not," I answered. After a pause he spoke again: "But I must admit you know they are there." His characteristic veracity triumphed unaided over his patriotism,—when he met with no opposition.

Mr. de Vere greatly admired Gerald Griffin, a young friend who lived in a small village not far from his own home. Griffin, an independent young fellow, wrote cleverly for several years before his talent was appreciated, but jumped into sudden fame when his "Collegians" appeared. Mr. de Vere describes this work as presenting the "best picture existing of Irish peasant life—at once the most vivid and the most accurate. Its comic parts are the most comic, and lits tragic the most tragic, to be found in Irish literature."

Whatever point of life he tells us of, whether history, humanity in general, or the superior individual merits he knows so well, travel, anecdote, politics. or religion, one is conscious of the fine feeling that makes the gentleman—and one worthy to bear the historic name he inherited.

The latter part of the book is more serious. He tells of his submission to the Catholic Church, and how it was brought about by careful reasoning: and we can be very sure no man of Mr. de Vere's intellect and intelligence took this step lightly.

There is a carefully written chapter on the great Irish famine of 1846-1850. While sympathizing keenly with the sufferings of the unhappy people he loves, he strives to be absolutely just.

Mr. de Vere half promises us another volume. We trust we shall not be disappointed.

#### The Non-Religion of the Future1

M. GUYAU, in his interesting work of this title, which Henry Holt & Co. have just published, runs gayly amuck among the metaphysicians and theologians both, with the obvious intention of bringing confusion to all. He has a keen-pointed lance and much pedal agility; but the wounds he makes are but

<sup>1</sup>The Non-Religion of the Future. By M. Guyau. New York: Henry Holt & Co: 1897. Price. \$3. skin-deep. Even on these he has so deftly applied a healing balm that one forgets the momentary sting in the prolonged interest of the cure.

The effort to explain things - to find a direction and a purpose in the universe - which is the underlying principle of all religions from fetichism to Christianity, is nothing but "metaphysics" to M. Guyau; and because men have universally refused to designate it by any other sound than that which "religion" spells, the confusion of Babel has fallen on the world of theologians, evolutionists, et hoc genus omne, indiscriminately. The speculations of Herbert Spencer concerning the Unknowable, which have done more than the work of any dozen men to effect a reconcilialion between religion and science, are to M. Guyau but "an abuse of language" because they are not labeled "metaphysics" in big letters. The Nicene creed should doubtless be similarly classified, as should the whole of the book of Genesis and half of the Psalms of David. And this is where M. Guyau's lance makes nothing but a pin-prick, and the bugaboo-mask of his "non-religion" falls away. For he does not mean that the future holds no place for religion; but that the verbiage of theology and metaphysics shall be changed about. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and perhaps the consolations of metaphysics will be as potent in the future as the consolations of what, for the sake of mutual understanding, we now call religion. Many people do not know what metaphysics is; but when they learn that it is the biggest half of their Bible and the whole of their belief in immortality, they may be willing to exchange the small coins of thought for a counter more pleasing to the fastidious taste of M. Guyau.

After this little tilting match among the dictionaries, M. Guyau ambles pleasantly along the wellbeaten tracks of primitive man, in search of religious physics. The respective schools of innate and derived theology are lightly challenged, but without awaiting a reply, the active Frenchman harks back into the realms of religious metaphysics and religious morals, where he has much to say of genuine interest, though not strictly to the point. The dissolution of dogmatic faith in modern society forms the text of the second part of his work; and this leads naturally to the conclusion embodied in Part Third, on the substitution of metaphysical hypothesis for dogma, which brings us back to the place we started from. And here we beg to leave M. Guyau. He takes us on a pretty excursion, and tells us lots of interesting things. But somehow when we get back we don't seem to have many new ideas, - except, perhaps, on the problem of the diminishing population of France, which came up en passant. At times M. Guyau reminds us of the days when we got lost in the bosky dells of Comte, where we could see nothing but primreses and hear

nothing but purling brooks,—while all the time we were hungry for meat.

### The Origin of Religions1

"Existing men are the descendants of people who have had religions, in all probability, for over a million years." This belief is expressed in the last chapter of Grant Allen's scholarly treatise on *The Evolution of the Idea of God.* 

As implied by the title of his work, Mr. Allen does

seek the origin of religious ideas, in the theory of in-

tuitive belief in a deity, nor in the orthodox creed of supernatural revelation. With him and the large body of thinkers with whom he is commonly grouped, the conception of a Supreme Being is one that has been slowly developed in the human mind by the conditions surrounding it. For a million years men have been trying to find an explanation of the world around them and the ideas within them, by the construction of theories of superhuman beings. These have generally been of such malevolence that humanity has only recognized them in the whirlwind and tempest, in heat and cold, in famine and disease. Beginning as the ghosts of defunct warriors which people the air as numerously as their descendants cover the earth, these deified spirits fought among themselves, suffered hunger and thirst, and brought dire distress to those among their worshipers who failed to propitiate them by generous offerings of weapons and food. With the growth of priesthoods, jealousies among the votaries led to differentiation of the contending gods, and ultimate supremacy of the victorious among them. In this way, "from an infinite incoherent homogeneity" of disembodied human spirits, came an increasingly "definite, coherent heterogeneity" in which each divine personage acquired attributes of marked distinctiveness as great as those of the Grecian mythology, for example, in which the characteristics of every god and goddess were as well known to the people as were those of their own friends and neighbors.

All this is familiar to the average reader, and at first sight it appears as though Grant Allen is repeating a story often told before. So he is, but he has added much to the tale. He has carried the ghost theory a step forward, and made some new applications of it.

The student of theology will find much to ponder over in this learned and comprehensive work. It is written in Grant Allen's simple style, which gives interest and lucidity to the most abstruse and difficult subjects. The book itself is so well made and of such comfortable print, that it is a delight to read lt.

¹The Evolution of the Idea of God. By Grant Allen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.: 1807. Price \$3.

#### At the Cross Roads1

A CLEVER woman once said: "I wish more novels were written about ordinary people in possible circumstances of life. I am tired of sensational stories. with dialogues so clever that no human being could possibly reel them out off hand; and I am equally tired of the squabbles and tribulations of a lot of children who happen at the end of one series of difficulties to get married, and then are hung up high and dry out of sight, with no earthly reason why their squabbles should not continue through many tiresome years." This woman should read At the Cross Roads, by Miss F. F. Montrésor. While quite out of the common, it is yet distinctly human, with most understandable characters. It begins with the first meeting of a young woman and her lover, after an absence of six or more years spent by him in State's prison, because a jury had found him guilty of a crime. His sweetheart, sure of his innocence, (though one feels sure she would never have admitted his guilt,) resented every insinuation of doubt, and as her relatives felt she was lowering herself and all belonging to her by her determination to stand by her lover, she left her family and lived quite alone until such time as her love could come to her. They marry, and as a tigress fights for her young, she fights society for the man she loves. Her whole character is an illustration of the maternal instinct that assumes such strength in some women that it alone is responsible for many a marriage. She has strong allies in money and social position, (Mr. Grant Allen did not give his "Woman Who Did" any sort of a fighting chance when he made her poor,) and it is interesting to see how she uses them in her conflict with the world. There is more to the book than the story: it shows the complex, subtle effects on the human character of injustice, selfishness, love, and faith.

#### Cuba in War-Time<sup>2</sup>

WHEREVER Richard Harding Davis takes his readers he proves an excellent guide; and when he joins forces with Frederic Remington, as he did on his recent trip to Cuba, the published results leave nothing to the imagination. Cuba in War-Time contains some of Remington's best work; and Davis has never done anything better. Like most of his writing, its strength is in its simplicity. It is a plain narrative of what he saw there; and it is so graphic that illustrations by anyone but Remington would be superfluous. In terse language that is far removed from fine writing, Davis tells what he saw of the gruesome war which the Spaniards are carrying on with their own kin in the

¹At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. D. Appleton & Co.: New York: 1897. Price, \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>Cuba in War-Time. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. R. H. Russell: New York: 1898.



Copyright, 1897, by Robert Howard Russell

"SPANISH CAVALRYMAN ON A TEXAS BRONCO"
FROM "CUBA IN WAR TIME," BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

sunny island, where their heartless policy seems likely to bring their nation to destruction. And of course Remington in his way is equally skilful in delineation.

The story of the fight which the patriots are making has often been told, but this book is like a moving panorama. It leaves nothing untouched; and the reader gets a comprehensive yet detailed view of the whole subject.

Revolting as the picture is of the barbarous methods of Spanish warfare, it is difficult for one who in times of peace has witnessed the gratuitous cruelty of the Cubans to their dumb animals to feel any deep sympathy for them even in their present sufferings. There is much pain in the world which is not of man's making; but before this war Cuba was a paradise wherever the wretched inhabitants did not make a corner of hell of it by their own wanton cruelty; and no one could visit the island without wishing a dozen times a day for a thunderbolt to strike some of them dead. We have all the sympathy in the world for patriots struggling for political freedom; but the groans of generations of tortured beasts have deadened our pity for the cruel race which is now engaged in spasms of self-destruction, for that is all it amounts to.

Cuba has great strategic value, as Captain Mahan has so well shown; and in time it will be of great importance to us. But there is not a soldier in our army whose life is not worth a hundred of those who are fighting on either side in Cuba; and there is nothing in this book that tends to prove the contrary. If interference is made to save the Cubans, it will be unjustifiable. If, however, we feel that Cuba, as a spot of earth, is needful or useful to us, then let us take it, and establish a branch society for the prevention of cruelty to animals even before we construct sewers and clean out their filthy streets.

#### How to Build a Home1

This is one of the most satisfactory helps to the home maker we have ever seen. It is full of valuable suggestions that appeal to the very rich, the moderately well-off, and the unfortunately straitened, alike.

How many people after getting into a house, that they have thought over and planned and re-planned, are conscious of a feeling of keen disappointment that some little thing is not as they wish. It would have been "just as easy" to have it right as wrong—if they had only "thought of it in time." By keeping this book of a hundred and fifty odd close-written pages at hand, there seems no valid reason for committing any blunder.

Mr. Moore does not go deeply into the æsthetics of home-making. He does not tell how to drape a picture or what period of furniture to buy, but he does show how to have space that will contain the furniture to the best advantage, and how to have a cellar the comfort of which will permeate the entire house. He tells how to guard against fire, that bane of the country house, and how to have the dining room comfortable and inviting at all seasons of the year, how to place windows to have full benefit of them and avoid their inconveniences. He arranges for every possible thing the house-keeper must provide for, coal bins and chests in cellar, milk room, trunk room,

<sup>1</sup>How to Build a Home. By F. C. Moore. Practical 111s. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.00.

moth-proof room, linen room, to say nothing of servants' quarters, dress-closets,— in short, every little cubby hole that does its share in making life pleasant.

He tells exactly how to mix the mortar, how to hang windows, how to put in stoves, how to build chimneys that will draw, how to deaden walls, how to make a house warm in winter and cool in summer, how to get the utmost use of the piazza without the disadvantage of too great shade, how to protect the piazza steps from the effect of rain, how to ventilate the attic, how to make rooms rat and mouse proof. He suggests many little points about bath rooms, that the plumber may object to, but the comfort they will give during years of use will amply repay one for the argument.

Keeping this book at hand will not only give one many invaluable ideas, but will be money in the owner's pocket as well. His suggestion on page 41, about the systematic examinations of the plans will mean a great deal to the person building if followed. Also, what Mr. Moore says on page 68 in regard to penalties will be an "eye-opener" that may save many dollars, and many days of annoyance.

All specifications for building are given in a lucid manner. Any one fortunate enough to have this book, while contemplating building, will have more cause to be grateful to Mr. Moore than perhaps he or she will realize, unless they have built a house without it.

#### Encyclopaedia Britannica (Allen Reprint)1

It is scarcely necessary to refer in detail to the excellences of this great work: it is known wherever the English language is spoken for its scholarship, thoroughness, and completeness. It treats of 250,000 subjects; it has steadily improved since the first edition in 1771. Keeping pace with the century's intellectual growth, the *Britannica* presents the gathered knowledge of the world. It is as good as a library of a thousand volumes. Many have wanted this magnificent work but have been unable to buy it. There is an offer in our advertising colums this month of a special-limited edition of this work that brings it within the reach of all our readers.

The aim of the publishers seems to be to place this great work in every home, which is most commendable.

#### A French Detective Story.2

A GOOD detective story is interesting reading oncein a while, notwithstanding the fact that the daily paper is a continuous detective story, as it were.

<sup>1</sup>Encyclopædia Britannica (Allen Reprint). Henry G. Allen & Co.: New York: 1897.

<sup>2</sup>The Crime of the Boulevard. By Jules Clarétie.. Translated by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury. Fenno & Co.. \$1.25. The unraveling of this mystery of the Boulevard by modern invention, not only shows the strides that science is making in furthering the ends of justice, but equally shows the terrible danger of condemning on circumstantial evidence alone.

The book is written in a concentrated style, and the attention of the reader is well held by those haunting eyes of the victim all through the putting together of the clues and the ferreting out of the suspected persons; but the final solving is done in a retrospective vein that is less exciting, and inclines one to think that Mons. Clarétie himself takes more pleasure in writing that pathos of which he is past master.

The translation is excellent — almost too good in fact, for it gives one the impression that the author is English and writing in his mother tongue. One does not like to be constantly conscious of reading a translation, but yet it seems a pity to lose a shade of Mons. Clarétie's delicate, pathetic style. The subject matter may have something to do with this, however. An absolutely perfect translation is difficult of accomplishment: a too liberal one is jerky; too free a one loses the individuality of the author. But of the two the latter is far preferable, for the hypercritical can always go to the original.

There are vivid descriptions of that gay Paris that becomes insane in its pursuit of a sensation; and one feels that Mons. Clarétie is mourning over the decadence of that city so dear to the heart of every Frenchman.

#### Briefer Notice

Exiled from Two Lands, 1 by E. T. Tomlinson, is a crudely woven story of a pair of young lovers, who being exiled from France, found themselves yet further exiled from the home of the girl's parents in New France. They make their home, far from civilization, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, where the young husband leaves his fair wife languishing at home while he makes frequent trading expeditions. She spends many years hoping for the forgiveness of her parents, and at last she returns from a long journey to France in search of her mother, to find her in her own home. The story is told as a dream by one of a party of young tourists who years afterwards find their ruined home.

WE BELIEVE many thousand Oliver Optic boys still exist. If this is so they will probably enjoy the sixth volume in "The Blue and the Gray Series" as much as the rest of the library compiled by its genial author. At the Front<sup>2</sup> is the continued history of the Riverlawn Regiment in which all the characters rise to higher rank for acts of marvelous courage and daring.

MR. Lucas has filled a much felt want in compiling his attractive book. Everyone who knows anything about the book of average children's verse knows what an amount of trash is put forth, with pictures often far better than the jingle they illustrate. This (being without pictures to distract, while tastefully hound) is just the book to beguile the tired child; and at the same time interest the reader. There is enough of the familiar to arouse a tender recollection of the time when we, coddled on our grandfather's lap, listened breathlessly to the exciting account of John Gilpin's famous ride, or breathed a small sigh of regret that "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man," or quivered with anxiety lest that foolish little fly would accept the spider's alluring invitation.

But the fortunate little ones of nowadays have the advantage of us, for we had no Robert Louis Stevenson, who is waiting in the pages of this book to charm not only the babies, but those of larger growth as well; and Browning, Herrick, Blake, and many others, wait to do their share, too.

THE Photographic Times Almanac² for the current year, as for many years past, is a volume that no photographer, professional or amateur, can do without. The art has been making such strides in methods, appliances, apparatus, and especially in artistic effects, that to keep up with the times requires the possession of the best authorities on the subject. One of these is undoubtedly this Almanac, full of practical suggestions, illustrated by hundreds of charming pictures. The arts of reproducing photographic prints by half-tone plates and several of the color processes are delightfully exemplified.

MR. HAVENS has gathered into a small volume<sup>3</sup> the writings on longevity of many good authorities and illustrious examples. They do not always agree with each other, and yet all tend to the doctrine that moderation in eating and drinking and plenty of fruit in the diet are conducive to long life. Distilled water. too, has its advocates. In general the recipes for longevity are something like that of a man who advertised to provide a method of making a pair of boots last twenty years in good condition. When people applied for his recipe, he directed them to oil the boots thoroughly once in six months and between oilings to wrap them up carefully and set them in a dry closet.

<sup>1</sup>A Book of Verses for Children. Compiled by Edward Verrail Lucas. Henry Holt & Co.: New York: 1898. Price, \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup>The American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanuc for 1893. The Scoville & Adams Company of New York.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Exiled from Two Lands. By E. T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1897.

 $<sup>^{2}\</sup>mathrm{At}$  the Front. Blue and Gray Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1898.

The Possibility of Living 2co Years. Compiled by F. C. Havens: San Francisco. The Two Hundred Company. For sale in San Francisco by E. H. Mitchell.



INFLUENCE OF EXERCISE ON GROWTH.—The results of measurements made on naval cadets at Annapolis by Surgeon Henry G. Beyer are described by him with a view to determining the exact effect of exercise on growth. We quote as follows from an abstract in Modern Medicine:

Special observations were made from 188 cadets who engaged daily in systematic gymnasium work, beginning with light calisthenic work and leading to heavy gymnastic work and drills, the observations covering a period of three years.

The results obtained were compared with the normal annual absolute growth calculated from 4,537 cadets of previous years. During the four years of systematic exercise there was an average gain in height over and above normal growth of 26.6 millimeters, or over 1 inch. The record tables show an increase in weight of 35 kilos., or 77 pounds These figures show that weight is more easily influenced by exercise than is height. The increase in lung capacity is 1,722 liters. The average annual increase in strength, calculated from 605 cadets, for the years from sixteen to twenty-one is 56.6 kilos.; while that due to gymnasium exercise is 235 kilos., exceeding the normal nearly five times.

WILLIAM KEITH is receiving the honor due him in London. A private exhibition of his work by Richard Brackenbury of Palace Court is being very well attended. The paintings are receiving especial praise from the London press, and members of the royal family have become enthusiastic admirers of the American artist. Princess Hohenlohe, grand-niece of the Queen, is seen at the exhibition very frequently. Lord Seymour, Lady Haye, Lord Rosebury and his daughter, beside a number of others, have shown appreciation and enthusiasm.

A number of the eighteen paintings sent are already destined to stay in England, and it is possible that Mr. Keith himself will accept the urgent invitation of London admirers and visit England in the spring. Mr. Keith's latest paintings are especially

interesting in conception. The mysterious and poetic in his art is very pronounced, and the rapidity with which these conceptions appear upon canvas is marvelous.

THE third and fourth volumes of Gossip of the Century are announced for early publication by The Macmillan Company, under the title of "Social Hours with Celebrities," by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne. These two volumes are edited by the author's sister, Miss R. H. Busk, and contain sixty-six illustrations whose range, from Renan to Zola, and from Louis Philippe to Cartouche, gives some idea of the scope of the text. The chief actors of the century in the fields of literature, politics, religion, music, art, and the drama, live under the pen of this entertaining woman, and the spice of personal reminiscence is as keen here as it was in the Gossip of the Century for the cultivated man who knows Paris and London, or whose reading has given him the necessary breadth of outlook.

A GERMAN PURITAN objects to our illustration to the toast of "The Absent Ones," in the December number, as being "good drawing but bad morals." He reminds us of a story of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Bok, and the Ladies Home Journal. Mr. Bok objected that one of Mr. Kipling's characters drank a cocktail; and he asked Mr. Kipling to telegraph the name of a beverage more suited to the readers of his Ladies' Home Journal. Kipling promptly wired back the answer: "Make it Mellin's Food!" Our critic is hereby authorized to make a corresponding change in the text of his copy of the December Overland.

ALGERNON DUPRES. "Sesquipedelian" is a good word, and no other has just the same meaning. If you prefer to take your literature diluted to words of one syllable, you might read the New England Primer or Mr. Munsey's confidential talks with his readers.



"AUTUMN LEAVES."

FROM A PAINTING BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

THE brilliancy of the autumnal foliage lasts but a short season at most; when the biting frost has completed its work, the trees shed their dead and lustreless leaves and wait for nature to clothe them anew.

So with our garments; unless protected they must be discarded at the end of the season, not worn out, but ruined by the biting alkalies of common soaps and soap powders.

You can protect your clothing and secure from it an extra season's wear by requiring your laundress to use only IVORY SOAP.

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   7th. SAN FRANCISCO dealers are conversant through long experience with the needs of miners.
   8th. Via SAN FRANCISCO is the great Scenic route to Alaska.
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HEWITT — My wife was looking for a dry goods store yesterday and by mistake she walked into a saloon next door.

JEWETT - That was terrible!

HEWITT - Yes, she found me inside. - Truth.

OF ALL the rooming houses in San Francisco there is none quite so nice and desirable in every respect as Hotel Ramona, 130 Ellis street. It is new and naturally, modern. It has an electric elevator running day and night from the street floor; hot and cold water and electric call bells in all rooms; a lady, Mrs. Kate Hart, in charge as manager, which is a guarantee of the irreproachable character of the house; a location (adjoining the Y. M. C. A. Building) that is convenient to everywhere. You will find the Ramona just the house you r'e looking for for a short or long stay in the city.

"WELL," said Miss Twitters, "I think I am safe

"Safe from what?" asked Miss Kittish.

"Burglars."

"Were you in danger from burglars?"

"I think I was. Everybody is, more or less, but more especially an unprotected lady in a big house. I've been afraid of burglars ever since John and his wife went West and left me by myself.'

"What have you done to insure safety?"

"I have bought four men's hats, of different styles and sizes, and I have them hung on the hat-rack in the hall. When Mr. Burglar surveys the array, he will decide that there are too many men in that house to make his exploit as safe as he might wish, and he will go on to some other house. I rather flatter myself that this is a pretty good plan. Don't you think so?"

A Boston teacher had been giving a familiar talk on zoology to a class of ten-year-olds in a grammar-school. To test their intelligence he said, in the course of his remarks:

"Who can tell me the highest form of animal life?"

A little girl held up her hand.

"Well, Mary?"

"The hy-ena," shouted Mary, seriously but triumph-

Repressing a smile, the teacher said: "Is it, Mary? Think again. Is a hyena the very highest? Don't answer too quickly; take your time."
"Oh, now I know," cried Mary; "it's the giraffe.'

-Bazar.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is particularly welcome, since it is the only western magazine equal to the best of its price in the east and superior to many. The stories, sketches, poems and illustrations are many and beautiful, and altogether the magazine is very attractive. San Francisco.—Baltimore Telegram.

PRACTICALLY INTACT.—The Populist orator dragged himself out of the railway wreck and took account of damages. One foot was twisted out of shape, something was the matter with his right hip, his left elbow refused to work, one of his shoulder blades appeared to have slipped over the other, his left knee was bruised and swollen, and part of his scalp was gone. He emitted a loud groan. Then his face brightened. "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed. "My voice isn't injured! I'm all right!"-Chicago Tribune.

Tourists can obtain from Thos. Cook & Sons, Palace Hotel, this city, full information regarding routes and transportation to foreign countries, and can arrange for exchange or letters of credit on the best terms.

BINGO: I tell you, that boy of mine is a great athlete - plays football, baseball, tennis, golf, and rows equally well.

"Are you going to send him to college?"

"What 's the use?"-Life.

Mrs. Dunnigan - Phat ye laughin' at, Pat?

Mr. O'FLAHERTY — Oi wor just t'inkin' phat a divil av a toime there 'd be av the siventeent' av March came on the Fourt' av July .- Truth.

#### AN INTERESTING FIRM'S LIBERAL OFFER

We will give \$100 if you tell us where the word man is first found in the Bible. If more than one person answers correctly we will divide cash equally. Everyone must send 12 cents (stamps for postage expenses) for our Dorota Diamond 18 Karat Gold Pl. Ornament for Lady or Gent (value \$1.75). We intend spending \$20,000 this year in premiums to advertise our jewelry business. Address, World Supply Co., Philadelphia Pa.

> SHE was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across, But how to make apologies I really am at loss.

I struck her coasting down a hill, My wheel the maid did toss -She was the very sweetest girl I ever ran across. - Life.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR SOWERS OF SEED

PROBABLY a majority of the farmers and gardners of the country know something about the work of Mr. James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., and many of them have been gainers by his discoveries of new varieties of squashes, cabbages, potatoes and peas. Mr. Gregory is the head of the great seed house of James J. H. Gregory & Son, and his strong common sense and careful experiments has done a great deal to make the Gregory "home grown" seeds thoroughly relied upon wherever they are sown, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and abroad. The most recent catalogue of the firm contains a lengthy list of improved new varieties in vegetables, small fruits and flowers, and a vast number of practical farm and garden facts, acquired on the experimental farms at Marblehead. As this book will be sent free to any one writing for it, no one who plants seed, whether in a very small garden or on a very large farm, need be without its helpful suggestions.



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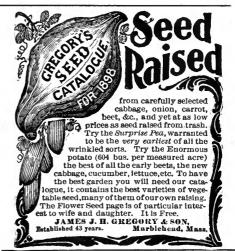


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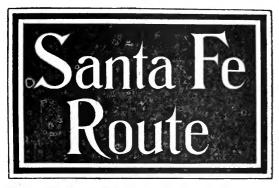
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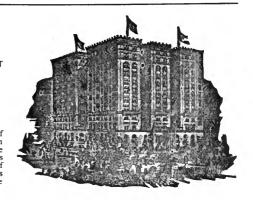


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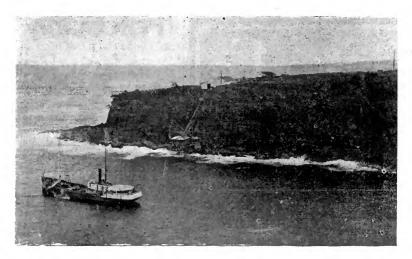


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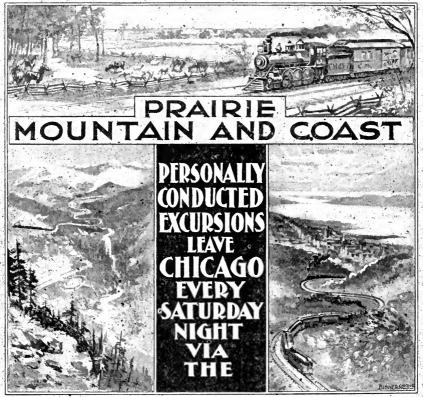
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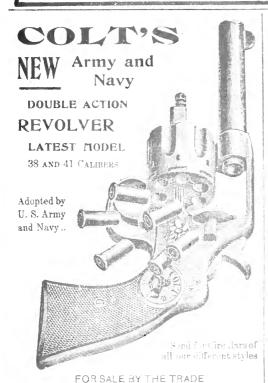
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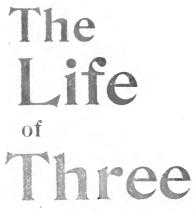
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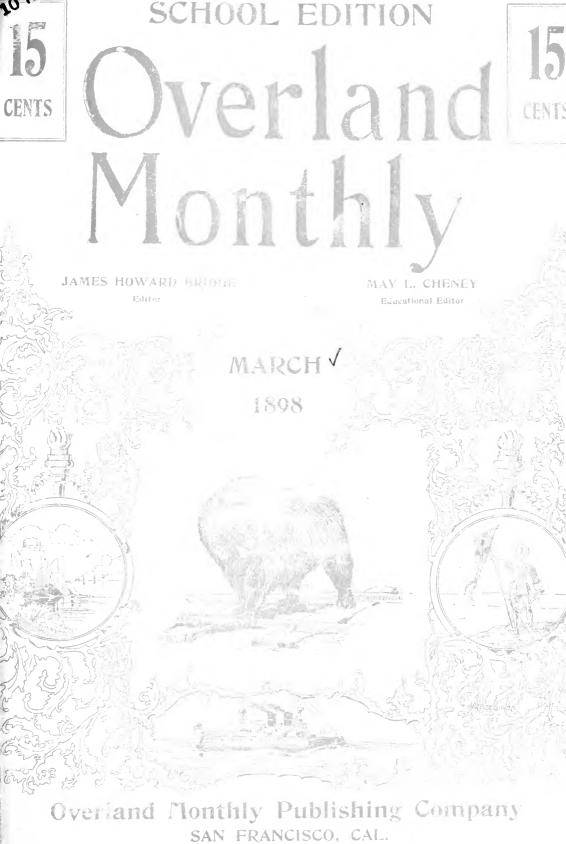
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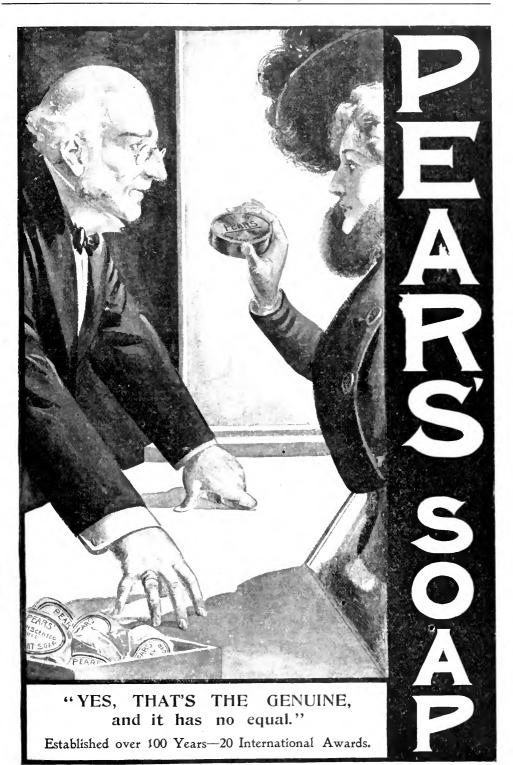
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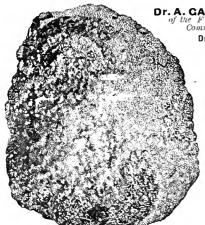
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ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

Or. A. GABRIEL POUCH ET, Professor of Pharmacology and Materia Medica
of the Firsty of Metherne of Paris. Director of the L. boratory of the Consulting
Committee of Public Hygiene of France.

Dr. Pouchet in express terms advises the use of Buffalo Lithia Water.

PARIS, February 12, 1897.

"The collections of disintegrated or broken down vesical or renal calculi which form the subject of the following analysis and researches, were sent me by Doctor Edward Chambers Laird, resident physician Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia, U. S. A. They were discharged by different patients after the use of the mineral water of Buffalo Lithia Spring No. 2 for a variable time.

'I advise here from the experience of Doctor Laird the use of this mineral water, which has had with him a happy influence on the disintegration of the calculi and their elimination. It is to demonstrate this that he has requested me to make this analysis."

"The collections of the disintegrated calculi submitted to my examination were eight in number. A fragment of each collection has been reproduced by photographs, which are designated by the same letters of the alphabet as the analysis here following:

(SPECIMEN OF CALCULI "A" MAGNIFIED 13 DIAMETERS.)

These disintegrated renal calculi are very numerous, and present themselves in the forms of grains of various sizes (from that of the size of a pin to that of a pea) of reddish yellow color, very hard and nucleus in the center. They are thus composed: Urate of Ammonia—for the greater part; Free Uric Acid—small quantity; Carbonate of Ammonia and Magnesia—small quantity.

(CALCULUS "B" MAGNIFIED 20 DIAMETERS.)

This disintegrated vesical calculus presents itself in the form of many fragments of a granular aspect of a greyish white color. They are easily broken, and the contexture of the fragments shows that they are porous throughout. Chemical composition: Urate of Ammonia—for the greater part; Carbonate of Ammonia and Magnesia—in small quantity.

[Report as to six specimens omitted.]

(Signed) A. GABRIEL POUCHET.

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No. 183.

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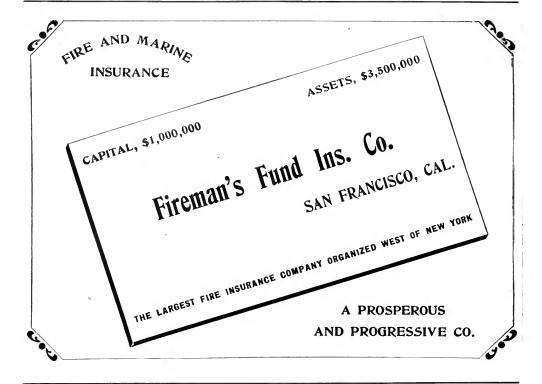
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# Overland Monthly

# EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Vol. II — March, 1898 — No. 9

#### **EDITORIAL**



Of Early

IN THE February number of the Overland we printed a communication from Alex. G. Hooper of Specialization Fresno on the subject of early specialization. This

communication was received too late to be commented upon editorially in the last number. But the subject is one of such vital interest that any reference to it calls up hosts of questions that are now clamoring to be solved.

Mr. Hooper gives the specialists credit for pushing their system farther than they have yet attempted to do in this State. Early specialization in this State means specialization during the secondary stage of education. It has not yet been suggested that the infant's life-work be selected for him at the very beginning of his education, and his powers trained in accordance with some fixed plan for his future.

For our part, we cannot forbear to take issue with those who would attempt to decide this question at the beginning of the high school course. All secondary teachers know that the period of adolescence is a period of prime importance in the development of children.

Professor William H. Burnham of Clark University has made a special study of this period. He speaks of it as the focal point in education. In an article in the Pedagogical Seminary, Vol. I, No. 2, he says:-

It is clear that at this period education must no longer be mere acquisition, it must give outlet for action. Youth must be given an opportunity to do something. With many this is necessary for mental balance and sanity; for all it is a means of saving waste of energy. It is the period for manual training. for work in the laboratory, for physical training, sports, excursions, and the like. It is moreover the period for manifold activities. If ever Herbart's many-sided interest may be aroused it is now. Balance should be obtained by presenting many things.

Professor Burnham elsewhere speaks of the inspiration which comes to the youth at this time. He states that much of the world's work has been done by adolescents, and where the work is not actually done at adolescence, the inspiration, the idea, of it came at this period. This being the case, it would seem that the interests of society demand that freedom be given the growing youth, that no possible avenue of activity be closed to him.

Forcing him to select some one line of work at this time, when, as Professor Burnham says, "he is open to new impressions with almost hypnotic susceptibility," limits his future. Never again can he hope to receive such benefit from the myriad influences of nature and art, which at this season of increased mental activity open up vast possibilities to his eager mind. This is the time for developing his general intelligence. Nothing could be more short-sighted than the policy of the so-called practical educators, who would devote these precious years to acquiring training for money-getting only. The fact that he must toil for daily bread through all the years to come gives the youth all the more claim to the broadening influences of a general culture, and the opportunity to develop to the full, all the possibilities that are in him.

#### THE WEALTH OF WORDS

#### BY PRESIDENT MARTIN KELLOGG

IN HIS poem entitled "Days," Ralph Waldo Emerson begins thus: "Daughters of Time, the hypocritic days." Hypocritic seems at first a strange epithet for days. Hypocritic gives us hypocrisy; and does the poet mean to charge the passing days with hypocrisy? Certainly not. But if we go back to the earlier meaning, we see the striking fitness and beauty of the word. The hypokrites was one who appeared upon the stage and took part in a drama; literally a responder. One who plays a part on the stage is not taken in earnest; and so the word came to be used of a dissembler, saying a thing he does not mean, or in our common usage, a hypocrite. Emerson spoke of the days as moving across the stage; as he adds, "marching singly in an endless

I used the word dissembler; that is from the Latin dissimulare, to make a thing unlike it really is, to feign or pretend. A dissembler conceals his true character. Hypocrite has with us a harsher usage than dissembler.

Here is one specimen of a Greek word transplanted into English, and one specimen. of a transplanted Latin word. They illustrate the large part which these old languages have had in filling up our English dictionary. Some of the uses of these words are straightforward, others are curiously winding and indirect. Thus, from the Greek we have such direct meanings as truck, from the word to run; it is almost tautology (that is Greek, too) to say, "Everything is running on truck wheels," i. e., smoothly. Dock is from the verb to receive. Scope is from the verb to view. Petal is from the verb to expand. Nausea is straight from naus, a ship (cf. Lat. navis; Eng. navy, naval.) Most of us have known the feeling of shippiness. Comet is the long-haired star; as planet is the wanderer. Trope, a figure of speech, is itself figurative, from the verb to turn. Period is a way around; the full meaning applying to a cycle of time, or to a sentence of balanced construction, which makes a complete sweep of thought. As a mark of punctuation, it means the close of a sentence. Comma is a cut off, but not a full stop.

By metropolis we mean a chief city; as San Francisco on this coast, and New York on the Atlantic. There is also an ecclesiastical use; and very rarely, the meaning of a capital city. So there is indirection in our use of metropolis. For a striking instance, take the Greek-English idiosyncrasy. The first part of that long word means one's own, what is proper, peculiar. It gives us idiom; the idioms of a language belong to its inmost structure and usage. Idiot meant in the Greek a private person, one who held no public station, a layman, an ignorant man. In Latin it had the last of these meanings: in English it has passed from ignoramus to a downright fool. Syn means with, together with; crasy is from the verb to mix. That verb had a corresponding noun krater, a mixing-bowl, Latin cratera. (The ancient nations of civilization, by the way, mixed water with their wine; and they had not the fiery products of the still.) Our crater is the bowl-shaped summit of such a volcanic mountain as Haleakala or Vesuvius. We have thus the several parts of idiosyncrasy: what do they mean in combination? The mixture found in the individual, his peculiarity of physical or mental constitution. That is a long and complex word: but a short word may have an indirect meaning. Pomp is Greek, from the verb to send; the noun was a sending, then an escorted sending, a formal procession: from this there is an easy transition to parade, display, pomp in our sense. Axiom is from a verb meaning to be worthy; something set down as of unquestioned validity. The Latin maxim, literally greatest, has a similar usage.

Cemetery, from the verb sleep, has acquired a new significance as a sleeping-place for the dead. Pedagogy, now a most important word for the teacher, is from the Greek name for the slave who went to and fro with a school-boy; a conductor, then a tutor,—which (Latin word) means one who watches over. The economist gets his name from the house-manager: economy in

housekeeping is therefore a sort of tautology. School is not the original schole, leisure: it means study. Compare one use of the Latin vacare. Climax was in Greek a ladder (or staircase) from a verb to lean, because it leaned against a support. Our use, as in Latin, is figurative, making a ladder of rhetorical expressions, giving successively a stronger and higher emphasis. The black man was not far astray who turned the common phrase to "cap the climax" into this,—to "climb the capmax." Ladders are made for climbing.

In Latin-English, again, we have such straightforward meanings as count, from computare, which also gives compute; cadence and case, from cadere, to fall; decimate, from decem, ten; (a word often misused); very, from verus, true; verdict means a true work of judgment. Senate is a council of old men. But the Latin words. too, can go on a winding way before they reach our lips. Serpere would not be such a word, however undulating the motion it implies: serpent is to creep or crawl. precarious, from precari to pray, goes round A precarious living is one you have to beg or pray for, one which depends on the will of others. Teachers too often know its full meaning.

For a downright dislocation of meaning, take the name of this twelfth month of the year. It comes from decem, ten; it should therefore be the tenth month of the year. It was with the Romans, who began their year with March, and at first had a year of ten months. This dislocation is shared with September, October, and November. The names, as we have them, show how arbitrary is usage. But few words, however, are so boldly untrue to their origin. Some of us recall the old explanation of "Lucus a non lucendo."

Privilege, from the words private and law, means what is granted to one by a special law or favor. It is often improperly made to apply to men in the mass; universal suffrage, for instance, is not a privilege. Conscience is joint knowledge: that is, along with the knowledge of an act. there is also the knowledge of its moral quality as right or wrong.

Intellect is at first obscure: it is Latin from *inter*, between or among, *legere*, to gather. The intelligent part of man, his intellect, culls (from *colligere*) the materials

of knowledge and thought. There is a curious divergence between the Greek and the Latin trend of the root leg. The Greek legein means to pick up with the tongue, to speak: hence logos, word, and all our English ologies. The Latin legere came to mean, to pick up with the eye, and so to read. Discussion is literally a shaking apart. To connive at is to shut the eyes and purposely avoid seeing. Suburb is an outlying precinct, lower than the city, whose citadel used always to occupy a height; now it means simply an outlying precinct, often higher than the city itself.

An infant is literally one who cannot speak; but some of our enfants terribles do a great deal of talking. Mile is cut short from mille passuum, a thousand paces (not one of our paces.) Autumn is poetically the season of increase, the harvest time. Money is decidedly roundabout. Juno Moneta, the admonisher (from monere) had a temple at Rome, and there money was coined; the coin took its name from the temple. Person has gone through a series From per-sonare (Latin) to sound thro, persona was a mask used by actors to give greater effect to voice and character. Then like hypocrite, it meant the player himself; then the part one sustains in life; lastly the person who sustains it. Personality is a noble word. By a still further twist of pronunciation, parson is from person; like clark instead of clerk, sargeant for sergeant, Darby day, and Varsity. Old people used to speak of a sarching wind; and in greeting say, "Sarvant, sir."

These turns of thought in words rarely go out of sight of the original meanings; and hence it is that a knowledge of originals usually helps us to distinguish between so-called synonyms, which are words used as equivalents, that is, words of equal values. E. g. plentiful from plere, to fill, is not just equal to abundant, from abundare, to overflow, literally to wave over (unda is wave). Benevolent and beneficent are not synonyms: well-wishing is less than well-A mere occurrence is not an event: doing. an occurrence runs against us as if by chance; an event is the recognized outcome of antecedent facts. Transpire is to breathe thro, or figuratively; to leak out: it is not properly used of taking place; a secret transpires; a State election takes place. Generally is sometimes misused: one man

cannot do a thing generally, for he is an individual, not a *genus*.

Mutual is from mutare to change, or exchange, and implies something reciprocal; but Charles Dickens and other writers have used it as equivalent to common: ("Our Mutual Friend": i. e. a friend we have in common.) There is reciprocal friendship; but a "mutual" friend could be nothing but a sort of football spurned to and fro, or a shuttlecock flying from one battledoor to another. I have alluded to Dickens: to allude is less than to refer. The former is to play about, to bring in incidentally and not of set purpose; to refer, or carry back, is a much more serious and formal word. Collusion, playing with, is more than connivance (noticed above). To felicitate is less than to congratulate. Opinion and sentiment are both intellectual judgments; but the latter includes the feelings as well. A man has political opinions, and patriotic sentiments. Emotion is immeasurably less than passion: the former denotes a moving of the feelings, but the latter is a positive suffering (from patior); with a loss of selfcontrol; the man in a passion is swept along by an overmastering power. One in a maze is bewildered, but he is not thunderstruck; yet astonishment, from Latin attonitus (thundered at), is used often as a milder word than amazement. Coerce, to shut in, to restrain, is less violent than compel, to drive by force. Aversion, turning away, shows disinclination; repugnance, fighting back, is a much stronger word.

Driving out of the country is exterminating, from terminus, boundary; to extirpate, from stirps, stock, is to cut up, root and The Seminoles were exterminated, when they had to leave Florida, and go beyond the Mississippi; if they had been extirpated, not a squaw or a papoose would have been left alive. We use recreation in the sense of diversion; but how much stronger is its meaning! We are diverted. turned aside from ordinary cares, by play or amusement; but we are recreated, created anew, by a long summer vacation, when worn down by a year's hard work. Instill and inculcate are called synonyms; but there is a wide difference between pouring in drop by drop, and stamping in with the heel.

Carlyle calls words half-battles. Some of our English words are picturesque and forceful enough to justify the phrase, as inculcate, just mentioned. Take trophy, for a good example: it sets before us a whole battle-scene. The Greek tropaion marked the spot where the enemy turned and fled, where was afterwards placed the monument commemorating the victory. One can picture the conflict, the onset, the clash of arms, the swaying ranks on either side, the despair and panic of the beaten warriors at the final turning-point of the struggle. I used the word despair: that is another word charged with fateful meaning, from de-sperare, to give up hoping. Our prosper is to succeed according to one's hope. Despair leads to profligacy, to crime, to suicide. There is a curiously perverted use of the word on the Gulf of St. Law-The French mariners named a cape there (cape is Latin caput=headland) Cap d'Espoir, that is Cape of Hope: as Cape of Good Hope in South Africa. Their English successors caught the name as Cape Despair, and so it remains. The adjective is desperate; and desperate deeds of valor spring from readiness to sacrifice life, which is the highest object of hope. Cosmos is a grand word; it is the beautiful order and harmony of the universe, which we, still better than the old Greeks, can appreciate and admire. At the lowest end of the cosmos series is the meretricious word cosmetic: as, in contrast to the true trophy, stands the prize for Sunday ball games, or the flaring advertisement of the Trophy Baking Powder. We may disregard such manufactured freak words as tricopherous and sozodont. Panacea, universal remedy, is a good Greek word, tho so often used in quack advertisements. Pandemonium is a place full of demons.

Trivium, the meeting-place of three roads, or in general, highways, has given us the roundabout word trivial. Trivial matters are those which men—and women—speak of when they meet on the street; not the more important things, which are reserved for private conference. The strenuous word muscle comes from the (ridiculus) mus. Another significant word is mob, from the verb to move. A mob is that swaying, seething, frantic, cruel mass which tore in pieces Hypatia and the Princesse de Lamballe, which hung unoffending negroes to the lamp-posts in the great New York riot,

which lurks in all the frontier places where Lynch law is administered, which denies free speech to men proclaiming unwelcome truths. Wendell Phillips was used to proslavery mobs, and said once to a friend, "To face a mob, a man must be more mob than they." He and Henry Ward Beecher answered well to that definition.

Scientific terms are all the while resorting to the Greek, as the best storehouse for exact and unmistakable expressions. Men of science, instead of decrying Greek as useless lumber, would do well to learn enough of it to recognize the meaning of their own scientific dialect. The workman

should understand his tools.

The nice distinctions between so-called synonyms give charm to an author's writings; and a careful study of words, tracing their onward progress from their first uses is one of the surest aids to the rhetorical excellence. What is called the style of an author consists largely in his choice of words; it is that element of style called diction: (Latin dicere). See the poet's felicitous phrasing, as in Emerson's remarkable poem, "Days." One line is,-

I, in my pleachéd garden, watched the pomp.

And again:-

The day Turned and departed silent; I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

The best prose writers have much of the poet's facility in finding the choicest expressions; in fact, most of them are actual or possible poets. I need only add to Emerson's name the names of Addison, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Holmes, and our own Edward R. Sill. Their poetic sense of the values of words certainly lends charm

to their prose.

There are pitfalls galore for those who scorn such care in adapting expressions to thought. A friend told me of a sermon that he heard, in which the preacher was describing a man of the worst character, and his climax was this: "Why, my brethren, he was a very man incarnate." He fell into a very pretty trap; lured by the common phrase "fiend incarnate," one of the "shapes hot from Tartarus," he did not know, or did he stop to think that he himself was a man incarnate, as were also his hearers.

The few words which I have cited thus far

are like the brick carried around (it is a venerable joke) by a man who wished to sell his house, and showed the brick as a sample. They are even less satisfactory; for the brick was an accurate type of the house material; but a few word-meanings cannot represent the ever-varying intellectual play of which human speech is the exponent. No number of citations can give an adequate impression of the wealth of meanings, of thought and feeling, treasured in our speech. Our great dictionaries are bulging, nay, bursting, with the intellectual products of the men who have gone before us. They give us the names of places, which are often highly significant; names derived from places, like damask and bayo-Personal names are in them, for the select few who have become most famous or most notorious among their fellows. Surnames are in themselves an interesting study: they are additions over and above (Latin *super*) what we call Christian names. They are taken from the locality, or some peculiarity, or the office or occupation, etc., of the founder of a family: Edward Johnson was the son of John; Thomas the Sexton dropped the intervening article. there were a great many sorts of smiths, Smith has led in point of numbers; if the naming had been put off to the era of bicycles, the Smiths would have had to yield first place to the Wheelers. But we cannot stay to discuss these personal names.

We belong to the great Indo-European family of nations; and the relationship is established by the criterion of cognate words. This is found to be a much surer criterion than apparent physical characteristics, or mere geographical distribution. We know that geography does not count, from the mixture of races in our own country. It is an easier mistake to class men according to complexion and other outward characteristics. But these vary in a single family; much more in a neighborhood, a community, a tribe or nation. Climate alone produces much variation. But identity of

speech is a sure guide.

In these elder, pre-historic ages our ancestors slowly built up the foundations of our modern speech. They began with the simplest utterances, and afterward, combined, enlarged, multiplied, and systematized, the materials of expression. We see the original elements of speech by analyzing the compound forms. In English the forms have been much simplified, and certain relations of thought are expressed in a different way. But in the older languages, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, the single words carry the full complex of thought. Where we say, I have been, the Latin had one word of three letters, fui. Latin amavimus is just the combination of our three factors, we have loved, in reverse order. Compare the English am and is, which are among the last remaining specimens of such combination now in use. Those older word-makers wrought deftly, and made handsome products in the loom where thought was weaving its expression.

Divisions came in the great Indo-European family, some branches parting to the rich fields of India and Persia, some entering and occupying, in separate masses, nearly all the countries of Europe. As these divisions drew apart, their language assumed divergent forms, but lost not the family resemblance. The words of inmost use, such as pronouns, numerals, and terms of near relationship, retained a common stamp. (Compare du, tu, thou; zwei, duo, two; mother, mutter, mater.) By these we know that the swarthy Hindoo is brother to the fair-haired German: that Celt and Slav of today, Greek and Roman of an older time, are in close relationship to the Germanic or Teutonic peoples to whom we Anglo-Saxons belong.

These human utterances began as the names of outward objects, or the description of observed actions or relations in nature and in human society. The uses of words were at first prompted by the bodily senses. The groundwork of all language, however refined, is of the earth, earthy. But as man had also a soul and an intellect, he needed expression for the inward and the more thoughtful life; and he found words already fashioned which could be turned to the higher uses. So the figurative meanings grew up. Words of the intellect have been described as "faded metaphors," figures of speech which have been so long spiritualized as to obscure their earlier meanings. We can restore their vividness by tracing them back to the original uses.

Intellect, as I have already mentioned, is from the root meaning to pick up. Reflection is a bending back, a turning of the

mind back on one's thoughts and experiences. Wrong is the thing that is wrung or twisted from its rightful shape or use: as right is the thing that is straight and unbent, true to its purpose and model. The Latin supposition, like the Greek hypothesis, is a mental frame-work put under a fact or phenomenon, to see if it will bear the weight and satisfy the conditions to be accounted for. Suscipere is just our undertake; both figurative. The subtlest processes of thought are expressed by terms which once belonged to the world of outward sense. Sense is itself an illustration: sentire, from which it comes, is to perceive or feel, that is, to discern by the bodily senses. But it is easily made to serve the mind and the soul: as sentiment, already spoken of.

Notice now, that this elevation of meaning is not peculiar to our modern time. The older nations did this work for us. By means of these spiritualized words, the subtle-minded Greek made the very nicest distinctions in the highest ranges of thought. Take the famous phrase in the Prometheus of Æschylus, an erithmongelasma, the "innumerable laughter of the sea-waves;" or, as another translation has it, the "many-twinkling smile of Ocean." The users of the Latin reached, equally with the Greeks, after these higher figurative meanings. The early poet Lucretius, whose speculations have been revived in our century, also said, Tibi rident aquora ponti, ("The levels of the sea laugh for thee.") He struck, in many passages, the loftiest notes on the gamut of idealizing speech. Cicero carried over the philosophical speculations of the Greeks into Latin, and actually created a new section of its vocabulary; and he did it with as fine discrimination as is shown with our modern philosophers. The like elevated diction is seen in the stately hexameters of Vergil, and in the graceful odes of Horace. It is the charm of the words which clothe their thought, that gives these classic writers their literary immortality. It is the standing puzzle of English scholarship to translate these poets into language as felicitous as their own.

I am using for illustration chiefly the classical side of our language. The reason is, that this side lies much more open to our view. We have abundant remains of

the Latin and the Greek, in the literature which has been preserved for thousands of years. Sanskrit words, also, are full of high meanings, and their inflections were still more carefully wrought. But we have drawn the classical side of our speech from the two great peoples who have contributed so much to our modern civilization, the Greeks and the Romans. Greek in English is quite an appreciable factor, as we have But Latin has become, linguistically speaking, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It came in, to some extent, thru Latin ecclesiastics, thru Roman government and law. But it came in chiefly by the Norman invasion of England. Norman -French-Latin — threatened to exterminate Anglo-Saxon. The latter regained its footing, but made a home also for the Latin. Today the words of the intellect and of reasoning processes are largely from the Latin.

But after all, we might find a rich mine of illustration in the Anglo-Saxon side of our language. That is the native side, with the right of primogeniture. There too we see a "wealth of words." They are not of the day; they are of all historic and prehistoric time. Like the classical, the Anglo-Saxon words had their simple beginnings, their elaboration, their systematized grammar, their ennobled and spiritualized new meanings. We cannot trace them in history, as we do the Greek and Latin. The earliest literature has irretrievably perished. In the Swedish University of Upsala is preserved a portion of Gothic translation of the Bible, made by Ulfilas for the Goths of Mœsia, in the fourth Christian century. It is three centuries older than any other remains of Teutonic literature, but younger by a long line of centuries than the Vedic and Homeric literatures. Yet the Teutonic tongues are as certainly Indo-European as the three classic tongues.

Before the age of Ulfilas, where were those Germanic tribes and what were they doing? Cæsar throws a little light on some German tribes, in the last century before Christ. Tacitus, in the first Christian century, gives a brief but interesting account of the Germans with whom the Romans came in contact. After that time what were they doing till they appear again in their own distinctive literary remains? In the many pre-historic centuries, and in the

dimly historic centuries, what kind of people were our Anglo-Saxon ancestors? What did they do for their branch of the widespread Indo-European speech?

The great thing that they did, was to transmit a rich and thoughtful instrument of expression. Over the bridge of the unlighted ages they brought safely their portion of the noble mother-tongue. This one fact stamps them as men of strong intel-No break occurred in this chain of transmission; for if a single generation had lost its treasure, it would not have been recovered. A new and more intellectual generation would have had to begin anew, and its improvements in the current speech would have borne a new stamp, differing from the older stamp that was lost. the old stamp was safely preserved. Teutonic branch of the great Indo-European family has a speech as true to the ancestral as the more historic and polished Greek and Latin. See, in German, the artificial genders; the preserved case-endings; the play of the higher meanings of words originating from the outward senses. Our oldest English had an apparatus of formal grammar which modern English has discarded.

Some writers have regarded the earlier Germanic peoples as mere savage tribes. In his History of Civilization, (III, p. 156,) Guizot drew out a parallelism between the Germans and the North American Indians. Tacitus is his authority for the Germans, in whose account we see a very primitive and rude mode of living; such as elsewhere is depicted as the savage life. Guizot's inference is, that the only contribution made to modern civilization by the Germanic peoples was the spirit of liberty. A noble contribution truly; but it was not made by savages. The possession and transmission of such a language as theirs rank them as immeasurably above the Natchez and the Iro-The American Indians have no lanauois. guage to compare with the rudest Indo-When savages drift European dialect. apart, they lose rapidly their identity of speech. This continent was filled with a multitude of distinct dialects, having no steadying central current. Our Teutonic ancestors kept in the old current. They preserved the Indo-European stamp, and brought across the lapse of ages a language which at once reveals its illustrious parentage, and shows itself adequate to the highest uses of the foremost poets and philosophers of our modern cycle. All this is taught by us the wealth of words on the Teutonic side of our speech.

Besides the two great divisions of our language, coming from the classical side and the Anglo-Saxon side, the English has specimens from many other tongues; and these are interesting in their history. There is a sprinkling of other Indo-European words, from the Celtic, which formerly held all the territory of England, and survives in a few instances; from the Norse, the Danish, the Spanish, etc. We have borrowed a few terms from the Old Testament Hebrew; from the Arabic, as algebra and chemistry. The North American Indians loan us a few words, as wigwam, squaw, hominy. We take coolie, calico, and other terms, from the modern Hindoos; a few "pidgin-English" words from China and Japan. In California we borrow a respectable contingent of words from the Spanish-Mexican, as rancho and corral. told, these accidental contributions to our English speech are but the merest fraction.

Of the vast number of words in our dictionaries, only a few thousand are in common, every day use. We could live without the very large surplusage. But every word has, or has had, its distinctive office in the expression of human thought. And that is one main reason for taking an interest in the study of words. We may well be eager to understand the mental processes and achievements of the numberless genera-

tions of men who have tenanted the round globe.

We study with intense interest the physical constitution and relations of this wonderful planet; we trace its successive strata back to the time when it was born among the stars, and began an orderly existence. Its developments of plant and animal life enlist the abilities of the foremost men of science. Nothing is too minute, nothing too ancient, to be seized upon with a passion of research. If the most careful and interested painstaking is bestowed on flora and fauna, on leaf and bole, on shell and fossil, on bird and fish and quadruped, on the various links in the chain of advancing life, on physical man as the "bright consummate flower" of sentient existence, — if all this is nobly done by scientific enthusiasts, why should not as interested attention be paid to the higher life of that consummate product, man?

His higher life is in the realm of thought and feeling and will. These in all ages have found expression in language. The highest types of such expression have for thousands of years been preserved in written form,—an imperishable record of the noblest workings of the human intellect, the profoundest depths of human feeling, the loftiest aspirations of godlike spirits. While we study outward nature with delight, with still greater interest may we study the inner development of the being who alone is royal on our earth, who alone is to survive "the wreck of matter and the

# PLAN OF REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE ON NATURE STUDY

crush of worlds."

BY PROFESSOR OLIVER P. JENKINS

THE evidences that Nature Study is to form an important factor in the elementary school course are increasing every day. That it is to be a vigorous and vivifying element, those who have made most use of it best know. In the active investiga-

tion of the course of study for the elementary schools that is now going on in school circles in California, Nature Study, and its claims for a place in the course are receiving much consideration. The Council of Education has provided for a committee to

make an examination of the possibilities of Nature Study as a part of the course of study. It is in part to the plan of work proposed by this committee that attention is here given.

The plan includes:—

 The study of the influence of Nature Study on the schools where it is well introduced, and its relation to the other work of the schools.

2. The encouragement of the further extension of

this line of work in the schools.

The examination of and listing of helps for teachers in preparation and in methods.

4. The working out the details of a course in

Nature Study adapted to the different grades.

5. The making a natural history survey of California and putting this in such form that it may be a source of material that teachers can draw upon for use in this work.

These lines of attack will require for a successful issue great labor and much time; but a beginning has already been made, and no doubt there will constantly come to the aid of the committee, or whatever other body shall have direction of the work, strong, in-

telligent, and enthusiastic help. It would not be possible in the limits of this paper to discuss all of the above lines of work proposed. Some work has progressed along each, considerable experimenting has been made on the course of study, the results of which must be given at another time. Among the above items, however, perhaps the last most needs some explanation, and a few words in regard to what this work might become may be of some profit here.

The lessons in Nature Study are not to come wholly from the realm of natural history. It will be found that many phenomena usually classed as chemical and physical are especially valuable as lessons

in Nature Study.

Still a large source of the material for such work will be drawn from the field of natural history, including knowledge of animals, plants, minerals, and physical and geological phenomena. This material is boundless and California has her full share of nature's beauties and wonders. have been and are now eminent students of her wealth of mountain, plain, sea, and bay, her plant and animal life, her store of mineral resources and the various forms in which nature here has expressed herself so a distribution of various plants and animals

rich fund of extremely interesting knowledge which has thus accumulated and is fast increasing, and to direct the way to a face to face acquaintance with the charming and instructive secrets of nature in California are certainly objects well worth attempting.

To induce the children of all the schools of the State to give serious attention to the natural history of the State, to have them all devoted to making a living acquaintance with the wonders of their own community and through this to have an interest in those of all the rest of the State and the world beside, would be a noble movement.

To see the children of such a State in one great body growing into an active, intelligent appreciation of their environment, with all that this means for happiness, development, and refinement of feeling, would be a grand sight indeed. Can not this be At any rate it is worth working for.

First of all in this work, we are dependent upon the scientific men of the State. Roaming the fields, climbing the mountains, struggling through the cañons, and tramping along the coast, have great charms, and on the surface of all are exposed many an interesting lesson. But the best that nature has for us is yielded up only to the patient, slow, and laborious methods of the scientific student. If we but inquire of him he can reveal vastly more than lies on the surface. The botanists, zoologists, and geologists, have explored already to a considerable extent this State, and could readily point out in the very neighborhood of most of our schools most interesting and important phenomena of which we have never dreamed. They know of many an educational treasure immediately around these school-houses. Now there is no doubt that we can enlist the interest of many of these scientific leaders in this work of making the parts of their results, that are suitable for the purpose available for the work of the schools. Indeed several prominent in their lines have already given consent and encouragement to this movement.

The work that might be thus accomplished, briefly outlined, would give the following results:-

The publishing of maps indicating the vidly.

To make available for the schools this physical features as might be made use of

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in the school work. Accompanying these maps should be issued directions and descriptions which would enable teachers and pupils and others interested to locate the objects described, also directions for the collecting and care of the objects suitable for natural history collections. maps of the same size furnished the schools would enable them to record their own excursions and observations. Indeed collections and study of local phenomena going on all over the State, if recorded intelligently and supervised properly, might become the source of much addition to our real knowledge, and the fact that the schools were part of such an active study would itself have an excellent influence.

This work should not result simply in collections of objects, which in itself, might be of only small value, but instructions should be furnished that would lead to seeing these objects in their natural conditions with their adaptations to these conditions. There is great pleasure to the systematic botanist at finding a rare plant in some hidden cañon, and almost every one else can to some extent feel this pleasure, but there are other things about the plant that the botanist can tell us. How does it carry on its life in that cañon? Why should it be there rather than on the plain, and how does it manage to find just that situation? What animals is it depending upon and what ones is it hiding away from? A hundred like questions may be started by our botanist about the various plants, common as well as rare. Similar inquiries may be raised about the animals, minerals, geologiical, and physical features of each region. Directions for the rearing of many forms of plants, insects, and the smaller animals, and instruction in simple experiments and observations that could be made on these and upon minerals, as well as other objects, which the particular locality might suggest, could be prepared. In this way the means used in careful observation and clear thinking may be constantly at hand. These maps and directions year by year might grow to be the stimulus to a most wonderful study of the natural phenomena of the State, and to the accumulation of great results in actual knowledge of these phenom-

Study of this kind will of course give rise to many inquiries on the part of both

teachers and pupils. According to tastes and circumstances many will be led to take interest in some special line of natural history. For the use of such there could be prepared by specialists in the various branches lists of the literature on the various subjects, with accounts of where the books and collections are to be found. Correspondence could be encouraged and provided for, a sort of bureau of information in natural history established. By these same specialists keys and descriptions for the identification of species of plants and animals adapted to California would be worked out. As an example of what such work might be like, one of the committee mentioned, Professor Kellogg, professor of entomology at Stanford University, has taken the group of dragon flies of Cali-He has prepared for this:—

A general natural history of dragon flies, with description of methods of rearing and studying them alive, a catalogue of the literature of the dragon flies of California, with special attention to distribution and natural history of the California species. He also has prepared a list of the species of dragon flies of the State, keys to the families, sub-families, and genera, also descriptions of the known species of dragon flies of California, with a complete bibliography of the same. Of course the latter items include technical work and are for reference for those few who may get interested enough to use them. This illustration, prepared by Professor Kellogg, has not been published, for as yet the committee has no source of funds for that purpose.

There are now at work in both the universities and in connection with the Academy of Science other zoologists and botanists on the fauna and flora of the State. There is no doubt that they are willing to adapt to its ends such of their work as is desirable to be used in nature study.

To carry out the natural history survey as outlined, and to publish maps and other results, so that they could be available for the schools would require a considerable sum of money. How such expense can be met has not yet been solved. But when it is once seen of what great value this movement would be to the schools of the State, surely a way will be provided for meeting the expense.

Do not let me be misunderstood, and be

believed to wish to introduce the technical work I have outlined as a part of the work of the grades. This is simply the outline of work that it is possible to get the scientific men of the State to organize, and adapt in such a way that with the help of the teachers a magnificent fund could be obtained from which to draw. But a small part of the material thus gathered could be used in any one school, but by this means the fund would be so rich and varied that none need ever lack the best, at the particular moment required. The material would not only be abundant but the most whole-

some with which to employ in a splendid way the activity of the children for their own best development. They already, when we teachers meet them, have an intense interest in the things of nature. They also love to roam the hills, wander along the streams, and tramp through the forests, and many have the desire to gather and keep the objects that most interest them. Can we not harness these strong, natural impulses and guide them toward a development that shall be through all their lives a source of wholesome strength and healthy happiness?

#### PHYSICAL EDUCATION

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND HYGIENE TO THE COUNCIL OF EDUCATION OF THE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

THE responsibility of the schools for the child is twofold. First,—to protect and develop him while too young to do this for himself—to protect and develop him physically as well as mentally and morally, the latter being largely dependent on the physical. Second,—to teach and train him, so that he will afterwards protect and develop himself and those under his charge as parent, teacher, citizen.

Where is he to get this instruction and training if not in the public schools? To leave it to high schools and universities cuts off all but a few, the fewer that in their specializing the great majority of even university graduates receive little instruction along this line that they did not bring with them from the public schools. And as to even those who do have physiological teaching in these higher institutions, it is already too late to save the health of many, and habits are already fixed in wrong directions.

The school's care and protection of the child under its charge should include:—

First, — environment. Especially there should be good air and plenty of it, full ventilation without draughts and guarded against all pollutions. Grounds should be

selected and buildings constructed with expert care as to light, dryness, and all other

hygienic considerations.

Second, — adaptation of the course of study to the child's nervous system. No matter what study be sacrificed, the amount of work must be restricted so as not to overtax, but to develop the pupil's brain and entire nervous system. In the growing demands of the age this will require careful choice of the subjects, and their teaching in the order in which the child's developing mind grasps them most easily, and also their correlation, so that each topic may help the rest. It will even then demand the sacrifice of not only all rubbish, but much that is valuable, since nothing is so valuable as the child's unwearied brain.

Third, — building up the child's whole physique and then his brain by (a) physical culture at school, including direct exercises and supervised outdoor plays, with constant watchfulness as to position during study, etc., (b) influence on the home as to nutrition, sleep, habits, and environment.

Fourth, — care of individuals; especially (a) the delicate and the over-nervous, who should be given part work and work judiciously arranged for their needs, and (b) the

defective as to sight, hearing, nutrition, etc., who should be sorted out by tests for the eye, ear, etc., and parents consulted.

The startling statistics as to the production of ill health and low vitality by overpressure in the schools of Denmark, as presented by Dr. Wood, and the paper by Dr. Myra Knox on the very frequent physical defects among school-children which interfere with their intellectual development, but are often overlooked by parents, — these are offered as part of our report. In view of such a state of things, which all that we know leads us to believe common in American as well as European schools, can we claim that the schools are fulfilling their first responsibility to the child — that of protection and development?

But besides protecting the child and looking after his physical development, the school is responsible for so teaching and training the pupil that he will come to take intelligent care of himself, and after he leaves school, of those under his own charge. To do this is one of the most important parts of that instruction for which schools

are mainly constituted.

The direct instruction and training of the pupil, besides what he gets by example, should include: teaching of so much physiology and hygiene as he is fitted to understand and be interested in; training him to carry these teachings into practice, as fast as he can learn from this direct instruction and from examples, thus making him as soon as possible interested and responsible and

giving him life-long habits.

This physiology teaching should not be mere book-work nor rote memorizing. should find an objective basis in every department of nature study wherever phenomena and laws can be studied that have a bearing on human life. For instance, in physics, simple studies of the direction and causes of air currents should be at once developed into studies of the mechanism of breathing and the methods of ventilationand these practised as soon as learned and ever after. As soon as the simplest ideas of chemistry are developed it is time for their application to the differences between the air breathed in and that breathed out; and later, between the foods consumed and matter given off from the body. Early studies in plants should especially be directed to the life and growth of the plant,

and these soon lead to studies in our own assimilation and growth, and to an intelligent knowledge of plant food products. While studying seeds and their germination and growth, care should be taken not to omit the invisibly minute germs that have such powerful influence on human life and health, and the methods of securing ourselves against those injurious to us in air, water and food, and the avoidance and disinfection of everything involving conta-Zoölogy opens the largest field of all in the comparative study of functions the method that is most true as well as most full of progress for either advanced workers in physiology or for beginners, and the method at once most interesting to the child and the least likely to develop self-For instance, the study of consciousness. the eyes, ears, and senses of animals, of their limbs and motions, are all the more fascinating to children when compared with their own. What very little anatomy needs to be given early in this study can be given easily and simply in connection withe small lower animals, painlessly and delicately treated, in such a way as to excite no repulsion, or over-stimulated imagination like that often caused by physiological charts of the interior of the human body. A little use of even a low-class and now cheap microscope, as in observing the circulation in the frog's web, gives the most vivid and true as well as attractive real knowledge on which can then be based nearly all that is practical in physiological knowledge for the pupils,—far more of the most fruitful knowledge than is known by the majority of adults.

It is our experience, too, and our earnest belief, that such physiology is the very best preventive of the wrongly directed curiosity of children, often, alas, unknown to teachers or parents, awakened only to be debauched by playmates or already corrupted older persons to whom the child, in the sense of mystery hushed up by parent and teacher, turns for satisfying God-given instincts of inquiry that should instead have had sweet and natural guidance. A true, wholesome, proportional, reverent knowledge of the great laws involved in his own living body and his personal responsibility. thus gradually developed, is the very best basis for passing purely and nobly through the seething epoch of developing youth.

Shame to us if we leave the lad and the girl unfortified at the time of temptation

by our strange neglect.

The teaching that we have tried to suggest in connection with the various departments of nature study will seem incidental to that nature study and its order must be largely determined by the time when proper foundation has been laid for each point. But there should be a coherent plan so that these studies shall, by the time most pupils leave school, have covered all the main fundamental physiological facts. No one preferred subject should become a fad and monopolize the time, — not the study of narcotics, nor of ventilation, nor of bacteria. nor of physical exercise, — all of these and more should have been seen in their true relation — seen simply but vividly. And as the art of physiology has been constantly carried on in connection with the knowledge of it, it has become an incorporated part of the pupil's habitual life. He becomes an example of what President Jordan has so well said, "All knowledge is scientific knowledge. There is no other knowledge. But the object of science is wisdom. Wisdom is knowledge what to do next. Virtue is doing it." It is as foolish to try to teach the science of physiology without. applying it as to teach the science of language while never training in expression, as was done in the old foolish grammar teaching. And to teach it without illustrating it by example is like the teaching of grammar by a teacher who murders the king's English. The pupil's common-sense revolts.

But training gradually, as we have tried to outline, by simple and natural and yet fundamental studies in great laws and their bearing on human life — training to the wisdom that knows what to do next, the virtue that does it - we shall send into the community a generation of youths who will go on to greater knowledge and interest in the Whether in the universities or same lines. in the larger school of life, they will take up their duties as they come, - duties to themselves, then to their children and to the community at large,—with a knowledge and interest and sense of responsibility that will do away with abuses, advance sanitation and a better era of public and individual health, with consequent mental vigor and morality.

Have we anything like this in the schools today? Can we face the fact that instead of being leaders in the growth and application of the new sanitary knowledge which has within a few years made such rapid strides, schools are dragging far in the They are usually worse ventilated than prisons, becoming distributing centers of contagion and they are hothouse forcing grounds of nervous overstrain. With all our new psychology showing us the intimate dependence of the mind on the body, every other study has more time allowed it and has had more attention paid to proper methods of teaching it than the knowledge and care of our own life. What is to be done? There are two great wants: teachers better trained and more deeply inspired, and school authorities intelligently alive to the urgent need, giving time in the course of study and facilities for the best teaching, and enforcing their use.

Perhaps the best practical plan at present is the employment of specially trained teachers in towns and cities to give their whole time to the subject, or in the smaller towns, half of their time. These teachers should give physiology and health lessons of fifteen or twenty minutes twice a week to kindergartens and primary grades, and thirty minutes two or three times a week to grammar and high school grades. They should also plan for and supervise further instruction by the grade teachers in connection with nature study, and its continual application throughout the entire school

day.

Gymnastic exercises should by given by the same trained teachers or by the grade teachers under their supervision. In the kindergartens one third to one half the time should be spent in games and exercises involving the larger muscles. In primary grades there should be at least four fifteen-minute periods for physical exercise, including the intelligently supervised games of recreation periods. In grammar grades two twenty-minute periods daily, besides recess supervision. In high schools thirty minutes every day or at least an hour three times a week where special gymnastic facilities have been given.

There should also be hygienic inspectors, either the above described special teachers or others having special training, who should inspect the school grounds and build-

ings, the school room routine of work, and the physical and nervous condition of the pupils, including anthropometric measurements, tests of special senses, and other

neurological investigations.

In all schools, even the ungraded country schools, the urging of the work as a special application of nature study, with its importance emphasized by an adequate time allotment, will go far to place the study of health and its basis on a proper footing. Already there are many more teachers ready and even eager for the work than school authorities ready to recognize its importance and make way for it by cutting off less fruitful studies.

We ask your adoption of our report or a brief summary of it, and the placing of it before school superintendents and teachers for discussion at the county institutes in connection with the course of study. And we ask you to urge upon the State Teachers' Association the adoption of measures to increase the amount and quality of hygienic care of pupils and their instruction along the lines herein set forth.

LUCY M. WASHBURN,
State Normal School, San José,
T. D. WOOD, M. D.,
Stanford University,
Committee.

# ASSOCIATION OF THE CALIFORNIA TEACHERS OF HISTORY

BY MRS. R. V. WINTERBURN

AT the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, Dec. 28–31, 1897, there was organized an Association of the teachers of history. The purpose, as expressed in the brief constitution adopted by the members, is "to promote the study and teaching of history." Back of this broadly stated purpose are specific plans; the three most prominent are: to assist secondary schools in the selection of a well-chosen, working historical library; to advance along definite lines the study of local history; to accustom teachers in grammar and secondary schools to a use of original sources in their classes.

The Association elected an Advisory Board of five members, in which is vested the executive power. This Advisory Board consists of Professor Bernard Moses of the State University, president; Professor Arley B. Show, Stanford, vice-president; Mrs. R. V. Winterburn, Stockton, secretary; Mr. E. M. Cox, Santa Rosa, and Miss Genevra Sisson, Palo Alto.

At the first meeting of the Advisory Board, held very soon after the formation of the Association, it was decided to publish a leaflet containing the constitution and a statement of the plans of the Association. It is intended that this leaflet shall be the first in a series publishing the results obtained from the various lines or development and research.

It is hoped that all earnest teachers of history in California will become members of this Association so that our State may soon feel the results of combined efforts for the promotion of the study of history,—a subject whose powerful influence can hardly be over-estimated in the formation of the character of the man and of the citizen.

The real inception of this idea came from Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes at the State Teachers' Association of 1896. Noticing the interest manifested in the History Round Table at that meeting, she asked if it would not be well to form some kind of a committee that should have for its first thought the advancement of the study and teaching of history. In response to that suggestion, there was formed at that time a committee of five members. It is not the place here to relate all that was accomplished by that little committee; it is sufficient to say that so much interest was manifested by

those who were not members as well as by those who were, that the beginning of last year seemed too small this year to meet the demands of the teachers themselves for ad-

vanced ideas in history.

The awakening in the State on this matter is genuine and wide-spread; from the northern and the southern counties comes the same expression: "We are not satisfied with the present methods in history teaching; how shall they be improved?" This dissatisfaction is to be observed in other parts of the country. Individual efforts in universities, normal schools, and high schools, indicate a desire to present history to pupils in so interesting and educative a manner as to at least leave it free to teach its own social, political, and industrial lessons, instead of trammeling it as at present by faulty school-room methods.

Professor Barnes said recently that during the next twenty years there would be as great a change in the study of history as the last twenty had seen in the study of science. He added that the lines of advance would be in the use of original sources and the study of local history. If this is true, - and who can doubt it who has studied the signs of the times? - it is well for the teachers of California to take some concerted action to place themselves in the first ranks of the new movement. graphs, leaflets, periodical articles, and papers of all degrees of merit, testify to the interest taken today in the use of sources in schools of all grades, and in the study of local history.

New York has several local history clubs that are working enthusiastically. There is being awakened by them an interest in the history of the city; that is, there is being aroused a patriotism that has been unknown in the hearts of many of the foreign-born citizens of the great metropolis. So at least say some of those engaged in the work of training the students, old and young, in the local history clubs of

New York.

Nebraska has a State organization for the promotion of the use of sources in its public schools. Last year the special effort was to educate the teachers in the meaning of the term "use of sources," and to arouse the desire for better instruction in history. Every county in the State was reached by means of this organization, and there were

few meetings of teachers anywhere in the State where the cause of history was not presented. The result is shown in the fact that this year the majority of the high schools and many of the country schools are using the original sources, or carefully prepared extracts from them, in their classes. Granting that many of the teachers must of necessity be untrained, is there not reason to believe that they will all progress, rapidly too, in better methods of history study and teaching? Much of this advance must be the result of self-effort, but does not all of our best progress come from self-effort, especially when it is guided by trained hands, as is the case in the Nebraska plan of organization?

We offer no exception to the rule that in every attempt at progress there are serious difficulties to be met. They are surmountable, however. The first ones to be encountered group themselves in my mind under four heads:—the teacher, the course of study, the material, discouragements.

The teacher may be untrained, she probably is. But as this is a detriment that is being overcome constantly in other branches, it arouses no special anxiety. It will be only a transient inconvenience. Earnest teachers will become trained. Where residence at a university is an impossibility, self-help must take its place. If under the latter conditions good guidance along the principal lines of thought is obtainable, fairly rapid progress is sure to follow. Such guidance is not far away; it is to be found in the best published matter, in a few good There are some most excellent publications today, so graded and connected that they may be used very successfully without any special instruction, if they are taken up thoughtfully. The best of these for use in the ordinary grammar and high school classes is unquestionably Sheldon's American History and the Teacher's Manual to accompany it. The publishers are D. C. Heath and Company. The leaflets reprinted from the Northwestern Monthly, on American and European history, supplement very nicely Sheldon's histories. With these two aids the teacher can do a vast amount to revolutionize the usual dry presentation of history. The most enthusiastic class in history in the grammar grades of this city is being conducted by a seventh grade teacher who had received no previous training in the use of original sources. Both teacher and pupils are deeply interested in the subject. Sheldon's American History furnishes the material for the source study, good general reference books being used to fill out narratives and to aid the child in forming correct judgments. The results are delightfully satisfactory both as concerns the knowledge gained and the attitude of the children toward the subject.

The second difficulty, the course of study, is more apparent than real. In nearly all of our elementary schools, city and country, American history is taught in the seventh and eighth grades, while high schools devote another year to the same subject. Many cities give stories from the periods of discovery and explorations, and from the lives of noted men, in the fifth and sixth grades also. This provision for time is so liberal that there should be no difficulty in finding a place for local history, while the use of sources is an aid everywhere that requires no additional time; this method, in fact, usually condenses material. The all-important requirement is that there shall be constant growth and development of the historical periods being studied; that is, that there shall be historical growth and sequence. This can come only with the use of consecutive extracts; the warning of educators must not be lost sight of, -that sources must not be presented in classes by means of occasional samples only. This method results in illustration of the text, just as an occasional picture might brighten up a book on architecture. This has its benefits and pleasures, but it is vastly different from studying sets of pictures that of themselves teach architecture from its beginning down to the present day. Extracts from the sources may serve similar purposes; they may illustrate an occasional page of history, or they may give a story of the consecutive periods in the life of the world.

The third difficulty to be considered is the choice of material; no lack need be feared here, there is rather an over-supply for immediate use. California is replete with opportunities for the study of the most delightful local history. Recent publications are meeting the everywhere growing demand for systematically prepared extracts from the original sources in our own history and that of Europe. It is intended that one of the first considerations of the Advisory Board shall be to prepare suggestions along both these lines which shall be submitted to the members of the Association for their rejection or acceptance and use.

The probable discouragements to be met by the teachers must be treated as an individual matter; they are no greater in this than in any other line of study. Those who are sure that what they are doing is of value to their pupils and themselves will persevere. They will be aided by the encouragement received from the knowledge of what others are accomplishing. This knowledge will come to them through the Association.

In conclusion it may be well to state that there is no desire to play with "fads." Every suggestion made the members of the Association through the Advisory Board will receive its most careful consideration, and must be the result of experienced teaching. We are not an organ for the expression of any new idea, but a united body for the propagation of a true historical spirit. It is also confidently expected that through our efforts the children of our state will learn to appreciate better and love more dearly their glorious California, and to realize with deeper patriotism how intimate is the bond that unites us with our nation.

### **OFFICIAL**

At a meeting of the State Board of Education, February 12, 1898, the following resolution was adopted: —

WHEREAS, The State Board of Education has completed the revision of the State text-books on the subjects of reading and English grammar.

Resolved, That the Board, as required by law, hereby directs the uniform use of the

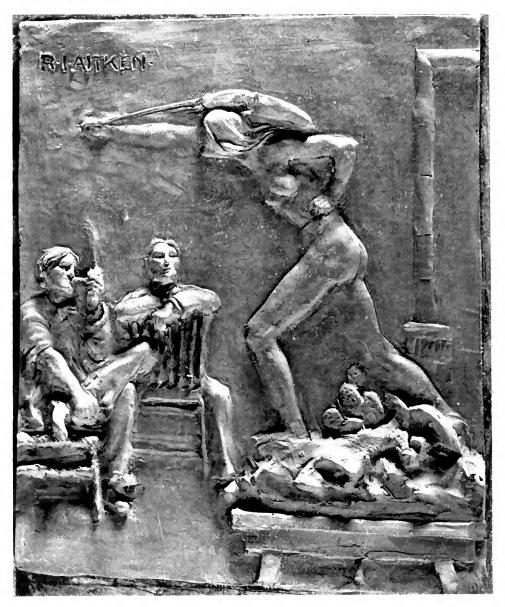
following text-books in the common schools of the State:—

The Revised First Reader, The Revised Second Reader, The Revised Third Reader, The Revised Fourth Reader, The Revised English Grammar.

SAMUEL T. BLACK, Superintendent Public Instruction and Secretary State Board of Education.

Fun at the Fair

After Painting by Delort



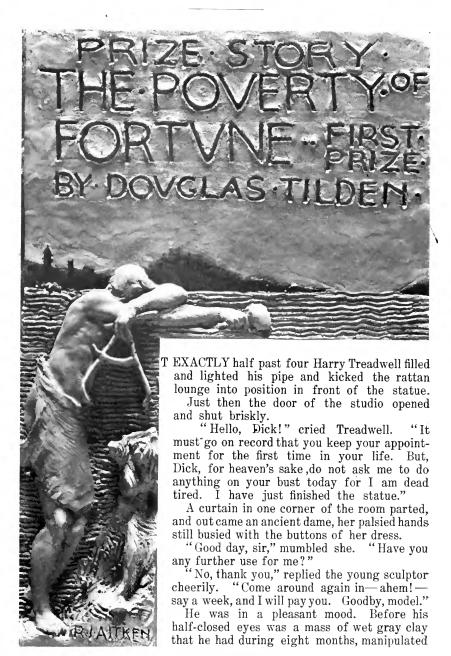
Modeling in Clay by R. I. Aitken, after Statuette by Douglas Tilden

From 'Poverty of Fortune"

"It is Fortune, 'a wrinkled hag, with age grown double"

# Overland Monthly

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into a semblance of the same old woman who had just gone out. It was his first essay, since he left Hopkins Art Institute, after winning the Phelan gold medal.

Dick Holbrook sat astride his chair and

folded his arms on its back.

There was an interval of silence, during which the young men contemplated the towering figure before them.

"It is great, great!" at last exclaimed

Holbrook.

A slow whiff of smoke was Treadwell's

only reply.

"It is Fortune, 'a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,' and shouldering her wheel, the toy of her happier days, when she turned it and lo! a Cæsar walked behind a barbarian's chariot wheel and a beggar became a money lender of nations! She is now a wreck, a wanderer, an exile! You call the modeling 'Poverty of Fortune.' Ah, what a conception!"

Whiff!

"She is traveling over a waterless desert. The sun is beating down on her head and her hair hangs lank and wet with the sweat of her forehead. She clutches her side with clawlike fingers and her toothless mouth is open as if gasping out, 'I am lost!' Lost is Fortuna, lost her beauty, lost her magic! You can almost hear her cry of anguish. It is awful."

Whiff!

"Her face is thin and wasted; her bosom lies flat and flabby. Her limbs are craggy and repulsive. Ah, those bones that show through formless muscles! What a triumph of execution! Rodin would have been proud of it."

Whiff, whiff!

"A part of the wheel is lying broken on the ground! How apt! In the Luxembourg Museum, there is a marble Fortune riding on a winged wheel and scattering riches out of her cornucopia. Here power has departed from the swift whirling disk; the wings are crushed and lifeless; the horn is prone, empty and useless, on the sand, and reptiles shall crawl in and dwell there!"

"Eureka!" cried Treadwell, and he suddenly jumped up. "Let us go out, Dick. I have an idea! That damned horn has been bothering the life out of me with its deep mouth, no matter where I place it. I tried it in one position, shifted it, half-buried it and dug it out again, and there

the black shadow is, that is a blot on the whole design. I have got it now! I will put some reptile in the hole,—a snake, a turtle,—no, a frog will do. It will squat there and not only add to the weirdness of the picture but also obliterate the black spot. A frog, a frog! A kingdom for a frog! We will dine royally tonight."

Arm-in-arm, Treadwell and Holbrook walked down Market street. Holbrook was small, lithe, and dark, with affected fastidiousness in dress, borrowed from a long association with the wealthy bourgeois, to whose needs he, as a successful and rising architect, catered. He belonged to that class of people supposed to have eyes in the back of their head, so alert and clever was he, with his tongue always on end, but withal possessing so large a capacity for making friends that he was welcomed every where.

Treadwell, on the other hand, was tall, curly-haired, and of a Saxon fairness. The thinness of his face, otherwise of a classic mould, was attenuated by the length of the jaws, terminating in a chin so prominent that you doubted if the teeth met on their edges. His hands were long and rough as if hardened by a continuous use of wet clay. He was more quietly dressed than his chum, running somewhat to bagginess in the trouser knees, but had that indescribable air belonging either to blue blood or genius that will anywhere make fifteen dollar clothes look as distingué as a fifty dollar suit.

"I wonder where I can find a frog," said Treadwell. "But here, Dick, where are we to dine first?"

"Guiseppi's is played out," replied Holbrook. "The same old story, you know. The artists find a rendezvous in some eating-house, one that smacks of Bohemia,—cobwebs on smoke-stained rafters, wine-spots dotting the tablecloth, and the babble of foreign tongues all round to remind us of old Paris surroundings. We bring in a few agreeable friends who, however, are not artists, and these friends bring in more people. The reputation of the restaurant goes forth and an inflow of vulgar bourgeois sets in to know what a Bohemian life is like. There is nothing so absurd as a person aping airs that do not sit on him naturally."

"Yes, absurd."

"Well, the owner makes money, brushes

away the cobwebs, and puts loud-colored wall paper over our cartoons on the walls. We leave in disgust and look for new fields. The bourgeois drop off like false friends, and — the result?"

"The restaurant busts."

Just then a young lady, in a tailor-made costume and with a wealth of reddish hair massed up under a most stylish hat, passed by.

Suddenly Treadwell paused, and seizing Holbrook's arm, cried, "What a beauty!"

"Hush!" said Holbrook. "Do not make a fool of yourself. The young lady hears

you."

The girl's daintily gloved hand went round to the back of her hair as if to feel for a hairpin, and Treadwell, looking up after the departing figure, saw her peeping over the arm out of the corner of her eye. It was only for one thousandth part of a second, but he had seen enough to know that the flashing eye was black and that the profile of the cheek was pretty. She was blushing and walking a little unsteadily.

"How awkward of me!" rejoined Treadwell, "she might think I was insulting her. I allow that she

has a stunning figure. But what I was thinking of is the frog over there in the window. My quest is scarcely begun before it is at an end."

In the window of the Campi restaurant was a glass globe containing a dozen or so frogs. One was noticeably a monarch of them all. He climbed up the edge of a small raft, and upsetting it, threw his companions into the water, whereupon there was a commotion in the globe for a minute.

"That big fellow is what I want," ex-

claimed Treadwell enthusiastically. "We may as well eat here as anywhere else. Let us go in."

When coffee and cigars were reached, the sculptor beckoned the waiter to his side and asked how much that big frog in the bowl cost.

"Crapaud a la fourchette, 50c," replied the boy, "ze dish is ordinaire. There are others—crapaud au—"

"Stay, garcon," interrupted Treadwell.
"I do not mean to order a dish. I want

a live frog."

"A live frog!" replied the waiter transferring the napkin from one arm to the other. "I will ask ze boss."

The Frenchman was all politeness. "Do not want to eat it! Only to model from it! Ah, I understand! I lose money on it, but you can have it for nothing. I am fond of artists. L'art est grand. What is it to sacrifice a frog? Vire l'art!"

The young men parted on the street, Treadwell saying that he must put in a night of it.

Once in his studio, he got a wire, and cutting it into short pieces, bent them into the form of a hairpin.

Taking the frog out of the paper box, he pushed the wires into the clay over its legs and imprisoned it on the base of the statue where it was to pose as a model.

The sculptor set rapidly to work in clay. Two frogs were modeled, one squatting in the entrance of the cornucopia and the other in the act of crawling into it.

It was one o'clock in the morning before Treadwell released the unwilling model and tossed it into the box that held the supply of wet clay. He had merely "blocked out" the modelings, busying himself more with



"THE FRENCHMAN WAS ALL POLITENESS"

action and masses of form than finish; the latest touches were to come on the morrow; for the present, he climbed up the ladder to his bed on the platform over one end of the studio.

The frog lay still for some time, perhaps more from fright than hurt, and essayed first to stretch its legs and then to do some exploration which ended in its climbing to the edge of the box and squatting there.

I make no pretense of fathoming the workings of a frog's brain. Whether it was the influence of the new moon, which was peeping through the skylight and filling the studio with soft rays, or the smell of the clay that reminded it of the swamp in the shadow of Mount Diablo, where it spent its youth and mingled its voice with the chorus that made the valley resound with midnight "wood notes wild," I cannot tell; but it becomes my duty as a plain historian to mention the fact that about an hour after he had gone to sleep, Treadwell was awakened by the vibrant sounds of a marsh song.

He took up one of his shoes and sent it hurtling through the air. It struck the floor, and the song was "heard to

He turned on his side and was almost sound asleep, when the voice rose again, "Brekekekexkoax koax."

"The dark room is the place for it," exclaimed Treadwell.

He climbed down the ladder, and clapping his hand on the frog, threw it on a shelf in a closet where he did his developing, for

he also dabbled in photography.

Ten thousand smells assailed the frog's nostrils. It crawled to the edge of the shelf. Just below a hole in the wall covered with colored glass which diffused a faintest kind of light through the closet as the moon sank to the horizon, was visible a basin containing a solution of hyposulphite of soda. The expanse of the water looked inviting and the frog plunged in and swam around. Soon its movements became accelerated, it swam spasmodically and climbed up the sides of the basin only to slide back; it sank and struck out again; by and by its struggles ceased and it floated on the water, its feet hanging far apart and motionless. On its spacious mouth a peaceful smile seemed to settle the smile of death.

H

THE Hopkins Art Institute was "all ablaze with lights." It was giving a reception on the occasion of the opening of the spring exhibition.

There was a jam in the great vaulted hall. Against one end of the room, before damask curtains, hung theatrically, with live palms on either side, rose a statue glaring white under the electric lights.

Above the hum of the jostling crowd could be heard the hurried snatches of con-

versation:--

"It makes me shudder."

"Such a soulful work!"

"He is a genius."

"Do point him out to me."

Threading his way through the people and receiving greetings and congratulations right and left, came our hero, Treadwell, in a new dress suit that gave him the impression of being all shirt bosom; his face was pale and his eyes were afire with enthusiasm; for it was the night of his triumph.

He felt his arm seized in a large, hearty

grasp.

"I am Mr. MacGregor," said a tall, portly, and pompous Scotchman with a florid face and a reddish goatee, "Did not have the pleasure of knowing you before, though I am a member of the Art Association. You do honor to the school. I am glad to shake hands with you."

Treadwell made a reply of some polite

conventional nothing.

"Pretty tough that statue," continued Mr. MacGregor, slapping the young man on the shoulder. "It gives me an idea of a tumbled down mining town, when her placers are played out. I have known all of California's ups and downs before the baby was born. She is grown up. Must be somewhere around here (looking round). Can't find her. But here, my son, let us come right to business. Miss Frances takes a fancy to that statue of yours. Say, how much do you want for it?"

Treadwell was in the plastic age of youth, easily impressed by genuine approbation, especially when made in the shape of an offer of spot cash. He was experiencing, for the first time in his life, the pleasure of applause and adulation; he was intoxicated with success, but great and unexpected as it was, he had not yet calculated on a sale of his work as among the possibilities, and



"WAS SHE PITYING HIM?"

Mr. MacGregor's bid took him by surprise and at once warmed his heart. Its first secret promptings were to say that the gentleman was welcome to the figure; he could cast it in bronze and take it home.

After some hesitation, the sculptor said honestly and artlessly: "I do not know how much the bronze will cost. It may be something like one thousand dollars, and as for myself, I — I will be content with five hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred dollars in all?" asked the millionaire. "The statue is taken."

Treadwell and Holbrook executed a war-dance in the wine room.

"Come, Harry," criedHolbrook. 'The gods are raining favors on you to-night. There are some violets on the base of the statue placed by God knows what fair hand! Come and take them!"

The two friends shouldered their way through the crowd to the statue.

Snatching up the flowers, Treadwell held them aloft and kissed them.

"Enthusiasm is fine to see, especially in a young man, or a boy, I would rather say, sir," said a thin voice at his side. "Mr. Treadwell, will you pardon

me if I trouble you with a few questions?" The speaker was Doctor Gottschalk, the famous professor of natural history, a small, shrunk-up man, in a dress suit several sizes to large for him. His massive head was covered with a wig, and on his pale, thin face not a hair grew, from the sheer impossibility of thriving on so unpromising a soil.

"I see a statue before me," went on the professor. "Its title, as I read on the pedestal, is 'Poverty of Fortune.' On this base I notice a cactus here and some rocks there; the rest is clearly sand. Now, may I ask if you wish, by those tokens, to represent the old woman as walking on a region destitute of moisture and vegetation, except perhaps for a few hardy plants,"

Yes, sir," replied Treadwell. "It is a

desert."

"Mojave desert, for example."

"Exactly so."

Doctor Gottschalk returned to the base of the statue and studied the frogs carefully through his glasses, first on one side, then on the other, and on all sides.

"The old woman is thirsty," resumed he once more, looking up. "Is this correct?"

Treadwellassented. "There is no water for a mile round. only sand, rocks, and the torrid sun?"

Another assent.

The professor smiled and focused his glasses once more on the frogs, and muttered, mostly to himself: "Order, Amphibia; group, phaneroglossx; family, ranidx; skeleton characterized by small number of vertebræ, absence of true ribs, mobility of iliac bones and elongation of lower extremities. This is a common marshfrog (R. palustris) an aquatic animal and an excellent swim-

mer. Now, Mr. Treadwell, how came those frogs on a desert?"

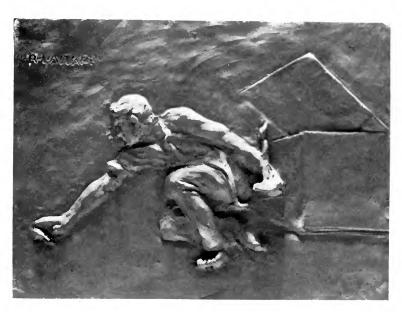
A suppressed titter followed.

"O, that hardly matters," exclaimed Treadwell, embarrassed. "Sculpture does not analyze. When it wants to express an idea, say of desolation, it takes a symbol best expressive of that quality and does not trouble itself about the class of that symbol."

"Young man, that is wrong," interposed an onlooker, this time a writer who contributed criticisms on anything and every-



"TREADWELL SCARCELY HAD STRENGTH ENOUGH TO RUN HIS ARM INTO HIS OVERCOAT"



"CLAPPING HIS HAND ON THE FROG"

thing, principally in a literary line. "Art, instead of being all-reaching, must be precise, or it is no art. You want to take a reptile as a symbol of destruction, destitution, desolation, but you want at the same time a desert: art steps in and reasons thus. Would a creature that sports in water as a frog does, do for a waterless waste of land? No. It instead takes some reptile known to have a partiality for dry places and even able to live imbedded in a rock for ages before it hops out fat and hearty at the tap of a miner's pick. What is it? Why, a toad! Ah, young man, to quote Dickens, 'You had nearly imposed on me but you have lost your labor. You are too zealous a toad eater and have betrayed vourself.' Your statue is a failure."

He dropped his monocle, and taking it up by its band, whirled it around his fingers as if it was Treadwell's heart whose strings he was stretching with a refined cruelty.

"Gentlemen," continued the critic, looking round with a self-satisfied air, as he noted the impression he was making on the audience, "let me call your attention to a still more palpable absurdity. Look at the title 'Poverty of fortune.' Fortune is affluence. Can affluence be poverty? Are riches indigence? Is bad good? Is a fool a sage? Is a fake statue high art? Ah,

there it is! Fakeism—shameless fakeism, written all over that statuary! Humbug struts in, brazen-faced and arrogant, and fools us. Ah, gentlemen, how many times have I said, like a voice in the wilderness, 'California is the stamping ground of fakes, humbugs, and idlers, who would fatten on our generosity and all too indulging complaisance'? And here the youngest of them all does not know that it takes twenty years to know the difference between a frog and a toad, wealth and poverty."

Those poisoned words chilled the atmosphere. A humbug! A failure! Who said so? Why, the great naturalist and the famous critic! An almost beardless youth was detected in the very act of passing for a genius! Young ladies studied Treadwell fifty feet off and ignored him the rest of the distance. Mammas got wind that Mrs. Finestreet had struck him off her list, and as a matter of course, concluded to do the same.

In his distress Treadwell almost ran into Mr. MacGregor in Secretary Martin's office.

The millionaire was sorry, but he was sure the statue was too big for his house. He had taken the best of professional advice: it was adverse. The figure was so shockingly nude, you know. Hoped he worked no hardship, but found it necessary to cancel his agreement to purchase, and — he gave Treadwell two fingers and hoped the young man would study. Good evening!

Poor Treadwell scarcely had strength to run his arms into the overcoat that Holbrook held up for him. As the lackeys swung open the doors to let them out, Treadwell paused for a moment and looked up the corridor into the room beyond. He caught sight of a tall handsome girl in a white dress, cut so low as to display shoulders as splendid as those of a Greek statue. Her heavily coiled hair was of a magnificent Titian-red, and she had in her hands a bunch of violets. Their eyes met, and he thought he saw in her an indescribable sadness. Was she pitying him? He passed out into the night.

"It is contemptible," cried Treadwell a little later, "when you look at those horses on the frieze of the Parthenon, do you stop to ask whether they were Arabian or Norman horses or even Shetland ponies, or to what country they might have belonged—Greece, Assyria, or China? No, horses are horses, and frogs are frogs. Can you tell whether that snake on the statue of Apollo is an adder, a viper, or a common gopher snake? What has grammar to do with a work of art? O, Holbrook, does California strike down her own children that way?"

He fiercely struck the bar, and as he did so, a small glass containing a seductive liquor, danced on the polished wood. Spread the fingers of your left hand straight out and clutch its thumb with the right hand so as to form the head and bill of a bird, and you have the form of a rooster with its outstretching tail. It is the manual sign of a cocktail. Treadwell used that sign not once, but often; in short, he was cocktailing himself into a sad state.

He rose from his sofa late in the afternoon and held his head under a water faucet for fully ten minutes. After dressing, he went to a restaurant just round the corner, for a steak and a cup of coffee. A cobbler greeted him cheerily, as he passed. The same cobbler once visited the studio, and on seeing a statuette of a cowboy, pronounced it "ain't no good," because the heel of one boot was a trifle shorter than that of the other foot. That time Treadwell slapped his leg and laughed, but now, remembering, he snarled a reply.

The "Poverty of Fortune" was duly returned to the studio, of course unsold, and several times during the following three months, Treadwell was seen in the act of brandishing a hammer in the front of the figure as if he would destine it to utter and immediate destruction. We all have a taint of coward in our being, and the young sculptor was no exception to the rule. No matter how much he felt he was in the right, the opinions of that powerful "They say" came back like the surges of the ocean and beat him down till he halfheartedly thought he might, after all, have been mistaken. The upshot was that he actually got a toad, and knocking off the frogs, substituted plaster castings of the modelings of the toad in their places.

Just as he had made the alteration, he heard a carriage drive up to his door and

then a knock on his door.

To his "come in," Mr. MacGregor made his appearance, looking curiously about. His face actually for the moment lost its haughty reserve and displayed a childish surprise and interest, as he noted the strange surroundings.

"A queer place, this," said he. Then he caught sight of the statue, and planted himself firmly in front of it as if he came heavily laden with a set purpose of which

he must unburden himself.

"They are e-d-i-b-l-e frogs," cried he, shaking his gold-headed cane at the plaster toads, "swim in ponds and creeks, and are eaten principally by Frenchmen. That is where the wrong is."

Treadwell suddenly found that he needed more clay, and he plunged his head into the box in time to smother a laugh that was on

the point of bursting out.

After taking a turn around the room and looking at its innumerable pieces of statuary, Mr. MacGregor planted himself once more firmly before the statue, and said: "Miss Frances thought it was an injustice—ahem!—never mind it. I would like to set it right myself. How much does it cost to study in Paris?"

"About six hundred dollars a year," re-

plied Treadwell.

The cane tapped nervously on the floor. "It takes money to study art," resumed the millionaire. "Costly. Twenty years to know the difference between a frog and a toad. If ever you feel like going abroad,

you just call at my office. Miss Frances said — never mind what she thought. It was not necessarily on your account. I do not know you. I would like to help along the art of California. It is pretty low. No thanks. Good day."

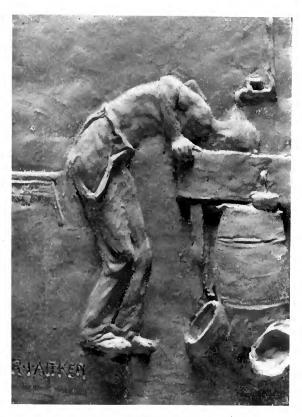
#### Ш

ABOUT a year afterwards we find ourselves at one of Ambassador Eustis's social functions on Avenue Marceau.

come! Treadwell received a third class gold medal and promptly sold a bronze replica of the statue to an Australian mining magnate for two thousand pounds.

"It is so warm here," said Miss Frances MacGregor, fanning herself and taking Treadwell's arm. "Dancing tires me; let us sit down somewhere. O Harry, I have been wishing to tell you something the whole evening."

They threaded their way through the



"HE HELD HIS HEAD UNDER THE WATER FOR FULLY TEN MINUTES"

The lion of the assemblage was no other than our friend Harry Treadwell. He had shipped his statue to Paris in time to take part in the salon of that year. Naturally educated to a fine appreciation of technique and susceptible to all dramatic suggestions in sculpture, the French critics were at once enchanted by the young man's work. The press teemed with praises of his marvelous execution, unerring knowledge of anatomy, and faithful realism. A second Rodin was

whirling groups, through the laughing crowd under the brilliant lights, through the green palms of the conservatory where a fountain softly plashed.

She gave to Treadwell a newspaper clipping that some California friend had sent her.

"It begins pretty strong," said Treadwell laughing, as he began to read the article aloud:—

Toadyism must be rampant in Paris, if we are to believe the accounts of Henry Treadwell's so called



"THAT IS WHERE THE WRONG IS!"

success in that city. His foul, sense-offending, insaneasylum-bred statue has received a medal, and an illiterate Australian earth delver was induced to part with his ore like a fool for the dubious pleasure of possessing that scarecrow. Two thousand pounds is said to be the price paid for it, and that sum is a good one to pay for the change in the title from "Poverty of Fortune" to "An Abandoned Mining Camp" that Treadwell made as a bait for antipodean suckers.

"What an ugly, spiteful, envious man," cried Frances. "How I do hate him!"

"I can bear him no malice. He uses a double-edged knife and unwittingly cuts both the good and the bad," replied Treadwell, as he resumed the reading:—

Whether the sculptor owes his luck to the decadence of the French art or to his engagement to the wealthy Miss Frances MacGregor is an open question, but one fact remains: it is that the superiority of California over old and decaying France in art criticism is confirmed. My labors bear fruit, and my pen will never rest till California ceases to be the stamping ground of humbugs, idlers, and so called geniuses."

"Can you really and truly forgive that man, Harry?" asked Miss MacGregor.

The young sculptor laughed and replied, "Frances, dear, I forgive him for helping send me to Paris and to you! That critic really deserves more pity than censure. He writes to live like the rest of us. But he mistakes etymology for wit and set phrases for literature. Poor man, he is consumed with fame-thirst and denies to everybody else praise that never comes to his door. What is a critic after all? One who has failed!"

Treadwell grew thoughtful and gave utterance these words that are prophetic of the future of Californian art: "If we find fault with an artist's work, it behooves us rather to let alone petty persecutions and useless bickerings, and to roll up our sleeves and essay to produce a better work than that artist's. Let us be laborious."

They stood at a window overlooking the street. Faintest suggestion of coming dawn was visible, and vegetable wagons could be seen rolling heavily laden with products of the fields beyond the bridge of Courbevoie.

"Morning is come!" said Treadwell. "At eleven today the distribution of medals will take place at the Salon. They tell me that there is no event surrounded with more pomp and circumstance than that. On the stage are assembled all the artists who are the glory of France. The Minister of Public Instruction, in the embroidered coat of his office, hands the medals to the successful candidates. The old masters, weeping, embrace their pupils and kiss them on both cheeks. O, Frances! you will be there as a representative of our glorious California, and you will weep in excellent style, won't you, dear?"

"I will!"

"How solemnly you pronounce the words, as if you are rehearsing for our wedding!"

Suddenly Frances, all vibrant with emotion, clasped Treadwell's arm with her hands and looked up in his face with an abrupt energy. "Dearest Harry," cried she. "Have you an idea when I first saw you?"

Treadwell was not sure; he was under the impression that he first met her at a party on Rue Pasquier to which exclusively Californian wanderers from home were invited.

"One afternoon," went on she, "you were walking with a friend on a street in San Francisco. Do you not remember it, dear? As I passed by, you exclaimed, 'What a beauty!' Do you not remember it, dear? It was thirteen months, two weeks, five days ago. O, how I have loved you ever since!"

Treadwell congratulated himself on being in a shaded recess, for he was blushing furi-

ously. What was he thinking of?

Out in far off California there lay moldering in the sand a thin dried parchment of hyposulphite-of-soda soaked batrachian—the remains of the author of all his woes and cui bono?—and the instrument of the providence that had brought him to the side of the beautiful girl who was to be his bride!



### **IRRETRIEVABLE**

LONG years ago we saw a garden rare,
And coveted, and stilling all the din
Of clamorous Conscience — crying out "Forbear!"—
Let down the bars that we might walk therein.

Gleaming through thickening fog, with half-quenched fire, Look down tonight the ever-pitying stars, On a fair garden trampled into mire, Because, God help us, we let down the bars.

Laveine R. Sherwood



MIDWINTER ON THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL, NEAR HAZLETON

## OVERLAND TO THE YUKON

By C. E. MITCHELL

MINING EDITOR SPOKESMAN-REVIEW, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

X7HEN the rush began last summer to Klondike gold fields, and the marvelous strikes became the subject of discussion in the mining camps of Idaho, Washington, and Montana, the feasibility of an overland route became a topic of interest. Many an old prospector remembered the days of old, when gold was scooped from the beds of the creeks of the Cariboo country in greater abundance than has ever been found in Klondike diggings. Some of them had wandered far into the Cassiar regions; and to these hardy old pioneers there never was a doubt that there is an open road overland to the headwaters of the Yukon. Hundreds of these men, the sturdy seekers for gold who have spent their lives upon the confines of civilization, are pre-

pared to start, as soon as the snows are gone, overland to Klondike.

Spokane, Washington, will be the starting point on the prospectors' overland route. From this busy mining center to Teslin lake, the headwaters of the Hootalinqua and the Yukon, the route traverses a long valley between the Rocky mountains and the Coast ranges. There is no Chilkoot pass intervening to impede the progress of the traveler. It is a well known road through a level country, and a journey from Spokane to Teslin lake is described by men who have taken it as merely a pleasure jaunt.

A few weeks since I enjoyed a long talk on the subject of the overland route from Spokane with A. L. Poudrier, late Dominion



FERRY ON THE FRASER RIVER AT SODA CREEK

Land Surveyor of Canada. He was in the employ of the government of the Province of British Columbia for a number of years, and has surveyed the trails and roadways of the northern part of the province to the Yukon headwaters; while his love of adventure has led him to go even further into the wilds of the north country. He is a genial French Canadian, and his stories of life in the distant northland are told with a modest air but with an enthusiasm that carries conviction. A bronzed and sinewy specimen of manhood he is, and his vigorous appearance adds zest to his stories of outdoor life.

"There is one route to Klondike that can never be overcrowded," said Mr. Poudrier in response to my request for information. "If it were possible to turn all of the mad rush to Dawson city over this route, there would be ample room for all and everybody would be happy. It is a remarkable thing to me that men will undertake to cross the almost impassable passes, when they can mount their horses in Spokane and ride with ease and comfort every mile of the way to the Yukon waterways, with a fine prospect of striking rich gold diggings far this side.

"From Spokane to Teslin lake is about thirteen hundred miles and half that distance is a good wagon road. The remainder of the route is a broad, well defined, and much traveled trail across a fertile country, where grass is abundant in summer. Before the rush goes north in the spring, the government of British Columbia will have transformed this trail into an excellent road, and then you will see the 'prairie schooners' driving out of Spokane bound for Klondike.

"Between Spokane and Ashcroft, a little station on the Canadian Pacific railway, there are many roads, and one may take his choice or may ship his supplies by rail. A good overland road runs by way of Davenport and Wilbur, and thence north through the busy Okanogan mining district to the Canadian boundary line. Thence you go up Okanogan lake to Vernon, and from there over a stage road to Ashcroft. The distance from Spokane is about 380 miles.

"Ashcroft is a village of about four hundred population, with two general stores. It is important only as the railroad point from which the north country is supplied. Pack trains arrive and depart almost daily in the work of transporting supplies to the mines and trading posts of the Cariboo, Omenica, and Cassiar districts.

"Now, if you contemplate taking the trip, you should buy your horses in Washington. The ranges are covered with them and they may be had for a song. In British Columbia they are less plentiful and more expensive. Pack a year's supplies on your ponies, and go to Ashcroft, either over the route I have outlined or others equally good. You may tarry at Ashcroft long enough to add to your outfit



RETURNING FROM THE CASSIAR DISTRICT A PACK TRAIN ON THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL

such things as you may have forgotten and

then start on your long ride.

"Don't think you are about to enter a howling wilderness. You will find evidences of civilization all along the way. Riding out of Ashcroft, you take the wagon road north. It is a government stage road, and is kept in fine shape the year round. Over it the stages run at regular intervals to Ouesnelle and Barkerville.

"Ranches are found along the way where food and shelter for man and beast may be cheaply obtained. Forty miles from Ashcroft you pass through Clinton, a thriving settlement. Seventy miles farther you pass the lower end of Lake La Hache, a beautiful sheet of water. Soda Creek, another settlement, will be found forty-five miles up the road. A grist mill is in active operation there and flour has always been cheap. The rush, however, may make it more expensive in the spring. You will pass through one more settlement, known as Alexandria, before reaching Quesnelle, the end of the wagon road. This is a Hudson Bay Company post, and supplies for prospectors are carried in stock in the Company's store. Another flour mill is in operation here and beans and bacon of home production have always been sold at reasonable prices, but I cannot predict what effect the rush will have on the price of supplies in the spring. Quesnelle is about six hundred miles from Spokane.

"There is a good ferry across the Fraser river at Quesnelle. You then strike the historic Telegraph trail. There is an interesting story connected with the building or cutting of that trail. It is a story of failure, but it demonstrates the Yankee characteristics of grit and energy. It was in 1865 that the project assumed definite shape to connect the new world with the old by means of a telegraph line across British Columbia and the northwestward territories, then through Alaska to Siberia by way of Bering straits. A large force of men was sent north by the telegraph company and they went at the work vigorously. The line was easily built to Quesnelle, for the same road that we travel over today was in existence then. Beyond Quesnelle. the country was traversed only by Indian trails. The telegraph people did not follow the devious Indian paths, but proceeded to cut their own way through the sparse

forests northwest of Quesnelle. They cut the trail broad and clear and strung their wires as they went. Six hundred miles beyond Quesnelle the workmen had made their camp one day on a little tributary of the Stikeen river, now known as Telegraph creek, when a courier overtook them with a brief message from the company announcing that the Atlantic cable, under Cyrus Field's energetic direction had at last been successfully laid.

"Colonel Bulkley, who was in charge of the expedition, comprehended at once the force of the news. He knew his task was ended and his work had proven useless in the light of the grander achievement. He ordered all operations stopped and the men returned to the States. The wire was not worth the expense of removal, and to this day the poles, cross bars, and wires, are strewn along the trail between Quesnelle and Hazleton. So hasty was the departure that Colonel Bulkley left a large part of his field notes in his cabin near Telegraph creek, and these it was my good fortune to discover where he left them. I value the papers as relics of an enterprise that would have accomplished wonders if it had suc-Quesnelle is today the northern ceeded. terminus of the telegraph line.

"But the work of the telegraph people was not altogether useless, though profitless to the promoters. The trail remained, and it has been a highway for the pack trains of the north from that day to this. Indian villages are found at intervals along the trail, and at Hazelton, 340 miles from Quesnelle, is a Hudson bay trading post. Hazelton is on the Skeena river, and steamers sometimes come up there from the sea."

"What is the character of the country through which the trail passes?" I queried.

"It is a paradise in summer," replied my surveyor friend with enthusiasm. "I shall never enjoy happier days than I spent in that country, riding merrily along through woodland meadow, with vegetation growing luxuriantly and a genial sun shining on as fair a land as one could wish to see. And then at night we would camp by some beautiful stream and feast on fish and birds and all manner of game. It is a glorious country, and the farms and stock ranches of the future will be located in those fertile valleys.

"The trail crosses no mountains. It



WINTER ON THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL IN THE NECHACO VALLEY

runs all the way to Telegraph Creek camp through an open, park-like country, and the only obstacles are the streams that cross your path. Only one of these, the Mud river, about fifty miles from Hazleton, is dangerously rapid in early spring. A ferry is being built there. Other streams are easily forded, or are ferried with the aid of Indians. When I surveyed that part of the province, I reported to the government that the trail could be transformed into a wagon road for thirty thousand dollars, and I still think the work can be done for that price. The trail is a fair wagon road most of the way already.

"At Telegraph Creek camp, twelve hundred miles from Spokane, you will meet the other tide of travel coming up the Stikeen from the sea. You will be luckier than they; for you will have your horses to carry you on to Teslin lake, while they must submit to the exactions of the packers, — for the rush will be great and the prices high.

"It is about 120 miles to Teslin lake over the old trail, but I am informed that the new road, recently built, makes it 180 miles. Having arrived at the lake, which will be an easy matter, for the country is not dissimilar to that further south, you will find your horses a valuable asset. There will be need of many horses for packing between Telegraph creek and Teslin lake and the supply is not likely to equal the demand. I believe the profit on the sale of horses taken in this way will pay all the expenses of the trip."

How about horse feed along the trail?" "Feed will be abundant everywhere after May 1st. A man may leave Spokane early in April and get through without buying feed except at two points. One day's journey north of Ashcroft is up a slope upon which vegetation is slow and feed must be carried. The same is true just north of Quesnelle in early spring. After the first of May, however, feed is abundant. In the open places the bunch grass and blue joint grow luxuriantly and the woods are full of pea vines upon which horses thrive and fatten. This is true of the route clear to Teslin lake. No matter how great the rush, there will be ample feed for all the horses. The ranges are almost without limit along the trail.

"From Teslin lake to Dawson city is an easy trip. You may buy a boat or build one, — and I may add that tools for that purpose should form part of every outfit, — and then sail down the lake to its outlet, the Hootalinqua. Gold strikes were reported there late last season. Perhaps you won't care to go farther; but if you do you may float on into the Lewes and then the Yukon, passing only the Five Finger rapids, which I have run both up and down in a canoe and which any boatman may pass with ease. It is a far safer and easier

to the wealth of the world. Spokane is in this valley of gold, and we never leave the valley in passing from Spokane to Klondike by the overland route. I have washed many a pan of gravel from the streams which the Telegraph trail crosses, and rarely indeed have I failed to find colors in the pan.

"The Cariboo region is reached by this route. Gold in large quantities is annually mined there, although the rush to the district took place thirty years ago. Peace river, a rich but unprospected region, and



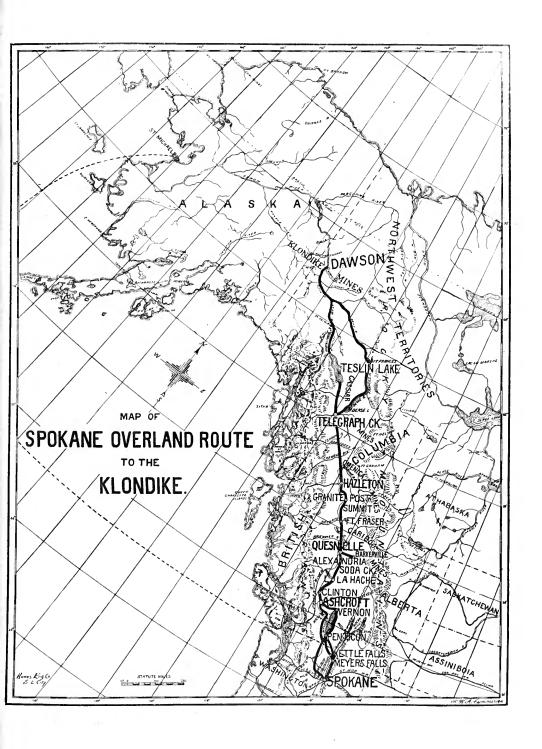
"THE INDIANS ARE FRIENDLY AND HOSPITABLE"

voyage than from lakes Lindemann and Bennett.

"There is one point that I want to emphasize,—I don't believe many who start over this route will care to go to Klondike. They will find gold enough far this side. Look at the map of North America, and you will find stretching from Mexico to the Arctic ocean a broad valley lying between the bold ridge of Rockies on the east and the less continuous but equally prominent Coast ranges on the west. That valley is the gold belt of the continent. Its streams have yielded millions in yellow dust, and its mountains on either hand are adding daily

the gold fields of Omenica are reached by this route with ease. From Telegraph creek one may enter the great Cassiar district, where almost every creek runs yellow with gold and where a prospector will find streams as yet untouched awaiting his inspection.

"Gold is not all. There are ledges of silver and lead ore in the hills and in the region around Teslin lake copper is abundant and the Indians used to find it so pure that they hammered it into shields. The mineral resources of the north country can only be imagined. Prospectors are needed to demonstrate the worth of the country.





INDIAN VILLAGE BETWEEN HAZLETON AND TELEGRAPH CREEK

"I know it sounds Utopian to speak of reaching Klondike overland, but I confidently assert that the route of the future lies up the valley that I have described. The railroads will follow the prairie schooners, and Spokane is destined to become the true gateway to the Yukon mines.

"There is need of an overland route. The thousands who are coming to this coast hoping to get to Dawson city cannot all get in over the coast routes. The overflow will find an easier and more successful journey overland from Spokane. I am sure that parties starting overland in April will make quicker trips to the Klondike, on an average, than will those who go by way of Skagway and Dyea. The traveler can go ahead every day on the overland route,—he is likely to be delayed on the passes.

"The overland is the independent route. No transportation company has you in its grip. You are your own master every day, and if you tire of the trip you can turn your horses' heads for home at any time. It is a safe route, too: you don't take your life in your hand when you start over it. It is likewise a cheap route: you have no

passes to cross, and consequently no excessive prices to pay for packing. The only expense along the overland route is for crossing ferries, and the charges are merely nominal. A man has no need for money on the overland journey if he provides himself with a good outfit before he starts."

"What time should the trip require?" I asked.

"It depends, of course, upon the speed of travel. With horses properly loaded and without stopping to prospect on the way, Dawson city should be reached in sixty days. The average traveler will not be in a hurry. He will want to stop to wash a pan of dirt occasionally, and I venture the prediction that he will find enough to interest him and drive all thoughts of Dawson city out of his head."

"What sort of Indians are met on the trail?"

"They are mostly of the carrier tribes, and are hospitable and helpful. They are more civilized than many of the redskins farther south. The missionaries of the Catholic church have been among them



A NORTH COUNTRY NATIVE

many years and the priest's word is law among them. They have discarded the blanket and wear the garb of the white man. They are helpful to the traveler and can be hired reasonably."

"What is the length of the seasons in

the northern valleys?"

"It is longer than you would suppose. The warm Japan current which makes the coast climate so equable even as far north as Juneau has an influence on the climate of this northern valley. The warm breezes open the spring season three or four weeks

earlier than in Manitoba, hundreds of miles further south, and the winter delays its coming long after the country farther inland is ice-bound. I have found grass eight inches high in April in the Nechaco valley on the Telegraph trail, one hundred miles beyond Quesnelle, and in the fall I have come down the trail as late as November 15th with my horses getting plenty of feed under the light snows that had already fallen. October is the last good month on the trail, however. The winters are not so long nor so severe as in the Arctic regions."

The distances between points on the overland route, as estimated by Mr. Poudrier and others who have traveled over it, are as follows:—

Spokane to Ashcroft	miles
Ashcroft to Quesnelle225	
Quesnelle to Hazleton345	
Telegraph creek to Teslin lake110	"
Teslin lake to Dawson City600	46

The people of Spokane have become interested in the overland route. Already more than two thousand pack horses are in the city and vicinity, all engaged for the journey over the overland route. Contracts for hundreds of outfits have been made, and with the early spring there is every assurance that Spokane will be the scene of the most interesting of all the rushes to the gold fields of the north.

#### TO WHAT END?

STRANGE is my fate, and stranger yet the will By which I urge me onward to its goal, With strife of passion, agony of soul, Longing to do the right and doing ill; Longing for peace of mind, yet in disdain, Spurning sweet Peace and all her pleasant ways, As one who in the quiet Autumn days Of rest and plenty, madly plants and sows, Knowing full well that Winter's bitter snows Will brook no growth and that he toils in vain. Such is my fate. Oh! God, can there be worse For any mortal stricken by thy curse?

## BEFORE THE BLACK CAP WENT ON

#### BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD

In THE dim light a watcher paced slowly back and forth. Sometimes his feet tripped on a jutting block in the stone pavement, but he was learning to accustom himself to its inequalities and to measure his steps by them. His hands were clasped behind him and his head was bent low on his breast, but his ears were all the while alert to detect the slightest sound coming from beyond a closed door on the side of the narrow passage.

Every time that he passed this door he stopped to peer through the small grating in the heavy door, and carefully to inspect the closed apartment, a ceremony in which he was materially assisted by a large kerosene lamp that hung on a bracket in the passage way, with a tin reflector so placed behind it as to send its rays directly through the grating, almost with the brilliance and intensity of a calcium light.

It was now past ten o'clock at night. The sentinel had been marching up and down and looking through this grating on each round, for precisely ten hours. At twelve o'clock he would be relieved, and another man would take up the dreary watch.

There was another watcher in the closed apartment, not less vigilant than the men who patrolled the corridor without, and whom no one would come to relieve. silent watcher sat upon a low couch, his elbow resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands, the picture of complete and abject despair. Every moment that was passing, every step of the tireless sentinel in the passageway without, the solemn clangor of some distant clock as it struck the passing hours, brought its message of woe to the miserable wretch who had shed the blood of a fellow man, and who was to yield up his own life at daybreak, in expiation of the crime.

"We fly, we vanish, we are gone!" cried the moments. "We speed away and disappear, like the golden opportunities of the past. Small and feeble as we are, we join together in one mighty, resistless current that is sweeping you out into an awful night, upon an unknown sea, where you will have neither rudder nor compass."

"We are watching," said the footsteps; "watching with a vigilance that never ceases. We echo the sentiment of all humanity: the humanity that you have so outraged. There is no hope of escape, no chance of mercy. You shall go out, unwilling and unprepared, on this long journey, and you shall depart in such a manner that all men shall turn from you in horror, and the shame of it shall live in perpetual record in the annals of the day."

"Toll! toll!" said the clock. "Toll out the lost opportunities of a wasted life. Hope and Faith and Love are dying. Ring the knell of unavailing remorse. The morrow will see good and evil forever silenced in the cold and pulseless breast."

Such were the messages that were borne in to him. Perhaps they did not take on precisely this form. He was not in a mood where fine words could readily make their way to his blunted senses or his heavy-burdened brain. But he understood.

There was a noise as of a heavy key turning in the lock of the outer door. Both of the watchers lifted their heads and listened. To the man outside any interruption brought an agreeable diversion. The watcher in the cell felt only a dull curiosity. There was no chance for a reprieve. His guilt had been clearly established, and he had no friends.

"Stand back, Fred, and let the lady pass," said the sheriff to his deputy. "It's his mother," he added in an undertone.

"His mother? Great God!"

"I told her it was no use, but she would see him. Watch them every minute. She don't look like one of the cunning kind, but she might try to pass something through the grating. You know your duty."

The sentinel made no reply, but he moved quietly along until he gained a position where he could see everything that passed between the prisoner and his visitor.

The old woman was coarsely dressed, but the deep sorrow in her heart lent a touch of refinement to her worn features. She put her face close to the grating, partially shutting off the light from the narrow cell.

"Jamie, are ye there? It's many a long mile I've traveled to see you, Jamie."

There was a tired quaver in her voice, but what volumes of love and compassion trembled in each halting word!

A stifled exclamation fell from the criminal's lips, and his face, brought by a sudden movement into the glare of the lamp, looked white and ghastly in the darkness around him. He shrank back into the shadows.

"Who do you take me fer?" he demanded in a rough voice, and the deputy, watching outside, leaned forward curiously, for the prisoner's gentle manners and quiet way of speaking had been the subject of general comment.

"Now don't talk that way, Jamie dear!" said the old woman with a sob that was heartrending. "Who should I take you for but my own dear boy, lost to sight for nigh fifteen years?"

There was no response from the man shrinking back into the gloom of the murderer's cell, and after a moment's space she went on:—

"It nigh broke my heart, Jamie, when I saw it in the papers. But I knew they had n't done you justice. I knew you never did it. My poor boy! I'm an old woman, but I've traveled over four thousand miles to tell you mother loves you still, an' knows you never did it."

Still no word from the murderer, crouching back in the silence and shadows.

"Why, Jamie, you could n't 'a' done it!" cried the old lady, and now her voice took on a tone of piteous argument, and was little short of entreaty. "Don't you think mother knows? I who held you to my breast when you were a little, innocent babe. I can see your sweet face now as it nestled on my bosom, with the big eyes and the little rings of gold curling round it. And your hands. Such soft, little, pink, dimpled hands! I used to kiss them, just to see you laugh up at me. Jamie, those little soft hands never took the life of a fellow being. They could n't do it."

The prisoner took a swift step forward and thrust out his great, sinewy hands with a gesture that was mingled appeal and protest. Had the light been better, she might have seen on them the signs of bruises, and one long scar, the mark of a cut received in the struggle with the officers, which weeks of confinement had not effaced.

"O, I know, dear, I 've seen them growing big and hard and strong when you was a boy at home, I've seen them many a time since you went away. Sometimes as I went about my work thinking of you, sometimes when I've been asleep. Strong, helpful hands they were, turned to honest work and helping others about you. And sometimes I've seen them home again, lifting mother's cares, and making her old age happy. You were always such a good tempered little fellow, Jamie, if you were a bit unsteady. You might 'a' gone astray, but this thing — Jamie, Jamie! Why don't you come where mother can see your face? Jamie, it's cruel to ask it, when it can't help you any more; but can't you let mother have the comfort of hearing from your own lips that you never did it?"

"It's time to stop this foolery," said the murderer in a gruff voice, stepping boldly forward into the full glare of the light. "What crazy notion ever put it into your head, old woman, that I was your son?"

He seemed to call all that was base in his nature to his face as he spoke. It would have taken a keener vision than that of his wan-eyed visitor to trace in the low-browed, scowling face, any resemblance to the innocent babe that had slept on her breast or the merry boy who had played about her knee.

The old woman's bent figure straightened with hurt dignity at the brutality of this speech, but she still kept her face close to the grating, while her eyes bravely searched the hardened face of the young ruffian.

"That's right! Take a good look at me!" he said, with an attempt at a rough laugh. "Look me over well, and tell me if you see anything about me that reminds you of that precious milk-and-water boy of yours."

But an uncertainty that was worse than assurance was the only result of the old woman's long inspection.

"I thought I'd know. I thought I'd be sure to know," she murmured. Then she spoke out sharply:—

"Are ye my boy? Tell me the truth, as you will stand before your Maker on the morrow."

The deputy listened eagerly for the

answer. He knew, as well as the prisoner, that the swift and merciless sentence that had been measured out to him had been due, in no small part, to the fact of his own friendlessness and the popularity of the man whose life he had taken. The deed had been committed in the heat of passion and under strong provocation. Should a new element be introduced into the case, in the person of this feeble old mother, the death sentence might be commuted, even in the eleventh hour. But the prisoner's countenance seemed to harden more and more as he replied.

"Do you think if I'd had a good mother waiting at home, I'd have done this thing I'm to hang for to morrow?" he demanded. "Let me tell you it's the fellows that don't have mothers—mothers of the right kind—that do such things. My mother was the kind you decent women draw your skirts aside to let pass. She was a woman of the town—curse her!" he said doggedly.

Had the old lady's eyes not been so dimmed by tears, she might have seen the beads of sweat that stood on the murderer's forehead, as he thus deliberately renounced all claim to the only ray of human love or sympathy that had come to illuminate his dark doom.

"You would n't deceive me, sir, and I a poor old woman, come so far, just for the sake of seeing my boy once again? It don't stand to reason he'd disown his old mother. There 's still a look about the eyes, and a trick of speech that 's so like my Jamie."

"A pretty compliment you pay that model son of yours, when you hunt up a likeness to him in a gallows bird. Can't you get it through your head, old lady, that I killed the man in cold blood? And he was n't the first, by a long shot, I've sent to their last reckoning. You need n't worry your good old soul about me. I did the thing, and I'm going to swing for it. That's law and justice, ain't it?"

"But the name. It's not a common name, my Jamie's," insisted the old lady, and in her eyes he could see a great hope growing. A sudden thought came to him.

"Was your son a slim, brown-haired young fellow, quiet spoken, and with a smile for everybody?"

"When he left home, sir. But they tell such tales of what the West does for young men. I thought maybe he had changed." "I'll tell you a thing not even the officers know," declared the prisoner, dropping his voice to a confidential tone and approaching the wicket. "Youk now men in my line sometimes find it convenient to have a change of name or so. 'Aliases,' we call them."

"I've heard of such things," said the

lady faintly.

"Well, a few years ago I got into a little scrape down in Arizona, and made up my mind it would be healthy to have a change of residence and a new name. There was a man down there, a regular tenderfoot who'd been out West long enough to get well seasoned, but he'd never learned our ways. Some of them never do. This young man might have done right well in a different place, but down there no one needed to look at him twice to see he was cut out for failure. Wanted to make his fortune in a day at the mines, and all that sort of thing! He had a hard time of it among the boys. They made game of him right and left, and called him so many pet names that everybody forgot his own. But he showed up white in the end. One of the toughest of the crowd fell sick with the small-pox, and when everybody else was afraid to go near him, what does this man do — this chickenhearted fellow that does n't dare touch a six-shooter — but go and nurse him through it. The 'rustler' got well, but the man who nursed him died."

The felon stopped to see what effect his words were having on his visitor, but the old lady's face wore an anxious, uncomprehending look. He resumed his story.

"This was the time I was telling you about, when I got into a sight of trouble and wanted to give the officers the slip. The name I had was worn out in the service. I needed to change it, just as I had changed my clothes and the cut of my beard. Here was this poor fellow, with a name he had no more use for. I liked the sound of it. James Clyde Marsden. That's it, to a letter!—Look out there! She'll fall!" he cried to the deputy, who was still listening curiously to this singular interview.

But she did not fall. The momentary weakness was soon past, and when she lifted her head there was a strange new dignity in her face, and a sweet serenity in

her manner.

"Where did they lay him? my boy!"

"In the northeast corner of the graveyard, down in Tucson. There was n't any marble-yard there in those days. They put a wooden cross to mark it. No name on it. No Bible verse. But you ask for the grave of the man who nursed Three-fingered Jack through the small-pox, and any of the boys'll show it to you. Mind you, that's all the way they knew him. There's not one of 'em that'll remember his name rightly."

The old lady hesitated for a moment

longer.

"God bless you, whatever you are or whatever you life has been," she said brokenly. "You've given me back my boy. He's mine, now. Sin might have put him

from me. But not the grave."

She thrust her thin, wrinkled hand through the grating, and the deputy, who witnessed the movement, did not interfere, as she placed it on the felon's bowed head. He stood there, motionless, where she left him, but as the rustle of her dress died away in the dim passageway the man flung his arms across the narrow shelf below the grating, and bringing his face close to the bars, caught a last glimpse of the slight, feeble figure and the wrinkled face, as she passed out into the night.

"He's got nerve," said the new deputy admiringly to his superior, as the latter entered the jail next morning. Did n't sleep a wink from the time I came on at midnight, but paced up and down till you'd think he'd be ready to drop. Did n't want to eat when they fetched in his breakfast this morning, but when I told him it would brace him up and help him to act like a man, he fell to with a will. Says he has something to say, and wants all his strength."

"I don't like these speeches on the scaffold," said the sheriff impatiently. "There's nothing to be gained by them, and before a man's through he generally breaks down, and half the people are whimpering along with him. A man that's game has n't a word to say beyond a quiet 'Goodby, gentlemen.' It's always these weak scamps that want to pule and drivel, and beg off at the last. I more than wish the job was off my hands."

/ But when the man who was known as James Marsden walked upon the scaffold, it was with a firm step. Standing under the noose, he made his last speech, and it is remembered to this day by all who listened to it.

"I haven't anything to say about the justice of the court that sent me here, and I'm not going to deny that I deserve my sentence," he began. "I only want to say a word of warning to those among you who may sometime come to the turning point between good and evil, and not be settled as to which way you'll go. If you have n't enough respect for yourselves to turn your back on temptation; if you have n't principle, or friends, to keep you to the right, remember the good old mother at home, and the broken heart she'll carry if her boy goes wrong. I tell you all the schools, and all the churches, and all the ministers, in the land, can't do as much to redeem men from evil ways, as the memory of a good mother's words, if a man will only hearken to them."

He waited for a moment, and saw that his words had gone home, by the hush that had fallen on the rough crowd of spectators, typical gathering of the sort in a Western town. The sheriff thought he had finished, and was about to lay his hand on the murderer's shoulder, when the man's manner suddenly changed, and he went on, with a singular alteration of speech and manner:—

"I say these words to such of you as have good mothers. I never had one worth the name. It's because I was the child of an outcast, a drunken, reeling drab of the streets, that I'm here today. Now I'm

ready, gentlemen."

The black cap was pulled over his head, and the noose was adjusted. As the soul of James Marsden sped out into Eternity, a south-bound train pulled out of the depot, and his mother started on her quest for a stranger's nameless grave.



OLD TIME STAGE DRIVERS OF THE WEST COAST

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN

THE old stage drivers of the Pacific Slope during the fifties and sixties,—nearly all of whom have themselves been driven over the "Great Divide"—were the last of their race. Time was, however, when the man who held the ribbons over a six-horse team on the summits of the Sierra and in the cañons of the Coast and Cascade ranges was more highly esteemed than the millionaire or the statesman who rode behind him. He was, moreover, the best liked, and the most honored personage in the country through which he took his right of way. He was often a "hail fellow well met," but he was the autocrat of the road at all times. His orders were obeyed with the greatest celerity, and he was always the first to be saluted by the wayfarer, the passenger, the hostler, the postmaster, and the man at the door of the wayside inn. Our Sierra Jehu, was generally an American, in most cases from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Missouri, New Hampshire, or Maine.

All, or nearly all, of his class had been through grammar or higher schools,—some of them colleges, as well,—and a majority of them had

pronounced opinions on politics and theology and could converse rationally and cleverly on all ordinary subjects. All were gentlemanly and accommodating and favorites with the women who lived along their routes, few of whom they addressed except by their Christian names, while the pretty, plump, sixteen-year-olds they would tap familiarly under their chins. Some of the Jehus were young and green in the service, but the majority were grim and gray and professionally artistic. There were those who never indulged in liquors or wines of any kind; there were those who occasionally "spreed it," and there were those who could not keep their teams on the grades unless they took a "couple of fingers" at every inn and "joined" the "outside traveler" moderately often between "changes." No person ever gave a California stage driver a small coin, as one would a porter or a waiter; but a nice slouch hat, a fine pair of boots, a pair of gloves, silk handkerchiefs, or good cigars, were always acceptable. These old-time drivers all dressed in good taste. Their clothes were of the best cloths, made to order; their boots and gauntlets fine fitting and of good pattern, and their hats of a cream-white, half stiff and half slouch. Most of them used tobacco in various forms. Many of them were perfect Apollos.

One of the best-known of all Sierra whips was "Alfred," a mulatto, who for a number of years, up to the time of his death, drove a stage daily between Wawona and Yosemite valley. Probably no man, living or dead, has ever driven so many illustrious people. Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Blaine, Schurz, Sherman, Senator Stewart, Senator Morgan of



Alabama, and hundreds of other Senators and Congressmen; governors of many of the States; Bull Run Russell, George Alfred Townsend, Charlie Nordhoff, John Russell Young, and scores of other eminent journalists; Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Tom Hill, C. D. Robinson, and other famous artists; Mrs. Langtry, Lady Franklin, the Princess Louise, and many hundreds of other persons of consequence, have been taken into the great Yosemite by Alfred.

He never had an accident; always made time, either way, to a minute; knew every peak and tree and rock and cañon and clearing and hut and streamlet by the wayside. He was of medium stature, and weighed 165 pounds; he dressed neatly and wore the whitest and handsomest gauntlets of any driver in the Sierra. He was of a melancholy nature, ofttimes driving the entire distance from Wawona to Inspiration point without uttering a word

or relaxing a feature. But if he had a jolly crowd behind he would watch his team carefully and listen radiantly to the jokes, stories, conundrums, and conversation, of those in his charge.

The last time I saw Alfred I was a Yosemite commissioner, and went over the mountains with him alone. He had on a new pair of gauntlets sent him by Senator Morgan of Alabama and a fine whip presented by Mrs. Langtry. He said that he had never permitted but one man to take the reins from him in his life, and that was President Grant.

"The General drove nearly all the way to Inspiration point," said Alfred, "and lighted at least four cigars. He took in everything along the road, and made all the turns as perfectly as an old driver. I had a fine crowd that day, — the General and Mrs. Grant and Ulysses, Jr.; Mr. Young, who has since been Minister to China and is now Librarian of Congress; and there was Miss Jennie Flood, the only daughter of the wealthy bonanza man, who was jilted by young Grant; Miss Dora Miller, the only daughter of Senator Miller, who is now the wife of Commander Clover, United States Navy, and Miss Flora Sharon, who afterwards married Sir Thomas Hesketh of England. Miss Sharon was the prettiest girl I ever carried into the valley, and Mrs. Langtry the most beautiful and agreeable woman. I have received presents from all the members of the Grant family. The General himself gave me a silver-mounted cigarcase containing eight cigars, and the girls sent me gloves and candy.

On the 17th of August, 1878, I rode over one of the summits of the Sierra from Quincy, Plumas county, to Oroville, Butte county, upon the seat with "Cherokee Bill." This driver was not an Indian, but a regular Buckeye from the Western Reserve. He was a stout, clumsily-put-together creature, with stub beard, and drove a four-horse mud wagon. He was rather more moroselooking and slovenly in his dress than most Sierra drivers, being clad in overalls and woolen shirt, but wearing good gloves and the regulation hat. I was the only passenger except an old clergyman, who occupied the middle seat on the inside. We left Quincy at six in the morning, with not a cloud in the sky. At ten the entire heavens

were overcast, it began to sprinkle, and distant mutterings of thunder could be heard. At eleven o'clock, when within a thousand feet of the summit, we encountered the full violence of the storm. I had never seen lightning, thunder, and rain, like it. The rain descended not in torrents, but in shafts; the lightning flashed almost incessantly, and the thunders made a continuous roar, with now and then a crash which resembled the fall of a hundred or more of the most noble taxodiums of the forest. I said to Bill, although I was already completely drenched:—

"I guess I'll crawl inside."

"No!" he replied, "you don't want to get in with that thing; he refused to bury my poor boy a few months ago because he had n't been baptized. I wish one of these pines would strike him dead. He's one of those old duffers who believes that our babies come into the world to be damned, and claims that it is wicked to bury a fellow-being if he has n't been baptized by some old preacher like Kalloch. I'd like to run him off into the cañon."

We reached the summit at twelve o'clock, and here a sight presented itself such as I had never seen before. The storm had spent itself on the summit and had been swept into the stupendous chasms surrounding, with all of its celestial pyrotechnics and deafening artillery; and from a sunny elevation seven thousand feet in the air we could behold the jubilee of elements below. I saw Hooker's fight in and above the clouds on Lookout mountain, at the commencement of the Atlanta campaign. reminded of that memorable episode by the sight before me, except that, instead of the din of small arms and the infernally-demoralizing "Rebel yell," the roar of heaven's artillery in the Sierra that 17th day of August was like that of ten thousand battles in the clouds. Bill reined up so that I could stand and get a good view, at which the inside passenger stuck his head out of the window and asked:-

"What is the matter, driver? What are you stopping here for?"

Bill was ferocious, and replied, "I'm listening to the salute the Almighty is firing

over my poor boy's grave."

The preacher said no more, and I told Bill to drive on, which he did, but quietly said to me: "Do you think that preacher

would ask for my certificate of baptism if he had a chance to bury me? Not much."

For many years "Baldy" Green was a favorite driver in the Sierra, but in 1866, and for a long time afterwards, he drove out of Virginia City, Nevada, on the Austin drive as far as Big Ned's, seventy-five miles from Virginia. He was nearly six feet in height and proportionately built, and was altogether as handsome a man as one could wish to meet. His eye was large, lustrous, and beautiful. His moustache was perfect. He wore a number seven boot and had a hand like a woman's. There was a sparseness of hair on his head and he was known as Baldy in consequence... To have addressed him as Mr. Green would have been as totally out of place as it would be to address Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker as Birdie.

He once drove Ben Holladay and the writer from Virginia City to Austin, 185 miles, in seventeen hours. He also let himself out thirty odd years ago upon Vice-President Colfax and party between Big Ned's and Virginia City, putting them over the road on one occasion forty-five miles in four hours. He was fond of John Barleycorn, and took his "snifters" with exceeding regularity. As a judge of that ambrosial decoction known as whiskey-punch Baldy Green was an accomplished juror.

Baldy had whips and canes and gloves and hats given him by Colfax, Richardson, Bross, Bowles, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Judge Carter, Hepworth Dixon, Captain Burton, Brigham Young, Jr., Ned Adams, John McCullough, Setchell, Senators Sharon, Fair, Stewart, and Nye, Tom Fitch, "Artemas Ward," and Jerome Leland. He had driven Forrest, Booth, Billy Goodall, the Western Sisters, Susan and Kate Denin, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, Sher Campbell, Jerry Bryant, Barry Sullivan, Starr King, Talmage, Bishop Kip, Horace Greeley, "Yankee" Sullivan, John C. Heenan, Barrett, and scores upon scores of eminent men and women representing all professions and pursuits.

"Artemas Ward," said Baldy, "was the funniest man I ever had on the seat with me, and dear Ned Adams the jolliest. We sang and drank and told stories and laughed all the way. Mark Twain has ridden with me, but I never liked him. He seemed to study a long time before he said anything funny. And he never gave me a cigar or

asked me to take a drink in his life. Joe Goodman was a good fellow. Jim Nye could rattle off stories all day. Tom Fitch was always broke. Ben Holladay was the most profane man I ever knew. Johnny Skae was always going to send me a new hat or some gloves, but they never reached me. Bill Stewart never said turkey to any one. General Winters and General Avery were generous to a fault.

"Doctor Talmage once rode with me and said he could see God in all the tree tops. 'Do you drink?' he thundered in my left ear one night. I thought sure he was going to pull out a flask. But he did n't. He just said: 'You should n't.' Then he pointed to a new moon and said: 'There's no water in that moon.' And I just hazarded the reply that there was a lucky crowd up there, and then he opened his mouth like a cavern and shouted, 'Ha!' so loudly that my team came near running away. But that man Starr King was a glorious person. The music of his voice still lingers in my ear. Charley Forman was a generous fellow, everybody liked him. John McCullough was a pleasant chap, I tell you, and he could get away with a good many drinks between drinks. Heller went out of Virginia with me once and every once in a while he would take an egg from under my nose, or from the tip end of my glove. And once he took hold of my nose as if to blow it, and let fall from it, it seemed, about a dozen half dollars which he rubbed together and then out of sight between his hands and then took them out of my hat. Ah, those happy times will never come again."

Short, stout, jolly Billy Hamilton is known as one of the oldest and best drivers upon the Pacific coast and a man who has owned stage lines in many parts Oregon, Nevada, and California. He could handle the "ribbons" with any of them for thirty years, and commenced staging in 1850. For many years he owned the lines from Colfax to Grass Valley, from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, from Mojave to Independence, and many others. Billy was fond of his "tod" when not driving. For twenty-five years he made more money than he knew what to do with, and he literally threw it away. He was generous to a fault and has loaned more twenty-dollar gold pieces in his life that he could never get back than you could put in a peck measure. I have ridden with Billy in the Sierra, through the Mojave desert, and over the Coast range, and considered him one of the most delightful whips in the world. He weighs 190 pounds and is sixty-five years old, and although he has struck bed-rock pretty closely a number of times, he was often helped out by Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, (who never went back on any of the forty-niners who had done them a service), and now owns a pretty ranch in Kern county, where he resides when he is not at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, playing "cinch" for half bottles of Extra Dry.

Buffalo Jim, who was laid to rest at Merced, in 1881, was a well known Yosemite driver twenty years ago, but had driven at times from Portland, Oregon, to Tuscon, Arizona. I came down from the Valley with him once, when his only other passengers were two women from Los Angeles and two children and an Eastern clergyman. Jim was accounted a good driver, but upon the occasion referred to there was something the matter with the nigh wheel horse (he was driving only four horses), which he attempted in vain to discover. The animal acted worse and worse for about a mile. when at last it commenced to buck and kick and finally broke in the dash board. At this the team started on the run and Jim put down the brake as far as he could and yanked the team with all his might. hat flew off and we went like the wind. The horses all kicked and ran, and I saw he was getting worn out and scared; and although I believe I could have helped him if he would have permitted me, (the two women were my wife and sister, and their children,) I know the peculiarities of these fellows and would not offer assistance, but merely said to those inside in answer to their questions:-

"The team is running away, but don't

jump!"

As we happened to be on a smooth, wide piece of road where there were no big rocks or trees, I felt that the team would run itself tired and that the stage would not be turned over if the harness and brake held and it did not leave the grade. After a run of four miles Jim handed me the lines over the wheelers, saying:—

"Do the best you can, old man, for I am about gone up!"

The harness was getting shaky, and two of the traces had given away, but the undergear, the brake, and the lines, remained all right, and we soon struck a stretch of deep sand and at last brought up the team within a few hundred yards of a swing station, which we managed to reach in bad condition. Jim was limp with fatigue, so much so, that he could not swear properly. We all drew long breaths, although none inside realized the closeness of the call we had just had on that mountain grade.

Hill Beechey, who died at the age of sixty sixteen years ago at Elko, Nevada, was a crack driver away back in the fifties, and was known all over the Pacific coast. He was short and stout and weighed two hundred pounds. He owned many stage lines in California, Nevada, Oregon, and Idaho, and died quite rich. He made himself famous by capturing and bringing to justice the murderers of Lloyd Magruder, a Marylander, and four others, who were killed by three cold-blooded ruffians while returning from some Idaho mining camps with a hundred thousand dollars in gold in 1863.

One of the best known Sierra drivers is "Mr. Church," who for nearly thirty years has driven from Truckee to Lake Tahoe in the morning and back in the evening from May until October. It is a fourteen mile drive, up all the way from Truckee to Tahoe. Mr. Church makes the up trip in about four hours and the return in about three. This is one of the most delightful short drives on the continent. The air is pure and invigorating and the summer sunbeams play hide-and-go-seek in the snowdrifts, which may be seen all the way. The warmest days are tempered by the breezes that chase each other from the snow banks in the Sierra cañons, which always linger in the "lap of summer." Then you have the Truckee river with you all the way that matchless mountain stream of pure, ice-cold water. Tree, brush, and flower, stand up in perfection on either side, and a little bird, with a throat like a thrush, warbles sweet canticles from Truckee to Tahoe. There are often quail, grouse, and deer, to be seen, and twenty years ago it.

was not infrequent that a grizzly blocked the way. Mr. Church is a married man and has an interesting family at Truckee. He has carried a good many thousand people up the Truckee river in his life and has never had an accident. He is a stout, strongly built man of about five feet ten and is sixty years old. He is temperate in all things, smoking one or two choice cigars each way, and taking a good horn

at the end of each trip. He hasnever been sick or intoxicated in his life. He knows every tree and rock on the road, and could make all the turns blindfolded. He is as gentle as a young maid, and invariably sees to it before he starts that wagon, seats-undergear, pole, single-trees and double trees. and harness, are in good order. He always carries an ax, oil, wrench, rope, and washers, and is ready for any emergency after the agent gives the words All set!"

Mr. Church has received an endless number of presents in way of hats and gauntlets, as he has driven hundreds of such liberal men as Leland

Stanford, William M. Stewart, Newton Booth, John P. Jones, Jim Fair, John W. Mackey, Captain Kohl, Charlie Felton, Charlie Crocker, Dan Freeman, Jim Ayers, Duke Gwin, Dick Oglesby, Tom Scott, Colonel Forney, Blaine, Burlingame, Joe Lynch, George Francis Train, Lord Lorne, and Arthur Sullivan.

The last time I saw Mr. Church he was in ecstasies over what he considered the event of his life. He had been carrying President and Mrs. Hayes up the Truckee to Tahoe.

"Mrs. Hayes was such a sweet, pretty woman," said Mr. Church; "I knew she was a person of rigid temperance principles, and so I told her about the ice-cold water that she should have where I watered my team. Then all of a sudden it occurred to me that all there was to drink from was an old

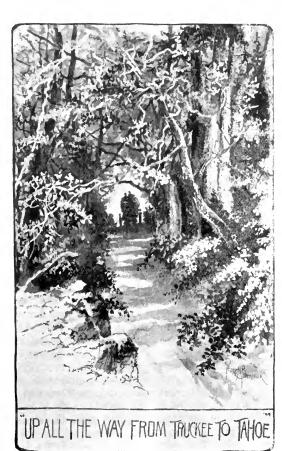
oyster can, and I would have given a month's salary for a nice cup. I broke the matter gently to her, and she said she would rather drink from a tin can at such a place than from a White House glass or cup. But when we reached the place even the tin can was gone. I just wanted to die a rock in my conseat in my mind, and I also took about ten or fifteen minutes longer than usual to one from Tahoe or something to at last I was compelled to tell Mrs.

right then and there. I fell over fusion, took a back water my team, hoping that some would come along with a can, a cup, drink from, but

Hayes that the can had been taken away or had fallen into the river. And then I dipped up some water and rinsed the bucket, as I often do, and then dipped up some more and drank from it. And just as soon as I set it down Mrs. Hayes said,-

"'I must have some of that delicious water, and I want it out of that bucket.'

"I nearly had the staggers. Was it the wife of the President of the United States



who had said, this or had I suddenly become crazy? Well, I dipped up a third of a pailful and she took it up, as I had done, and drank from it, and then the President and all the other passengers followed suit, and then we all laughed and had a right good time over it. Ah, she was a nice, well-bred, lovely woman. I can just see her now drinking out of that bucket. But out of respect to Mrs. Hayes and her husband, no horse nor no human being has ever drank out of that bucket since. Mrs. Church and I consider it the most precious thing we have got in our house next to our children."

This driver was always addressed as "Mr. Church," and although I have known him for nearly thirty years and ridden with him many times, I have never known his Christian name, nor heard him nick-named.

The most notorious whip of the Sierra and the most sought after by Pacific slope trotters for many years was "Hank Monk," who died about ten years ago, aged fifty. And while he was no slouch of a driver, he had never been considered as a strictly firstclass or reliable one. But he stumbled into great notoriety as the man who drove Horace Greeley over the Sierra Nevada mountains from Carson City to Placerville thirty odd years ago. In 1886 I was in Placerville and stopped at the same inn at which Mr. Greeley had stayed over night, and the landlord informed me, in speaking of that drive, that the canvas top of the wagon was torn in two or three places; that Mr. Greeley's hat was knocked in; that the team was white with foam; and that the stage, and harness, and driver, were covered with dirt and mud. "Hank Monk" was rather under stature, wore no whiskers, and did not have that robust-dandy way of many of the Sierra drivers. Upon his return to New York Mr. Greeley sent Monk a gold English hunting case, lever watch and chain and a pleasant Subsequently, believing that Monk was blamable for the many ridiculous stories told of him in connection with his ride, he let go even his meager appreciation for the driver who took him from Carson City to Placerville on time.

Henry Kinkead, once Governor of Nevada, said to me one day in 1881, while we were being driven by Monk from Glenbrook to Carson: "Hank is greatly overrated as a stage driver. I know scores of better ones. But his getting Horace Greeley over the Sierra and down into Placerville 'on time' gave him great notoriety. It was a dreadful drive, and that it didn't kill the old editor was no fault of Monk's. The road was slow and rough and Hank was full of tarantula juice when he left Carson. Hank was thirty-eight years old. In the goodness of Greeley's heart he presented Hank with a gold watch, which he has many times pawned, sold, and managed to get back. But there were so many ridiculous exaggerations and right up and down falsehoods told of that ride that Greeley became very 'tired,' and in reply to a request of Hank, some twenty years ago, for some favor, Horace wrote: "I would rather see vou 10,000 fathoms in hell than ever give you a crust of bread, for you are the only man who ever had the opportunity to place me in a ridiculous light, and you villainously exercised that opportunity, you damned scamp?"

The old story, which as been accepted as the true one, and which will bear re-telling, is that Monk realized that he was compelled to land Mr. Greeley at Placerville at a certain time, and had determined to carry out his instructions, notwithstanding the bad condition of the grade,—and whoever has ridden alone in a mud-wagon down a mountain at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour need not be informed of the affliction of the occupant during, or his appearance at the end of, the ride. As the old story goes, Monk rattled along at a terrific gait, making sharp curves on two wheels at one time, and at the next whirling within an inch of a precipice. The grand old journalist, statesman, and philosopher, had all he could do to hold on, and occasionally pleaded with the driver to take it a little easier, but he, in his own wild Western way, answered: "Keep your seat, Horace; I'll get you there on time." This same old coach was on exhibit at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco, and made hourly trips through the grounds between the Fortynine Mining Camp and the Administration building.

Next to Hank Monk the most widely known and most notorious Jehu on the Pacific coast was Clark Foss, who drove over the St. Helena mountain from Calistoga to the Geysers, a distance of twenty-five miles,



HENRY C. WARD

Between San Francisco and San José
in 1849

"MR." CHURCH Between Tahoe and Truckee

CLARK FOSS Calistoga and the Geysers

A GROUP OF OLD STAGERS

it being sixty-eight miles by boat and train from San Francisco to Calistoga, part of the route being through one of the most exquisite valleys in the world, with sweeps of vineyards and orchards, and grain lands for more than thirty miles on either side, walled in by spurs of the Coast range called the Napa mountains on the right and the Sonoma mountains on the left.

Clark Foss was six feet two inches tall, big correspondingly, and weighed two hundred and sixty pounds. He owned a hotel six miles from Calistoga, where his passengers took dinner, and a dinner that has never been excelled at a wayside inn. There was always lamb, chicken, game, fresh and preserved fruits, numerous vegetables, and the nicest of deserts, also coffee, tea, milk, buttermilk, and pure mountain water. Foss, who will be loved and remembered by all who ever knew her, had charge of this never - to - be - forgotton accessory. Foss," as he was called ten years preceding his death, to distinguish him from his big boy, Charlie, was a lineal descendant of the son of Nimshi, who, as is well known, drove furiously down the grades of Samaria. Thirty years ago Old Foss was undoubtedly the most reckless stage driver on the Pacific coast, and before making the

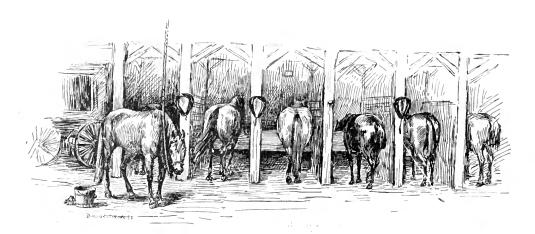
trip down the steep northern side of the mountain he would chain the hind wheels and then whip the team into a startling canter, and the person who went with Clark Foss to the Geysers took his life in his hands. And it was not until he had killed and injured a number of persons and at last turned over his stage and broken fourteen bones in his own body that he concluded that there was no fun in whipping his team down the ungraded side of a mountain. A few thousand dollars' damages ticketed him on the road to good sense. So, after his recovery, he settled up, built a splendid grade, and no person was injured afterward. He was one of the roughest men in the State, and there were few who dared to oppose him or be so blunt as he. He neither drank nor smoked. But he could swear until everything looked blue. He was a gentle husband and father, but everybody and everything else, except Mrs. Foss, had to get out of his way. He could hold, direct, start, and stop, his team by his voice. I have sat on the box with him when he had a six-horse team on the canter, when he would shout, "Down!" and the whole team would come into a trot, and then he would say loudly, "Way down, now!" and every animal would come to a dead stop. Again,

when his team would be approaching a nice long level stretch between his inn and Calistoga he would shout, "Shake'em up now!" and every horse would break into a run which I thought it impossible to check. But he would check them without touching the brake or reining them up, in less than a minute. Still he was generally considered an unsafe driver, and his business fell off so largely a few years before his death that he had to send for his son Charlie, who was driving over the Yosemite road at the time.

Charlie Foss has no superior in the world, probably, in his line. He grew up as a driver among the Coast mountains, then spent several years in Southern California and Arizona, and graduated in the Sierra. He is nearly as tall as his father, being more than six feet, but only weighs 190 pounds. He is temperate in everything and one of the gentlest and most polite fellows I have ever known. He drives from the Geysers to Fossville and return —thirtyfive miles — every day of his life, and never had an accident or a breakdown. There is no prettier grade in America, and the entire drive is picturesque and beautiful. I have sat alongside of Charlie as he drove down the last grade into that Plutonian Paradise at a speed of ten miles an hour, where the curves were so short that many a time I could not see the leaders. He never stops at an inn that he does not minutely examine the harness and the brakes and other parts of the wagon. When he takes his seat he always asks: "Are you all ready, ladies and gentlemen?" or, "is everybody ready?" He invariably halts at the summit, where may be seen a landscape that has few superiors. Mountains, valleys, orchards, and villas, may be seen for a hundred miles when the atmosphere is clear and rare. Pines, redwood, oaks, laurel, spruce, fir, manzanita, and madrono, stand up behind the lush grasses and herbs that embroider the enchanting way, and here and there are silvery streamlets that go gurgling away down to the sparkling Pacific, which may be seen at intervals sixty miles away; and all is enlivened by the notes of birds, and the scamper of game, and the ineffable fragrance of aromatic tree and bush and flower.

Buck Jones, a gray-headed old forty-niner, drove for many years in Sierra and Yuba counties. He was an entertaining fellow and used to delight in telling how Governor F. F. Low once drove a dray in Marysville, and how ex-Lieutenant Governor Johnson and Creed Haymond tended bar in a mining camp on the South Fork of the Yuba, and where and why George C. Gorham and James G. Fair were called the two slippery gentlemen from Slipperyville. This old driver had once mined at Bidwell's Bar and had paid as high as seventy-five cents for an onion and a dollar for a pound of pork. "I saw a gambler take out his pistol and shoot down another gambler," he once said to me, "in cold blood, and then go and help hang a horse thief for the good of the camp." But Buck might have been drawing the long bow in this one instance.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER]





Number 26

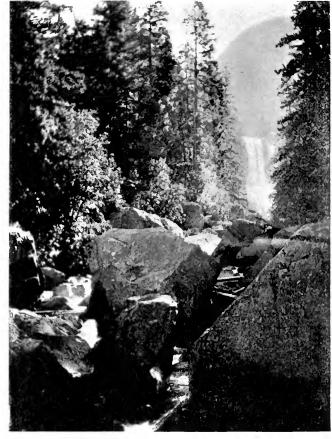
HAMMERSLEY LAKE, DUTCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK

John Somers, California Hotel, San Francisco

# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—IV

AMATEUR photography has taken a really vital hold upon the interest of the pleasure-seeking public. It is of more importance to the summer tourist than his paper novel or his cigarette. In the lonely tramps of the lover of mountain and forest, it is the most sympathetic companion he could possibly have. In the presence of some really grand work of nature there is no danger of the hysterical exclamation, "How pretty!" but with appropriate silence the eye of the camera seizes the beauty of form, of light and shadow: there is a click that the real camera lover might compare to a sigh or an ecstatic "Oh!" and upon the sensitive soul of both man and instrument there is stamped the impression of some fair scene — far from the haunts of men. There is pure joy in the recognition of a

good subject for a picture, and immense gratification in revealing to your admiring relatives and friends the results of such recognition. It goes without saying, if the picture is a beautiful one, that you have perceived the beauty. Without danger of being called sentimental, you suggest your desire to have the memory of this impressive scene always before you. If your collection of photographs is extensive and good, it can be inferred that the mind as well as the camera has been focused so often upon beautiful objects, that it is well stored with pictures and impressions that make the experience richer. Then "hail, blithe spirit,"—hail to thee, O amateur photographer, for in thy somewhat noisy and fluttering search for beauty, thou wilt find many things at which thou mayst level



Number 27 VERNAL FALLS AND CAP OF LIBERTY, YOSEMITE

S. H. Webster, Pullman, Washington

thy kodak with the calm assurance of thy deep poetic soul, and thou wilt be assured, that though rhyme comes not to thee, nor painter's brush with prophecy of fame, science has power to record for thee some of the real joy of living.

So the OVERLAND is rejoiced to say that the photographs come steadily since the suggestion of the prize contest, and we are persuaded that people who care enough for the art to achieve any amount of skill, are almost invariably people of good taste and of poetic judgment. The votes cast for the two sets of pictures in the first contest have resulted in the first prize being awarded to the photograph numbered One and called "Meditation"; second prize to Number

Eleven, "Forest Shadows"; third prize to Number Thirteen, "Lover's Lane."

The subject of "Meditation" is a magnificent setter, seated upon a fur rug, against a background of black. The dog was meditating upon a cat, we are told, who was frivolously frolicking in the sunshine, not realizing that his thoughtful spectator was at that moment in a position that would bring him distinction and fame. The picture was taken at three o'clock in the afternoon, out doors, with a snap-shot by Mr. Douglas Cooper of Ogdensburg, New York. "Forest Shadows," by Alvin H. Waite, speaks for itself. The seamed trunks of the aspiring firs of Washington throw their shadows across the path that leads—out into the



Number 28

"DISCOURAGED"
Mrs. John Miller, Fresno, California



Number 29

"IN THE SHADOW OF THE SIERRAS,"
ON THE SOUTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER, EL DORADO COUNTY
Charles Elmer Upton, Placerville, California



Number 30

A WESTERN ROAD

James G. McCurdy, Port Townsend, Washington



Number 31 FIRST ATTEMPT
Thomas M. Johnson, Bear Harbor, Kenny Post Office, California



Number 32

AT THE WATERING PLACE Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa

light, perhaps, as the tops of the trees pierce high into the sky; though the photograph leaves both of these things to the imagination.

A painter, of course, would say art deals with whole things, and that proportion and perspective would have made a more complete thing of this. But even though he is permitted to call this a study, we wonder if the trunk does not bear the same relation to a tree that a head does to the body? Therefore this amateur has left the limbs to the imagination and snapped a portrait of the most expressive, most beautiful part of the tree.

Lover's Lane has appealed not only to the sentimental, and lovers of beauty in nature, but to the students who believe the oaks on the campus of the University of California the most beautiful they have seen. If these old oaks are symbolic of wisdom, then the light that plays on leaf and limb is like the expression of happiness and serenity that illuminates the faces of the truly wise. The photographer has caught very beautiful lights and shadows in his picture. If one has a vivid imagination, the picture will call forth all the pleasant associations that haunt the place.

The pictures this month exceed the space limits before set, for New York comes into the field in Number Twenty-six; Iowa is represented in Thirty-two and Thirty-three, and the Washington forests are again shown in Thirty. A Yosemite view comes also from Washington State, and several of the numbers are compositions of life, which might be made anywhere. We are glad to have our friends at a distance come in in this way, but we should also like to see the local camera clubs better represented, as indeed they ought to be, as every one knows who has ever attended an exhibition of their prints.

The only competitor who has availed himself of our permission to include a brief description of the scene represented is Mr.



Number 33

ROMEO AND JULIET
Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa

Charles E. Upton, who writes of Number Twenty-nine:—

MSalmon Falls, in El Dorado county, California, though today populated by less than a dozen families, was formerly one of the richest mining camps in the Sierra Nevada foothills. Lying on either side the south branch of the American river, just above the point where the rugged cañons give way to those undulating hills which merge into the valley of the Sacramento, it presents a scene at once lonely and picturesque. Here, in the busy fifties, hundreds of toilers were gleaning the treasures of the river's bed, and nearly three thousand people dwelt in that little village. Today, a marble slab upon a neighboring hill-side marks the grave of the only pioneer who yet remains in his early home: a youth of twenty, the one victim of a dimly-remembered small-pox scourge.

And let not any of our readers vote in this contest without taking into consideration the February group, too, for those two numbers make up the second contest. The pictures in the number with the ballot might be supposed by some people to have an advantage, and yet the first prize in the first contest has gone to the first picture published, and that by a vote that was a clear majority of all votes cast.

The ballot for the second competition, covering the February and March numbers, is to be found in the advertising columns this month, and we hope it will be but little trouble for our readers to fill it out and mail it to us promptly. The amateurs themselves have proved their enthusiasm. Work is the slave of enthusiasm, and the energetic amateur is making good use of his time and opportunity.

# CHUNG'S BABY

#### By PHIL MORE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE WETHERELL

CHUNG'S baby was very small. No one at Washout knew how old the baby was and Chung was very reticent upon the subject. When someone suggested that the baby looked as though he did n't eat enough, Chung shook his pig-tailed head slowly and said, "Well, he not eat much blekfast yet,—bimeby he heap hungry," and

the subject dropped.

Old Wong Yook used to carry the baby up and down in the sunshine for hours at a time in front of Chung's little eating-house, and sing a crooning, weird song that seemed to have no words at all or be only the repetition of one, but Chung's baby looked as though he understood it all and liked it; at least he never cried. When Wong Yook was busy, too, then Chung's baby would sit in a little chair just outside the door and close by the bundle of burning joss sticks, very quiet, and watch the thin thread of lazy smoke drifting upward until his small black eyes stood as still as those of a short, ugly god's in the shop window of Sing Pock around the corner.

Chung's baby always dressed well. His cap had a black silk band around the top with needlework on it, his pink silk jacket was corded, the little yellow silk breeches were tied close to the ankles, and just below peeped out the tiny felt-bottomed shoes, with queer yellow Chinese flowers worked in the black uppers. The big fellows who came down once a month from the Snowbird mine, to have a "little time" at Washout, used to say Chung's baby was a dude, but he did n't seem to notice what they said and went on quietly watching the smoke of the joss sticks in the same dreamy, silent way. Jenny Boies, the barber's wife, insisted that if Chung's baby had n't been a heathen Chinee she 'd bet he saw angels, for "back in Ohi" she'd seen lots of 'em act that same way, and they all died young. Jennie said, "Too good for earth, so they jest went to heaven."

Sometimes a stranger drifted into Washout, and watching the baby sitting all along.

and so quiet, would ask where its mother was. Then everyone would look blank until Jennie Boies, or Ed Walsh, the butcher, or some one else who had lived at Washout ever since it had its mining boom, long since "busted," would say: "Don't know nothin' about that kid's mother; he's just Chung's baby, that's all."

If Chung's baby had ever been the object of a mother's love and care, no white man or woman at Washout knew it. A tiny heathen waif, of little consequence and no especial care, which in the ebb and flow of life's great ocean had drifted into this far away settlement in the Sierra,—that was

Chung's baby.

Opium Billy was tending Chung's baby this hot August afternoon. It was very warm in the sun, and the sun seemed to shine everywhere. Just around the corner of Chung's cabin there was a little shade, however, made by the lean-to, and here



Billy placed Chung's baby's chair. Billy drove, with a pice of rock, two nails into the side of the cabin and two sticks about four feet long into the sand a couple of feet away from the wall and fastened at the four corners something that looked remarkably like Jennie Boies's calico apron. It made a very good awning, however, and Chung's baby looked satisfied. Then Billy sat down on the ground with his back against the cabin and began to drive the flies away with a piece of sagebrush.

It was now two years since over the rough mountain pass there had come this shambling, ragged, foot-sore tramp, who had dropped into Washout and stayed there because the desert lay in front and the weary mountains behind, and ambition or object to attempt either was absolutely wanting in Billy. And so he became a citizen of Washout and a part of its hot, listless life. Sometimes he helped Ed Walsh about his shop, or brought water from the spring in the cañon for Jennie Boies, getting a bite to eat for these "chores," and then tending Chung's baby when he could, and so earning a chance to "hit the pipe." If Billy had ever had any spirit, any hope, any ambition, all were gone. The only time when the dull eye brightened was when it had a look like glass and seemed to be fixed on some far-away object, telling that the system was saturated with opium. If there had been better days they were a shadow as indistinct and intangible as those which the shifting fog on the mountain peaks scattered down the cañons late in autumn, heralding the winter rains.

It grew hotter as the afternoon wore on, and the sun, driving out the last shadow from Billy's retreat, beat down through Jennie Boies's apron and Chung's baby looked warm. Billy pulled himself together and got up, took the improvised awning down, tucked it into his ragged coat pocket, gathered up Chung's baby under his arm, and went into the cabin.

The front room was empty, and Billy went on into the little dark room in the rear, where Chung and the baby slept. Billy lighted a little tin lamp that stood on a bracket over the head of the bunk, pulled the blanket off the bunk and spread it on the floor, put the baby on it and gave him a box of wooden dominoes to play with.

Then Billy took from under the bunk a long narrow pine box and opening it spread out its contents. He fastened the circular stone bowl to the long bamboo stem without a mouth-piece, and laid the pipe down. His hand went under the bunk again, and this time he brought out a little rough board. head-rest about eighteen inches long. Billy took the lighted lamp from the bracket, put it in the bare bunk, then, lying down, he placed the head-rest under his head, and thus lying, twisted with a bamboo sliver a little black sticky ball from the tiny bottle, cooked the dark mass, carefully turning it in the flame of the lamp, kneading it at times on the pipe plate with the sliver, and finally held it to the flame of the lamp, and drawing the smoke through the great stem, inhaled it and then sent it forth from his lungs through his nostrils in bluish white puffs. The atmosphere of the room grew close and heavy, and the only sound was the click of the dominoes as Chung's baby tossed them about on the floor.

How hot the sun was, and how like a great ball of molten gold it looked through the thick hazy air. And every instant it seemed to come nearer, until its heat was intolerable. When the haze broke for a moment, yonder there were green fields and waving corn in tassel, and on the hillside farther beyond, the cool shade of low-branched trees where leaves faintly rustled in a far-away breeze. There was the sound, too, of running water and the smell of fresh-cut clover such as the far-off meadow of the dear home farm among the New York hills used to load the air with in the waning June days.

Then all went out in the thickening haze, and Opium Billy was up and fighting in the fire and smoke that filled that little room in Chung's cabin! Something soft under his feet and like a flash of lightning into that brain driven, forced from its opium besotting into intelligence, pierced the thought, "Chung's baby!" and Billy was down on the floor, groping for the little bundle. He found it and as ever very quiet.

"Save Chung's baby!" In that absorbthought he lost the consciousness that fire burns and smoke suffocates. God! how hard the fight was for the door. Once across the room, but only the smooth partition slipping under his fingers. Back again,



falling over the burning bunk, prostrate on the floor. So long in getting up!—but at last up again, reaching out with one hand, holding that precious burden with the other. Sense enough left to try and wrap that ragged coat around the tiny form and press the face against his breast to keep off the deadly suffocating fire and smoke.

Strength going very fast now in that flame battle. Thank God!—at last, it is the latch of the door, and Opium Billy, staggering through the front room of the cabin, fell like a log in the narrow street!

They were very tender hands, though roughened with common toil, that took from Billy's arms Chung's baby. They buried them side by side up the cañon where the winter rains called to life the golden poppies until the little mounds were lost to view under the yellow mantle. Jennie Boies said she'd "heerd preachers back in Ohi. and plenty of em too, Baptist and Meth'dist, preach 'bout Christian and heathen, and tell where they all went to; and mebbe Billy was an opium fiend, but he done his duty like a man and that good 'nough religion for Washout."

## THE CHINESE MOTIF IN CURRENT ART

BY MARY BELL

SAINT GEORGE who destroyed the dragon in Britain has no parallel in China.

Hence the monster guards the way into every gate of

the way into every gate of the Celestial regions. Its scaly coils twist upon the seal of the emperor and its claw is placed upon all the decrees of the empire. It is the most prominent creature in all their religious ceremonies, and is used extensively in the decorations of their temples. The dragon and its many thousand coiled, clawed, widemouthed relations serve every possible capacity in the home, -to designate rank, as fetish, ingeniously devised as lamps, vases, and as the principal decoration of drapery and china.

This fantastic, half-terrible creature of the imagination is most wonderfully conceived and represented in bronze, gilt, embroidery, and on china, by men that are not recognized as artists or as geniuses, but are unknown workmen in that nation where individualism does not exist. From our standpoint the æsthetic life of the Chinese is very narrow. No one has attempted to study their psychology and give us a representation of it, even to the extent that Lafcadio

Hearn has analyzed the Japanese, but that an aesthetic life does exist, complicated, wonderful, and — shall we say, beautiful?— is evident from the love of color and beautiful textures and the marvelous variety of those creatures of their imagination,— an imagination which, though of different kind, has surpassed ours in de-

gree. Has any Anglo-Saxon mind conceived such impossibilities, fascinating in their hideousness, as the Chinese gods or the Chinese devils? How ingenious they have been in weaving their symbols of life, death, happiness, eternity, into even the most mechanical of their devices — their toys, for instance. But though we of the Occident have long considered the Chinese as ingenious, skilful, and imaginative, we are unwilling to admit that their work is high art. We class it rather as decorative art of a fine type than truly as fine art.

Our noblest Christian art is a luminous tribute to idealism. Chinese art goes further; it is a profound protest against reality. As almost all of the creatures of their strictly decorative art are unreal and imaginative, so by other means they reveal to us unrealities in their approaches to high art. Landscape is the only fit subject for a picture, portrait painting being considered



POSTER BY GREENBAUM



CHARCOAL BY NAPPENBACH

third rate; for it deals with individuals, their portraits being of value only to the relatives after the original is dead. A portrait is ordered with the coffin, and when completed bears little of the flesh and blood likeness that we cherish in the portraits of our ancestors. Color is used for decorative work solely, the unreality being further obtained in the classical high art by the use of black and white alone. It is said that the Chinese name but five colors: black,

red, ts'in, white, yellow;—"ts'in being the color of life, of the last, of olives, of bamboo skin, the deeper color of the rock." The very definition of this word, given in an ancient dictionary, appeals to us as of æsthetic beauty and capable of revealing high artistic truth, but instead, that somberness exists, caused by lack of color and reality. There is an entire absence of shadows, suggesting the pervading quality of light. The foreground is



A sketch by E. C. Peixotto, in 1892

IN THE CHINESE RESTAURANT

usually obscured by clouds, and in the distance,—

The far dreaming mountains That sleep in the sky.

Perspective is lacking,—something that seems like an incongruity, unless we are to be impressed with the nearness of ideality behind the clouds of realism.

It is marvelous how few strokes of the brush it requires to produce the painting.

In an article in the Contemporary Reriew we are told that Chinese pictures are made up of the eight strokes of the typical Chinese character, and that those characters are very pictures to the initiated archæologist and the reverent Chinese scholar, who, mindful of their origin, uses them only for purposes of art.

Our limited knowledge of the psychology of the Chinese makes it impossible to interpret these landscapes by means of our



own æsthetic experience, but we perceive the magic by which the Oriental painter's brush, with a few strokes,

reveals the characteristics and peculiarities of so many of those strange creatures they use for decoration and ornamentation,—"a spider in a wind-shaken web, a dragon-fly riding a sun-beam, a pair of crabs running through sedge, the trembling of a fish's fins in a clear current, the



tilt of a flying wasp, the pitch of a flying duck, a mantis in fighting position, or a semi toddling up a cedar branch to sing. All this art is alive, intensely alive, and our corresponding art looks absolutely dead beside it."

Certainly nature is last of all preted. The beauty of love, symmotherhood, revealed by the in Chinese art. What Lafcadio also of the Chinese. For them the Love, which plays the chief part the Oriental finds it impossible to is yet to discover its greatest yet to possess its first romantic

In the meantime we are seizing We have long recognized

the gods among us to be interbolized by Venus, the beauty of Sistine Madonna, have no parallels Hearn says of the Japanese is true Eternal Feminine does not exist. in our art, literature, and religion. comprehend. The Christian world landscape artists; Chinese art is painting or character study. hold of their neglected opportun-

Chinese picturesqueness and we have regarded with curiosity Chinese character and customs, but we are only just

beginning to understand them and their relation to the West. They have become a recognized factor of American life, consequently a fit subject for American artists. Literature has preceded and been the inspiration of art, and it promises to lead in this Bret Harte's "The Heathen Chinee is Peculiar," brought upon us a flood of burlesque sketches that lasted but a short time. The Chinese are not fit subjects for cari-



cature, - neither is the stolid, hard-working Dutch peasant. and who shall say that a Western artist will not some day discover the mysterious relation of these toilers to our civilization, and be better able to paint a great picture with this familiar subject, than after a year's study of wooden shoes and peasant caps in Hol-





A CAT AND A CHERUB Helen Hyde

In literature we already have something really good and strong. Chester Bailey Fernald in the "Cat and the Cherub," by making a strong local background for his exquisite little American-born Cherub, prophesies almost in words the artistic possibility of such situations. The child is the most comprehensible to us and we think the children will follow little Hoo Chee most rapidly through the gates of art. Our idealism reads so much into the expression of the face that it will be hard for the artist to please the critic with the immobility of the Chinese adult portrait, but a prophetic imagination can, and has already, endowed them with visible emotion.

There has been absolutely nothing written of what has been done by American artists with Chinese life in the past, but the critics will probably find the new field for their praise or blame very soon.

Theodore Wores was probably the pioneer in dealing with Chinese subjects, and many years ago he made a name for himself by his illustrations of Chinese life. He studied it carefully both in San Francisco and in China, and has done some things that have

brought him honorable mention on the Atlantic coast and abroad.

Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan, well known for her original and imaginative drawings of child life, has with delicate perception pictured the Chinese child in that Fairyland from which no boy or girl is far separated. The Chinese world of unreality, being farther in the clouds than ours, is inhabited by more of the fantastic, the grotesque, and the marvelous.

The Chinese fairy tales offer a wonderful land for an artist's imagination to visit. One of Mrs. Wheelan's most original conceptions, full of humor as well as pathos, is Cupid lost in China, a little Greek Cupid with exquisitely rounded and dimpled arms, and golden hair. His bow and quiver have fallen to the ground and he gazes with dismay, at a lonely little Chinese maiden, of marriageable age, sitting in state, who could assure him, by her own unpierced heart, that there is no room for Love in all of great big China.



A "BIT" BY MARTINEZ



WOOD-CUT BY L. C. CHAMBERLAIN AFTER A STUDY IN OIL BY WORES MADE IN 1882

Miss Helen Hyde seems to have made a careful study of Chinese characters, and one is inclined to identify her with the Lady that lived in the Land of Glittering Things. Certain it is that she has found an attractive little cherub for her model of Hoo Chee, which was recently exhibited at the Sketch Club, and many others of her studies reveal careful thought and execution.

Nappenbach is peculiarly happy in his selection of subjects. They are probably not the most Oriental streets he could find, but those most characteristic of Chinatown in San Francisco. The coloring is brilliant and the scene picturesque, but the spirit of America guards the streets, though none but Chinese figures shuffle down the sidewalks.

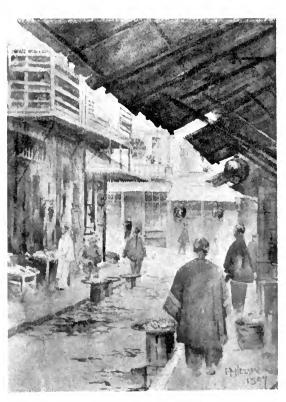
The work of Neilson and Chris. Jorgenson produces upon one that sense of mystery and romance that the streets of Chinatown have for the uninitiated.

Several strong and dramatic scenes in that remarkable play "The First Born" are good material for good artists. The great appreciation that the public has shown the work of Francis Powers, suggest that a like interest would be stirred by equally strong situations in art.

The character studies of Solly Walter in pen and ink are revelations. The Chinese scholar, the merchant, the opium smoker, the vegetable dealer, the nurse, and the child, are seen in their dignity, their picturesqueness, humor, or pathos.

We feel that in this new field for us to conquer perhaps we may obtain suggestions from the Chinese art itself. With them irregularity is the chief beauty. Repetition of color, form, position, in any work of art is unpardonable. Our conventional patterns in carpets and wall paper appear to them as evidences of æsthetic vulgarity. The curved line is the line of beauty to the Oriental eye, and is used in all work not intended to represent ugliness or sin. The straight line, used so much in Greek art to designate repose and simplicity, finds no place in the intensely alive artistic work of the Orientals.

The effect of spontaneity obtained by the



A CHINATOWN STREET BY F. P. NEILSON

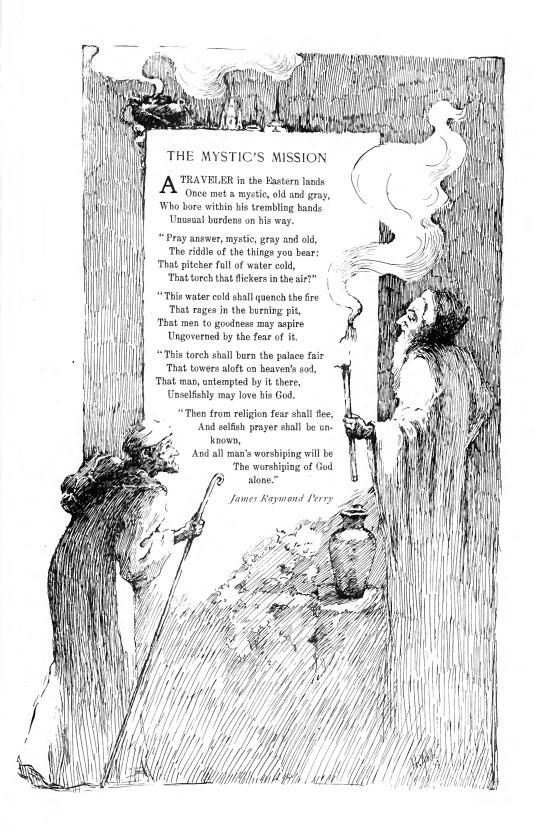


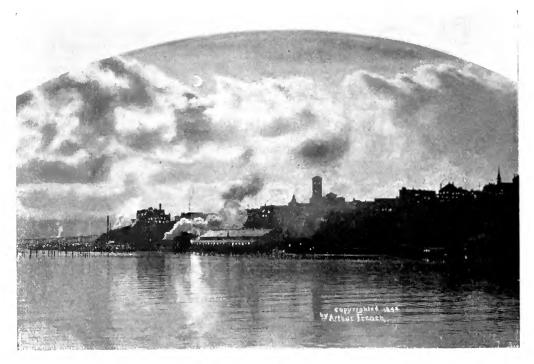
A PEN SKETCH BY REDMOND

irregularity, and the action and vigor brought about by the use of the curved lines, united with the wonderful imagination and idealizing power of the Chinese, should have power to assist us in penetrating the mystery with which they have clothed themselves in presence of the Western civilization. At the core, all human nature is

the same, and present incongruities and absurdities in our attitude toward the Chinese will fade away when we realize what true elements of picturesqueness, beauty, and variety, these beings from the farthest East have grafted upon our unpicturesque, yet vigorous life in California, where the New World meets the Old.







MOONLIGHT ON TACOMA HARBOR

# **TACOMA**

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

By S. E. ROTHERY

FROM a village of some two hundred souls in 1872, to a well-built and prosperous city of over fifty thousand inhabitants, is the history in brief of the city of Tacoma called by George Francis Train "the City of Destiny." An unsurpassed harbor, railroads, and natural resources, combined to form the framework on which an active, healthy people have built up this lusty young northern city. Now, nothing can impede the growth nor mar the future development of this city; for its foundations are well and carefully laid. Nothing can rob Tacoma of her commerce nor remove from her her natural resources. Built on the terraced banks and plateau overlooking one of the finest harbors on the globe,—a

harbor deep and capacious enough to shelter the combined navies of the world,—and situated on the shortest line between the Eastern States, Europe, and the Orient, the city has an absolute assurance of commercial progress and stability.

It was in 1872 that the commission sent out by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company selected the present site of the city of Tacoma as the western terminus of the railroad. The commission had examined the various towns that had been built up earlier along the eastern shore of Puget sound; they had explored the numerous other available localities where prosperous towns have since sprung up. In one case the shore line did not offer convenient facili-



ties for communication between the railroad and the shipping, in another the harbor was not sheltered from the storms that sweep over the sound two or three times during each winter. in another the townsite was too low, offering unfavorable conditions for drainage, and exposed to floods from the overflow of the rivers emptying into the sound; in another the approaches were unfavorable for a line of railroad. Thus one after another was rejected until Tacoma was reached.

Here alone was there a combination of favorable circumstances that satisfied the commission. Commencement bay, an inlet opening from the sound with a width of about two miles and extending southeasterly about four miles, offers a perfect land-locked harbor with a depth of water so great that anchorage for vessels can be found only along the northern and easterly shores. Along the city front large buoys have been anchored at a short distance from the shore. where the largest vessels may be safely moored when not loading or discharging beside the wharves. Brown's point, to the north, Vashon island, opposite the entrance to the bay on the west, and the high bluff of the town on the other two sides effectually protect the harbor from high winds and storms. The town rises from the east from the sound level, near the mouth of the Puvallup river, and as the railroad enters here, trains may be run on a level along the shore line to the ocean docks at the eastern end of the business section.



LOADING WHEAT ON TACOMA DOCKS

Not only were the local conditions almost ideal, but the geographical location was peculiarly favorable. Tacoma offered the first harbor that was reached after passing across the Stampede pass, the most favorable location for crossing the Cascade mountains from Eastern Washington. In the early days this pass was crossed by a "switch-back"—one of the most interesting pieces of railway engineering work. The track was built in comparatively short sections leading first in one direction and then in the opposite direction, slowly working up the face of the mountain into the region of perpetual snow, across the summit, and then down the other side in the same manner. At each end of the train immense engines with ten driving wheels alternately pushed and pulled until the summit was reached. Later the Stampede tunnel, 9,850 feet in length, was built, and now the switch-back is no longer in use.

When the commission first examined this townsite it was covered with the dense forests of Douglas fir and cedar that still cover Western Washington wherever a clearing has not been made to make room for a town or a city. It was the site of a saw mill, which is still in operation, and of a few log houses. These were in what is

now known as Old Tacoma, while the new city has been built to the east and south. Old Tacoma still has many interesting relics of those early days, and the residents will point out, among other curious features, the "oldest church bell tower in America," made of a dismantled fir tree, around which the ivy has grown, presenting a most picturesque appearance.

Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from the center of the city are valuable deposits of coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, and sulphur, and over all, encroaching even to the city's limits, the most magnificent timber in the world. Anywhere in the State can be found rich agricultural land and the great rolling wheat lands of Washington are famous. With such environment and geographical advantages, it is not surprising that a commission sent out by the Northern Pacific railway to select a western terminus for the road should unanimously have agreed upon Tacoma.

At the head of navigation, with a commodious and land-locked harbor, on a plateau capable of the most perfect drainage, the new city was platted. Streets and avenues were provided no less than eighty feet wide, and now, after twenty-five years, TACOMA 247

the magnificent public buildings, handsome business blocks, hotels, street railways, and parks attest to the judgment and foresight of the Railway Commission of 1872.

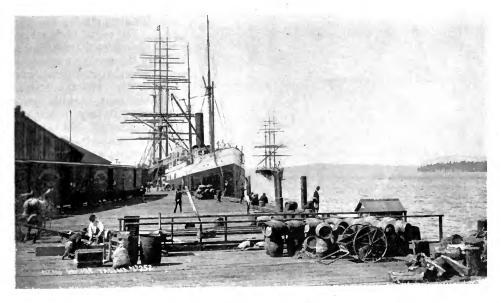
Tacoma now stands next to San Francisco in Pacific coast exports and imports. The total foreign imports for 1897 were valued at \$5,718,825, and the exports by water were valued at \$6,994,225 and by rail at \$3,850,000. The importations of tea alone for the year amounted to 27,600,643 pounds.

Tacoma has developed into a great manufacturing center and can boast of the largest shingle mill in the world, the largest flour mills, saw mills, and smelter, in the State; the greatest railroad shops and the greatest ocean warehouse on the Pacific coast. She has 323 factories, employing 4,362 persons, with an investment of over ten million dollars and an annual output valued at about ten million dollars.

The manufacturing section of the city is divided into two parts—one along the flats to the east, and the other on the lower land around Old Tacoma. On the eastern flats are the greater number of wood-working and ship-building establishments, while the iron foundries are in East Tacoma near these flats. Here are the mills of the St. Paul Lumber Company—probably the most complete in the use of

labor-saving contrivances in the world. The visitor, unfamiliar with the methods by which timber and lumber are handled, cannot at first, disabuse himself of the idea that some supernatural force is at work. He sees immense logs, weighing several tons, suddenly rise out of the water and ascend on an inclined way to the upper floor of the mill. Rolling to one side, it advances and a slab is cut off, by the band saws. The log alternately advances and retreats, one slab being cut off with each advance until it has all been cut to the desired thickness for lumber. As each slab is cut off it advances to one of the numerous other saws and is trimmed and turned until it emerges at the other end of the mill as finished lumber. There is no apparent human agency in all of these movements, but a little observation will disclose the fact that they are produced by a series of rollers that may be set in motion or stopped by an engineer in charge of a set of levers.

At the other end of the town is the shingle mill whose operations are equally interesting, and therefore a brief description of its operations may be excusable. The logs are hauled from the log pond into the mill in the same manner as in saw mills, but they are cut into lengths of eighteen inches and then split into blocks of a convenient size for hand ing. These blocks are carried to



OCEAN WHARF, TACOMA

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

the upper floor by an endless chain where they are fed to the ten-block machine.

This machine consists of a smooth circular bed placed vertically. In this bed are two openings about eighteen inches square in which circular saws are placed guaged slightly above the face of the bed. Above the bed is a wheel revolving on its face and having ten openings in which the blocks are placed. The blocks slide over the bed as the wheel revolves until one of the saws is approached. set of teeth are then operated by a spring so as to move forward and hold the block firmly in a slightly slanting position while the saw cuts one shingle from the lower face. After this the block is released and falls into position for the next saw. The shingle falls through a chute to the lower floor where the bundles are made up ready for shipping.1

The cedar of Washington makes the best shingles in the world, owing to the fact that it will not crack or warp, and the business has been steadily grow-During the last nine months of last year an average of 252,000,000 shingles were shipped East, and in September, the shipments reached 324,-

000,000.

The great rush of miners consequent on the Alaska excitement will turn the attention of the crowded cities in the East long enough in this direction

<sup>1</sup>See an article on "Lumbering in Washington" by F. I. Vassault in the OVERLAND for July, 1892.



HOTEL TACOMA FROM THE SOUND

to interest many in the better-than-Klondike opportunities offered by the State of Washington to those who want a fine climate, productive soil, and a prosperous community in which to build homes. In this State there are still 18,570,041 acres of unappropriated land. The total area of the State is 69,994 square miles and the soil throughout is wonderfully rich. Here there are no furious storms and no extremes of heat and cold. In a review of the grain production the West Coast Trade gives the following facts and figures:—

The average wheat yield of the State year by year, is placed at twenty-five bushels, a moderate estimate, but one which places Washington at the head of all other States of the Union in this respect. The following table of averages is a fair one:—

California	8
Dakotas	3
Minnesota11.3	3
New York15.	7
Ohio	)
Pennsylvania13.	1
Virginia 8.6	3
Washington	5
Oregon	3
Illinois	Š

How nearly Washington ever comes to crop failure is shown by the fact that in 1886, the lowest average ever known, the general yield of the State was sixteen and a half bushels to the acre, but in season after season immense areas are depended upon to regularly produce thirty-five to forty bushels to the acre, and it is not unusual for fields of many acres to yield upwards of fifty bushels.

Adjoining Tacoma on the east is the Puyallup valley with its thriving orchards, producing all varieties of deciduous fruits, and its hop fields — the most productive in the State. During the last eleven years the hop crop has averaged 34,335 bales, the greater part of which has been shipped over the railroad to the Eastern States. During the warm summer months, when the crop begins to ripen, the sound may be seen dotted with the high-prowed and brightly painted canoes, each containing a numerous family of Indians coming to work in the hop fields. They come from the reservations even at the most northern part of the sound, and men, women, and children, work in the fields, while in the open spaces their picturesque camps may be seen. To them it is a holiday, for the work is not arduous.



and they are as happy as children. When the season ends they frequently indulge in canoe racing and other characteristic games, and then paddle away to their distant northern homes.

What wonder then that Tacoma, through which seventy-five per cent of the exports of the State are shipped, should grow and prosper as she has done and will continue to do. The climate is not the least of Tacoma's blessings. The average July temperature for the past seven years was fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit and the average January mean, twenty-one degrees.

Tacoma has opened her hospitable gates to the prospective "Klondiker," and her streets have the cheerful hum of great preparation as her emporiums send out day after day fully equipped parties direct to the new gold fields. Tacoma was the first city to appoint a Klondike Information Committee. The idea of having a reliable citizens' committee to furnish Klondikers with accurate information has received the highest praise from all parts of the country.

She takes care of all her guests with ease; for her hotels, restaurants, and lodging houses are many and capacious. The Hotel Tacoma, well known to the wealthy class of tourists and Alaska travelers, is the finest caravansary north of San Francisco, with the possible exception of The Portland. Standing on a bluff overlooking the sound, and with capacious verandas overhanging the water, it is a place to linger and to watch the changing lights and shadows on the snow-crowned Mount Tacoma, which rises to a height of 15,165 feet, and from whose glacier-clad sides flows an everlasting supply of purest water, feeding the lakes and springs which supply the daily needs of the city. Besides this hotel, which can take care of six hundred guests, there are a dozen others which will accommodate each from one hundred to five hundred.

A fine and fully-paid fire department is another noticeable feature of the city. An able chief and assistant

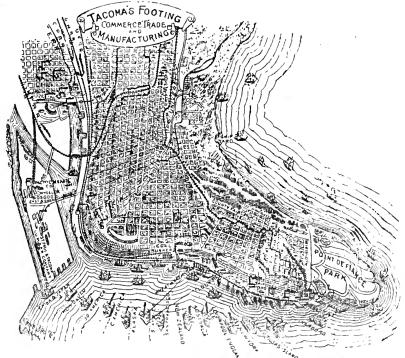


PACIFIC AVENUE LOOKING SOUTH FROM NINTH STREET

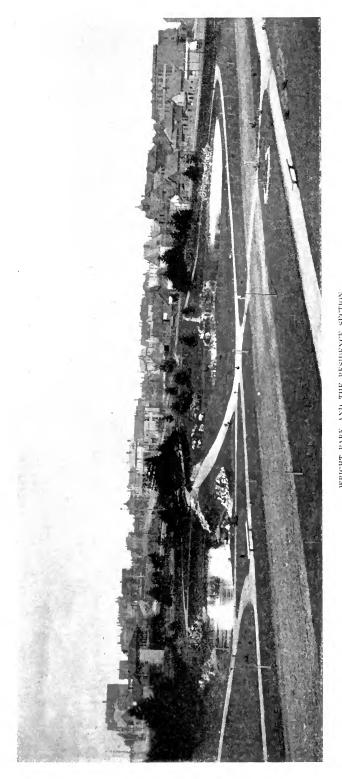
and forty-five men who are on duty all the time, and who man a complete and up-to-date equipment, are able to protect its valuable property.

Tacoma is a city of homes, handsome

residences with large grounds, tennis courts, and shady walks. It has the reputation of having the best bicycle paths in the country. More than nine miles of perfect paths have been built within the city limits. The



TACOMA, WASHINGTON A FOOT SHAPED CITY



bridge over the Tacoma Avenue gulch is the longest and highest exclusively bicycle bridge in the world. There are about four thousand bicycles licensed. The license fee is one dollar per year, and those of children under fourteen are not taxed.

The topographical features of Tacoma are peculiarly favorable to handsome homes. To the west of the business part of the city the bluffs rise from the east with easy grades and abruptly from the water on the north for a distance of several Out over the sound miles. with its placid waters the view is almost unimpeded, while on each side it is flanked by the fir-clad hills of Brown's point and Vashon island, rising abruptly, and covered with verdure from the water's edge. Far to the northwest are the rugged outlines of the Olympic mountains, with their snowclad summits; to the east are the Cascades, with Mount Tacoma rising with graceful outline ten thousand feet above the highest surrounding peaks. It is this comparative isolation that renders the mountain so grand an object to look upon. Mount Shasta, in California, reaches within a few feet of the same height, but it is so shut in on all sides that a similar view of it cannot be obtained. Fuji-san, or Fusiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, presents a very similar appearance, and when the steamship line between Tacoma and Japan was first established, the Japanese sailors exclaimed over this beautiful mountain in the new world that reminded them so strongly of

MIGHT FAIR AND THE RESIDENCE EBOTION

TACOMA 253

the object of their pilgrimages in their island home.

Attractive natural surroundings will often lead people to beautify their homes, even if they care but little for such things otherwise, but the population of Tacoma is made up of people who do care for such things. When the town first began to grow, an unusually large proportion of young college graduates came to the new country to make their homes. Young men who had been surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of the older settled communities came here. The building sites along the bluffs overlooking the town were an inspiration, and land was then comparatively cheap. Thus artistic homes were built, and attractive grounds were laid out until the residence portion of Tacoma became the most attractive of those of all the towns on the Pacific coast.

The American people love amusement, and in Tacoma amusement of the healthful kind abounds. In that far northern latitude the summer twilight lasts for hours, and the climate during summer is almost uniform night and day. During the long evenings, under the genial summer sky, parties row over the placid waters of the sound, or horse-back parties scour over Hunt's prairie, which is almost as level as a floor, dotted like an artificial park with immense fir trees, and extends an almost unlimited distance in any direction. Roads are unnecessary, for upon its gravelly surface vehicles may be driven almost anywhere. Here the bicyclists find health and pleasure under the pure air of heaven.

In all directions are pleasant excursions for driving or riding upon the electric cars. A few miles to the east carries one through the beautiful Puyallup valley. To the south, across the prairie is American lake — a summer resort, and a favorite place for camping parties. Along a wooded cañon to the shores of the narrows on the south, the Steilacoom electric railway passes through one of the most picturesque routes to the old town that was built almost before Puget sound was known. The Puyallup Indian reservation to the east of the city with its Indian farms, church, and schoolhouse, shows the advance that the aborigines have made in civilization. At Edison are the car shops of the Northern Pacific railroad, at Quartermaster's harbor



"THE OLDEST CHURCH BELL TOWER IN AMERICA"
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, OLD TACOMA

is the dry dock, and on the northeastern point of the land upon which Tacoma is situated is Point Defiance park — one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world.

For amusements within the town are the Tacoma theater, a handsome and well-equipped play house, which presents all of the leading attractions that come to the coast. The Tacoma hotel has a string orchestra through the summer, which discourses music while the guests sit upon the broad veranda and watch the changing lights upon the sound and shore, while social entertainments are continuous.

In educational facilities, Tacoma stands in the first rank. There are sixteen large modern public school buildings and numerous other smaller structures and annexes.

The OVERLAND has already given a review of these. In addition to the public schools there are a number of private schools, kindergartens, and colleges. Prominent among these is the Annie Wright Seminary for Girls. It is under the supervision of Bishop Barker, but is non-sectarian

<sup>1</sup>See Impressions of Washington State, in the October number, 1897.



MOUNT TACOMA FROM TACOMA

in that its students are free to attend any church.

Eight years ago a group of Visitation Nuns came from Kentucky and founded a a school for girls. They built a home-like building, and to them have come from all parts of the country students who have again gone forth to sing the praises of Tacoma and bear witness to the good training of Visitation Academy. The Free Kindergarten Association maintains a kindergarten in the Irving Institute, Tacoma Academy for boys. The Puget Sound University (Methodist) has a large attendance and the Pacific Lutheran University (Scandinavian) is well equipped.

For so young a city Tacoma has a wonderfully well settled condition of society. There are many wealthy people who have built permanent homes here. Men who stand high in every profession, business men, and retired capitalists with refined and educated families, find here as much to enjoy as is offered in any community in the country. And one of the most noticeable features on the social face is that there are no abjectly poor, suffering people to be seen, as in larger cities.

From the residence sections of the city the approach to the business center is convenient and easy. Pacific Avenue, the leading retail street, is more than two miles in length, and is broad, level, and well paved. The wholesale business and the shipping by rail and water is almost all done from the extensive tide lands and the water front, being thus agreeably removed and out of sight of the handsome city thoroughfare.

Tacoma has quickly responded to the impulse of returning "good times," and it does not require prophetic instinct, but only simple business judgment, to predict for her a rapid, steady advance and that her era of uninterrupted prosperity has dawned.



# THE GREAT LAUREATE

## AS PICTURED BY HIS SON

ON THE walls of the Authors' Club, New York, hangs an exquisite etching of Tennyson by Rajon. Underneath it is a framed letter written by the poet, which Mr. Rossiter Johnson presented to the club. It is the acknowledgement by Tennyson of the Westminster Review for

January, 1853, containing a notice of his ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and reads as follows:—

1 Burlington St., Brighton, July 25th.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson begs to present his compliments to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and to thank them for their kind gift of the Westminster Review, containing one of the very few favorable public notices of his ode.

This was the time when George Eliot was Doctor Chapman's assistant on the Westminster Review; and one wonders if it was not by her intuition that such quick recognition of the poet's merit was made.

In the light of what he has done, it is almost amusing to hear that during his boyhood Tennyson should have been offered his choice of going to sea or to school. It seems now preposterous that at any time he could have been consid-

ered other than a poet. Indeed, he began his vocation at an early age. Before he could read, the storm had power to excite him, and he would rush out, and spreading his arms, would cry, "I hear voices in the wind." At eight years he covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse (Thomson being then the only poet he knew about), and at twelve one of the amusements he and his brothers and sisters had

was to write imaginary tales, and put them under each other's plates, to be read after dinner.

There are times when admiring relatives do their own good work. The fond appreciation of his own kin encouraged that nature, always so sensitive to both praise and

blame, and who can tell how much is due to their praise of what he in later years termed "early rot"? It no doubt helped to preserve that equilibrium which nature loves; for it was many a long year before the iconoclastic critics, with their mania for pulling to pieces, realized that their puny strength was pitted against a giant, who would live ages after they were quite forgotten.

For several reasons, everyone should read the Life of Tennyson,— by his son Hallam. It is first and foremost an unconscious lesson. It shows how beautiful life can be. There is not a jarring note in all the record of a long, long life. Tennyson loved one woman, and only one; and for her he worked and waited long before he felt he could in justice ask her to marry him. To the end of his life

mile. Temyson loved one woman, and only one; and for her he worked and waited long before he felt he could in justice ask her to marry him.

To the end of his life this love overtopped everything, and after having been married many years he said, "The peace of God came into my life before

the altar when I wedded her."

The gentle, heart-satisfying, almost reverential happiness of his life, is shown in many phases. The mystery of a child's new life induced him to write:—

I am afraid of him,—babies have an expression of grandeur that children lose. I used to think the old



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company
.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

painters created the expression of their infant Christs, but I see now they did not.

## Again he writes:—

I saw him (Hallam) looking at me with such apparently earnest, wide open eyes. I felt as one struck, as if I had seen a spirit.

One of his favorite sayings was, "Make the lives of children as beautiful and as happy as possible."

Love-children such as theirs could not fail to be what this memoir shows, innately pure and high-minded. Not an unkind thought of anyone, not the most trivial innuendo, not the faintest trace of conceit is to be found between the book's covers.

Hallam, Lord Tennyson, has done the world an immense good by proving that scandal is not necessary to write a biography of absorbing interest. The book is in a way a history of this century. The greatness of the man, which led him to take pleasure in, and do well, so many things, drew to him distinguished people of all sorts. Tennyson took pleasure in reading of all kinds. When he talked he was fascinating,—he seemed to enjoy equally a good story and a scientific debate. could be so irresistibly funny that Doctor Thompson tells of going there one time and "seeing a whole party lying on the floor for the purposes of unrestrained laughter," while Tennyson with a perfectly grave face, was pouring forth the mirth-provoking material that convulsed his hearers. He was a great mimic, and acted to such purpose that he gained quite a reputation in some of Shakspere's characters. His senses were peculiarly keen, his hearing especially. Is it any wonder that he was a magnet that drew to himself all sorts of minds?

From the Queen, who, from his description of her, was such as to command the loving admiration of every human being, to the humble bricklayer who wrote out of the fulness of his heart, his letter of thanks, Tennyson reached the hearts of all. Surely the letters he received from men might prove a revelation to many a man, who in this volume reads such letters for the first time

Among his friends, visitors, and acquaintances, we find the Hallams, Fitzgerald, Aubrey de Vere, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, the Duke of Argyle, Bayard Taylor, Queen Emma, Thackeray, Dickens, Jenny Lind, Mary Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Glad-

stone, Carlyle and his wife, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte Bronte, Rogers, Turgenieff, Mme. Greville, George Sand, Tyndal, Huxley, Princess Alice. One can keep on almost indefinitely; for the list embraces almost every distinguished name of modern times. Through records of visits, and letters that were interchanged, we get delightful glimpses of the human side of these great people.

Again, the bits of journal that he kept on his travels would be a delightful companion to any one visiting these same countries. "He loved the sea as much as any sailor and knew all its moods whether on the shore or on midocean,"—he felt in himself the spirit of the old Norseman.

Just before the publication of "Enoch Arden," a pilgrimage into Brittany unearthed "for him many wild Enoch Arden stories and ballads." He delighted in "the central roar of London." One day he visited St. Paul's. "Merely as an enclosed place in a large city," he said, "this is very fine." And when he got out into the open, in the midst of "the central roar," "this is the mind that is a mood of it," he said.

The motives of his poems came to him, as if God had dropped a plummet into his brain. With the horror of the first news of Balaklava, came the reason,— "Someone had blundered,"— and around that sentence the poet wrought the marvelous Charge of the Light Brigade.

Probably one of the greatest pleasures of his life was to learn that Mr. Chapman had been written to as follows:—

The greatest service you can do just now is to send out on printed slips Mr. Alfred Tennyson's Charge at Balaklava. It is the greatest favorite of the soldiers; half are singing it, and all want to have it in black and white.

### Thereupon Tennyson wrote: —

Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol have a liking for my ballad, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea. But if what I have heard be true they will not be displeased to receive these copies from me, and to know that those who sit at home, love and honor them.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Long after, the following tribute was received from Scutari:—

We had in the hospital a man of the Light Brigade, one of the few who survived that fatal mistake, the Balaklava charge; but which, deplorable as it was, at least tended to show the high state of discipline at-

tained in the British army.

I spoke to several of those engaged in that deadly conflict and they could describe accurately the position of the Russian cannon; were perfectly aware when obeying that word of command that they rode to almost certain death.

This patient had received a kick from a horse long after the battle of Balaklava, while in barracks at Scutari. He was depressed in spirits, which prevented him from throwing off the disease engendered by the blow. The doctor remarked that he wished the soldier could be roused. Amongst other remedies leeches were prescribed. While watching them I tried to enter into a conversation with him, spoke of the charge, but could only elicit monosyllabic replies. A copy of Tennyson's poems having been lent me that morning, I took it out and read it.

The man with kindling eye at once entered upon a spirited description of the fatal gallop between the guns' mouths to and from that cannon-crowned height. He asked to hear it again, but as by this time a number of convalescents had gathered around I slipped out of the crowd. The chaplain who had procured me the poem, understanding the enthusiasm with which it had been received, afterward procured from England a number of copies for distribution.

In a few days the invalid requested the doctor to discharge him for duty, being now in health, but whether the cure was effected by the leeches or the poem it is impossible to say. On giving the card the medical man murmured, "Well done, Ten-

nyson!"

To those who do not already know, "In Memoriam" will gain new pathos when they learn for the first time that it was the outburst of the heart that was longing for his friend, Arthur Hallam, (p. 108 and 109.) His sister Emily, who was engaged to Arthur Hallam, and in consequence of her great and sudden grief was ill for many months, came out from her illness a shadow of her former self. Under the cloud of this overwhelming sorrow, which made Tennyson himself almost long for death notwithstanding that he knew the comfort he was to his sister, he began "The Two Voices," or "Thoughts of a Suicide." In the same manuscript book came the first written sections of "In Memoriam," and the first draft of his "Morte d'Arthur."

About "The Holy Grail" Tennyson himself said:—

At twenty-four, I meant to write an epic or drama about Arthur, and thought I should take twenty years about the work. They will now say I have been forty years about it. "The Holy Grail" is the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the unseen. The end, where the King speaks of his work and his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of human men. Then these lines

in Arthur's speech are the (spiritually) central lines of the "Idylls":—

"In moments when he feels he cannot die, And knows himself, no vision to himself, Nor the High God a vision."

The general English view of God is as of an immeasurable clergyman, and some mistake the devil for God.

Jowett wrote in 1893,—

Tennyson has made the Arthur legend a great revelation of human experience, and of the thoughts of many hearts.

In reading his own poems the artistactor came to the front. He would laugh over some until the tears would come; over others his voice would become deep and sonorous, sending thrills of excitement through his hearers, and again he would weep, as sincerely as if the pathos of it were coming to him for the first time.

Speaking of Ireland and England, he said:—

The Celtic race does not easily amalgamate with other races, as the Scandinavian races do, as for instance Saxon and Norman, which have fused perfectly. The Teuton has no poetry in his nature like the Celt, and this makes the Celt much more dangerous in politics, for he yields more to his imagination than his common sense. Yet his imagination does not allow his realizing the suffering of poor dumb beasts. The Irish are difficult for us to deal with. For one thing the English do not understand their innate love of fighting, words, and blows. If on either side of an Irishman's road to Paradise shillalies grew which automatically hit him on the head, yet he would not be satisfied.

## Tennyson writes to Gladstone:—

I heard of an old lady the other day to whom all the great men of her time had written. When Froude's "Carlyle" came out she rushed up to her room, and to the old chest where she had kept their letters, and flung them into the fire. "They were written to me, not to the public," she cried, and she set her chimney on fire. Her children and grandchildren rushed in,—"The chimney 's on fire."

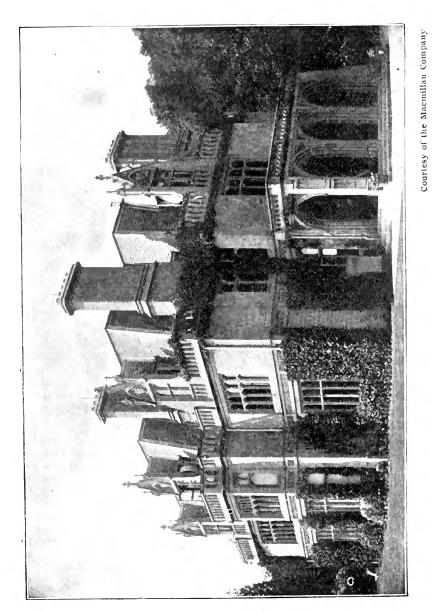
"Never mind," she said, and went on burning. I should like to raise an altar to that old lady, and burn

incense on it.

Toward Americans (barring over-curious, impudent tourists), his feelings are expressed in a letter to Longfellow:—

We English and Americans should all be brothers as none other among the nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so. I trust.

He seemed very pleased when a Philadelphia literary society called itself after



Tennyson's Home, Deynecourt, Isle of Wight

him, "The Tennyson Society," and asked him for a motto. In answer he wrote:—

DEAR SIR: You have done me honor in associating my name with your institution, and you have my heartiest wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in encaustic tiles on the pavement of my entrance hall: "Y gwir yn erbyn, y byd," ("The truth against the world"). A very old British aphorism, and I think a noble one.

And he might have added, peculiarly ap-

propriate to himself.

The pettiness of small lives must have been amusing to a man of his grand scope of mind. But with all his gentleness and toleration, sometimes he shows that the gnats of society can annoy even him. Once he said:—

From the starry spheres to think of the airs given themselves by county families in ball-rooms! One lady I remember early in the century in Lincolnshire, drawing herself up on hearing that the daughters of a neighboring family were taking lessons in drawing, and smiling and saying, "My daughters don't learn drawing." Miss Austen understood the smallness of life to perfection. She was a great artist, equal in her small sphere to Shakspere. . . There is a saying that if God made the country and man the town the devil made the small country town. There is nothing equal to the smallness of a small town.

Again he quoted, "There is nothing so contemptible as a literary coterie." It was shown in every shape what he protested against, for no one enjoyed the society of the "literary" more than he, when he was a member of the Stirling Club, and spent hours with Carlyle, Rogers, Barry Cornwall, Thackeray, Dickens, Forster, Savage Landor, Maclise, Leigh Hunt, and Tom Campbell.

It was this hatred of sham that made him exclaim, "The dirt is in her own heart," when he heard that a woman had criticised Doctor Johnson for eating with soiled fingers, that made him hate society while he was hospitality itself. This it was which made him tell his publisher not to "Squire" him.

He was most sensitive to praise, and we are told he warmed to his work because there had been a favorable review of him published in far-off Calcutta. This was undoubtedly honest admiration, and it was the ringing true that pleased him, for he was as intolerant of flattery as of any other sham.

And India reminds us of Kipling, as intolerant of flattery as Tennyson himself, who

with his wonderful power of expressing himself, wrote in answer to a letter of praise from Tennyson, "When a private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better the next day."

He was ever thus appreciative of good work in others. To De Vere he once said, "Compare the heavy handling of my workmanship with the exquisite lightness of touch in Keats." Of Lovelace's Althea he said, "I would give all my poetry to have made one song like that." He used to say that the songs of Burns "had each of them in shape the perfection of the berry and in light the radiance of the dewdrop," and his criticism in general on the work of the English poets was always kindly and discerning.

Aubrey De Vere is so prominent through the "Memoirs" that it seems fitting that the personality of the great poet should be be described by him:—

The large dark eyes generally dreamy, but with an occasional gleam of imaginative alertness, the dusky, almost Spanish complexion, the high built head and the massive abundance of curling hair like the finest and blackest silk, are still before me, and no less the stalwart form, strong with the certain step of man. No acquaintance, however inferior to him in intellect, could be afraid of him. One felt that he was not in the presence of a critic, but of one who respected human nature wherever he found it free from unworthiness, who would think his own thoughts whether in the society of ordinary or extraordinary men, and who could not but express them plainly if he spoke at all. That perfect transparency of mind, like the clearness of air in the finest climates, when it is nearness not "distance that lends enchantment to the view," I have seen only in three men besides him - Wordsworth, Sir William Hamilton, and one other.

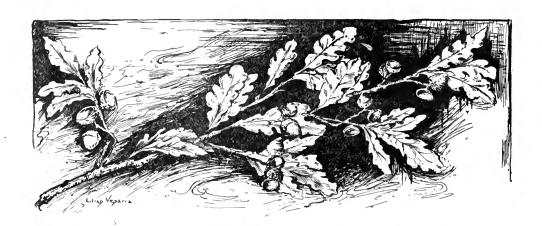
During his long life death came to him with unusual grief, for his great nature held an immensity of affection impossible in ordinary natures. Through Arthur Hallam he first realized the intensity of sorrow that follows death; of age, as the years rolled on, he paid the penalty, and one after another of his dear friends dropped off, until the bitterest sorrow came in the death of his son Lionel at sea on his way home from India. This crushing blow was followed by a serious illness. A short time, and another grief, Robert Browning died.

During the last four years he could not write on every-day topics, as his friends desired. He was passing over the threshold of the mysteries beyond, and when he had stepped quite over, there was none of the funeral pomp, and glamor that he so disliked; but a simple wagonette made beautiful with roses and laurel, and the flag to represent the feeling of his well-beloved Queen and empire.

Throngs of high and low degree, came to Westminster Abbey to do him reverence. The nave was lined with soldiers of his beloved "Light Brigade," the London Rifle Volunteers, and the Boys of the London Home, in token of their gratitude for what he had done for them all. They loved him, as did all who came within his gentle influence.

As Browning eloquently says in his dedication, he was,—

In poetry, illustrious and consummate, In friendship, noble and sincere.



## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE LIGHTHOUSE BUILDER'S SON

BEHOLD! a tower of light! where stood before
The flickering flame that led our fathers home.
Then shall there be, upon the sea, no more
Of faith in heaven's fires, though froth and foam
And misty cloud forever from our sight
Conceal the stars and hide their heavenly light!

Born of the blood of them who builded higher The house of light upon the homeward shore, Comes out with eyes far fixed upon that fire Which beckons ever on the deep; once more On seas unknown we sail, while he beguiles Our hearts with words of new found fairy isles.

And so with him upon the sea's bright strand, Forgetful of the tide, forgetful of the wave, Like children there we builded on the sand Our cherished treasure houses. Ah! how brave That heart! As with the courage of a child He led us on, and all our hearts beguiled.

He takes us boldly past the harbor bar, And floating through the reefs and round the shoals, He shows us where the wrecks of winter are, All through the summer seas; and where men's souls Lie wrecked, he steers straight on, through darkest night And starless skies, led by an inward light.

No wandering fire he follows. Nay! that heart Turns like a compass to life's constant source. Though danger thwarts us on every part And sun and stars should fail, the secret force That fills the world with light and life and love Holds true his heart, which tempests may not move.

Fate's wheel, just touched, moves hidden chains that rule The lives of men! Our captain owns no whip But strength and gentleness. If some poor fool Be rashly mutinous,—as on our ship, Alas! so many are,—each foolish heart He chides, unrolling wide life's fateful chart.

Gladly we give him service. Let us keep This last long watch with him! The night is come, The sails are set upon an unknown deep. That light which led us outward from the home Our fathers made we ne'er may see again:—
But he hath set new fires within the heart of men!

Well may we bear him tribute. Golden sails
Take forth our treasure to the sunset sea.
The strong sweet wind that swells them never fails,
And with a braver faith, our hearts shall be
Upborne by that pure breath which in his words
Still lives, as on great seawinds soar the gray-winged birds.

Alexander Blair Than



# A GHOST OF "49"

#### BY MARION ARTHUR

ENE ain't got anything to do yet?" Mrs. Lawrence smoothed her apron down deprecatingly and shook her head. "No, he ain't been able to get anything yet. It seems as if it took as much influence nowadays to get to dig sand out to the Park, as it used to to get a Presidential appointment."

"Yes, that's so, that's so." Mrs. Patterson picked a thread off her dress absently, and then suddenly hitched her chair closer to her friend, and leaned forward impressively. "Say, Jane, I want to tell you

something."

Mrs. Lawrence started and grasped the arms of her chair nervously. She was a little, shriveled-up looking woman, with a weazened face, expressive mainly of pinching care, and a weary acceptance of it. Just now, however, there was a startled expression in her faded blue eyes, as she turned them on her friend.

"Lidy's gone out, ain't she?" queried Mrs. Patterson, glancing at the door and untying her bonnet strings and throwing them back, as if to give herself greater freedom of speech.

"Yes. She had to go down to get Tommy a pair of shoes. The rest of the children's at school. What was it you was a-going to say, Lizy?"

Jane, have you got any money at all?" Mrs. Lawrence shriveled into even smaller proportions in the big cane rocker, and a dull pink flush spread itself gradually over her wrinkled face. Eliza Patterson was her oldest and truest friend. Their friendship had lasted from their girlhood in New Hampshire through the storms of "early days" in California, into their dull and poverty-burdened old age in a poor and unbeautiful quarter of San Francisco. But there is a "holy of holies," even to friends tried and true, concerning one's private affairs.

Mrs. Patterson flushed too. She was a arger woman than her friend, and more inclined to a florid complexion, and the color deepened in her face as she went on hurriedly:-

"You know me well enough to know that

I ain't trying to pry around or meddle with things that's none of my business. would have asked you such a question, only,"—she twitched the corner of her shawl nervously. "It's about a mine that I am agoing to tell you. You know they're opening up the mines wonderful all through Californy.'

"Yes, I know," assented Mrs. Lawrence

faintly.

"They say that up around Placerville and Nevada City and all the old mining towns, it's almost as lively as it was in forty-nine."

"Yes, I've heard 't is. Well," clasping her bony hands and then unclasping them again nervously, "it stands to reason that there's plenty of gold left in the country, if folks only knew where to go to get it.'

"Yes, that's just it," said Mrs. Patterson "Now this mine that I'm talking about is up near Volcano. It was Edgar Ryder that told me about it. He's Mis' Wallis's brother, you know. I was over there yesterday helping Mis' Wallis make over her black alpaca, and Edgar, he come

home just full of it.

"It seems that it was an old man that discovered the mine, and he hadn't enough money to bond it, so he come down to the city to a friend of hisn that works where Edgar does, to see if he could borrow it from him. And this man, he had just loaned out the most of what little money he had, so's't he could n't accommodate him with all of it, and he told some of the other young fellers there about it, and Edgar and one of the others that knew something about mines they went up and investigated it, and they found everything just as the old man represented, so among 'em they raised enough to bond the mine, and since then they've been working it some, and the ore is just the finest kind.

"They've been selling just a few shares, among their friends, to get a little more capital ahead, so's't they can start a mill of their own. It's only twenty-five cents a share now, and there's only a few hundred shares left that they 're going to sell; and another thing, they ain't going to let any

one person buy up a whole lot of shares and get the controlling interest. They're just a-going to keep it in small lots, among themselves and their friends. They don't want any of these rich fellers to get in and get the control of it, and then freeze the little ones out, like's always been done in

all the big mines so far.

"Now I ain't a-going to influence you, Jane Lawrence." Mrs. Patterson straightened up with a long breath, and looked over at her friend with almost severe earnestness. "And of course you can't tell anything about it from my talk. But I told Edgar Ryder to come over to my house tomorrow evening a-purpose, 'cause I thought I would come over and tell you about it, and then if you feel like taking some shares. after you have heard him explain about it, why you do just as you think best. is, if you have any money. I know I shouldn't, if it had n't just been for that hundred and eighty dollars that I got from Uncle Ezra's estate. I have held onto that through thick and thin, and I'm a-going to invest it."

"O, Lizy! All of it?"

"Well, I may just put in the even hundred."

Mrs. Patterson rolled her bonnet strings over her fingers and looked reflective. There was silence for the space of two minutes. Mrs. Lawrence folded her apron into neat little pleats, smoothing them

down carefully.

"I've just got a hundred dollars," she said then, slowly, looking up at her friend half-deprecatingly. "I was bound I would have enough to bury me decent. Nobody knew that I had it, but I've got it all fixed so's't they'd find it after I died, and it's all writ on it what it's to be used for.

"But I've been thinking," here she smoothed the pleats all out and straightened her apron carefully, "things is so much cheaper than they were. I reckon you can have as good a funeral for fifty dollars now as it would have cost a hundred

for a few years back.

"And since times have been so bad, and Gene's been out of work so long, I have just had a mind to take part of that money and use it for things that we need. Seems as if it was sort of wicked to hoard it up to bury me with, when we ain't got hardly the necessaries of life to live on, as you might say."

"Don't you do it, Jane." Mrs. Patterson leaned forward again and shook her fore-finger warningly. "Don't you do it. You just take that fifty dollars and put it into this mine.

"But there," straightening up sharply, "I ain't going to advise you. I said I would n't, and I won't. But you come over tomorrow evening and see Edgar Ryder. 'T wont do a mite of hurt, and if you don't feel satisfied to invest, why don't you do it,

that 's all.

"But there's one thing," pausing suddenly in the operation of tying her bonnet strings, "don't you say a word to Gene, nor Lidy either. I ain't a-going to tell Lizy nor Luke Barnett. I would n't mind so much telling Lizy, but I know Luke would worm it out of her in an hour, and then my life would be just haunted out of me. If he was a man of any reason or sense, you might talk to him; but he ain't, and I 've had my last dealings with Luke Barnett."

She tied her bonnet strings with a jerk, as if to clinch it, and gathered her shawl up about her shoulders preparatory to leav-

ing.

"I hain't nothing to complain of about Gene nor Lidy either, as far as that goes," murmured Mrs. Lawrence in her apologetic way, beginning to pleat her apron again. "They 've done as well 's they could by me. At least, as well's I could expect," she cor-

rected with strict honesty.

"When a body gets old and useless thata-way, they ought n't to expect so much, I
s'pose. Gene and Lidy does the best they
can, I know. I ain't never made to feel
that I 'm a burden, and I have just the same
as the rest, as far as it goes. But of course
I always try to do my part, helping with the
work, and all that. And I reckon I do my
share, as far as that goes."

Mrs. Patterson had untied her bonnet strings and re-tied them again violently during Mrs. Lawrence's remarks. Now she

broke out impatiently:

"Jane Lawrence, now look a here. You say that Gene and Lidy does the best they can. Maybe they do and maybe they don't, I've nothing to say about that. But there's one thing I want to know. Would n't you have been in very different circumstances if it had n't been for sacrificing everything for your children? I ain't saying that you 've done any different from me nor any

other mother. We 've all done just alike, and it's no use looking back now and saying if we had done this or that or the other, things would 'a' been different. But what I want to get at is, that we both know what it is to be dependent on our children. They ain't no different from other people's children, I reckon, no better an' no worse, prob'ly, but that ain't the thing. It's no use being mealy-mouthed about it, and saying one thing and meaning another. both know that it 's a mighty bitter pill.

"And it just seems as if this mine was a regular ruling of Providence," she went on, her somber face lighting up. "A sort of second chance, as it were, that 's given us. The way I came to hear about it and all

just seems to p'int that way."

Her face was quite cheerful and eager

again as she fastened her shawl.

"And I wanted you to have a chance at it, too. I would n't have done a thing without consulting you. Here comes Lidy now," she added hastily, as the front door slammed. "Now, Jane, you think it over, and come over tomorrow night anyway, to see Edgar Ryder. 'T won't do no harm. And mind that you don't say nothing at all to Lidy, nor Gene either."

She was ready to go by the time Lidy entered, and after she had gone, Mrs. Lawrence took up her darning absently, and forgot to ask Lidy whether she went to that place on Market street where she saw shoes advertised so cheap.

She did not sleep much that night. Her poor, nervous old hands kept plucking at the coverlet and clasping themselves above her head alternately, and her tired eyes stared up at the streak of light shifting about the ceiling from the street lamp below, until the balls were dry and hot to cruelty.

The next day she looked wan and redeyed, and she was a little irritable and cross as she went through the endless routine of work and listened to the baby's fretting, and Lidy's gloomy forebodings of what they were coming to if Gene did n't get work pretty soon, or something did n't turn up. But in the evening, she went down to Mrs. Patterson's. She did not get home till after ten o'clock.

"Law, ma! We thought you had got lost, or something had happened to you," said Lidy as she entered. "Gene was just putting on his shoes to go after you."

"Lizy had comp'ny," explained the old lady briefly, taking off her shawl and folding it up carefully. "Mis' Wallis and her brother was there. They said they 'd walk

home with me, so I stayed."

She did not sleep well that night, either, but she was remarkably cheerful and lightspirited the next day. She crooned the baby into thorough good humor, and poor, care-burdened Lidy even mustered a feeble smile as she looked up from her work and saw her singing and rocking cheerily, long after the child was fast and sound asleep. She opened her lips to say someting, but then thought better of it and closed them again with a snap, the wrinkles creasing heavily into her forehead again, as she bent over her work. Two or three times she glanced up furtively, and each time the old lady was still crooning softly to the sleeping child, her happy, intent gaze fixed on the geraniums in the window.

"Thinking about old times, I suppose," thought the younger woman, a softer look coming into her own face as she worked on

in silence.

There was no use in talking, Grandma Lawrence did seem to have picked up wonderfully. So Lidy confided to her husband,

one night some two weeks later.

"Why, I never saw the beat. She's that spry. It's just surprising the way she gets around. Why, for a while there, it just seemed to me that I could see her failing, every day. She seemed so weak and listless, and she did n't eat enough to keep a bird alive. But here lately it's just wonderful how she's picked up. Her appetite's better, and she seems better every way. And she's so cheerful, too. Why, she goes humming around the house like some young girl. I declare, the poorer we get, the better natured and cheerfuler she seems to be."

"Mother always was that wiry kind," he returned stoically. "'Peared like she'd bend, but she'd never break. That kind can always stand more than anybody else."

Indeed, it was wonderful the change that that had come over Jane Lawrence.

"I feel most as if I'd been made over new," she confided to Mrs. Patterson one Sunday, when they met on the church steps after service, and walked down to the corner together.

"I feel that independent. Now there's

Mis' Staples. She's always been friendly enough, as far as that goes, and so has Mis' Brown, too. But there was always a kind of a feeling, when she'd come rustling up in that long silk cloak of hern, and her nice kid gloves.

"I don't care what you say, Lizy Patterson, you can't help feelin' kind of mean and put down upon, when you know your clothes is perfectly rusty, and your bonnet looks as if it had crossed the plains and ben caught in a Platte River thunderstorm

besides.

"I don't say it's always so, but there are times when you can't help feelin' it. When you know just how poor you are yourself, it don't matter if other folks don't guess it just down to a cent, you can't be chirp and independent-like, as if you did n't care.

"But this mornin', it was altogether different. I did n't feel that way at all. I shook hands just as independent, and felt perfectly comfortable. And so I did with Mis' Brown, and Mis' Perkins too. Though I never did like Sary Perkins so well, and

never pretended to.

"I dunno as I will get me a cloak like Mis' Staples, after all. I have always thought that that was just about the nicest thing I ever saw, but Em'ly and I seen such handsome cloth in a window t'other day. I don't remember just what store it was, but I b'lieve I'd most druther have that."

There was a positive buoyancy to Mrs. Lawrence's step as she walked briskly homeward, while as for Mrs. Patterson, she felt in such an amiable frame of mind that she resolved to go and take dinner with her daughter, even at the risk of having to be civil to her much-disliked son-in-law, Luke Barnett.

Mrs. Patterson had long since ceased to live with her daughter's family, though she was not altogether independent of them. She was a very neat seamstress, and by dint of that, among a narrow circle of old friends, she managed to earn enough to pay her room rent elsewhere, and with an occasional grudgingly accepted present from her daughter, to live with a fair degree of comfort.

It was nearly three weeks after that Sunday talk that she bobbed into the Lawrences' one evening, to invite "Jane" to take tea with her the next day. They had seen each other several times in the interval, but there was so much m'ysterious excitement in Mrs. Patterson's face that evening, that Mrs. Lawrence's heart was set to pit-a-patting at an alarming rate, and all night long she was possessed of a delightful anxiety to know the cause of it. She went early the next day to find out.

"I'm awful glad you did," said Mrs. Patterson, as she greeted her and drew her

into the room.

"Jane, there ain't a might of doubt but we're going to make a heap of money out of that mine," she said solemnly, as she closed the door, and stood with her back against it.

"You've seen Edgar Ryder?"

"Yes, I have, and the old man that found the mine, too. He happened to be at Mis' Wallis's t'other night when I run over a minute. Why, it's perfectly astonishing how rich that mine is, Jane. But there! What a fool I be, keeping you standing here while I run on about that mine. I'm just so excited about it I can't think of anything else. Take your things right off, and set down. I'll get these things cleared up a little, and then we can talk in some kind of comfort. I had to go down town this mornin', and only got back a little time ago, so I ain't got straightened up. Mis' Barstow's give me the use of her stove today, so we won't be so cluttered up."

She busied herself bestowing some of the packages on the table in her tiny cupboard, and carrying a final armful down to Mrs. Barstow's hospitable kitchen, while Mrs. Lawrence took off her bonnet and shawl and laid them on a convenient trunk.

Mrs. Patterson's face was beaming when she came back, and settled herself comfortably in a low rocker opposite her guest.

"Yes, I just wanted you to come down today, so that we could have a good talk over it, now that it's certain, or just as good as certain. Edgar says they're crushing ore now, and it assays — 0, what a fool I be! I can't remember,—but it's terrible rich. The only thing now is if the ledge will hold out. But the old man says there ain't a mite of danger but it will. Edgar says it's liable to go up to a thousand dollars a share."

Mrs. Lawrence plucked at her dress nervously, but she did not yet fully appreciate the significance of the figures.

"I figured it all up on a piece of paper,"

went on Mrs. Patterson, rising and going to a little stand in the corner. "I put it away in the Testament here, where nobody'd get hold of it. Let's see. Yes, here it is," bringing forth a small, ragged piece of brown wrapping paper.

"Let me see. Where's my glasses? O, yes. Now." She sat down again, put on her glasses, and examined the paper a mo-

ment gravely in silence.

"O, yes. Now, here it is," leaning forward to explain it more fully. "You see, you have got two hundred shares. You put in fifty dollars, and at twenty-five cents a share, that makes two hundred shares. Now, if it was to go up to one thousand dollars a share, you would have two hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lawrence, with a little terrified gasp. "I don't know as I would want so much money as that, Lizy. I should n't know what to do with it."

"Well, I should have just twice as much as you, even. I put in a hundred dollars, you know, and that gives me four hundred shares. I'd have four hundred thousand dollars; most half a million!"

She folded the paper up carefully, took off her glasses, and looked over at Mrs.

Lawrence impressively.

"Dear me, Lizy!" clasping her hands helplessly. "That's an awful sight of money. Half a million! Most more than anybody ought to have, seems like."

"'Tain't nothin' to what some folks has, and I dunno but we'd as well have it as anybody else. We'd do as much good with it as anybody, I reckon, and more, too, prob-

ably."

"Yes, I s'pose we would." Mrs. Lawrence

began to pleat her dress reflectively.

"There's a long piece in the Volcano Gazette about it. Edgar gave it to me t'other night. You just read that, and then you'll get a clearer idee of it. I'll just run down to the kitchen while you're looking over it. There's something there that I want to 'tend to."

It is doubtful if Mrs. Lawrence's ideas were any clearer after reading the glowing, three-column account of the "Amador Queen," but she was in such a state of beatitude that it did not matter, anyway.

"Two hundred thousand! Two hundred thousand!" she kept repeating it over dazedly to herself, as she laid the paper

down, and fell to rocking softly, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves in their nervous way.

"It seems most too good to be true," she said tremulously, looking up as her friend entered. "Our fortune's a-coming late,

Lizy."

"Better late than never," returned Mrs. Patterson sententiously, seating herself with a little grunt of satisfaction. "And I've felt twenty years younger since I've

knowed it was a-coming."

"Yes, that's so. Lidy says she can't make out what's got into me here lately, I've got'so chipper." And the old lady laughed softly. "I s'pose we might's well tell 'em now, had n't we?"—gathering her dress up in little folds,—"'s long's we know

we're going to get it."

"We'll wait till next week," answered Mrs. Patterson, smoothing her apron down reflectively. "They're a-going to sink a deeper shaft this week, and they'll know for certain whether the vein runs clear through. I ain't a mite of doubt about it in my own mind, and Edgar and the old man they say it's certain as Gospel, but still, we might's well wait, 's long's it's only till next week."

"I've been thinking," went on Mrs. Lawrence, keeping up her interminable pleating, "but I can't quite make up my mind just what kind of a business to start Gene in. I think the grocery business is as good as any, folks have to eat. And then there's the coal business. Seems like that ought to be money-making. But I dunno. Gene spoke once that if he had money, he'd go into the commission business. I don't know much about that, but I s'pose it's a good business. Of course, there's time enough, but I was just a-thinkin'.

"I'd like to give Gene a good start, things have ben kind of agin him, you know," smoothing the pleats down with apologetic fervor. "But if he was just started in business, and had a little capital to back him, so's't he need n't worry, I know he do real well. Gene's smart enough; just as smart as anybody. Only he's got kind of down and discouraged, having so much bad luck."

Mrs. Patterson's face had clouded perceptibly, but she said nothing.

"And there's Em'ly," went on Mrs. Lawrence, her worn face lighting with loving pride. "She's got genuine talent for music. Miss Bissel says so. And her school teacher says she's got the finest voice in the whole school. They ain't no doubt but what with trainin' she'd make a grand singer. How often Lidy and me have talked it over, when we'd read of some girl going to Europe to cultivate her voice, and wisht and wisht that we had the money to do something for Em'ly. But she'll have things done for her now, and go to Europe too, if it's necessary." And the old lady nodded with gentle triumph.

"And Jimmy. Lidy thinks he'll be a draughtsman or builder, or something of that sort. He's always drawing plans of houses and ships and things, and he's terrible fond of machinery. Gene used to be, when he was a boy. I thought maybe he'd do something of that sort when he grew

up." She sighed very softly.

"The others are most too little to tell what they do take to, but they 're all smart. All Gene's children are smart. And I'll see that they have a chance to make something of theirselves, whatever it is they decide on."

"Air you going to be a fool again, Jane Lawrence, and let your children run through all you 've got, same as you did before?"

Mrs. Lawrence recoiled mildly from this sudden outburst of anxious asperity.

"Why, but, Lizy, two hundred thousand!"

"Yes, two hundred thousand, and four hundred thousand," retorted Mrs. Patterson sharply. "And where will it be if you go to imagining that them children's more than mortal smart, and needs furrin' education, and a lot more tomfoolery that's just like pouring water through a sieve, for all the good it does. If you cal'late to set Gene up in business, and furnish him capital besides, then let him take care of his children, I say. That's enough for you to do. But you are so soft, Jane. You know you always was a fool over your children. You would n't be where you are now, if you

Mrs. Lawrence flushed a dull pink, clear up to the roots of her thin gray hair. She shut her lips tightly, too; but there was undeniable truth in her friend's blunt remarks, so she did not attempt to answer.

had n't been."

Presently she said, with sarcastic terseness, "A body'd think you did n't intend to

do anything for your children, to hear you talk."

"I ain't a-going to make a fool of myself over 'em," returned Mrs. Patterson grimly. "I reckon I'll do as well by mine as you will by yourn, in the long run, but I've profited by experience to see where I've made mistakes before, to avoid makin'em

again."

"I cal'lated to keep out enough to live on," said Mrs. Lawrence with dignity, "but it won't take much to do me. All I want is just enough to be comfortable, so 's 't I need n't have to count every five cent piece, and skimp and pinch the way I 've had to. As for a great lot of money, I never did crave it, and specially now, when banks are burstin' up, and you never pick up a paper without hearin' of some rascality or meanness. I'd be worried to death, tryin' to take care of it.

"No, I don't want money, only for the good I can do with it. I did n't cal'late to give it all to the children, either. There'll be plenty enough to go round, I guess, even if I do what I was talkin' of, for

them.

"I was thinkin' about Lucy Harland and her husband. I b'lieve I 'll buy a little prune orchard, down by Los Gatos, and put them on it. He 's sort of consumpted, you know, and he 's just dying by inches down there in the railroad office where he works. And Lucy, she 's just worried to death about him. It would be the making of both of them.

"And there 's Josiah Haskins, been crippled up with rheumatiz, bedridden mostly,

for the last three years."

"I 've been thinking about them," interposed Mrs. Patterson eagerly. "I thought I'd buy a little place over to Haywards, say three or four acres, and put him and Hannah on it, and let 'em raise chickens, or something light and easy that way, that he could potter around at, and I would n't wonder but he 'd get tolerable well and strong again,— specially if his mind was easy, 'bout gettin' along. It 's worry 'ut kills folks, more 'n work, or disease either."

There came a digression, then, in the shape of a knock at the door. Mrs. Patter-

son opened it.

"O, it 's you, is it, Willie? The fire 's all started and the water 's b'iling? All right. Thankee. I'll be right down."

"I told Mis' Barstow I'd have an early tea, so's't to get things cleared up and out of the way before she was ready to put her dinner on," she said, coming back to Mrs. Lawrence, "so if you'll excuse me, I'll go down and set to work. Here's the last Christian Advocate, if you have n't read it."

"Now don't you go to making a fuss, Lizy. A cup of tea and some bread and butter would have done me well enough, and you could have used your coal oil stove for that, and not took all this trouble."

"O, now, you just read your paper. and never mind the bother. I like to have a little change myself, once in a while."

But the stirring article on "Social Corruption and Moral Reform" on the first page was entirely blurred to Mrs. Lawrence's gaze by dancing figures and a weird array of names. People began to crop up in all parts of California, and even in Iowa and Nebraska: nephews, who were trying to raise a family on two hundred a year and a patch of corn land; rheumatic friends, who were living from hand to mouth in malarious sectious of the city; young married couples, who were struggling with mortgages and street assessments in suburban homes, and other young folks who were dying by inches in unwholesome offices or stuffy shops.

It was ineffably satisfying to shake them each by the hand, and apportion their bounty as seemed most fit to her. She was not by any means through with them all when Mrs. Patterson bobbed in, red and bustling, to set the table.

Her modest little two by three table was entirely too small for the spread she had provided, so the Bible and photograph album were deposed from the stand in the corner, and it was utilized for the side dishes. On the happy prospect of Four Hundred Thousand, fried chicken is not to be thought extravagant, nor oyster pie, nor even pineapple and angel cake from the Woman's Exchange.

"These biscuit ain't as good as yourn, I expect," remarked Mrs. Patterson, as she invited her visitor to "set up." "I always did admit that you could beat me makin' sour milk biscuit; but still, I guess they'll pass." And she surveyed them with pardonable pride.

It was a meal to be lingered over and en-

joyed, mouthful by mouthful. To poor, stinted Mrs. Lawrence, and even to Mrs. Patterson herself, it seemed really princely.

The sun had gone down an hour ago, when the two friends finally parted at Mrs. Barstow's front door, Mrs. Lawrence declaring that she did n't know when she had enjoyed an afternoon so much, nor when she had eaten so hearty.

She walked home under the glaring street lamps, amid the clatter and din of the city streets, her shawl drawn closely around her, her head bent slightly forward, a happy, intent look on her face, that bespoke her release from all consciousness of her material surroundings.

It was a week the next Thursday, and Gene was gulping his breakfast and read-

ing the paper alternately.

Ho! Here's another one of them new mines busted. 'Amador Queen Mine fails to develop as expected. Sore disappointment to a modest mining company, composed chiefly of clerks in the warehouse of Smudge, Black & Co. A fabulously rich surface lode leads to wild expectations of a new Bonanza. Pathetic crushing of hopes of youthful speculators,' - and a lot more of There's two columns about it. Well, that's just the way. A lot of poor devils like those getting hold of it, you might know it would pan out a failure. If it had been one of these cussed millionaires, the lode would have run from Siskiyou to San Diego, and reached to the bowels of purgatory. Talk about things being equal!" And Gene scowled fiercely, and swore under his breath, as he caught up his hat and went out.

"It does seem as if there was n't any justice nor anything else in the world, don't it?" sighed Lidy, as she hushed the baby drearily, and picked up the paper. She read the account of the mining disaster, the scandal in the Highfly family, and other items of news, and then glanced up leisurely.

"Why, ma, are you sick? Why didn't

you say something?"

"No, 'tain't nothing. I, I just feel a little weak, like. It'll pass off directly."

"You ain't touched your coffee, neither."
"No, I'm just a-going to get some warm, now." She tottered over to the stove. and refilled her cup. "I b'lieve I'll just set

here by the stove," she said. "I feel sort

of chilly and cold like."

"Put your feet right in the oven, and here, let me put this shawl round you. You ought n't to have got up this morning if you did n't feel well. You've been so spry, lately, I'm afraid you've overdone."

"O, no," shuddered the old lady. "'T ain't

that, 't ain't that."

Lidy looked at her anxiously as she sat huddled over the stove, sipping her coffee slowly, but when she said, presently, quite in her usual voice, "I wisht you'd hand me my glasses and the paper, Lidy, I b'lieve I'll look over it," she felt relieved.

And then the children came tumbling down to breakfast, and had to be got off to school, and for the next half hour there were such numberless demands on poor Lida, and she was running in and out so much, that she really did not notice when the old lady got up quietly and slipped out of the room. About ten minutes later, she opened the door. She had her shawl and bonnet on, and was pulling on her threadbare gloves nervously.

"I thought I'd just run down to Lizy Patterson's a minute," she said tremulously, in answer to Lida's amazed remonstrance against her going out. "O, yes, I'm plenty well enough. It's a lovely morning, and I b'lieve I'd feel better out in the air."

Poor soul, she was not used to prevaricating, and she hugged her shawl guiltily close about her as she hurried down the street. Mrs. Patterson met her at the door. Her bonnet was all awry, and her hair looked frowsy and wild.

"It can't be true. I know it can't be true, Jane Lawrence," was her greeting. "I'm going down to see Edgar Ryder now."

"No, that's what I thought. I thought it could n't be true," repeated Mrs. Lawrence vaguely. "I'll go along with you."

But alas! It was true. Smudge, Black & Co. were completely demoralized; at least, their working force were. The head bookkeeper, the friend of the old man who discovered the mine, the one who had laid the dazzling prospectus before the other "boys," had to take a sorrowful holiday to answer the questions of despairing shareholders. He was a thin, sickly-looking man, whose hopes of emancipation from the close little den where he had spent the best years of his life had gone down with the rest.

He explained very fully, very patiently. just what had happened, but the old ladies could not understand. They were still absolutely dazed and bewildered when Edgar Ryder finally led them gently out of the place.

"Then there ain't no chance at all?" asked Mrs. Patterson facing him suddenly with despairing energy, as they reached the

sidewalk.

The man shook his head. "Not the ghost of a chance, Mrs. Patterson," he said huskily, signaling a car. "God knows I would rather have lost four times what I have, than that you should have lost a dollar through me." And there were tears in his eyes, as he helped them aboard the car and handed their fare to the conductor.

But they themselves were dry-eyed. Mrs. Patterson's bonnet was very much to one side, and her head kept tilting, every now and then, and her lips moving restlessly, but no sound came from them. As for Mrs. Lawrence, she sat quite still and numb, except for a restless plucking at her shabby gloves. The few people in the car looked at them curiously. Such a forlorn old pair as they were, when the car stopped at their crossing, at last, and they rose and tottered out.

"O, Jane, if only I had n't been the means of your doing it," groaned Mrs. Patterson

as they started up the street.

"Now, Lizy, don't you say a word. I done it of my own accord, and you ain't to blame no more than anybody else."

"You would n't 'a' knowed anything about it, if it had n't been for me," with

tragical insistence.

"Well, it's all right," wearily. "You done it for the best, and it don't matter."

Indeed, nothing mattered now.

"I'm glad Gene's got to work on the delivery wagon," said the patient voice, after a little silence.

Mrs. Patterson groaned aloud. They were almost at the Barstow steps, now. "Won't you come in and rest a minute," she asked, when they reached them, with a miserable sense of the duties of hospitality.

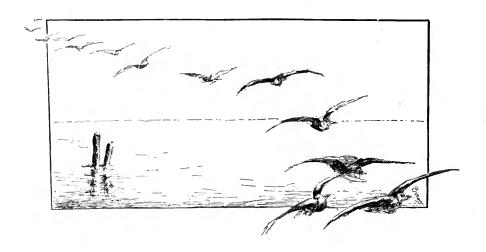
"No, I guess I'd better go right along. I told Lidy I would n't be gone long. I guess 'tain't intended for you an' me to ever have a fortune, Lizy," looking up with a wan smile. "I s'pose it's all for the best," plucking at the fingers of her old gloves

nervously. "Maybe we would n't have done just right with the money. Seems as if we would, but I dunno. I s'pose it's all right."

She forgot to say goodby. She looked terribly shriveled and old, as she went on up the street. The two stringy tips sticking up ridiculously from her old bonnet twisted and waved triumphantly as if in conscious exultation that their kingdom was never likely to be deposed. A great gust of wind caught her as she reached the corner, and wrapping her in a blinding cloud of dust and splinters and straw, drifted her out of sight.

Eliza Patterson wrung her hands in a sort of fierce impotence. Then she opened the

door and went in.



### A SONG OF THE WINTER RAIN

THE wind reels in from the mist-wrapped sea,
The gray gull dips in the fog from me,
And over the hills that are chosen of God
And over the brown-baked naked sod
He sweeps in his majesty.

Then down through the chill night steadily falls
The rain — the Bewitcher — with wind's the long calls,—
O, the wind and the rain of this hoped-for weather,
O, the wind and the rain that are one together!

Then lo, the sun bursts over the hill That is seared and naked and brown-baked still, And the miracle wrought by the One of God Stirs in the depths of the mellowed sod.

Then lo, the wonder of green-tipped things! Then lo, the whirr of the birds' damp wings! Comes the shrill, glad laugh of a child in the sun, For the Prophet hath spoken and winter begun!

## A PIONEER PRESS

#### AND ITS STIRRING HISTORY

#### BY CHARLES S. LEWIS

IN THE office of the Independent, a newspaper published in Independence, Inyo County, California, is a very ordinary-looking Washington hand printing press. On its front is the inscription, "R. Hoe & Co., New York. No. 2327." There is nothing about its sturdy frame to attract more than a passing notice, but if that old machine possessed the power of speech it could tell many a tale of the exciting times of long ago.

The press was purchased in 1848 in New York, and taken to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, (the home of General Zachary Taylor,) where the late Judge Judson Ames issued the first paper ever printed upon it, called the *Dime Catcher*, a political campaign paper devoted to the interests of the Whig party in general, and particularly to the elevation of General Taylor to the presidency.

After the presidential election was over, and General Taylor elected, the California gold fever raged as intensely throughout the Gulf States as in any other portion of the Union, and thousands left that section for California by the way of New Orleans and the Isthmus of Panama. Among these was Judge Ames, who deemed the "art preservative" the best calculated to enhance his fortunes in the new El Dorado. Accordingly he packed up the material of his office, and with his press he started for the golden shores of the Pacific via the Isthmus of Panama.

The many difficulties he encountered in transporting his press and material from Chagres to Panama were enough to discourage a dozen ordinary men, but Ames had no such word as fail in his lexicon. A man of herculean strength and splendid physique, possessing an indomitable will and a mind well stored with literary acquirements, of a cheerful disposition and generous to a fault, in the prime of his young manhood and blessed with robust health, he could not fail.

At Chagres he met with much difficulty

in getting his type and press transported across the isthmus, as the only mode of travel and conveyance was by barges and canoes up the Chagres river to Gorgona or Cruces, and thence on the backs of mules to Panama. He secured a barge and hired the natives to pole him and his freight up the river. The imposing stone and type made good ballast, but the press was most difficult and awkward to handle. At one time a sudden lurch caused it to fall overboard, when it sunk, of course, to the bottom, and was apparently lost. But Ames managed to make a drag by bending an iron bar and making a hook, and secured the press, which was dragged along the bottom to a place about four feet deep. directed the native boatmen, some halfdozen or more, to jump out and lift it into the barge, but they were unequal to the They could lift it by their united strength to the surface of the water, but they could get it no higher. A half day was spent in this fruitless effort, and finally Ames lost his temper, and in his impulse of rage jumped into the water himself, gathered hold of the press, and with one mighty effort lifted it out of its bed of mud and water and put it on board without any assistance whatever, while the natives looked at him with awe and astonishment, as if he were a brother to Samson.

On reaching Gorgona they found it necessary to continue up the river to Cruces, where Ames disembarked with his press and material. After much trouble he managed to get everything packed on mules, paying most exorbitant prices for transportation to Panama, where a large number of California-bound adventurers had already arrived, and thousands were awaiting the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels for San Francisco. Judge Ames, compelled to wait with the rest for several months, immediately set up his press and soon astonished every one, both native and foreign, with a newspaper printed half in English

and half in Spanish, under the name of the Panama *Herald*, which met with considerable success. As soon, however, as the most of the American passengers had left for California, he closed the publication and packed up the press and material and started with it by steamer to San Francisco.

Some few months afterwards he became editorially connected with the Placer Times and Transcript, a journal first started at Sacramento and then moved to San Francisco. It was, I believe, issued from this same press. In 1851, William M. Gwin was elected United States Senator. He with many other politicians, was devoted to the plan of fostering the interests of the South by the building of the Southern Pacific railroad with its terminus at San Diego instead of San Francisco. Strong inducements were held out by Senator Gwin and others to Ames, and with flattering promises (which were made to be broken), he removed with his press to San Diego, and there began the publication of the San Diego Herald, which he continued to publish for ten years. During this time the far-famed and inimitable wit and wag, John Phonix, performed those pranks and perpetrated those jokes upon Ames which have become a part of the comic history and facetious literature of California under the title of "Phænixiana," a book which now adorns many libraries throughout the country, and which first appeared in the columns of the San Diego Herald.

In 1860, Judge Ames, seeing no immediate prospect of the fulfillment of his hopes by the commencement of the Southern Pacific railroad, and having wasted the best portion of his life at San Diego without remuneration and the future looking still more discouraging to him, was induced to leave that place, and removed inland to San Bernardino, which had been a Mormon out-post, but had been abandoned by the Mormons. They had sold out everything at a sacrifice, at the command of Brigham Young, and had returned to Salt Lake to resist the United States forces under General Sidney Johnston.

The change in the character of the population at San Bernardino, the discovery of valuable and extensive gold mines in the vicinity, and a large influx of population pouring into that section of the State, caused Judge Ames to commence the pub-

lication of the San Bernardino Herald. He continued until February, 1861, when on account of ill-health and pecuniary embarrassment, he was compelled to cease its publication, and in August of that year Ames died.

In March, 1861, before Ames's death, the press and material of the *Herald* were purchased by Major Edwin A. Sherman, who began the publication of the *Patriot*, devoted to the cause of the Union and sustaining the administration of Abraham Lincoln after the firing on Fort Sumter. It was a critical period, and the *Patriot* experienced many ups and downs, finally suspending publication in February, 1862.

In March, 1862, the press and material were again packed up, and were hauled by H. C. Ladd with ox teams from San Bernardino, through the Cajon pass, across the Mojave desert to Walker's pass, and up through the Owens River valley, on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, and across the Esmeralda mountains to the town of Aurora, then the county seat of Mono county, California, but now of Esmeralda county, Nevada, the State boundary having since been run and placing that town within the limits of the latter State. On May 24. 1862, the first number of the Esmeralda Star was printed on this press by Sherman & Freaner.

Mr. Freaner soon retired from the venture, and Major Sherman continued the publication alone under great difficulties and a considerable degree of personal danger. Party feeling ran high, and acts of violence were of frequent occurrence. The population was about equally divided in sentiment, and nearly all the local officials were avowed Secessionists. During this exciting time Major Sherman was shot by one Augustus Quinton, who, with two others, had been hired to assassinate him. Quinton was afterwards shot and killed by the sheriff of Nevada county, California. Major Sherman recovered from his wound and continued the publication of the Star until February, 1864, when his connection with it ceased, and the name was changed to the Esmeralda Union, with Reverend J. B. Saxton, a Baptist clergyman, as editor.

The mining interests in and around Aurora having waned, and excitement gone down, the Esmeralda *Union*, which had been promising well as a daily, was changed into

a tri-weekly, then into a semi-weekly, and finally to a weekly. Then it passed into the hands of Hon. J. G. McClinton, who continued its publication until the population dwindled, until it was no longer possible to continue the paper.

In 1870 the press was puchased by Chalfont & Parker, and removed to Independence, Inyo county, California, where they began the publication of the Inyo *Independent*.

And in the office of the Independent this old press stands today. I call it old because its history covers the whole of that of California under American rule, not because the old veteran is the least decrepit, or even battle-scarred. On the contrary, save the grime of ink and oil, it is today as bright and good, and apparently as little worn as the day it turned out the first number of the Dime Catcher a half century ago. Of its class it is and ever was a superior piece of machinery, never seriously out of repair, always ready for duty, and reliable —a veritable old civilizer and historian, telling its own story from day to day, and not ready to sum up, perhaps for a century to come.

No less loyal to its country than true to its owners, there is nothing in its record to blot out, to expunge, or to excite a blush of shame. It has seen sorry, and long, weary days and faded hopes, and many of sunshine and triumph. By river and sea, mountain and plain, desert and flowery vale, it has written its own lines and yet asks no rest.

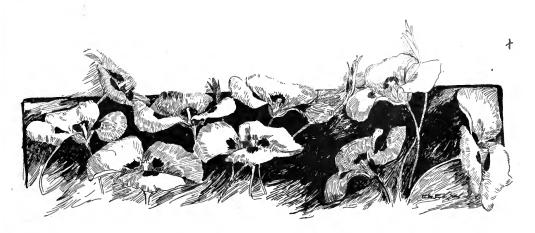
But it is not the story of this combination of brass, steel, and iron, that I consider of the most interest. It is the association of persons and events so intimately blended with the history of our State from a period anterior to the flush times of forty-nine down to the quieter days of ninety-eight. Its story uncovers a world of reminiscences of peculiar interest to hundreds or thousands of old Pacific Coasters, wherever they may be. Major Sherman, in a letter dated from Chicago, in March, 1873, pays the following tribute to the old machine:—

It was never prostituted to ignoble or selfish or unpatriotic ends; and not a single issue of any of the many journals which have felt the force of its lever, so far as I have been able to learn, but what has been independent in tone and never subservient to the personal aggrandizement of party politicians who have sought to use it for selfish schemes and purposes.

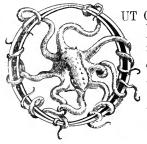
It has braved the seas, the rivers, and the floods, and run the gauntlet of hostile Indian tribes; it has crossed the continent, desert and mountains; it has been lost in the slimy, oozy bed of the Chagres in the tropics, and has climbed to the highest elevation of the abode of civilized man on the summit of mountains which bind States together in the temperate zone.

It has sent forth no disloyal sentiments, nor proclaimed aught but Union loving and patriotic devotion. Though often threatened with destruction, it has never flinched when the hour of trial came. It has been crowned and wreathed in flowers by the fair daughters of the South and the Pacific. It has been wet and drenched with the rich blood of the vine, and its track has been lubricated with the juice of the olive. It has been the herald of hymen, proclaimed the advent of the new born, and tolled the doleful news of the departed. Rich gems of poesy and song, of wit, humor, and pathos, have illumined the pages of its journals.

This is by far the oldest press now in use on this coast, and with probably one exception, is the original pioneer.



#### THE SEA OF THE SEALS' DESIRE



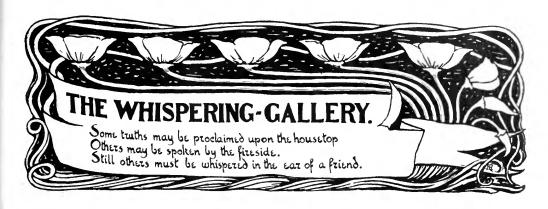
UT OF the depths of the submarine caves
We rise as we sportively race
Near the long white stretch of the beach of sand,
Up on the swirl of the combing waves,
Till we reach the ponderous base
Of our stronghold tower that raises its high
Bold, frowning outline against the sky,
Calm and majestic and ruggedly grand;
And then we slowly, painfully crawl
Up the sharp, steep sides of our castle wall.

We struggle and strive, we bark and we moan, To reach the top where the wind blows free; For there, undisturbed by the sprays' mad whirl, From our lofty perch on the cold, gray stone, We can watch for the sunset sea: It lies just beyond the one that we know; There are waves with a wonderful, shimmering glow, And islands of amber and coral and pearl. We have tried to reach it again and again, But every effort has been in vain.

That strange, yellow seal who is called the Sun, With the smooth, round, luminous face, — We think he is king of that western sea; For always after the day is done, He hies to his resting place, And the azure veil that has hidden away Those glorious waves from our eyes all day, Lifts as by magic, while languorously The monarch sinks through the golden foam, And is lost to sight in his royal home.

Who knows but today he may lead us there,— 'His faithful subjects who watch and wait?' And we may bathe in that radiant deep And bask on those islands celestially fair, With endless joy in our happy fate: Forever rapt in a sweet amaze. And the only break in the joyful days Will be as joyful dreams in our sleep.

Alas! He has vanished,—the world grows gray, And our hope is deferred for another day!



#### BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

I SOMETIMES wish that Americans could know more of our own history and literature, even at the expense of knowing somewhat less of those of Europe. This reminds me of a remark of my friend Elacott, who declared that he would write a series of "Letters from a Literary Heretic," in which he would show beyond question some of the monstrous errors in popular and critical judgments and proclivities. He promises many things that he never performs, and I doubt if he ever will carry out this design; hence I feel at liberty to talk about it, as I should not if he would really put it on paper himself. He proceeded to set forth at considerable length some of his heretical theories and opinions, part of which I was inclined to agree with, and part of which I combated; and as I look back upon the discussion I am hardly able to distinguish between his ideas and some that originated with me.

He said it was a common subject of remark (generally somewhat sarcastic) that the critical readers of great publishing-houses had made numerous errors in condemning literary work that was afterward triumphant in public approval.

"That," said he, "assumes that the approval of the public is a final and indisputable verdict on the merits of the work; but this I deny. Sometimes it is the public that blunders, and it may require several generations of readers to find it out, though oftener the truth is recognized before the second generation passes away. Just consider the raptures that have been expended on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam since Fitzgerald introduced it to English readers. What is it?—what does it say? About one third of it is occupied with expressing over and over the single sentiment: Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die,—which was uttered long ago much more concisely by Isaiah, and was repeated by Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians. I fail to find much to admire in a poet who hammers out any idea so thin as that, and when the idea is not new, but is old and well known, I cannot see why he should be called a poet (that is, a creator) at all."

I suggested that something was due to Omar (or to Fitzgerald, as the case might be) for putting the thought of Isaiah into musical form, with metaphors that gave it an air of romance and suggested the accessories that served to make up a picture and impress it more upon the reader.

"Of course there is something in that," said Elacott; "but we have scores of young people in our colleges who have learned the science of rhyme, and who, if you will furnish

them with ideas, can versify them as musically as you wish. They all write poetry for the magazines, and the reason they are not great poets is not because they cannot rhyme as well as Dryden, or Pope, or even Tennyson, but because they have no ideas that are worthy of the rich dressing that English verse affords. And I put Fitzgerald's performance in the same category."

"But, said I, "have you never thought that many poems which even you would acknowledge to be great, or at least would not willingly let die, can be reduced to the same small and apparently insignificant compass, if we merely ask, What do they say? and proceed to give their plot or argument in the briefest possible form? Take Gray's 'Elegy,' for instance. What does it say? It says that all lives end in the grave, and therefore it matters little whether one is rich or poor, eminent or humble. True, it draws some pleasing pictures of incense-breathing morn, and lowing herds returning home at evening, and cathedral interiors, and cottage happiness, and village heroism; but all these are only the rhetorical setting of the one simple idea."

"I admit," said Elacott, "that when the setting is so rich, we need not grumble if the central gem is not of the finest. But Fitzgerald produces no such series of pictures. I suppose there must always be some sense of failure in even the greatest of elegiac poems; because death is an insoluble mystery and apparently an irreparable calamity. As Lowell says, 'Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death.' Tennyson spent seventeen years on his 'In Memoriam,' and what does it say? It says that he has lost the dearest of friends, and does not know what has become of him, but does know that he never can be restored or the loss made good in this life; and that is about all it does say."

"Speaking of Tennyson," said I, "reminds me that the most popular of his short poems furnishes a striking example of one thing that I complain of in American readers. Every time that any gray-headed tramp chooses to tell some rural journalist that he is a survivor of the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, the rural editor makes a long article about it, with a minute description of that heroic tramp, and half the newspapers in the country copy it admiringly. And all this because of Tennyson's wretched little If our journalists knew what they ought to know about history, they would know that nothing in the Crimean war was worthy of being glorified (except Florence Nightingale's services to the sick and the wounded), for it was a purely commercial and selfish struggle. If we were to treat it as we have just been treating famous poems, and tell its plot in a dozen or two words, we should have to say: Russia, growing up into a great nation in the center of the largest continent, naturally came to a time when she needed an outlet to the sea, which is the highway of nations. She made a push to get this by so far brushing aside the Turkish power as to make a passage for herself to the Mediterranean. Thereupon England and France, fearing her as a commercial competitor, sent their armies to keep her shut up where she had been, thus incidentally sustaining the abominable Turk, who ought long before to have been driven out of Europe. In the course of this unjust and disgraceful struggle occurred the battle of Balaklava; and in the course of this battle a ridiculously blundering order was given, which was blunderingly obeyed, and the result was a charge that accomplished nothing but heavy loss to the assailants. Thereupon the Laureate burst out with a lyric, and he challenges us to name the date at which their glory will fade. Why glory at all? Is there any glory in unnecessarily dashing out one's brains against a stone wall, when it is just as easy to go round the wall? 'Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front

of them,' and they or their commander did not know any better than to charge down the valley between the two lines of cannon, when they might as easily have gone to the right or the left and taken one line of artillery in reverse, while out of reach of the shot from the other line,—which is what American soldiers would have done. should the Queen's Laureate glorify this wicked waste of the lives of the Queen's troops? And why does he say 'Some one had blundered'? Since he has the ear of the public, and is dishing out praise so lavishly, why does he not use the same power to fix the blame where it belongs, and thus do what he can to prevent such blunders in future? Was he afraid to write, 'Lucan had blundered' or 'Cardigan blundered'? The historian knows it was one or both of these. Poor Nolan, who carried the order, knew how it should be interpreted, and endeavored to direct the charging column toward the guns on the right, but was killed at the outset by a fragment of shell. Lucan was an Earl, Cardigan was an Earl, and in England an Earl is a powerful man. Look now at the accumulation: A war to suppress fair commercial competition - a blundering battle -a charge that accomplished nothing but sickening loss to the charging column - the titled blunderers shielded from blame - a pensioned Laureate singing the glory of itprofessional readers in our free Republic reciting the rubbish to admiring audiences, and schoolboys declaiming it with the approval of their teachers! Can't they read American history? Don't they know that already, with but one century of national life behind us, we have surpassed Europe in everything heroic, everything that contributes to the comfort of the race, - everything but literature? And we never shall have a literature of our own till we pay more attention to our own history. If we want a military exploit to admire, we need not forever ring the changes on Balaklava. Our countrymen have made dozens of charges more brilliant than that of the British Six Hundred, because they were equally hazardous, and the hazard was not unnecessary, and the desired result was accomplished. Take a single instance. In the second day's battle at Gettysburg, General Hancock observed that there was a gap in the National line, and that a Confederate brigade was pushing forward to pass through it. Looking about for troops to stop the gap and prevent a disaster, he found none available except a single regiment, the First Minnesota. Riding up to Colonel Colville he said, 'I want that flag,' pointing at the colors of the Confederate brigade. Instantly the regiment charged the brigade with headlong fury; the progress of the enemy was stopped; disaster was averted; and even the flag was brought off; and the gallant regiment performed this service at the cost of eighty-two per cent of its men killed or wounded. The Balaklava charge was child's play in comparison; the loss of the Light Brigade was but thirty-seven per cent. Franco-German war of 1870, which Europeans consider a very bloody conflict, the highest loss sustained by any German regiment in a single engagement was forty-nine per cent. But in the American civil war there were sixty-four National and fifty-three Confederate regiments each of which sustained a loss of more than fifty per cent in some one battle. We don't need to go abroad for either heroism or history, and when we cease to do so we may hope for a respectable home literature as well."

"You certainly make out a strong case," said Elacott; "but I think you are generally inclined to be too radical."

That 's just what I think of him!

"I will repeat your argument," he continued, "to my friend Miss Ravaline, next time I see her; for it seems to me that women, being so largely out of the fray, may be

expected to have a juster estimate of these things than men, and I would like to know how it strikes her."

"I have a high respect for Miss Ravaline's judgment on almost any question," said I, "but on this particular one I am inclined to doubt that of any woman. From heredity, women are too much inclined to admire any mere exhibition of courage in men, without taking account of its motive or its result. Nothing but that heredity — the fact that they are descended from savage women of a far-off day, who expected from their husbands little else than protection by savage methods — can account for their delight in witnessing the idiotic brutalities of the foot-ball field."

"There may be something in that," said Elacott, "and perhaps, if you could investigate, you would find that among our teachers it is the women, rather than the men, who choose for declamation by their pupils such pieces as the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'

This last remark of my friend Elacott strikes me as rather ungallant; but he does n't always mean exactly what he says. And yet there may be a grain of truth in it, after all. At any rate, I admire his Americanism — or was it mine?

#### **ENVIRONMENT**

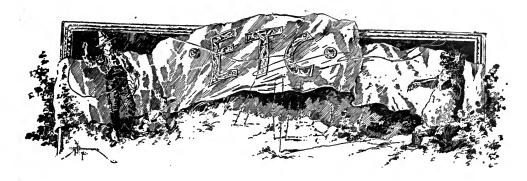
THE wildflower nodding to the breeze
That fanned it from its seedling birth,
Droops with a grief that no one sees,
Translated from the mother-earth.

A bird imprisoned rarely sings,
And flight impossible to win,
Will cease erewhile to beat its wings
Against the bars that shut it in.

My soul no more for freedom pleads;
My heart, indifferent to fate,
Is like a garden grown with weeds
Where not a hand unlocks the gate.

Lillian Ferguson.





#### Our New Cover

THE OVERLAND is proud of its new cover. The OVERLAND'S readers will consider our pride justified. It is the most artistic design we have ever had, and we incline to the belief that for

strength combined with simplicity, purity of design, and vigor of execution, it has never been excelled on the cover of any magazine, published here or abroad. It is, moreover, the work of a young native artist - Mr. R.I. Aitken, who has never been outside of California. It is, therefore, essentially native in conception as well as execution. It is a product of that virile West which has given character to the OVERLAND MONTHLY as a literary organ. Mr. Aitken is a pupil of Mr. Tilden. whose story in this number he has also illustrated in clay,- the first time in the history of magazine illustration that such use has been made of the plastic arts. We are aiming to make a magazine in which every inhabitant of the Pacific coast can take a legitimate pride; and in this number we flatter ourselves that we have done so. An expression of opinion will be welcome from readers. Also from advertisers.

#### A New Tolstoi

IN THE April number of the OVERLAND an important departure will be made from the long established policy of this magazine. A long story, not dealing with Western life, will be pub-

lished in its pages. This announcement the editors of the OVERLAND make with more than ordinary pleasure; for they believe they have secured one of the strongest pieces of fiction ever produced. The author is now unknown to the reading world; but he is on the threshold of fame. California has produced a second Tolstoi, though Scandinavia gave him birth. The tremendous power and pathos of the work are directly traceable to the presence of hardship and suffering which has wrung this cry from a human soul,—for to this descendant of Vikings, California has not been a land of sunshine. At this moment the author of the greatest novel since Anna Karenina is wielding a pick

and shovel,— as does his great Russian prototype; but unfortunately, in this case, the need for severe manual labor is urgent and pressing: he is poor, and until he stumbled into the office of the Overland, was friendless also. His days with the pick and shovel are numbered, however; for his writings display the touch of genius. The story is thrilling in its intensity and pathos, superb in its virile strength, admirable in its style. It is unlike Zola, Ibsen, or Björnsen, and yet it combines some of the strongest characteristics of all three. It is in truth the work of a second Tolstoi! His modesty, however, is as great as his talent is original; and needless to say, he knows nothing of this enthusiastic announcement.

#### Cuba in War Time

WE have been censured because of our comments on Cuban cruelty to animals, and two subscribers have cancelled their subscriptions. We are glad of it. It shows that we made an im-

pression. There are hundreds of stump-speakers and shouters in Congress to tell of man's inhumanity to man in Cuba; but it is only the rare and occasional voice that is raised in behalf of voiceless sufferers there. We repeat with emphasis all that we said before, and we venture to go a step further. The knacker's victim, worn out in the service of man, which is led blind-folded into the bullring to be so gored that he treads on his own entrails. as happens a hundred times on every Spanish holiday (save the mark!) is nearer to our sympathies than the human being who sometimes mingles his blood with the worn-out hack's. And from this eminence of barbarism, down through all the petty torturings of beasts of burden which are everywhere witnessed in Cuba, our feelings are always with the mute sufferers. Since it appears that our views on Cuba have suggested to some a new aspect of the question of intervention, we welcome the opportunity of repeating them. They are as follows:-

There is much pain in the world which is not of man's making; but before this war Cuba was a para-

dise wherever the wretched inhabitants did not make a corner of hell of it by their own wanton cruelty; and no one could visit the island without wishing a dozen times a day for a thunderbolt to strike some of them dead. We have all the sympathy in the world for patriots struggling for political freedom; but the groans of generations of tortured beasts have deadened our pity for the cruel race which is now engaged in spasms of self-destruction, for that is all it amounts to.

Cuba has great strategic value, as Captain Mahan has so well shown; and in time it will be of great importance to us. But there is not a soldier in our army whose life is not worth a hundred of those who are fighting on either side in Cuba; and there is nothing in this book that tends to prove the contrary. If interference is made to save the Cubans, it will be unjustifiable. If, however, we feel that Cuba, as a spot of earth, is needful or useful to us, then let us take it, and establish a branch society for the prevention of cruelty to animals even before we construct sewers and clean out their filthy streets.

#### America's Interest in China

ÁPROPOS of the OVERLAND'S editorial on America's interest in China, published in the last number, the following extracts from the Nation and the New York Tribune, are of interest:—

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's declaration that there shall be no closing of Chinese ports is, since Channing's famous acknowledgment of the independence of the Spanish-American provinces, the finest declaration made by any British Minister. Open ports, free to all the nations of the earth, are something worth fighting for. The British Minister is a splendid contrast to the two "war lords" who are wandering round the earth seeking ports to close, markets to monopolize, and commerce for themselves only. It is a lucky thing for civilization that England has enough "sea power to make her declarations good, and it is a melancholy thing that we who, a century ago, stood far in advance of her in advocacy of everything that vindicated the "sacred rights of man," should now lag behind her as a friend of the race. If we took a port today, we should promptly put about 60 per cent duty on all imports, search passengers' clothing for trousers and chemises bought abroad, tear sealskin jackets off the backs of women, and, in fact, do everything we could, short of violence, to make human intercourse difficult and disagreeable, to diminish the advantage of steam and electricity, and make travel seem immoral. - The Nation (Ind.), New York.

Of all the European powers, Great Britain is the one that stands for equal rights in international dealings. For any other to gain control of China would mean exclusion of all rivals from Chinese trade, or at least such handicaps as would practically amount to that. But wherever the British flag is raised there is freedom. When Great Britain secures the opening of another Chinese port or the free navigation of a river it is not for herself alone, but for all comers on equal terms. Whether that is the most profitable course for her to pursue, and to what extent that fact is a commendation of Cobdenism, are questions that need not to be discussed. The essential point is that such is the British policy, wherefore it is to the advantage of

Great Britain's commercial rivals to have her policy triumphant as widely as possible. — The Tribune (Rep.), New York.

#### Custer's First Battle

BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN IT AS A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH MICHIGAN

AFTER the fiercely contested battle of Williamsburg, in the spring of 1862, McClellan's army moved cautiously toward Richmond.

Yorktown and Williamsburg had added no luster to its fame, but had made known to the world the excellent fighting qualities of its soldiers. General McClellan had gained confidence in his army, but had also learned that the army opposing him would stoutly contest every step of his advance. Although Williamsburg was fought on the fifth day of May, his army did not reach the upper Chickahominy, near New Bridge, until May 22d, where be found the enemy ready to contest the passage of the river. The stream was only about sixty feet wide at this place, but was lined on both sides by swamps and deep morasses, so that the approaches to the bridge, as well as the bridge itself, became of some strategical importance.

George A. Custer, just graduated from West Point had joined the army at Yorktown as a lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry. He was only twenty-one years of age, slender in build, with long flaxen hair and careless in dress. With Lieutenant Bowen of the Topographical Engineer Corps he made a reconnoissance of the river and found a fordable place about three hundred yards above the bridge, which they reported to General McClellan. He soon afterward sent for them, and in the conversation, Custer claimed that with a small force he could capture the bridge. At his own suggestion he was allowed to select a regiment from his own State, and he chose the Fourth Michigan Infantry, numbering about five hundred men, and commanded by Colonel Woodbury.

The expedition was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Bowen, but with him were several other officers, among whom was Captain James W. Forsyth, Eighteenth United States Infantry, late commander of the Department of California.

The Fourth Michigan broke camp soon after midnight, but the night and morning were rainy and foggy, and it was after daybreak before they had made their way through the intervening timber to the vicinity of the ford discovered the day before.

Here the same tactics were decided upon which were used many times later by General Custer and which at last resulted in the disaster of the "Little Big Horn."

Custer detached from the regiment companies A and B and took command of them, about seventy-five men all told. Company A was from his old home of

Monroe, Michigan. With these he forded the stream, while the remainder of the command formed a line perpendicular to the river and moved down toward the bridge.

The approaches and bridge were defended by Manly's battery of artillery, stationed on the adjoining bluffs, and Semmes's brigade of infantry, composed of Louisiana and Georgia troops. The Fifth Louisiana and Tenth Georgia were at the front along the line of the stream to contest its passage and were the ones more immediately engaged.

Examine for a moment the daring nature of the enterprise now entered upon. There was no artillery or reserve infantry to support the attack or to protect the force in case of defeat. The attacking force did not exceed one-fourth of the number of the defenders, who had chosen a strong position for defense. The small force divided, — with a river between lined with swamps, — five hundred farmer's boys, unused to war and led by a youngster just from the Academy, were being dashed against this veteran brigade of valorous Southerners. But the boldness and decisive action of this born leader won a victory.

Custer pushed his men rapidly down the river and soon surprised and engaged the outposts of the enemy; but there was no halting or skirmishing; the Michigan men, with yells, charged the enemy, following their retreat to their very camp opposite the bridge. Custer, snatching a large bowie knife from one of the prisoners, urged his horse across the stream to the front of the remainder of the regiment, and swinging the weapon above his, head shouted:—

"The Rebels say we can't stand cold steel. I captured this from one of them. Forward and show them that the Michigan boys will give them all the cold steel they want."

The regiment fired a volley across the stream, and under a severe but wild fire of the enemy, dashed through the swamp and across the river, holding their bayonetted muskets above their heads until they reached the camp of the enemy, who thus beset on flank and front and confused by the suddenness of the attack fled routed from the valley.

The Federal loss was only one killed and seven wounded. The Confederate loss, according to the official reports of the two Colonels, was twenty-seven killed, twenty-six wounded, and forty-three missing. The bridge and thirty-five prisoners were captured.

Upon hearing of the result, McClellan rode rapidly through the rain to the bridge and personally thanked the officers and men engaged for their victory and gallant conduct. He at once sent the following dispatch to President Lincoln:—

Saturday, May 24th, 1862. Fourth Michigan about finished the Louisiana Tigers, fifty prisoners, fifty killed. Our loss one killed and ten wounded.

I cannot close this sketch of the engagement, which opened to Lieutenant Custer a career as brilliant as any in the Civil War, better than in the words of General McClellan in his "Own Story."

Soon after reaching the Chickahominy, I took as one of my aides, Lieutenant G. A. Custer, as a reward for an act of daring gallantry. This was the beginning of the distinguished career of one of the most gallant soldiers of the army and an admirable cavalry leader.

M. A. Luce.

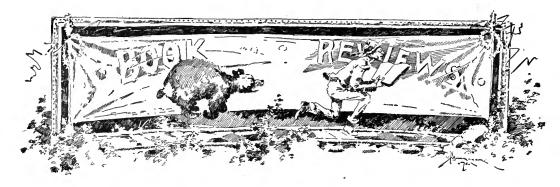
#### On the Skaguay Trail

GOD pity the babe on the icy trail,
In the arms of those who loved it best,
Yet failed to shield from the withering gale
That claimed its prey at the mother's breast.
On the summit they mourned a lifeless child,
Sobbing their grief to the mocking storm,
Then left to the snows and the trackless wild
The cache that cradled the frozen form.
The argonaut pauses with moistened cheek
And tear-dimmed eyes, who would never quail
In the battle's front, for the strong grow weak,
Where baby sleeps on the Skaguay trail.

A youth with his face toward the great divide,
With steady purpose that would not fail
Of the hidden gold on the other side,
For which he climbed up the mountain trail,—
But the river, his fondest dreams to mock,
Hollowed a bed 'neath the yielding wave,
Then shattered his form on the tide and rock,—
And instead of treasure he found a grave.
In the home there is dearth of song and laugh,
Where echoes a stricken mother's wail,
And the father yearns for his broken staff,—
An ended life on the Skaguay trail.

He was three score years, with the heart of youth,
A hero's courage, an athlete's strength,
Who had compassed the fearful pass, forsooth,
Would traverse the mighty Yukon's length.
But a messenger came, unvoiced, unsought,
Whose presence darkened the golden star,
He called, but the stalwart answered not,
For speech was hushed and the soul afar;
And she, who had periled her life with him,
Who climbed the summit without avail,
Turned wearily back through the shadows dim,
Back from the grave on the Skaguay trail.

Mary Byron Reese



#### The Polychrome Bible<sup>1</sup>

THE first fruits of the stupendous work of biblical criticism and scholarship known as the *Polychrome Bible* have just come from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., in The *Book of Judges*— "a new English Translation, printed in colors exhibiting the composite structure of the book, with explanatory notes and pictorial illustrations."

Of course the most striking aspect is the polychrome feature. The text is printed on variously colored backgrounds; and in this way the editors are enabled to show at a glance the different sources from which the book is made up. Thus some pages look like Joseph's coat, so diverse have been the origins of the text. The results of centuries of revision here appear at a glance. An interpolation, added perhaps in all honesty to elucidate an obscure phrase, is printed in blue; and an adjective, thrown in by later commentators appears in yellow. Then the work of some grammarian, anxious to bring the obsolete Hebrew text up to date, has changed a conjunction or modified a preposition; and his work stands out from the page like red letters among black. The structure of the Hebrew language has varied from age to age to such a degree that the modern philologist has no more difficulty of separating the phraseology of Joshua's day from that of Micah's or Abimelech's, than we should have in differentiating a jumble of Chaucer, Shakespere, Doctor Samuel Johnson, and some neighboring newspaper editor. Thus the additions and emendations which have been made from time to time in the Hebrew text are readily distinguishable by the philologist; and this polychrome edition will give the same power to the general reader.

But while the polychrome feature is necessarily the most striking and conspicuous, it is not the only distinction which this work possesses. The archæological discoveries of modern times, the side-lights cast on biblical history by translations of papyri and ancient tablets, the analogies established by philology, the

<sup>1</sup>The Book of Judges. Translated by the Rev. G. F. Moore, D. D. Price, \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Company: New York.

recognition of relations which sociology shows to exist between races and nations that have heretofore seemed unrelated, have also contributed their quota to the vast store of knowledge of which this book is the outcome. It is, further, a new translation one that has the merit of being done into modern literary English; and while it necessarily loses an attractive quality in parting with the archaic phraseology of the older translations, it gains a vigor and life that brings the story right home and puts it among the things that are, rather than among those that were. The enterprise is one of such importance that we strongly advise readers to apply for the prospectus which the publishers offer to send gratuitously upon application. It is impossible in the limits of a review to do more than to indicate the work as the greatest and most original work of biblical criticism and scholarship ever attempted.

#### Dr. Nordau's Shackles of Fate1

One would expect from the author of "Degeneration," something regenerative. This philosopher, whe has found so little to commend in modern art, who with so much sarcasm has made lunatics of our greatest artistic minds, is here with a play.

We turn to it not only with curiosity but also with reasonable expectations of something regenerative.

Fritz Sickart is a young man of poor and uneducated parentage. His father was the coachman, and his mother, the cook of milady's household. Milady — Mrs. von Olderode — loses her only son, and turns a part of her love over to young Fritz, whom she educates for a lawyer.

Fritz is a young man of great and burning ambitions. He wins a lawsuit of some importance in the interest of his benefactress. He moves to Berlin, where he enters the law-firm of Eckbaum.

Fritz brings his mother with him into the fashionable society of the capital. He shows his unworthiness by being visibly ashamed of his good old mother's simple manners and dress.

<sup>1</sup>Shackles of Fate. By Max Nordau. T. Tennyson Neely: London and New York: 1898.

The young and handsome Baroness Gerda von Döbelin has entered a suit for divorce against her husband, the Baron, who has a weak side for the Baroness's chambermaids and cooks.

Fritz Sickart is her lawyer, and spurred by great ambitions and secret love for Gerda and her money, he wins, through rather questionable means, a great legal victory, freeing the Baroness from her demoralized husband.

As a result of their daily intercourse during the process, Gerda von Döbelin seems to have taken a more than passing interest in the young and rising lawyer.

When he, in a manner more becoming a circus rider, declares his love to her, she permits him, after a short coquettish struggle to take possession of her little self.

He then proceeds to kneel before her,—"(kisses her hands, draws her head on his shoulder and covers it with kisses. Stammers) 'Thanks, thanks!'"—during which scene an audience would feel uncomfortable.

But our Fritz has not always been a good boy. He has a child with Milady von Olderode's maid, Louise, who now forced by her undying love to Fritz, against his wish, also moves to Berlin.

In the meantime this ambitious young lawyer sends his mother out of the house and rents rooms for her in a back street, where Louise one day visits her. Reluctantly, but forced by the great sufferings of her love, the poor, forsaken girl confides to the mother Fritz's parentage of her child.

Then follows a transfiguration of that old, uncultured, submissive woman of the province, milady's cook, which is worthy of the regenerative hopes of Doctor Nordau.

Gerda von Döbelin now Fritz's intended, pays his mother a visit. Louise, who happens to be with Mrs. Sickart, hurries into the bedroom before the Baroness enters.

Then follows a scene between the good old woman and this lady of nobility which is truly regenerative and of considerable artistic beauty. The reader here warms up to a great deal of admiration for this unaristocratic lady of noble birth, when she, in the simplest and most unpretentious way, divulges the secret of her engagement, and most tenderly tries to win the confidence of her future mother-in-law.

The reader expects a scene of great force in this simple room of this bewildered mother when Fritz enters and unexpectedly meets his highborn sweetheart in the atmosphere of his former circumstances. Besides, the skeleton in the closet is also there in the form of the downtrodden Louise. Hidden in the bedroom, she overhears the conversation.

Doctor Nordau had here a fine opportunity to focus his forces into a scene of lasting strength. But

Doctor Nordau did not want it that way, and the whole scene falls flat, resembling one of these bon bons which grow tasteless toward the center and end in mere gum.

Fritz, always ambitious, dabbles in politics. He is striving for a seat in the Reichstag, and to obtain it he needs money.

The Baroness Gerda has trusted him with the care of her property, and on the strength of his prospect of marriage to her, he, without her knowledge, borrows a considerable sum from the money she entrusted to his care.

In the mean time the aristocratic brother of Mrs. von Döbelin, who has become aware of Fritz's attention to his sister, steps in to hinder what he considers a mésalliance, and shrinking from no means, he drags to light, through the agency of the dismissed Herr von Döbelin, all Fritz's former circumstances and life.

But the little Baroness Gerda is steadfast in the defense of her Fritz. One again learns to admire her good sense and lack of prejudice and expects great things of her. Then her brother, as a last means, brings on the scene the poor Louise, Fritz's amour, and in some incomprehensible way makes Baroness Gerda believe that her intended still keeps up his intimacy with the dishonored girl. And here comes again something contradictory. Gerda, who has shown such good sense, and such great faith in Fritz Sickart, all of a sudden, without further investigation, drops him and disappears from action. A rather wild scene between Gerda's brother and Fritz follows. in which the brother holds the lover to account for the money he has used of the Baroness's funds, and which he is unable to return. The old Mrs. Sickart, Milady von Olderode's former cook, and the coachman's wife, here is gifted with an eloquence and judicial sense in the defense of her despicable and erring son, which an average lawyer would have envied her. And the whole business winds up with the degeneration of our formerly almost abnormally energetic Fritz, who becomes a mere plaything in his mother's and his accuser's hands.

Doctor Nordau, the sarcastic critic of our degeneration, in his desire to reward the true, downtrodden Louise, gives back to her what there is left of Fritz Sickart—a despicable, low-minded, selfish renegade. The now educated lawyer marries his former uneducated amour, the mother of his child. One doubts which is to be pitied the most.

Upon the whole the play is quite interesting, and the dialogue runs smoothly; but there is a lack of action and no great force. Dr. Nordau is more powerful in destruction than in construction. He has once more proven that he is just what he himself condemns.

#### The Student's Standard Dictionary<sup>1</sup>

THE Funk & Wagnalls Company have just pulished an abridgement of their colossal work, The Standard Dictionary. It is only a comparative abridgement, however; for compared with most other dictionaries it is a very big book. For instance, Webster's Academic contains not half as many words; and Worcester's New Academic is almost as small in comparison. It has nearly a thousand large pages. Yet it is not too bulky for a hand book.

Not only does it excel in size but in scholastic merit. It is really the essence of the unparalleled Standard Dictionary, which is as far beyond anything else of the kind as modern locomotion is beyond the old stage-coach; and it is an essence extracted for students' assimilation. As an example the publishers have conceived the original idea of having a critical examination made of the sixty volumes of English classics which have been selected by the Commissioners of Colleges for study 'preparatory to admission to the principal colleges in the United States, and incorporating every important word and shade of meaning found in these selected works. This at once puts the new dictionary on a different plane from all that have preceded it, carrying the selection of words beyond the predilections and preferences and habitual style of any editor.

In many other ways the Students' Standard Dictionary marks an advance on the work of all previous lexicographers; and its appendix alone is a hand book of universal knowledge. This indeed consists of no less than one hundred pages, embracing, among other things, a Language Key; Principles and Explanations of the Scientific Alphabet; Proper Names in Bibliography, Bibliology, Biography, Fiction, Geography, History, and Mythology, together with Pennames, Prænomens, etc, in one alphabetical order (43 pages); Glossary of foreign Words, Phrases, etc., in English Literature (6 pages); Faulty Diction; A Brief Statement of the Principles Deciding Correctness of Usage, etc.; Disputed Pronunciations; Abbreviations and Contractions; University Degrees; Chemical Elements; Pilgrim Fathers and Signers of the Declaration of Independence: Presidents of the United States and Sovereigns of England; Systems of Shorthand, and Calendars of the world; Weights and Measures, Com-

¹Students' Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Designed to give the Othography. Pronunciation, Meaning, and Etymology of over 60,000 Words and Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-speaking Peoples with Synonyms and Antonyms, etc. Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the Euglish Language. By James C. Feenald, Editor; Francis A. March, Ll. D., Consulting Editor; Associate Editors: John W. Palmer, M. D., Francis A. March, Jr., Ph. D., William R. Cochrane, Emma Fiske Roberts, M. A., Frank H. Vizetelly. Large 8 vo., Cloth Sides, Leather Back, viii-915 pp. Price \$2.00 net. Bound in Tan Sheep, \$3.50 net. Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York, 1898.

mon and Metric Systems; Arbitrary Signs, Symbols etc., etc.

#### Stedman's Latest Book of Poems1

IF EVER a man deserved well of the reviewers of American literature, Mr. Stedman is that man. His own critical work has been so generous, so appreciative, so helpful, that he should receive an amount of deference, of suppression of the bile that rises in the trenchant reviewer at sight of a book of verse, due to few other men. He has become, too, almost the dean of American lyrists, and the fact that he has always kept his own lyre in tune and has been so kindly to other singers, when all the while he has been a man in active business, surrounded by the fierce and frantic life of Wall street, is one of the marvels of American letters.

But let nobody suppose that this kindly preface is meant to cover up an unfavorable opinion of his Poems Now First Collected. That book could stand alone and make a reputation for even an unknown name. The reader's first feeling in reading it is one of surprise. He comes across poems that have lingered in his mind and heart ever since he first read them several years ago in the magazines, and he wonders if it can be possible that never before have been printed in book form such poems as "Hebe" and "The Dutch Patrol." He may miss a little the striking pictures that illustrated these poems as they first appeared; but that feeling is overcome by the content at having the poems themselves in permanent form. No lover of American poetry can afford to be without this book.

#### McMaster's School History of the United States<sup>2</sup>

THERE are two chief difficulties which confront the author of a school text-book in history. The first is to decide what to omit. It is not possible to crowd everything into five hundred pages. The second is to determine the proper apportionment of the space among the different topics included. In both of these particulars Professor McMaster has succeeded admirably. The stories of discoveries and explorations are condensed and cover only the territory of the United States. The narrative of wars is not, as in so many older school histories, so extended as to leave room for little else. Proper attention is given to the growth of political institutions and especially to the formation of the constitution. But best of all, proportionately more space than ever before is devoted to our commercial, agricultural, and industrial development. As the author says in his preface, "The event

1 Poems Now First Collected. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1897.

<sup>2</sup>A School History of the United States. By John Bach McMaster. American Book Company: New York: 1897. of the world's history during the nineteeth century is the growth of the United States."

The most important feature of that event is the fact that our growth depended not upon military or political movements but solely upon economic development. Thus the story of Pocahontas is omitted. But not less interesting, and infinitely more valuable as history, are the author's descriptions of the improvements in the means of transportation, of the mechanical inventions which have done so much to transform life and industry, and of the effects of the advance in the arts and sciences. Altogether it is a book that promises to do much to place the teaching of American history on a rational basis.

Carl C. Plehn.

University of California.

#### Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen1

THE cause of annexation will not he helped by the remarkable book which Queen Liliuokalani has just published through the house of Lee & Shepard of Boston -remarkable not alone for its pathetic story but for the gentle and dignified way in which it is told. The unfortunate ruler of the late Hawaiian kingdom has been so reviled and scandalized by her enemies that one reads this story of her life with amazement. It is a record of self-sacrifice, courage, and patriotism, such as any nation might be proud of; and coming from one whose morality has been impugned, whose intelligence has been denied, and whose honesty of purpose has been lampooned by every scribbler on the continent, it is a revelation. The story of her life is is told in a simple, unaffected manner, and her diction at times rises to the height of eloquence. Here is a forceful passage from her plea for justice: -

"Oh, honest Americans, as Christians, hear me for my down trodden people! Their form of government is as dear to them as yours is precious to you. Quite as warmly as you love your country, so they love theirs. With all your goodly possessions, covering a territory so immense that there yet remain parts unexplored, possessing islands that, although near at hand, had to be neutral ground in time of war, do not covet the little vineyard of Naboth's so far from your shores, lest the punishment of Ahab fall upon you, if not in your day in that of your children, for 'be not deceived, God is not mocked.' The people to whom your fathers told of the living God, and taught to call 'Father,' and whom the sons now seek to despoil and destroy, are crying aloud to Him in their time of trouble, and He will keep his promise, and will listen to the voices of His Hawaiian children lamenting for their homes.

"It is for them that I would give the last drop of my blood; it is for them that I would spend, nay, am spending, everything belonging to me. Will it be in vain? It is for the American people and their representatives in Congress to answer these questions. As they deal with me and my people kindly, generously, and justly, so may the Great Ruler of all nations deal with the grand and glorious nation of the United States of America."

This work is undoubtedly the most important contribution to the history of the Hawaiian Revolution and the causes leading up to it, which has been presented to the American people; and with the treaty of annexation now pending before the United States Senate, should command the attention of the reading and thinking public.

#### Mrs. Burnett's Latest Book1

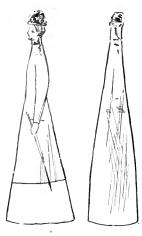
AFTER having read a great deal about Clorinda Wildairs in the book called "A Lady of Quality," and having seen this same Clorinda Wildairs impersonated on the stage, it does seem a good deal of a rehash to be told all about her again in another book called His Grace of Osmonde. We are accustomed to having an author tell his story, first as a serial, then in a book, then in a play; but it was original with Mrs. Burnett to tell the same story yet again in book form, simply providing another name. Whether she wrote the last as an explanation, an apology, or as a pure and simple money-maker, Mrs. Burnett herself may possibly know; it is doubtful if anyone else does. Despite the author's hysterical admiration for her creations, one fact is glaringly obvious: Clorinda Wildairs would not be a pleasant person to live with. Also, to some people His Grace of Osmonde is a most tiresome "Man thing." to quote the word Mrs. Burnett puts into the mouth of the Duke of Marlborough. The most consistent characteristic of Clorinda Wildairs is her determination to have her own way. Most of us have an inclination in that direction, but - fortunately - hesitate when murder is necessary to gain our ends. Mrs. Burnett is so intoxicated with her admiration for her lords and ladies of monotonously high degree, that she goes into ecstasies over her heroine's scheme of repentance. Few of the human family look on playing Lady Bountiful as a penance, particularly when the penitent has everything to make the part an easy one, possessing, as Mrs. Burnett repeatedly assures us, the only love worth having, the worshipful admiration of high and low, unbounded wealth, beauty, health,-in short, all that we know of that is good, We hope that some time in the near future Mrs. Burnett will be able to tear herself away from that Osmonde crowd, and give us another bit of the sort of work she gave us years ago in "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

l Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1898. Price, \$2.00.

<sup>1</sup>His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons: 1898. \$1 50.

#### What Dress Makes of Us1

AGAIN we hear from Dorothy Quigley, and again we are glad to welcome our fair Californian, for her contributions are as crisp, and helpful as her native air. What Dress Makes of Us is a book that women will want to keep on their bureaus, and slip in their pockets to refer to while at the dressmaker's or milliner's. All types of women are considerately dealt



with, and shown how to make the best of themselves. The women with broad faces, and those with narrow; the high foreheads, and the low brows: the women





who are irreverently likened to meal bags, and those who with equal unkindness are compared to shads, are all taken carefully in hand and told how to improve their looks. The shape of the







face, the growth of the hair, the contour of the head, the symmetry of the neck, all are considered; and Madame, or Mademoiselle is given much kind advice that ought to prove of inestimable æsthetic value.

1What Dress Makes of Us. By Dorothy Quigley. E. P. Dutto : & Co.: New York: 1898.

#### Vertical Writing<sup>1</sup>

It is scarcely necessary to review the arguments in favor of the vertical system of writing. The test of actual use has been made and the experience of many schools proves that children learn to write in a third of the time required by the old system. That the writing is more legible cannot be denied, and those who criticise it on the score of beauty probably do so under the influence of a prejudice in favor of the more familiar slanting system.

A number of sets of books presenting the principles of the new system have been published. One of the best is a California production edited by Mrs. I. D. Rodgers. These books are truly Californian. An artistic representation of the California poppy adorns the cover, and quotations from California poets and references to California history are freely used in the copies set. Another good feature of these books is the introduction of complete letters and notes of invitation and acceptance, showing the correct form of address in business and social correspondence. This secures practice in capitalization and punctuation. The form of the letters is particularly good, and the execution of the text all that could be desired.

#### Whip and Spur<sup>2</sup>

This little book, as unostentatious as Colonel Waring himself, is in many respects amusingly like its author. The same thoroughness, the same uncompromising love of justice, the same consideration for those who try to do their duty, is plainly evident in this book of delightfully told stories. His understanding of horses and his love for them give lessons that many will profit by. He tells of times when he and his beautiful Vix "had little unhappy episodes, when she was pettish, and I was harsh, - sometimes her feminine freaks were the cause, sometimes my man's blundering, - but we always made it up, and were soon good friends again, and on the whole we were both the better for the friendship." Colonel Waring gives most vivid and graphic descriptions of the devastation of war. His account of the battle of Pontotoc, and the part played by the "six hundred Fourth Missouri Dutchmen, galloping, yelling, and swinging their sabres," is intensely dramatic. But interesting as these subjects are, the book is not confined to horses and battles. Toward the end Colonel Waring tells how Lichfield Cathedral got its stained glass windows. This may not seem an important piece of information, but after reading this prose poem, one is not likely to forget Lichfield Cathedral.

<sup>1</sup>The California System of Vertical Writing. By Mrs. I. D. Rodgers. Six numbers. The California Vertical Writing Co.: Pacific Grove, Cal. For sale in San Francisco by the H. S. Crocker Co.

<sup>2</sup>Whip and Spur. By Col. G. Waring. Doubleday & McClure: New York: 1898.

#### Books Received

The Embassy Ball. By Virginia Rosalie Coxe. F. Tennyson Neely: New York.

Her Fortune Her Misfortune. By May Elizabeth Baugh. Ibid.

A Bachelor's Box. By T. C. De Leon. Ibid.

The Daughter of a Hundred Millions. By Virginia Nile Leeds. *Ibid*.

Cyclopædia of Sport. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

Peter the Great. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Price, \$2.

Punctuation. By F. Horace Teall. Ibid.

Student Standard Dictionary. Funk and Wagnalls Company: New York.

The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome. A companion book for students and travelers. By

Rodolfo Lanciani. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$4.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. By John Fiske. Two volumes. Ibid.

Un Drama Nuevo. By John E. Matzke, Ph. D. William R. Jenkins: New York.

The Boom of a Western City. By Ella J. Cooley. Lee & Shepard: Boston.

The New Man. By Ella Paxon Oberholzer. The Levytype Company: Philadelphia.

With Fire and Sword. An historical novel of Poland and Russia. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Ninth edition. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.

Hired Furnished. Being certain Economical Adventures in England. By Margaret B. Wright. Roberts Brothers: Boston.

Cartoons by Homer C. Davenport. With an Introduction by Hon. John F. Ingalls. R. H. Russell: New York. Price, \$1.75



The pictures used in our last number to illustrate the Quest of the Holy Grail were taken from the book of that name published by R. H. Russell, New York, containing Edwin A. Abbey's paintings done for the decoration of the public library of the city of Boston. The book contains five beautiful half-tone reproductions of Mr. Abbey's mural paintings illustrating the story of the Holy Grail, together with a short history of the legend, and the version chosen by Mr. Abbey as the subject for his decorations. It is a large quarto,  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12$  inches, handsomely bound in illuminated Japan covers. Price, \$1.25.

Outlines of Sociology, by Lester F. Ward, L. L. D., lecturer on sociology at Columbian University, Washington, D. C., is the title of a book announced by The Macmillan Company. This work is treated from the advanced standpoint of active discussion on both sides of the Atlantic during recent years. Its object is to furnish a clear idea of the science of sociology, not by means of verbal definitions, but by clearing the ground and removing the entanglements with other cognate or ancillary sciences, and by a succinct pre-

sentation of its principles as distinguished from its elements.  $\cdot$ 

The plan is therefore, two-fold: First, bound to the science and mark it off from other sciences which surround it and impinge upon it, showing what these sciences are and how they are related to it; secondly, to lay out the science of sociology itself in a definite scheme of laws and principles susceptible of true scientific treatment. The first of these tasks the author calls "Social Philosophy;" the second "Social Science."

AT CLOVERDALE, from February 17 to 22, has been held a very successful Citrus Fair, the sixth annual exhibit. It is to be noticed that in all the time citrus fruits have been raised in this district far from the main orange region of Southern California, there has been no serious setback from killing frosts. Florida several times and Southern California once or twice in that time have been badly affected by cold waves.

Many beautiful and artistic arrangements of the bright colored fruits have made the sixth exhibit notable.

# The Chinese New Year at the Sketch Club



ON THE China New Year, just past, — the twenty-second of January, — the San Francisco Sketch Club gave an exhibition of pictures of Chinese life. It is the first collection

of the kind ever made; and though there were murmurs of "fad" and "fancy of the day," there can be no doubt but that it was the beginning of a new phase of local art.

The guests of the Sketch Club, among whom were many brilliant little butterflies from Chinatown, wandered through rooms fragrant with the odor of burning punk, which fell to ashes upon an altar constructed of exquisitely embroidered draperies. A little bronze Buddha was enshrined there, and China lilies and cherry blossoms bloomed by the side of the burning incense.

Besides these beautiful embroideries there were wonderfully carved tables and chairs, dragons and Chinese musical instruments, and one highly-colored lady of remarkable design that was labeled, "Oily Painting." These represented Chinese art as it is in China. In comparison and contrast there were numerous sketches, pastels, and paintings, of Chinese life as seen by American artists. Four or five little things by Georgia Kyle caught one's attention first of all, and the delicacy of color, softness of outline, and exquisite harmony and proportion, make even the memory stir with pleasure. They were street scenes in Chinatown.

A "Woman's Head" by Theodore Wores attracted special attention. Jouillin is the impressionist in his painting. Great spots of color startle us until proper light and distance reveal the scene as it ought to look.

The originals of Solly Walter's Calendar for 1898, which was received with enthusiasm in the East, were exhibited. Solly Walter has discovered humor as well as pathos in the Chinese.

Of the members of the Sketch Club, Miss Goddard, Miss Armer, Miss McElroy, Miss Johnson, Miss Rixford, Miss Letcher, and Miss Hyde, exhibited admirable work. Miss Blanche Letchre's pastels are invariably done with spirit, and the strangely gowned little figures are essentially alive.

One little thing by Miss Albertine Randall Wheelan held a smiling, fascinated crowd before it all of that interesting afternoon. It was "Cupid Lost in China."

A very strong portrait by Miss Lou Wall represented a Chinese girl, life size, seated upon a table looking down with sadness and wonder upon a belettered Chinese scroll. The expression of mystery and question conceals and yet reveals the soul within.

#### "Lewis Carroll"

It is not generally known that the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," who has just died, was also a distinguished mathematician. It is narrated that the Queen of England was so delighted with Lewis Carroll's "Alice" that she asked the author to send her his next work. Her surprise can be imagined when she received from Mr. Dodgson "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants."

Mr. Dodgson's literary career began at the age of twenty-seven (1860) by the publication of "A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry." It was five years later that "Alice in Wonderland" appeared. book was originally written to amuse one of Dean Liddell's daughters. The author was an intimate friend of the Dean and Mrs. Liddell, and took infinite pleasure in the society of their little girls. It was in order to beguile her hours of playtime that these diverting fancies were woven for one of the children. The quiet quaintness and pedantic precision which characterize the wild whimsicalities of the dramatis personæ of this fairyland of nonsense are unrivaled, and the verses, 'You are old, Father William,' are as popular as the most finished productions of our classics. The story rapidly circulated throughout the English-speaking world, and was translated into all the languages of Europe. Seven years later (1872) appeared the continuation of Alice, under the title, "Through the Looking-Glass," and although only a sequel, it was scarcely inferior to its predecessor. These two works are masterpieces of the exuberant fancy, graceful style, and poetic genius, of Lewis Carroll. The verses entitled "The Jabberwock," which are composed in a language as artificial as "Volapuk" or "Esperanto," are familiar to every child. The "Walrus and the Carpenter," which also appeared in "Through the Looking-Glass," is even more popular than "Old Father William." The serious side of the author's character is brought out in the following "fly-leaf" which he used to issue to "every child who loved Alice ": --

God does not mean us to divide life into two halves to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer, and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from "the dim religious light" of some solemn cathedral. And if I have written anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows.



LANDING FREIGHT AT SKAGWAY

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# FOOD PROBLEM IN ALASKA AND ELSEWHERE



N CAMP, on the trail,

or down in the mine, the chief problem, the one most difficult of solution, is variety of nourishing foods. Many a failure has been recorded, thousands of spirits crushed to the earth never to rise again, simply because the body was so impoverished, and

mental and physical energy so completely destroyed, that millions in sight were un-

attainable owing to lack of strength. But now condensed and preserved foods enable the explorer and the prospector to prosecute their vocations and the miner to continue his work.

Evaporated foods there are of many kinds, all possessing virtues; all serving as a filling and giving more or less variety, yet perhaps lacking in animal nourishment, while the two things most desirable, meat and eggs, it is entirely impossible to preserve by means of evaporation. Meat is supplied salted, and has proved, thus far, a greater producer of scurvy and kindred diseases, than of strength. The forced eating of it has been the greatest curse of ages to the seaman as well as to the miner located far from civilization.

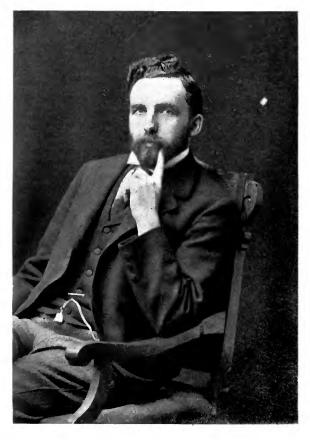
On even ground, both served fresh, at a

time when most productive of nutrition, the egg, weighing in the shell but little over an ounce and a half, is considered by physicians, and scientists generally, to be fully equal in point of nourishment to one pound of the best possible beef; yet, notwithstanding that the ounce and a half of egg possesses all the strength-giving qualities of a pound of meat, of this ounce and a half seventy-four and a fractional per cent is water, which while making the egg more palatable and increasing its bulk, adds nothing to its nourishment; so that without injury to the nourishing qualities, the seventy-four and a fractional percentage of water may be, by a process called crystallization, safely removed without injuring the nourishing qualities of the egg, but reducing the weight to thirty-nine hundredths of an ounce.

Nearly a half a century ago French scientists, realizing the importance of reducing eggs to a dry, imperishable form, at the same time uncooked, preserved in the raw state, conducted a number of experiments. But though immediately after the egg had gone through that process it seemed readily soluble in water, and though while lacking in strength and possessing but few of the qualities needed for culinary purposes, it yet seems to retain some of its nourishing virtues, nevertheless it would not remain in this condition for any length of time, and they found that it shortly became entirely insol-They therefore practically abandoned their efforts, in spite of the fact that the French government was very desirous of their success, believing that eggs, preserved in this form, would be very valuable for their hospital service if not for general army use.

In the early sixties, however, an American, of Scotch descent, with all the grit and perseverance of his race, undertook a solution of the problem. He spent years in continued experiments, in the course of which he many times felt that he was on the threshold of success and prepared tons of the egg, which, as in the case of the experiments conducted by the French scientists, seemed to be a thoroughly satisfactory product, and was marketed in large quantities, only to find, however, that it shortly became absolutely worthless. Not only did he invest his own money largely, but men of national prominence both as

financiers and statesmen of great wealth. came to his aid, and at one time or another such men as Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, and Peter Cooper, used both their best efforts and wealth to bring about a practicable solution of the egg question. Abraham Lincoln was largely interested, being desirous of securing for the army a practical egg product; and as a matter of fact, large quantities of it were consumed by the United States Army and Navy during the war. But it was only found palatable and nutritious for a short time after its desiccation, and therefore entered into consumption only where the consumer could afford to throw away a large percentage of it as insoluble and risk the spoiling of it Still there was considerable sale for it, even in that condition, when shell eggs were almost if not entirely unobtainable in the large cities of the world during the winter months, there not being then the facilities for transportation and for protection from heat and cold while in transit, which now permit the producer to supply the market the year round. As soon as the means of transportation were improved, and it was possible to supply the markets with shell eggs at a price within the reach of the average consumer, the demand for this desiccated egg was greatly diminished, and the percentage of waste became greater, until finally it became apparent to the American inventor, Charles F. La Mont, that evaporation or desiccation of an egg, so as to preserve any considerable portion of its virtue and make its use practicable for any length of time after its evaporation, was entirely impos-What wonder that the inventor at sible. times became almost disheartened and sorely tempted to abandon his efforts, after seeing fully a half million of dollars lost in consequence of them! But that celebrated philanthropist of world wide reputation, Peter Cooper of New York, was more determined than ever that success should finally crown the inventor's efforts, and after an expenditure of large sums of money, to say nothing of effort, he, when nearly ninety years old, had the satisfaction of knowing that there had been perfected the machinery necessary to make effective the secret processes by which an egg is crystallized without evaporation or desiccation. The product resulting from these



C. FRED LA MONT

Photo by Curtis

efforts found quite a ready sale at that time of the year when eggs were highest and least easy to obtain. Still, this product was somewhat affected by time and exposure, and it yet remained for the present manufacturer, profiting by the years of experimenting, at a cost of a round half million of dollars, to perfect the article now known as La Mont's Improved Crystallized Eggs. This now enters into every use that is possible for fresh shell eggs, and will keep for years in any climate, being handled with no more care than flour; and the baker is not obliged to use it all up, as in the case of cold-storage eggs, regardless of the market for shell eggs, but if for the time being it should prove more profitable to use the shell eggs, he simply pushes his crystallized egg one side as he would a barrel of flour and carries it over to the next season.

One of the largest bakeries in the United States — owned and managed by one of the most progressive bakers, and therefore the most successful in the United States, if not in the world, Mr. D. F. Bremmer of Chicago, President of the American Biscuit and Manufacturing Company — commenced, over fifteen years ago, to purchase Crystallized Egg in one or two hundred pound lots. Now that bakery buys it by the ton, having purchased some fifteen or sixteen tons for consumption in 1897.

Even before the article was in a perfectly satisfactory state, Mrs. Custer, wife of General Custer, writes of it in her celebrated book, "Boots and Saddles," as being the most valuable part of the army stores, stating that they could not get along with-

out it.

At the time the Greely expedition pur-

chased stores to carry to the North Pole, as they hoped, the importance of egg food of some kind impressed them, and they bought hundreds of dozens of eggs and boiled them hard, but before sailing were satisfied that they were not nourishing or in any way practicable, and having learned of Crystallized Egg, disposed of their hard boiled ones and purchased the Crystallized Egg instead: a substitution which proved most satisfactory to the daring explorers.

A. E. Low, of New York, college president and father of Seth Low, recently candidate for mayor of Greater New York, placed Crystallized Egg on a ship and sent it around the world a number of times, to satisfy himself that it would remain in a soluble, palatable condition, retaining all its virtue and strength in all climates and under all conditions, and after testing it for years, gave his very strong personal endorsement to it.

In South Africa shell eggs are imported and sold by the hundreds instead of by the dozen, and it is expected that over four fifths of them will turn out bad, making an egg a luxury indeed. Something over two years ago they commenced to use Crystallized Egg, buying but a small quantity, but last year they purchased something over fifty thousand pounds; or, two hundred thousand dozen eggs crystallized, while the advance sales for 1898 are over one hundred thousand pounds; or, four hundred thousand dozen eggs crystallized.

Last year many of the Klondikers purchased La Mont's Improved Crystallized Egg from Coast dealers, supposing it to be an evaporated egg, but as a matter of fact there was not then any other preserved egg on the market; very fortunately for them, as they would have soon found the evaporated egg to be of no more value than sawdust, but, on the contrary, all who purchased the Crystallized Egg found it to be the most valuable part of their outfit, and on returning reported that they would do without everything else rather than without it, and purchased large quantities to take back with them, volunteering very strong indorsements. All other means of preservation have proved failures.

These eggs are crystallized in St. Louis, Missouri,—the lowest egg market in the United States,—and the manufacturer was the first to place refrigerator boats on in-

land waters in this country. These refrigerator boats make weekly trips on the Tennessee and other Southern waters, and eggs are bought from the farmers and local merchants, passed before the candles by expert candlers, payment refused for all that are at all doubtful, and the best placed in the refrigerator for transportation to St. Louis. The second grade of eggs are put up for tanners' use, and the rotten eggs are made into a lubricating oil, which is not only a lubricant but a very valuable healing agent, commanding in Russia, for that purpose, the high price of a dollar an ounce, while the shells and waste are ground up together for chicken feed; thus the by-products are made profit producing.

There have been attempts made to produce artificial eggs, but the experiments, while interesting, were failures so far as practicable results were concerned. Different egg powders and so-called egg foods and egg nutrines have been, from time to time, placed on the market only to prove failures; while many capitalists, successful in other lines of business, have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in different efforts to produce a marketable preserved egg in dry form, which would remain marketable for any length of time.

Only a few years ago well known Chicago and New York capitalists invested between a quarter and a half million dollars in the preservation of egg by the means of evaporation and desiccation, which they were pleased to call the "imperishable egg," and it seemed to produce such satisfactory results when first manufactured, that they scattered it broadcast under their guarantee, but when the season of high prices for eggs came on, and it became desirable to use the "imperishable egg," it was indeed found "imperishable," as it was practically insoluble, and such portion of it as would dissolve possessed no strength or virtue; in fact it lacked semblance of the qualities of an egg. So, nearly every year, some one springs up and enters the field, only to acknowledge the foolishness of his expectation to accomplish in a few months or years what it took men of brains and millions over twenty years to perfect and accomplish. Therefore, after witnessing the rise and fall of scores of egg enterprises, the La Mont Improved Crystallized Egg remains in the field as the only prac-



TRAVELING LIGHT

ticable and satisfactory solution of the egg problem, and in a few short weeks its sales on the coast, especially to the Alaska trade, have become enormous, far surpassing the expectations of the manufacturer.

The factory is located in St. Louis, the greatest egg center of the United States; offices are located in all the large cities and here on the Pacific Coast, where the sale has become enormous. Mr. La Mont himself spends a good part of his time between San Francisco and Seattle looking after his interests. It is jokingly stated by Mr. La Mont's friends that a letter mailed in any part of the globe, addressed, "C. Fred La Mont,—Eggs," would promptly reach him.

A demonstration was made at the miner's fair, in San Francisco, where the multitudes were permitted to taste omelets, scrambled eggs, custards, and cakes, made in their presence from Crystallized Egg.

C. Fred La Mont, the inventor, happened to be present when a crowd surrounded the booth, and noticing two somewhat skeptical gentlemen who hesitated about tasting the omelets, said,—

"Gentlemen, if on tasting these omelets, you detect any difference between it and the omelets made from the fresh shell egg directly from the nest, I shall be glad to have you join me at a wine supper."

Without loss of time, they accepted the proposition and stepped forward, anticipating an enjoyable wine supper,—but after eating every bit of the omelets offered them, they frankly admitted that there was absolutely no difference between the omelets made from La Mont's Improved Crystallized Egg and that from the fresh shell egg; therefore, it may be safely classed, not as a Klondike luxury, but as an article of absolute household necessity.

. . . THE . . .

# SEATTLE-KLONDIKE COMMERCIAL SYNDICATE

Rooms 205, 206, 207, 208, 209 Washington Block, SEATTLE, WASH.

The gold discoveries of Alaska and the Northwest Territory are the wonder of the age. Once there neither genius nor experience are essentials to obtain fortunes, but the cost of getting to those Gold Fields is so much that hundreds of thousands who would, but cannot, are deterred from going. WE SUPPLY THE WAY.

The Capital Stock of the Company is \$6,000,000, divided into shares of \$30 each, fully paid and nonassessable.

The Company under its charter will do a general Transportation, Outfitting, Mining and Commercial Business.

Business.

Stock will be sold in divisions of 50 shares at \$30 per share "par value." From each division of 50 shares one person will be chosen from such division as a prospector for the Company, and all his transportation paid by the Company from any part of the United States or the Canadas to Seattle and the Gold Fields, together with one year's outfit and provisions, not exceeding \$750.

Each applicant for stock shall fill out one of the Company's blanks therefor, indicating therein his preference as to how such person shall be selected; and a plurality of 50 such requests shall determine the method by which the Company shall make such selection. The person so selected by the terms of the application enters into a contract with the Company to go to the Gold Fields as directed by the Company, to prospect for and locate mineral claims, to be developed by the Company under the direction of the Company's experts, and one-half of the proceeds thereof to belong to the locator, and one-half to the Company. Company.

Each shareholder not having been thus selected by the Company shall have the privilege of purchasing his outfit in any amount through the Company at a discount of 10 per cent. from the regular schedule price; he shall also have the privilege of going on a one-half lay for the Company, at his own expense, and it will develop and work all locations whenever its experts shall have reported thereon favorably

favorably.

The officers are well and favorably known in Seattle and the State of Washington.
John Thomas, the president of the Company, is also the president of the Thomas Investment Company, which has extensive investments in Seattle of English and American capital. W. T. Forrest, secretary, is ex-Land Commissioner for the State of Washington, whose second term expired January, 1897.
D. M. Peeples, assistant secretary, formerly secretary and treasurer of the Peeples' Grocery Company of Chattanoga, Tenn.
John P. Hoyt, general counsel, ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, retiring from said office January, 1897.
W. F. Hays attorney at law, the vice-president and general manager, is well and favorably known.
Fill out and sign your name to the following application for stock; cut it out, and with it remit \$30 to the secretary. Your certificate of stock will immediately be sent you.

Form A.

#### APPLICATION FOR STOCK

No.....

. . . IN THE . . .

## Seattle-Klondike Commercial Syndicate.

and if I am selected as prospector, I will go as such under the direction of the Company, within and if I am selected as prospector, I will go as such under the direction of the Company, within thirty days from notice in writing of such selec ion, and continue for one year from date of leaving Seattle, and diligently prospect for and properly locate all discoveries of valu ble minerals made by me during said time, and when so located I hereby further agree to execute a deed of same to the Company, one-ha f thereof, however, to be retained by said Company in trust for me, said Company to have the right to develop and work such property in conjunction with myself and pay to me one-half of the net products of such property, and I further agree not to sell or incumber said interest without giving at least 60 days' written notice to the secretary of the Company, naming in said notice the minimum price I will accept for such interest, and the Company shall have during said time the preference right of purchase at said price of all my interests in such have during said time the preference right of purchase at said price of all my interests in such property; PROVIDED, FURTHER:

That I shall have the right, if selected, for the period of thirty days from notice thereof, to make assignment of this application and stock thereunder to any person; PROVIDED, FUR-

THER:

That if I, my assigns, or my legal representatives do not accept said appointment within said time, that the same shall lapse back to the Company, and it shall have the right in that event to select another prospector.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands in duplicate, the day and year herein

first above written.

W. T. FORREST, Secretary.

...... Applicant. JOHN THOMAS, President.

(Copyrighted.)

The prospector from each division will be selected STRICTLY according to a plurality of requests therefor in each division by the trustees, of which a perfect record is kept for r-ady reference. No conditions as to sect or LOCALITY shall be imposed, and every representation herein made by the Company will be faithfully carried out or MONEY REFUNDED.

# Alaskan Gold Fields

PROSPECTUS OF THE

# ALASKA-SKAGWAY GOLD MINING AND TRANSPORTATION

Incorporated January 31, 1898, under the laws of the State of Washington.

Capital Stock.

SHARES, \$1.00 EACH

\$1,000,000

### FULLY PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE

#### **OFFICERS:**

DR. W. H. DAVIS, President; C. A. STURLA, Vice-President; W. J. BUNGER, JR., Secretary; J. J. GRIFFIIHS, Super-intendent of Mines; W. D. L. MBUTH, Attorney for the Company; DEXTER HORTON & CO'S. BANK,

DIRECTORS: DR. W. H. DAVIS; GEO. C. KEMP; C. A. STURLA; WM. J. BUNGER, JR.; J. J. GRIFFITHS; CAPTAIN R. A. LANCASTER.

#### PURPOSES.

The Alaska-Skagway Gold Mining and Transportation Company is organized for the purpose of doing a general mining, trading and transportation business in Alaska and Northwest Territory.

Several vessels have been engaged for passenger and freight traffic between Seattle and Alaskan ports, and boats will be used for the Yukon River to connect

with our vessels at St. Michaels.

Prospectors will be sent to various parts of Alaska for the purpose of locating claims, town sites, mill sites, etc., and to secure property of all descriptions in the interest of the company. This will afford great opportunities for shareholders to have an interest in all property acquired by our prospectors in addition to the valuable claims already owned by the company. As all claims at present owned by this company are placer, the expenses will be reduced to a minimum, no heavy expenses for machinery being necessary. It would not be surprising to find this stock paying a forty or fifty per cent dividend per annum.

The first vessel to be sent by the company is scheduled to leave Seattle on April 15 en route for Dyea, Skagway, Copper River, Yakitat Bay and Cook's Inlet. At the opening of the season the run will be extended to St. Michaels, where passengers can be transferred to the company's river boats for the trip

up the Yukon to Dawson and way ports.

A supply station will be established at Skagway and St. Michaels, and at other places wherever deemed

profitable.

The services of J. J. Griffiths, expert mining engineer and assayer, have been secured. He will personally inspect all claims located by our prospect-There are no salaried officers. Each person employed by the company is required to become a

stockholder, payment for services rendered being payable in shares. By this method an ultimate financial success is assured.

### PROPERTIES.

The attention of prospective shareholders is called to the fact that we own by perfect title twenty acres of valuable placer diggings known as "Claim Number 9" on Birch Creek, Turnagain Arm Mining District, and two-thirds interest in the Snow Shoe Mines, consisting of sixty acres of placer mining on Crow Creek, Turnagain Arm. These properties are situated right in the heart of the Gold district on Cook's Inlet and have given very encouraging prospects. They will be fully developed the coming season.

Other claims will be added as soon as located by

our prospectors.

#### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Purchasers of five hundred shares desiring to reach Alaska will be furnished with free transportation to any of the ports where our vessels touch. These tickets are transferable.

#### INVESTMENT.

Shares will be sold in any quantity from five shares upward, at par value of one dollar per share. This is without doubt one of the grandest opportunities for rich and poor alike to participate in the fabulous wealth of Alaska.

## IT IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. TREASURY SHARES.

The company has set aside Three Hundred Thousand shares of the treasury stock to be sold. The proceeds derived therefrom will be used exclusively for working capital.

All applications for shares, etc., should be addressed to the company

# 2002 Market Street, San Francisco.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

# **Ever Annoyed**



because the hot water is not clean? Galvanized iron boiler has rusted inside. Rust catches sediment in water. Gives it off again when tap is opened.

Brown Bros.' Seamless Drawn Copper House Range **Boilers** 

never rust,—they are tinned inside, - you always get clean hot water. They have neither seams nor rivets and can never leak. Hence, no plumber's bills. A little higher first cost comfort and economy in the end. Copper boiler booklet tells you more about them. Free for the asking.

RANDOLPH & CLOWES. Box 21, Waterbury, Conn.

# Klondike Alaska

**0000000000000** 

Are you going the Spring?

In order to make your trip certain, address with stamp

> TACOMA AND ALASKA TRANSPORTATION CO.

> > 414 and 415 Berlin Bldg. TACOMA, WASH.

# Klondike

How to Go...When to Go...

What to Take...Where to Outfit...

For advice on these all-important matters and for purchasing supplies of best quality at lowest prices, with suitable packing for the journey, go to the

Pioneer Outfitters of British Columbia—OPPENHEIMER BROS. Ld. Lby.

Importers, Wholesale Grocers and Miners' Outfitters

-100 and 102 Powell Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.

who have had 35 years practical experience in outfitting miners and survey parties. The most reliable information cheerfully afforded. Get our circular and give us the address of your friends, to whom we wil mail it free of charge. Remember that goods purchased in Canada are admitted into the Klondike free of duty. American goods must pay duty.

## STEAMER GREYHOUND

Makes Three Round Trips Daily between Seattle, Edmonds and Everett.

Colman Dock, Seattle. Merchant's Dock, Everett.

A PLEASANT TRIP AT ANY TIME OF THE YEAR

Leaves Seattle...... 7 A. M., 12 M. and 5 P. M. Leaves Everett ..... 9:15 A. M., 2:30 P. M., 7:15 P. M.



ON THE FLYER

Round Trips

Seattle-Tacoma Route

Time Card.

Leave Seattle..........7:45, 11:15 A. M.; 2:45, 6:15 P. M. Leave Tacoma.......9:30 A. M.; 1:00, 4:30, 8:00 P. M.

U. SEELEY, Jr., Agent

Government favor any Klon These report more business of Washington the balance, \$\frac{1}{2}\$

TACOMA

from Tacoma (1) three frequents of berths and

Government reports are accurate. They do not favor any Klondike or Alaska outfitting point.

These reports show that Tacoma did \$3,165,498.00 more business in 1897 than all other ports of the State of Washington combined. Tacoma, \$12,713,050.00; the balance, \$9,547,552.00. All articles needed in

outfitting for Alaska, with the exception of sugar and coffee, are produced or manufactured at Tacoma. Her merchants sell at first cost, no freight or commission charges added. All Alaska steamers start

from Tacoma (the head of navigation on Puget Sound), three frequently leaving in a single day. The choice of berths and other accommodations can always be had at the starting port—Tacoma. Hotel and lodging house rates are cheaper and accommodations better at Tacoma than elsewhere, because Tacoma has, and can house and feed 60,000 people, without being overcrowded.

All information and advice regarding gold-fields and investments furnished free by

TACOMA CITIZENS' KLONDIKE COMMITTEE

942 Pacific Avenue

Tacoma, Washington

COOK & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION, TACOMA.

Agents: Lingham Timber & Trading Co., Washington Steam Navigation Co., Frankfort Marine Insurance Co. Eastern kope and Oakum, Ontario Duck, Averill Mixed Paints.

### STERNBERG & WOLBERT,

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance,

Care of Property for Non-residents and Reports on same a specialty. . . . .

TACOMA, WASH.

## HOTEL FIFE

COR. PACIFIC AVE.
AND NINTH STREET

TACOMA, WASH.

Newly Furnished First Class . . . .

J. E. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

Most centrally located Hotel in city.

# KLONDIKE OUTFITS furnished by us have an established reputation in Alaska.

We have outfitted for the past 15 years, and have experienced packers in our employ. Goods crated and delivered to point of shipment. Write us for list of articles required and our price list.

### LUMBER, PILES AND SPARS

FOR SALE

Bark "Canada,". . . . 1145 tons Bark "Tidal Wave," . . 603 tons Ship "Dashing Wave,"1054 tons Tug "Katy" Tacoma Mill Co.

Take the Old Town Car

#### WASHINGTON HARDWARE CO.

Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Contractor's, Railroad, Mining, Mill and Alaska Supplies.

> Write for Alaska Map and Mining Laws. Make our Store your Headquarters.

927 Pacific Avenue,

TACOMA, WASH.

#### HUNT & MOTTET CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware KLONDIKE SUPPLIES

1501-1503-1505 Pacific Av.

TACOMA, WASH.

## The Coye Tent Co.

Manufacturers of Alaskan Goods, C. M Cove, Manager. TENTS, BAGS, COVERS, Etc.

726 PACIFIC Av., TACOMA, WASH.

## ALASKA MAPS Best Up-to-Date Maps Issued.

Alaska and Northwest Territory ... .. ... 35c Upper Yukon (large scale) ... .. .. ... ... 75c

Overland Routes to Klondike Region ... 50c
Anderson's Klondike Map (showing claims) 50c

New Maps will be published as information is received

WRITE FOR LIST

THE O. P. ANDERSON MAP & BLUE PRINT CO., Inc.

Seattle National Bank Building,

SEATTLE, WASH.

# Rich Strike in Colorado!

# WHITE QUARTZ IN TOPEKA MINE CONTAINING MUCH GOLD

## One Million Dollars Refused

The New York Sun in its Mining News of December 13th, reports a rich strike near Idaho Springs. The Sun says:—

"One of the richest strikes of the year has recently been made in the old Topeka mine in the Central City district. A streak of white quartz has been encountered, from six to eight inches wide, running very heavy in free gold, some of which is in the form of nuggets. One piece of twenty pounds was estimated to be worth \$400. The drift where this quartz has been discovered has been watched night and day, since the strike, to prevent theft of the ore, and as its is developed the streak appears to be widening and growing richer. An Eastern company obtained possession of the Topeka mine in June last. At that time it was considered an old mine containing only low-grade ore, that would pay only by careful management. The 800-foot level was extended about 800 feet by the new management, and an upraise was started. to connect with a new shaft. For sixty-five feet this new work opened a six-foot vein of fairly good pay-ore, and it was only when the hanging wall was reached by the new workings that this streak of gold-bearing white quartz was discovered. A distance

of thirty-five feet has been made along this quartz formation, with the values remaining very high, and quite a large block of ground is now opened."

It is reported that \$1,000,000 has been refused for this mine, which six months ago could have been purchased for \$50,000.

The Topeka is one of the mines to be tapped by the United States Tunnel, which is considered by experienced mining men to cover richer mineral ground than any other in the United States. In the Denver Republican, the leading newspaper of the West, we find, among the news items, on Jan. 1, 1898, the following interesting report:—

"The United States Tunnel is now on the journey through the gold-bearing lodes which are now giving up a greater amount of gold in one month than is expected from the Klondike for the year.

"In the Rice-Aspen case, a decision given by the United States Supreme Court definitely defines tunnel sites and rights, and by the decision it gives to the tunnel owners a good slice of the earth. A tunnel owns all lodes that may be discovered along its right of way; whether they have been cut by the tunnel or not does not matter. This decision, which has been rendered by the highest court in the land, makes the good tunnel—such as the United States, for instance—more valuable than investments in railways, bonds, or other lines of business.

"This tunnel is now piercing the richest section of Clear Creek and Gilpin counties, where in a like distance it will cut a larger number of known and working mines at greater depth than at any other mining point in the world. With the cutting of the lodes by such an undertaking it means the resumption of work on five times as many mines as are now being operated.

"For the past five years this gold belt of territory, which is not to exceed four miles wide, and covered only by this tunnel, had an actual production of ores, from the two counties, close on to \$30,000,000.

"The tunnel passes through the Alps mountain and comes to the treasure vaults of Quartz Hill, the mines of which have a record of millions of gold, with no sign of cessation and a constantly increasing output. No wonder that such a financial pool can be organized to assist in the greatest undertaking, in a mining way, of the closing days of the present century. It is impossible to make mention of the different veins that will be cut by this wonderful bore. There is hardly a big mine in either county, but that its vein will be cut at great depth."

In order to proceed with the development of the tunnel as rapidly as possible, and to at once erect mills and power-works, a limited amount of treasury stock, full paid and non-assessable, of a par value of one dollar per share, is offered to the public at fifty cents per share. Annual dividends of

10 per cent (this means 20 per cent on the present price) will surely be earned from the profits on transportation and milling alone. The fifteen mines owned by the company will earn almost unlimited dividends.

A couple of years ago, Bell Telephone, Boston and Montana, Osceola, and numerous other mining stocks could be purchased at a small fraction of their present price. Two years hence the United States Tunnel Stock will be selling at several dollars a share.

The Mercantile and Financial Times, the leading journal devoted to investment securities, says, October 30th:—

"Among enterprises that may properly be commended to even the most conservaative investors, is the United States Tunnel, Mining, Milling, Drainage, and Transportation Company, identified with which are some of our best known business men and financiers. It is not often that we can commend a Colorado enterprise so cordially as we can this one. It is as solid as the rocks through which the tunnel is being driven."

Don't miss this opportunity of a lifetime. Send today for maps and prospectus giving all details, or better send five dollars for ten shares, at once and thereby reserve the right to buy one hundred more shares at the same price within thirty days,

Make all checks and drafts payable to William E. Lown, Treasurer. Stock certificates will be sent you by return mail. Write your name and address very plainly. Large maps, prospectus, and additional information sent to any address, on application. Address, United States Tunnel, Mining, Milling, Drainage and Transportation Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City.



211 Clay St., San Francisco

needle is threaded.

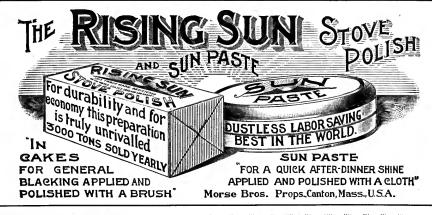
MANUFACTURING CO.

city in the world

THE SINGER

Schilling's Best tea is "cheap" because it is good and fairlypriced--not because it is low-priced and "not up to much."







# **PUBLISHERS' COLUMN**



TOMMY.— Can we play at keeping store in here, mamma?

MAMMA (who has a headache).-Yes, but you must be very very quiet.

Tommy.—All right, we'll pretend we don't advertise. -Truth.

OF ALL the rooming houses in San Francisco there is none quite so nice and desirable in every respect as Hotel Ramona, 130 Ellis street. It is new and naturally, modern. It has an electric elevator running day and night from the street floor; hot and cold water and electric call bells in all rooms; a lady, Mrs. Kate Hart, in charge as manager, which is a guarantee of the irreproachable character of the house; a location (adjoining the Y. M. C. A. Building) that is convenient to everywhere. You will find the Ramona just the house you r'e looking for for a short or long stay in the city.

SHE.—I can't make the cash account balance. HE .- Perhaps you have forgotten that ninety-nine

cent silk which is worth a dollar and a half. SHE.—O! Should I make an entry of the difference? -Puck.

Ballard, Cal., Dec. 15, 1897.

OVERLAND MONTHLY,

San Francisco.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1.00 for which renew my subscription to the OVERLAND one year from date of expir-

Permit me to add, that if the OVERLAND can always equal the standard of the December issue in its local features and adopt a few of the up-to-date features of its Eastern contemporaries, the most State-proud of us can have no excuse to neglect our own.

Yours truly, EDGAR B. DAVISON.

"I suppose there will be great changes in China?" "Yes. China will soon be what she's cracked up to be."-Puck.

CITY NEPHEW. - I suppose that you will pay your hired man higher wages next year, now that you are getting higher prices far your produce?
UNCLE HIRAM.— No, sir; I'll not.
CITY NEPHEW.— But the time that he works will be

more valuable.

UNCLE HIRAM .- So will the time that he loses when he don't work.—Puck.

RICH STRIKE IN COLORADO. - So much excitement has been created by the Klondike discoveries during the past year that but little attention has been given to some of the richest strikes in the history of mining, made in Colorado during the past month. Among these, that in the old Topeka mine, in the Central City district, is the most marvelous. A streak of white quartz has been encountered, which assays \$17,000 in gold to the ton. The Topeka mine is one of those on the line of the United States Tunnel, and proves, beyond a doubt the expectation of the tunnel managers that the ore at a considerable depth below the surface will be many times richer than that on the bare earth. There is no business so fascinating as mining, on account of the almost limitless possibilities for profit, and therefore it will be probably but a very short time before the entire number of shares of the United States Tunnel Company offered to the public will be eagerly subscribed for. This company intends supplying much-needed facilities to an entire mining district, one of the richest in the world; also to work fifteen rich mines it has acquired by purchase. Our readers will find an announcement of this company in this number, and we do not hesitate to advise all who have money to invest to take advantage of the great offer made by the managers. The officers of the company, consisting of Mr. Quintard, President of the Citizens' Savings Bank of New York: Mr. Baltes, President of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, New York; A. R. Hart, J. C. Abel, and other well-known men in financial circles, afford an absolute guarantee that every stockholder, whether he owns one share or a thousand will be fairly treated, and will receive all dividends justly earned. Do not fail to read this advertisement, and send for the maps and prospectus.

JUNEAU JAKE .- So the boys lynched old Chilkoot Sam? Why, he was a harmless old critter! Could n't tell gold dust from brown sugar. What'd he done?

PLACER PETE. - Why, one night last week, when it was freezin' the lamp blazes so that a feller could take 'em and use 'em fer whetstones, that driveling old chilblain said it reminded him of a cold New Year's Day back in the sixties. - Puck.

"I was in an elevator once that fell fifteen stories to the basement."

"Dear me, how did it feel?"

"I was never so taken down in my life."—Truth.

THERE are a good many people who would like to go to the Klondike, but cannot - either because of family or business ties, or because they are not robust enough to withstand the hardships of mining life. To these an opportunity is offered to share the chances of fortune without personal peril or labor. The Alaska-Skagway Gold Mining and Transportation Co. offers an easy way of prospecting and mining by proxy; and purchasers of stock in their company can send without cost, an independent representative to the gold fields, where he can either work alone or for the company. Read the other advertisement on another page.

FIRST PATIENT (scornfully) .- Go on! You have wheels in your head.

SECOND PATIENT (proudly). - Of course I have-And they are chainless wheels at that! — Puck.

READ the OVERLAND ANNOUNCEMENTS of the subscription contest and premium offers in another part of the magazine. In the contest it will be seen that EVERY COMPETITOR WINS A PRIZE, while the one who gets the most subscriptions will receive a hundred per cent of the sum he sends in, amounting perhaps to a thousand dollars. The circulation of the OVER-LAND has quadrupled in nine months; and it is expected to do better during the next nine months.

Willie had done an errand for Uncle Frank and re! ceived simply a kind "Thank you."

"O, I don't care for any thanks," said Willie, "I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife."—Puck.

## Great Holiday Sale Pianos for Cash

The Zeno Mauvais Music Co.

769 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

> Agents for Decker & Son Pianos and Gibson Pianos

Bargains in Second Hand Instruments, as well as New.

SMITHERS (to office boy).—Run to the nearest store and see if you can get an empty box.

OFFICE Boy (returning).— De man sez he ain't got nothin' but empty boxes an' wot size do yez want?

SMITHERS - Where the deuce did you go? Office Boy .- To de undertaker's .- Truth.

THAT great west coast magazine, the OVERLAND MONTHLY, closes the thirtieth volume with the December issue, and is one of the favorite magazines that comes to our table. It is now one of the great dollar monthlies, and is a model of typographical beauty and literary text. Then, too, there is no magazine other than the OVERLAND that is covering the Klondike excitement in a series of well-written articles. The magazine has a representative right in the heart of the great gold excitement and the reader is gleaning truthful history from the knowledge of these writers. The OVERLAND is just right for a Christmas present. -Miner County Democrat.

HE (sententiously). - At a great bargain pause

SHE. - And let another woman get it? I guess not.— Truth.

IMPROVEMENT IN PIPE ORGANS. The tubular "reversed action" is a decided advance in pipe organ building. The \$2,500 instrument at Bowling Green, Ky., now being built by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, is a magnificent specimen of this system and will be the finest organ in Southern Kentucky.

FIRST SHADE.—What ails that humpshouldered fellow that just arrived last week? I rarely see him at his seat lately.

SECOND SHADE.— He claims to have been a bicycle crank while on earth; but what that may have been I know not. At any rate, he has constructed a very peculiar machine with a couple of old halos. - Puck.

A HANDSOME METAL PAPER CUTTER AND BOOK MARK COMBINED .- Sent free of postage under sealed cover on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps. The latest, best, and most serviceable adjunct of every library and office. Address Geo. H. Heafford, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

#### PIANOS !! PIANOS! PIANOS !!!

We are agents for Eight different Standard Makes of Pianos. Our prices are the lowest. It will pay you to write and get our figures. Second-hand pianos from \$35 up.

### J. T. BOWERS & SON,

23 AND 25 FIFTH STREET,

Opposite U. S. Mint, San Francisco.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School Club and Parior. Catalog for 2 cts. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, 11L

• • • SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR • • •

# BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308=314 Post St., San Francisco

"Standard of Highest Merit."

THE NEW SCALE Fischer, yields a wonderfully pure quality of Tone, combined with great power and resonance; it stamps the Fischer Piano with an individuality that no other Piano possesses.

<u>58</u> Years



Use improves

it.

OUR NEW METHOD of Easy Payments ( every home, although it be one of moderate income, is enabled to possess a High Grade Piano. Pianos delivered to all parts of the United States. Catalogues, terms and all particulars, mailed free on application.

Over 103,000 Fischer Pianos

have been manufactured. No other Piano approaches this record.

OFFICES AND FACTORIES:

417-433 West 28th Street. N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY:

KOHLER & CHASE, 26-30 O'Farrell Street



# REGINA MUSIC

They are more brilliant in tone than any other music box made. Have no delicate parts to get bout of order. Play from 20 to 30 minutes with one winding. Play your own selection of music. Have indestructible tune discs and can be safely operated by a child. Sold by all music dealers. Bores from §7 to §70.

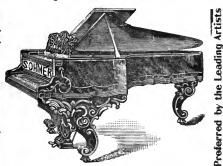
### THE NEW ORCHESTRAL REGIN

thing for hotels and public places. A big money maker, send for catalogue. REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., Rahway, N. J.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., San Francisco, Cai.

THE CELEBRATED

Heads the List of the **Highest-Grade Pianos and** 



Are at present the Most popular

# SOHMER & CO.

Nos. 149 to 155 East Fourteenth St., N. Y.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

San Francisco Agent BYRON MAUZY, 308-314 Post Street

## GOODYEAR'S MACKINTOSHES



RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

### **GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.**

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager.

13-75 First St.,

573, 575, 577, 579 Market St.,

PORTLAND, OR.

SAN FRANCISCO

The King of its Kind.

Housewives, Workers in Precious Metals and Owners of Valuable Plate in every civilized land where Silverware is used have placed the badge of approval upon

# ELECTRO CON SILVER POLISH

because of its peculiar merits, silver saving, labor saving, brilliancy unsurpassed. It's unlike all others. Isn't your Silverware worth the inquiry? Simply send your address, or

15 cts. in stamps for full sized box post-paid. Nearly every leading grocer has it.

THE ELECTRO SILICON COMPANY, 30 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK.

REDINCTON & CO., San Francisco, Wholesale Agents for Pacific Coast.



## Columbia Bar Lock Typewriter

The Only High Grade Typewriter which has All the Writing in Sight All the Time. . .

FULLY GUARANTEED.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

Adopted exclusively by the U. S. Navy Department. 1,000 in use on the Pacific Coast.

SCOTT & BANNAN, Coast Agents,

333 MONTGOMERY STREET,

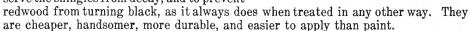
SAN FRANCISCO

### Artistic Cottages

of the modern style, require the finishing touch of

### CABOT'S CREOSOTE SHINGLE STAINS

to give them their greatest beauty, to preserve the shingles from decay, and to prevent



Samples on Wood, Circulars and Color-studies, sent on request by CHARLES J. WATERHOUSE, Agent, 421 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
P. H. MATHEWS, Agent, 238 So. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



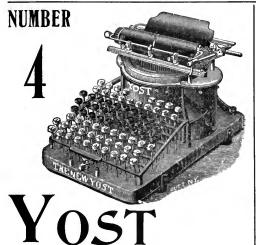
# DUPLICATE CINCH WHIST, Reed Boards

The Boards are cloth bound, light and strong, and are the only ones made for more Cheapest and Best than one game, hence they are the Cheapest

Boards, Score Sheets and Chips complete for 16 decks of cards packed in a handsome cloth box sent prepaid for \$5.00

Remit in Money Orders or Stamps

### HUGH T. REED COMPANY, 98 State Street, Chicago





A perfect typewriter does perfect work "The beautiful work of the Yost'' is unequaled

Send for Catalogue

Yost Writing Machine Co. 40 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng. 61 Chambers St., New York

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.

Agents for the Pacific Coast
609 Market Street San Francisco



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

No rough action, but smooth, continuous revolutions.

Hartshorn rollers work right all the time. Only one fault, they are so good that they have a host of imitators.

See that the roller you buy bears the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Ask for the "Improved Hartshorn." No tacks required. The shade when once on, stays on.

WOOD ROLLERS.

TIN ROLLERS.

# REMINGTON-SHOLES

**Typewriter** 

SIMPLE HANDSOME



Leads Them

Embodies a great many REAL advantages asked and waited for during the past twenty years

> A Combination of all Standard Machines in One & &

Mer See it or ask for Catalogue.

## HOWE SCALE CO.

General Selling Agents for United States

11 and 13 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal. 84 First St., Portland, Or. 211 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Light Running" DENSMORE Greatest Typewriter"

The Ball-Bearing Type-Bar

MARK AN ERA IN TYPEWRITER CONSTRUCTION

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### Other Superiorities Established:

LIGHTEST KEY-TOUCH, GREATEST SPEED, MOST CONVENIENT PAPER FEED, BEST FOR BOTH CORRESPONDENCE AND MANIFOLDING.

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316 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.







### Whooping Cough, Croup, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds.

tems from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.
"Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough,
Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family
under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria."
"It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive."
Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.



# Queen Lily Soap

THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET.

Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap

Beware of Imitations

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

Manufactured by the

### NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

Office, 307 Sacramento St. Factory, 17th and Rhode Island Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Return twenty-five or fifty wrappers and receive a handsome premium.



# For Sale or Exchange

City lots in Fresno, on the principal street. Oakland or City property will be taken in exchange.

For particulars address

WARREN CHENEY, Berkeley.

SHORTHAND learned for practical work in 6 to 12 weeks by Pernin method. Leads everywhere. World's Fair award. No shading, no position. Self-taught or by mail. Free lesson and booklet. Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

# Pacific Saw Manufacturing Co.



17 & 19 FREMONT ST. San Francisco, Cal.

Saws and Machine Knives

of every description on hand and made to order

> SAW REPAIRING AND KNIFE GRINDING

# UNS, KLONDIKE OUTFITS

GREAT VARIETY , **S**E Send for

ETC. Catalogue

600. W. Shreve 739 Market St, San Francisco Opp. Examiner Office



### Superfluous Hair Removed

A growth of hair on the upper lip, also occasionally on the neck and arms, is the humiliation of many of my sex.

I suffered for years; tried, by actual count, eleven dif-frent advertised remedies,

and submitted ence to an electrical operation. and submitted the to an electrical operation. Nothing was effective until I came across a preparation in a little hair-dressing shop in Paris, six years ago.

It removed the unsightly growth of hair, which had become thick and coarse on account.

of the frequent applications of advertised stuff, which removed the hair temporarily, but caused it to grow coarser than ever. When I say that this certain Parisian preparation effected a permanent removal, I mean just as I saya permanent removal, I mean just as I say— permanent, for it has been just six years since I first used it and there is no sign of a renewed growth yet. I paid six hundred francs for the formula and have earned my living by selling this preparation ever since. I call it simply, "Helen Markoe's Depilatory."

"Helen Markoe's Depilatory."
United States health reports (Vol. iv., No. 28, page 11) officially endorses as follows: "Upon analysis we find Helen Markoe's preparation to contain such ingredients as will destroy follicle and otherwise permanently remove hair. Is harmless to ethic." less to skin.'

I employ no agents, and gire each patron my personal attention. Write for particulars to

HELEN O. MARKOE, Room 2038M,

Amer. Tract Society Bld'g, N. Y. City, N. Y.



Removes Pimples, cures Headache, Dyspepsia and Costiveness, 25 cts. a box at druggists or by matl Samples Free, address Dr. Bosanko Co. Phila. Pa.

DR. HAYES, of Buffalo, N. Y. Cures ASTHMA to Stay Cured

Correspondence invited. No charge for advice as to curability. Write for Examination Blanks. 5.......

HYGIENIC VAPOR-BATHTurkish, Russlan, Medleated Baths. Renovates your system cures RiBEUMATISM, Asthma, La Grippe, Rouralgia, Eczema, Catarrh, MALARIA, FEMALE ILLS, Blood, Skin, Nerve, LIVER and KIDNEY Diseases, Besuities Complexion. Best made. Price very low.
WHOLESALE TO AGENTS, HYGIENIO BATH
OABINET CO, 607 Church St., Nashyulka, Tawa.

Express Charges Prepaid.



STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS

It is an indisputable fact that for more than fifty years, children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by Steedman's Soothing Powders. These Powders are termed soothing because they correct, mitigate, and remove, disorders of the system incident to teething.

THE AURAPHONE the Hearing of any one not BORN deaf. Invisible in the Ear, causing no discomfort. It is to the Ear what glasses are to the Eye—an Ear Spectacle. Book and Particulars FREE. CURED F. F. FINLAY, 913 Post St., \$an francisco.





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Imported by

E. L. G. STEELE & CO., 208 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

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The accommodations of the Tavern are firstclass in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guests always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

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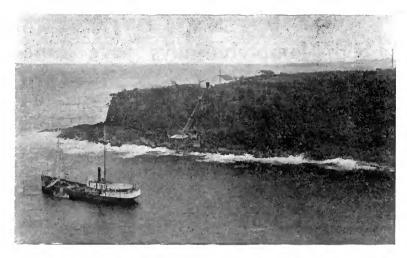
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In winter the O. & O. Line steamers take the southern track, thereby avoiding the cold winds and rough weather of the northern route.

Deric (via Honolulu)Saturday, March 12, 1898	DoricSaturday, May 28, 1898
BelgicSaturday, April 2, 1898	Belgic (via Honolulu)Saturday, June 18, 1898
Coptic (via Honolulu)Thursday, April 21, 1898	Coptic (via Honolulu)Thursday, July 7, 1898
Gaelic (via Honolulu)Tuesday, May 10, 1898	GaelicTuesday, July 26, 1898

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young house-maid
Was sore afraid
That her mistress would let her go.
Tho' hard she worked,
And never shirked,
At cleaning she was s-l-o-w.

Now. all is bright, Her heart is light, For she's found.... Sapo



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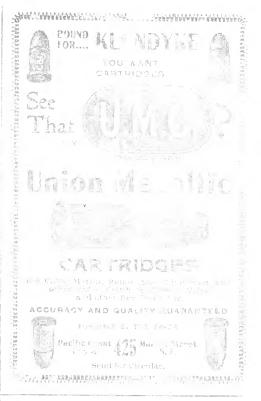
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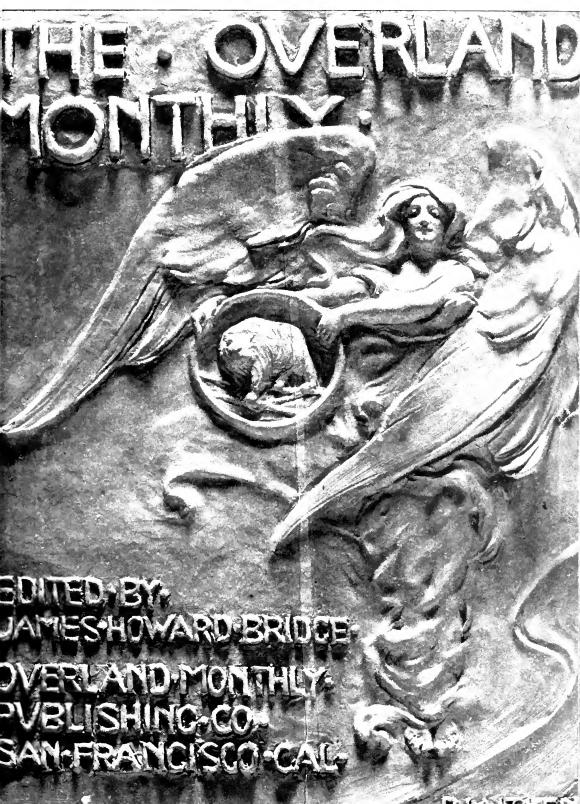
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By Johannes Reimers





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**FOR** 

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXI.

No 184.

SECOND SERIES.

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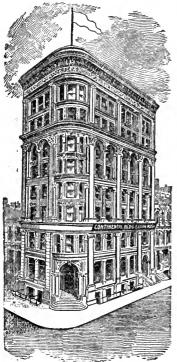
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Profit and Reserve Fund	-		-	-	80,000.00
Monthly Income, over	-		-	-	50,000.00

### BUSINESS DONE IN NOVEMBER, 1897:

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Amount Loaned,	-	\$51,700.00
Installment,	\$3,216	
7 per cent. Certificates of Deposit, -	226	
	\$3,442	

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7 per cent. Guaranteed Certificates of Deposit a Specialty . . . .

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Wm. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager

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# Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Statement for the Year ending December 31, 1897

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

INCOME.		
Received for Premiums		\$ 42,693,201 99
From all other Sources		11,469,406 24
		\$ 54,162,608 23
DISBURSEMENT	S.	
To Policyholders for Claims by Death		\$ 13,279,630 66
To Policyholders for Endowments, Dividends, e	tc	12,712,424 76
Total Paid Policyholders in 1897	\$2.	5,992,055 42
For all other Accounts		10,132,005 57
		\$ 36,124,060 99
ASSETS.		
United States Bonds and other Securities		\$132,017,341 45
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage		69,423,937 31
Loans on Stocks and Bonds		12,880,308 00
Real Estate		21,618,454 88
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies		11,705,195 82
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.		6,141,200 20
		\$253,786,437 66
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities		218,278,243 07
Surplus		\$ 35,508,194 59

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department. CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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\$936,634,496 63

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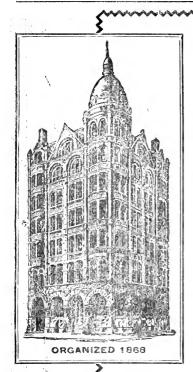
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FIFTY-FIFTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

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OF OAKLAND, CAL.

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DEC. 31, 1896.

Capital Fully Paid, \$300,000

Reserve Fund, \$100,000

Deposits to Dec. 31, 1896, \$2,789,509.72

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lent. A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier.

Board of Directors...

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President.

Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits, 4 1/10 per cent. per Annum. This bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now trans-

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Henshaw, Thos. Prather,
A. Moore, Hiram Tubbs,
Meek, Herman A. Tubbs,
Meek, Herman A. Tubbs,
Meek, Herman A. Tubbs,

# San Francisco Savings Union 532 GALIFORNIA STREET

Oeposi's January 1, 1898, \$22,733,119
Paid up Capital and Surplus, \$1.654,916
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LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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Interest Paid on Deposits. Loans on Approved Securities.

.. That brilliant radical magazine, THE ARENA."-N. Y. Journal editorial, February 20, 1898.



. Edited by .

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

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### MARCH.

Trusts: Their Causes and the Remedy,
Hon. Marion Butler.

The Victory of the Vanguished,

Hon. Charles A. Towne

Studies on the Money Question,

Anthony W. Dimock. John Clark Ridpath.

The Exiled Christ in Christian Fussia. A Single Standard for the World,

B. O. Flower.

Commissioner Harris's "Statistics and Socialism"

Francis E. Woodruff George Wilson.

The Epic Opportunity,

William Bayard Hale, LL. D. Pingree Potato Culture and its Effects on Business, C. A. Robinson.

Law, Lawlessness, and Labor, Girls' Co-operative Boarding Homes, Under the Winding Sheet,

H. W. B. Mackay. Robert Stein. Grace Ada Brown.

The Editor's Evening; Book Review, etc.

Foreign Influence in American Politics,

Hon. William J. Bryan. The Way Upward. Hon. George Fred Williams.

Abraham Lincoln; A Study from Life,

Henry C. Whitney.

The Relation of Art to Morality, America a Power.

Marie C. Remick. Slinson Jarvis.

Brookline: a model Town under the Referendum,
B. O. Flower.

The Employment of Convict Labor in Massachusetts,  $Dr.\ John\ Thomas\ Codman.$ 

The Medical Trust,

Dr. T. A. Bland. Dr. William R. Fisher.

Three Epochs of Democracy and Three Men.

John Clark Ridpath.

A Message from Beyond; a Psychic Story, Genevieve Clark.

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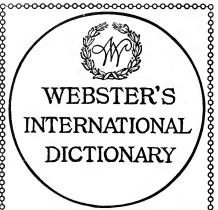
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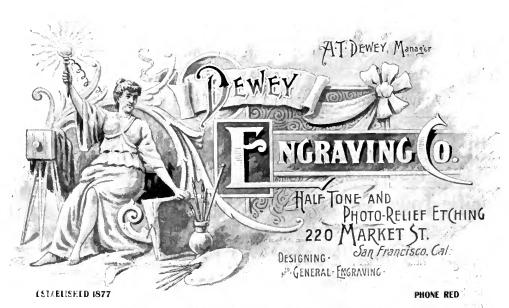
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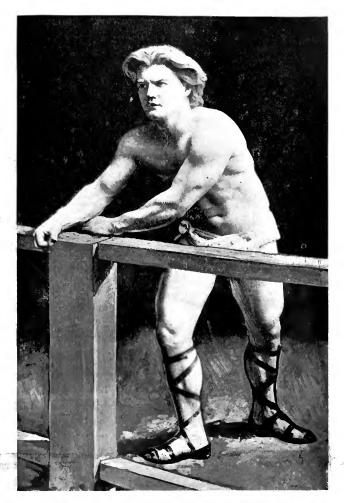
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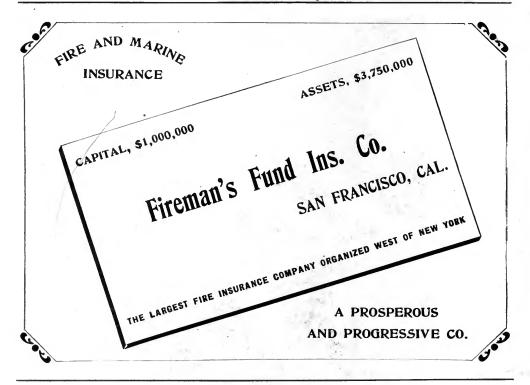
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From "The Ascent of Mount St Elias"

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXI. (Second Series.) — April, 1898.— No. 184

## THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS

By C. W. THORNTON

"Alone, inaccessible, monarch of northerly mountains."

SANG the poet; and he sang all but true. Until the summer of 1897, St. Elias had withstood every attack on his solitude, and surrounded by glaciers with their dangerous crevasses and snow bridges, snow-clad mountains innum-

erable, seamed by the work of avalanches, which, night and day, roar out their terrible warning to the venturesome traveler; sixty miles from a barren and inhospitable shore, he had stood, alone in his grandeur, "mon-

arch of all he surveyed."

Hither had come many an expert mountain climber, equipped with everything that money could buy and experience suggest as being necessary, or even likely to be useful, in scaling that lonely and distant mountain, visible from a distance of one hundred and eighty miles at sea, which so many had declared could not be scaled. But, though coming thus equipped, and flushed with previous successes in climbing Mount Blanc, the Matterhorn, Popocatapetl, and others, one and all, they returned to civilization with the confession that the task was too great for them.

Hither came Lieutenant Schwatka with a government expedition. After exploring some of the innumerable glaciers, and getting inland a comparatively short distance, he was obliged to retreat. As a matter of fact these unsuccessful parties were at a greater distance from the mountain than they thought when they turned back, for

the remarkably clear atmosphere in that region confuses the beholder of distant objects.

That indefatigable explorer and scientist, Professor Israel C. Russell of the University of Michigan, had made two unsuccessful attempts, one with the aid of the United States government, when six lives were lost. Other expeditions, to the number of nearly a dozen, had attempted the ascent, but all had failed.

Each returning expedition heightened the interest of the public, so that when, early in 1897, it became known that two expeditions, more extensive, and more elaborately planned, with more expensive outfits, than any previous one, were to make the attempt, the whole civilized world was interested.

Some thought that these were rival expeditions, because one was American, the other Italian. This, however, was not so. Although fitted out by different countries. and acting independently, they were each gotten up and carried out with the one purpose of scaling the mountain which so many had attempted and failed. Although acting independently, the leaders of the two expeditions had given and taken such advice as each was able to give the other from his experience in different parts of the earth, in regard to food, clothing, landing places, routes over mountains, glaciers, passes, and other matters. That one party failed while the other succeeded is probably due to the fact that the successful

party had a greater number of men to do the extremely fatiguing work, which at length wore out the smaller party.

The successful party was that of Prince Luigi of Savoy, nephew of the King of Italy. Besides the Prince, there were:— Lieutenant Cagni of the Italian navy, the Prince's private secretary and aide de camp; Chevalier Gonella, president of the Italian Alpine Club; Vittorio Sella, the celebrated mountain photographer; and Doctor Filippi de Filippio, a celebrated physician; five of the best Alpine guides to be had for love or money; and ten Americans under the leadership of Major E. S. Ingraham of Seattle, himself a mountain climber of no mean reputation. The Americans were taken from Seattle for the purpose of helping to transport the outfit, provisions, and instruments, after it should have been landed on the beach at the nearest practicable point to the mountain.

From the outset, fortune favored us. The weather was always good when we wished it most. The wind blew nearly a gale on several occasions when we were anxious to make fast time on the ocean, and when, at other times, it became necessary that the party separate into two or more companies, to meet in a few days or weeks at a distant point, the meeting was always effected at the time planned. And it was almost miraculous that so large a party should work for so long a time in such a dangerous country, without a serious accident of any kind.

The American party left Seattle June 6th, on the speedy little schooner-yacht, Aggie, to be joined at Sitka by the rest of the party. We had a remarkably quick passage, reaching Sitka just one week before the Prince, when we found that his party had been making bets amongst themselves as to whether we would reach there as soon as they did.

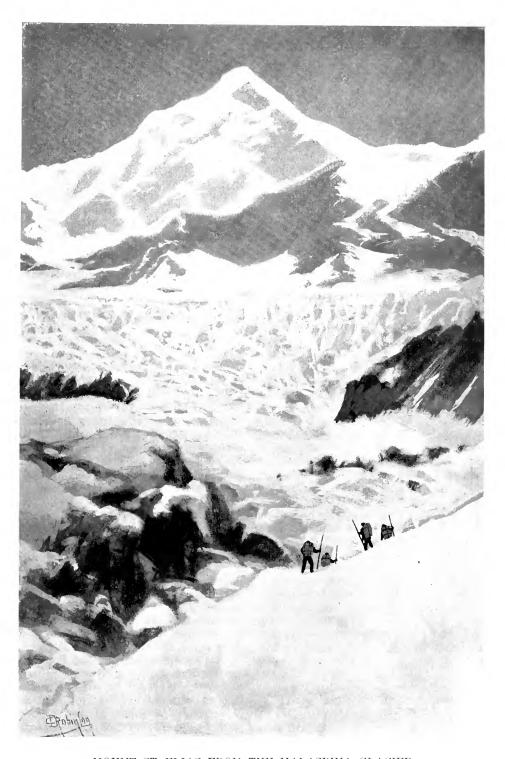
On the 20th of June the steamer, City of Topeka, arrived with the Prince and his party. Immediately all was bustle in getting the supplies, instruments, and other baggage, from the steamer to the Aggie. On the morning of the 21st we started for Yukutat bay. There on the afternoon of the 23d, a place was found near Point Manby, where a landing could be made in the surf. The outfit was landed successfully, and all hands were kept busy until

midnight packing it up to a safe point out of reach of the water, and making camp.

The next forenoon we rested, — all except the Prince and two guides, who started out to pioneer a road from the beach up through the few miles of timber to the moraine, which extends along the edge of the Malaspina glacier. They returned at about noon and reported finding the landing places and reserve supplies of the Bryant party, which, we had been informed at Yakutat, had landed about two weeks We were told that we would imearlier. mediately begin to move camp to the edge of the moraine, a distance of about three miles, following the little glacial river on which we were encamped. Lieutenant Cagni, through whom, we learned, we would receive our orders from the Prince when not delivered in person, informed us that the rule for the trip would be that in packing over rough country we would take forty pounds. Over reasonably smooth country we would take sixty. This first stretch of three miles seemed to us about as rough a road as could be found anywhere, and the forty pound packs seemed more than mortal man could carry for any considerable length of time. We learned later to consider that particular stretch the easiest on the whole trip. After our muscles had become hardened and we had become accustomed to that kind of work, a forty pound pack was a very light one, and we seldom took less than sixty pounds; and often, when it became necessary to unload the sleds and pack over a short divide, in our eagerness to advance we took eighty-five to ninety pounds.

Three and a half miles from the "Beach camp," as we learned to call it, we made camp at the edge of the moraine, near the head of the stream which we had been following. In fact, from our camp, we could see the river rushing out from the ice under the moraine.

This camping place proved to be one of the best on the entire trip. Being away from the beach, and so near the ice, there was almost an entire absence of mosquitoes and sand-flies, those pests of Alaska—so terrible that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of their terrors to anyone who has not experienced them. As an additional endearment for this place, it was at the edge of the timber, and there was only



MOUNT ST. ELIAS FROM THE MALASPINA GLACIER

one other place during the next forty days where we were able to have a fire, except in the oil stove on which we did our cooking. The boys named this the "Bean camp" because Conrad Smith and I, whose turn it was to do the cooking were so fortunate as to find one of the ten-pound sacks of beans amongst the provisions, and had the further good fortune to cook them in a manner acceptable to the hungry packers.

A funny thing happened here. Four Indian packers had been hired to help us as far as the snow line. They were an intelligent lot of fellows, strong and reliable. They were a jolly lot, too, but some of us thought it strange that they laughed and joked amongst themselves so frequently. They were even "kittenish" at times, and even what we knew about the propensity of one of them for "joshing" did not seem to be sufficient explanation. This fellow's name was Peter Lawrence. I believe he had the greatest sense of humor of any one I have ever seen. He would not only joke on all possible subjects, but could laugh as heartily as anyone when the joke happened to be on himself. We soon called him "Peter the Josher." But, as I said, even his well-known propensity for making fun was not sufficient to explain their behavior on this occasion. At last the explanation came.

After we had moved a certain portion of the outfit to the Bean camp, it was decided to begin moving it to the next point, at the edge of the snow on the Malaspina, four and a half miles farther, giving the Indians ten dollars for moving up to the Bean camp that portion of the outfit which was left at the beach, and which was considered necessary for the trip. The remainder, a large supply of provisions, had been cached as a reserve. After making one trip to the snow line and returning at about noon, what was our surprise to see the Indians come in with the last of the provisions, having accomplished in a half day what we had expected them to do in something over a day. When asked how they did it, Peter laughed and said: "Injun git contract; do 'em up quick."

This was not sufficient explanation, so one of the boys, suspecting the truth, went down to the river, and there, sure enough, hidden away was their canoe. Those rogues had brought all of that stuff up in their canoe, one of them staying in the boat to steer it and keep it off the bank, while the others pulled it up stream with a rope. We felt cheap then, to think what time and energy we had wasted during the last two days.

We had not advanced far with packs over the moraine when we decided that there were worse roads than that first three and a half miles. Imagine a layer of stones and bowlders overlying an undulating field of ice. These stones were not worn like those in the brooks, but each had sharp points and edges sticking in all directions ready to cut your shoes when you stepped on them, as of course you must. And woe to your hands or other portions of your body when a stone slipped on the smooth ice, and let you down suddenly. None of us escaped such falls, and even the labor of toiling over that expanse of rock and ice, sliding around, turning ankles, and wrenching legs and backs, was something awful to endure, without having an occasional fall.

After reaching the snow line, we put our sleds together, — we had carried them thus far in pieces, - and started out to drag them across the snow-covered glacier. say "drag," but that only partially expresses the idea. Mr. Entriken, who planned the sleds, is undoubtedly a man of much experience in Arctic work, having accompanied Peary on two of his expeditions. But he had evidently been misinformed as to the conditions which we would meet. His sleds would have done very well on ice or very hard snow, but on the soft snow with which we had to contend, they were all but useless. The runners were made of oak boards about seven eighths of an inch thick, and a sled loaded with about seven hundred pounds would cut down into the snow so that it was almost impossible for five men to drag it. This made it possible to take only about half of the provisions which we had advanced to this point, leaving the rest for a subsequent trip. This was our first piece of bad fortune, and had it not been for the remarkably good weather during the next few weeks, it would have been fatal to the success of the expedition.

It required three days of hard toil in fog and rain to drag our four sleds with their loads across the Malaspina glacier, which at the place we crossed, is about twenty miles. Only once during that time did the



ROCKY ROADS

fog lift sufficiently to give us a sight of the mountains toward which we hoped we were heading. We had charts which had been made by previous expeditions, and by the United States Coast and Geodetic survey, and were steering by compass. Shortly before noon of July 3d the fog cleared sufficiently to give us a view of the foothills at the upper edge of the Malaspina.

Even though not a very clear day, as days in that region go, when we first sighted those hills they seemed only a mile or two away. Some in the party were so bold as to say that they were at least four miles. As a matter of fact the distance must have been nearer ten, and we toiled until four o'clock before we reached the face of Seward glacier, where it comes down through the mountains and dumps into the

Malaspina. As it was likely to require several hours for the guides to find a path up which we could climb to the surface of the Seward, and as the next day would be the "glorious Fourth," we were greatly pleased when the Prince informed us that we would find a suitable place, make camp, and remain there during the next day. We found a lovely little grassy hollow up about fifty feet on a ridge, and made camp - once more off of the snow, if for only a short time. This was the last place at which we were able to get wood for a fire, there being a growth of stunted alder all along the ridge.

In the morning, after a luxurious night's sleep, we woke to find a perfect day, the bright sun shining out of a clear sky; acres of beautiful, sweet-smelling flowers all around us; and no sound to disturb the lazy air save the droning of "bumble" bees and humming birds, and the occasional

whistle of a marmot from some of the holes which we could see on the cliffs above us. It was an ideal midsummer's day. We unfurled a small flag which one of the boys had brought; gave a good, hearty cheer, and called our camp "Camp Independence."

During the day we wandered around enjoying the magnificent scenery and discussing the problem of where the guides might discover a possible route to the Seward.

On the morning of the 5th we proceeded to move to the pass which had been decided upon. The guides had started early, in order to cut steps in the frozen snow and ice, to give us a footing for the ascent with the packs. As we reached the foot of the pass, we heard a shout from above. The guides had finished the steps, and were about to descend. Lieutenant Cagni knew from their shout what they were about to do. "Now look," said he. "They will slide. You must not do that. No one in the world except Italian guides dare to slide down such a place."

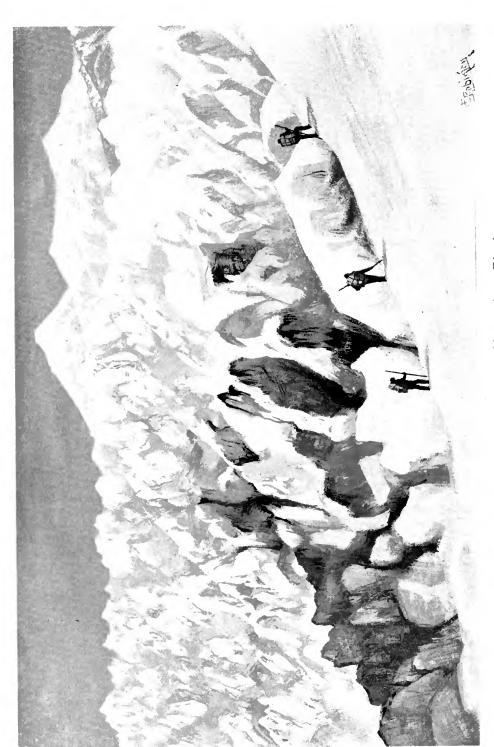
The guides stood on their feet, braced themselves with their alpenstocks, and in a few seconds had made the almost perpendicular descent of three hundred and fifty feet. When we had all reached the top with the first load, the doctor, who was always very solicitous for our welfare, warned us not to slide.

"Only the guides must slide. They have spent their lives in that kind of work."

That was all right, and we should doubtless have heeded their warnings, but those words of Lieutenant Cagni still rankled in our hearts: "No one in the world except Italian guides,"—could any American stand that? The first two of us got perhaps a quarter of the way down, when we could



SELLA PASS



The Ice Cascades of the Malaspina Glacier

no longer resist the temptation. We got into the furrows made by the feet of the guides, gave a whoop, and away we went. The feeling of exhilaration was wonderful. We decided that it was worth while climbing up that pass, even with a heavy load, just for the pleasure of sliding down. Needless to say, we never again walked down that or any other pass where we could possibly slide.

At the summit of the pass the Prince asked the Major what it should be named. As Sella was the first one to discover the possibility of making the ascent here, the Major said, "Call it Sella pass." And Sella pass it was.

We loaded the sleds again, and made about three miles, when it became necessary to make another pack. From this on it was a succession of sledding and packing, sometimes short distances, sometimes two or three miles.

On only one occasion did we see evidences of any former expedition. After working up the Seward glacier for about a week, we came to a long ridge of rocks, accessible from one side, the other a perpendicular wall about three hundred feet high. As anything—even the roughest of rocky beds — was preferable to the snow and ice on which we had been obliged to sleep, we climbed up and pitched our tents on the summit, tying the ropes to the bowlders on three sides of the tent, and attaching rocks with ropes to the other side, and hanging them over the cliff. Here we found a tent floor and an iron fork left by the Russell party a few years ago. Major took an especial liking to this camping place, and in our several trips back and forth, always tried to reach this place to make camp. He even insisted upon sleeping next to the cliff side, although we accused him of lying awake for fear he might roll off.

Following the Seward, the route took us past Pinnacle glacier, through Dome pass, past the Agassiz glacier, to the foot of Newton glacier. Here we left everything except what was absolutely necessary for the rest of the trip, as it was found that we could not use sleds beyond this point. For this reason we called this Sled camp. Here some of the guides, while in advance of the rest of the party, saw members of the Bryant party, and were told that Bryant was about to turn back. One of his men

was sick, and if a man were left to care for the sick man, the party would be too small to proceed.

In the mean time five of us had taken a sled and returned to get a load of the supplies left at the snow line. This trip was memorable because it was while returning with the load, that we saw the wonderful "Silent City."

On the 12th of July, while on the Malaspina glacier, at a distance of ten miles from Sella pass, we saw this strange and much-talked-of phenomenon. To the north of us, and west of St. Elias, apparently at a distance of about twenty miles, plainly visible, was a magnificent city! This was at 3:45 in the morning, as we were resting a few moments from the hard work of drawing the sled, at which we had been engaged during the night. We chose this time to travel because the snow was then comparatively hard. During the day the hot sun, shining down unobstructed through that thin air, melted the snow as though boiling water were poured on it. On this occasion there was that same remarkable clearness of the atmosphere of which I have spoken, making it a simple impossibility to calculate distance. You would see a little rise in the almost perfectly level expanse of snow, seemingly at a distance of about a hundred yards. If you tried to reach it you

ing the task. It was about time for the sun to appear above the mountains to the northeast, and I was looking around at those mountains in their rugged grandeur. Mount St. Elias, Mount Newcomb, Mount Augusta, and Mount Cook, their great sides seamed with glaciers, each hoary head lifted more than ten thousand feet high and capped with eternal snow, stood out clear and well defined against the limitless blue sky, like grim and mighty sentinels to bar the path of the most courageous adventurer. The Seward, Marvin, Pinnacle, Newton, and Agassiz glaciers, with many others that have not yet been named, lay before our enchanted eyes. It was one of the grandest sights of the entire trip. It was a panorama so great, so wonderful, in its massing, its grouping, and its coloring, that the language of all ages and all peoples could not describe it.

might travel for hours without accomplish-

. I looked to the north, and was thunderstruck to behold a magnificent city, appar-



ICE FALL OF THE SEWARD GLACIER

ently resting on a ridge which extended from the massive west side of Mount St. Elias. It was, in truth, a magic city, a silent city. Every detail of street and buildings was plainly visible, but not a sign of life was to be seen. I called the attention of my comrades to the strange sight, and found they saw everything exactly as I saw it. If it was imagination on my part, then there were four other imaginations that fell into exactly the same channel as mine. This, however, is hardly possible. At the right side, as the city faced us, were what looked like two Chinese temples. Next to them, and occupying the center of the picture, was a large building with massive columns and a huge dome. Everything about the building was massive. It towered above all other structures in the city, making them appear dwarfed. Across the entire front at equal distances from each other were these great columns, extending from the ground to the roof. It was impossible to distinguish either doors or windows. The dome appeared above the roof. which had a gradual slant. The dome was first rounded out, and then came to a point at its upper extremity. At the left of this temple, or whatever it was, was a group of buildings having the appearance of business blocks. They were square, having rows of windows denoting about four stories, and flat roofs. Each of these buildings was set flush with the street, and made a harmonious picture, with short, even spaces between them. Next came what appeared to be a church, with a tall, slender spire. the extreme left there were three buildings that looked like factories. Only a portion of these buildings was visible, and it appeared as though the city extended in that direction much farther than we could see.

This completed the picture that was placed before our eyes. It lasted from 3:45 in the morning until 4:20, beginning to disappear at 4:15, fading away gradually, requiring only five minntes to disappear entirely. From the time we first noticed it until it began to fade it was perfectly steady, and as I have described. I stated that the city appeared to rest upon a ridge, and I should say that this portion of the ridge did not appear, until the city had completely faded away. The ridge was at least thirty miles distant, but the city appeared much nearer, so it would seem that the city was in the air between us and the ridge.

From a scientific standpoint it may be worthy of notice that, on the day that we saw the "Silent city," there was one of the severest storms on the ocean ever known in that region, lasting during that day and the next. We did not know anything about the storm until we compared notes with Captain Greenleaf of the Aggie, on our return from the mountain.

This city appeared to us like a city of the old country. We were inclined to compare it with Russian cities, and since reading Miner Bruce's description of the Silent city seen by Professor Willoughby, which the Professor claims to have identified as Bristol, England, by means of photographs taken for that purpose on three different trips to the Muir glacier, I have read every available article on the subject of mirages, endeavoring to learn whether a mirage has ever been seen of an object at so great a distance, but have been unable to satisfy myself upon that point. Willoughby's pictures are very indistinct. If our Silent city was Russian and his English, the difference in the distance might possibly explain the remarkable distinctness of the one we saw.

We regretted exceedingly that Sella, the world-famous photographer, who was a member of the party, was not with us on this occasion. The only means we had of photographing the city was a small pocket kodak which I carried. I took two snaps at the city, having little hopes of obtaining any results, as the city did not show in the "finder," on account of the great distance and the smallness of the instrument. I preserved the film, however, very carefully, and had it developed. In one picture, by the use of a glass, some very small, irregular-shaped objects can be seen, but they are

very indistinct, and can hardly be said to look like houses.

So far as I know, we are the first persons to see the Silent city from the Malaspina glacier, and if Willoughby's description of the city seen from Muir glacier is to be relied upon, there is little in common between the two pictures. The point from which we took our observation is about a hundred miles from where Willoughby saw the sight which has caused so much discussion.

Since the question has been commented upon so extensively, I have taken my note book to the others who were witnesses of the strange sight, had them read the description which I wrote that day, and they signed it.

Proceeding toward the mountain, we were met by Major Ingraham with the other five Americans, who were on their way to the moraine for another load of provisions, the Major coming down to guide us to the rest of the party.

From "Sled camp" the route led us up the ice-fall of the Newton glacier and up that glacier to the "Divide" from which. the ascent to the summit is simply a question of steady climbing, requiring about three days of good weather. This work on the Newton required greater care and vigilance than any other portion of the route. The ice-fall is very steep and rough. Lying exposed to the intense heat of the sun during those hot days, the snow and ice were exceedingly treacherous, being likely to break and send the climber pell mell down the incline. One place in particular was very dangerous - a slope of smooth ice right above a crevasse. This was especially dangerous in descending, because, as anyone knows who has tried it, it is so much more difficult to retain one's footing. Three of us at different times. lost our footing at this place, but the good fortune I mentioned as attending the party from the beginning did not fail us here. In two cases, the Major happened to be below the unfortunate ones, and was able to reach out with his alpenstock so that they caught the end, and saved themselves. As they were sliding head foremost toward the crevasse, it is almost certain that they would have been killed. It is somewhat remarkable that these accidents, although occurring a week apart, happened in exactly the same manner, and the same man rescued



SNOW CASCADES

the unfortunates in the same way. In the third case, I was the one in danger, and though there was no one to stop my descent, as I was coming down in the lead and cutting steps for the rest of the party when I fell, I was so fortunate as to go over the brink feet foremost, and had the further good fortune to be at a place where the crevasse was only about thirty feet deep. Even as it was, it seems almost a miracle, that, coming down that distance with forty pounds on my back, I was able to alight on my feet on the hard ice, and escape with only a jar which revealed to me a few millions of stars, and left me a headache which lasted several hours.

From the top of the ice-fall, during the rest of the ascent, it became necessary to use life lines, attaching from two to four men together with each line. This was necessary on account of the great number of crevasses, most of them covered up by a recent fall of loose snow, which made it impossible for us to be aware of their presence until some one dropped into them. With one or two other men on the rope, however, a man would not go down far, and it soon got to be such a common thing that no one paid any attention to it.

After proceeding a few miles up the Newton, we were further impeded by what are called "serracs"—broken masses of snow, from a few feet up to several hundred feet in height. Sometimes we went around, sometimes over these masses. This made it necessary for us to travel several miles for each mile of progress toward the mountain.

During all of this progress up Newton glacier we were amid the continuous boom of avalanches. The valley through which the glacier flows is quite narrow, and the mountains bounding it heavily laden with great masses of snow, ready to start upon the slightest provocation. There was something solemn and awful in the grandeur of this roar of nature's artillery.

On the 29th of July the Divide was reached, and from here it was, as we had been told by those who had previously attempted the ascent, a simple question of climbing, and though continuous good weather for three days was absolutely necessaryfor the completion of the climb,—while weather had not played such an important part in the previous work,—yet it was evident that our task was about completed. Our good fortune did not desert us at this supreme moment. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky for five days.

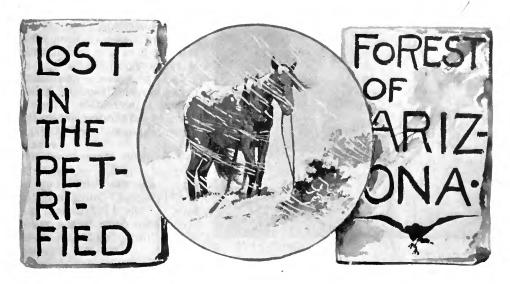
The summit was reached at five minutes before noon, July 31st, and was found to be 18,100 feet above sea level. Another question decided by the expedition was as to whether the mountain had recently been an active volcano. Reports had come down from Alaska on several occasions that smoke had been seen issuing from the crater. Not only was there no smoke, but there was no crater, nor any evidence of volcanic action.

The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the party returned leisurely to the beach, reaching there and boarding the Aggie on August 12th. Seattle was reached August 28th, when Prince Luigi and his suite immediately took train for New York and steamer from thence home.



## OUR OAKS IN MARCH

HAST seen our Oaks? Behold them spreading free From wold to hill, from hill to gleaming sea! On rounded foot-hill green as English "down," On rugged mountain side, and in the peopled town. Hast seen our Oaks in all their tasseled pride? Erst sere and shrouded—their great branches ride Mighty through stormy winds, youth-supple still; Behold wide mesa crowned, and far blue hill. Hast seen them wrapped in stiffened mossy shroud Warm to fresh life when first spring tempests soughed? O wondrous change! In lace of rarest mien Ethereal-tinted in pale silvered green, Their arms out-stretch to bud in burnished bronze. And grace of youth each hoary monarch dons! Loud March may trumpet through their branching woods, Our Oaks quail not before his fiercest moods! Aye toss! ye antlered Kings, regnant o'er wold, Forever young, whose years shall ne'er be told!



#### A STORY OF AN ARIZONA BLIZZARD

BY WILL C. BARNES

JACK, can't you tell us about that night up at the petrified forest, when you and the boys of the 'Cross L' outfit found the woman and the two children that were frozen to death?"

Jack, to whom these words were addressed, slowly raised up on his elbow from the bunk where he was lying, and taking his pipe from his lips, said, "Did n't you ever hear that yarn?"

"Well," I replied, "I've heard several different stories about it, but never from anyone who was along with the boys, and I'd like to have you tell it to us."

"Yes, do Jack!" came from two or three in the room. "Let's hear it."

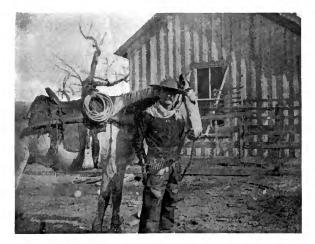
We were in the winter horse camp of the "Lazy H." When the stockholders of the "Lazy H" outfit met in solemn conclave to receive the report of their range manager and find out how much more the expenses for the year had been than the receipts, they called it the "Montezuma Cattle Company," but as their brand was an H lying down on the sides of their cattle, thus, —H,—the cowboys and everybody else on the range called it the "Lazy H" outfit.

There were only two Lazy H boys in the camp, but the rest of the crowd was made up of tramps, or "sweaters" as they are termed in the range country, men, who be-

ing out of work, spend the winter riding from one cow camp to another, staying a few days in each, — "riding the chuck line," is what it is called by the boys.

I myself had been horse hunting that day, and being too far from my own camp to get back before dark, had dropped in on Jack to spend the night with him, and was received with the warm-hearted hospitality that one is sure to find in every "puncher's"

The Lazy H horse camp was where they were holding their saddle ponies during the winter. Two men daily rode out and saw that none strayed too far, bringing them all in for water down the trail in the cañon, salting them once a week, and keeping a sharp lookout for horse thieves, both white and Indian, — for the Navajoes delight in running off a bunch of somebody's saddle ponies. Then they come round, with the most innocent expression on their keen faces, and after a little preliminary talk, mainly confined to a request for a paper and tobacco to "make a smoke," they smooth off a place on the ground and with a stick or their fingers mark out your brand, and tell you that so many days' ride from there they know where some horses are running with that brand on. And then they will go on, and tell you a great long



school-children at play. It was a time and place, to hear such a story as Jack had to tell, and we all renewed our plea for it.

Jack, who was a good-natured Texas boy, slowly refilled his pipe, lighted it, and after a few preliminary puffs to test its draft, he began his story.

Well, boys, that was one of the toughest nights I've seen in Arizony. We was camped up near the "Peterified" forest on our way back to the headquarter ranch. We'd been down to the railroad with a bunch of steers, an' 'xpected

yarn about how they took them from some "Bellicane coyote" as they call an American horse thief. And all the time, a spindle-legged Navajo boy is herding them night and day, in some grassy valley, to keep them from running off and coming home to the range, as they would if let alone.

It ends in your offering him through the medium of your fingers, so many *pesos* to bring them back

again.

The camp was a dug-out in the side of a hill, made of huge pine logs. A grand fire-place in one end served alike for heating and cooking purposes, and at night with a pile of pine knots in it you could lie in the bunks built two stories

high on its sides, and read as if it were lighted by an arc lamp. There were no windows, and but one heavy door in the end. Half a dozen loop-holes, cut in the logs, served to look from when desired, and for defense if necessary. Two of the boys were playing a solemn game of "seven up" to decide which of them had to get up first in the morning and build the fire, and the balance were smoking or reading some two-weeks-old newspapers, that had come out from town with the last load of grub.

Outside, the wind was whistling around the corners, and the coyotes, attracted by the scent of a freshly killed yearling, which was hanging in a cedar near the dug-out, were howling and shrieking like a lot of



THE AUTHOR AND SOME BOYS OF THE "LAZY H"

to bust the outfit up for the winter when we got back to the ranch. It were late in November, an' you all know how everlastin' cold it gits here 'long in November an' December.

Well, 'long comes one of them tearing, howlin' sand-storms 'bout two o'clock in the afternoon, and the wagon boss camped us under the lee of a hill and would n't go any furder. And 't was well he did, too, fur the wind blowed a gale, and snow begin to fall, and agin sunset it was as ornery a piece of weather as I ever seen anywheres. You all know wood's pow'ful skeerce up thar too and all the cook had was sage-brush an' "chips."

We put in a mis'able night. The wind blowed everyway, an' drifted sand an' snow into our beds in spite of all a feller could do. Me and Sandy the horse-wrangler slep' together, an' Sandy, he 'lowed, he did, that "the Lord mus' have it in fer us pore ignorant cow-punchers that night, shore!"

About daylight I heerd a shot,—then another, an' another. Everybody 'most in camp waked up, an' Wilson, the wagon boss, he takes his six-shooter an' fires a few shots

We all specalated as to what it meant at such a time, an' Wilson, he says he'd bet a yearlin' agin a sack of terbaccer that it wer some derned tenderfoot bughunter who 'd been out to the Peterified forest an' gone an' lost hisself, an' now was a bellerin' around like a dogie calf.

to answer 'em.

And the cook he'lowed't wa'n't no bug-hunter, 'cause that was the crack of a forty-five, an' them bug-hunter fellers ginerally packed a little short twentytwo to stand off the Injuns, an' we all laughed at this, fur the night we got the steers shipped

the cook went up town an' got full as a goat, an' tried to run a "sandy" over a meeklookin' tender-foot, who wa' n't a-harmin' nobody; but he wa' n't near so meek as he looked, an' fust thing the *cocinero* knowed he war a-gazin' into one of them same little old twenty-twos, an' I 'm blessed if the stranger did n't take his forty-five away from him an' turned him over to the sheriff to cool off,—but I guess you all know 'bout that.

We could soon hear the "chug chug" of

a pony's feet an' then a voice a-hollerin'. We all gave a yell, an' in a few minutes a man named Hart rode into camp. We all knowed him. He was a sheep-man with a ranch over on the tother side of the Peterified forest.

. He was nearly froze, an' half crazy with excitement, an' 't was some minutes afore we could git him to tell what was a

hurtin' him.

"Boys!" he says, "for God's sake git up an' help me find my wife an' chillen."

An' then he tole us that he had been away from his ranch all the day before, at one of his sheep-camps over on the Milky Holler. When he left in the mornin' his wife tole him she'd hitch up the hosses to the buckboard after dinner an' take the kidsan'drive down to the railroad station an' git the mail, an' git back in time for supper. You know it 's 'bout eight miles down to the station at Carrizo.

eight milesdown to the station at Carrizo. Comin' home at night in the wust of the

storm, Hart had found the shack empty, his wife not home yit, an' the hosses gone. Thinkin' that the storm had kept 'em, he waited an hour or two, when he got so blamed oneasy he could n't wait no longer, but saddled up his hoss an' dug it for the station.

When he got there they tole him his wife had left 'bout an hour by sun, an' they had n't seen nothing of her sence,—altho' they had begged her not to start back, an' the wind a blowin' like it was.



"AND TELL YOU A GREAT LONG YARN"



"GETTING A MOVE ON"

'T was then about as dark as the inside of a cow, an' leavin' the men at the station to foller him, Hart struck out across the prairie, ridin' in big circles an' tryin' but without no luck, to cut some sign of the buckboard an' hosses. But you know, fellers, how them sandy mesas are about there, an' 'tween the driftin' sand an' the snow every mark had been wiped out slick an' clean.

Then he pulled his freight for the ranch, thinkin' mebbe so she 'd get back while he were away, but nary a sign of them was there about the place.

He struck out agin, makin' big circles an' a-firin' his six-shooter an' a-hollerin' like a 'Pache Injin, all the time a-listenin' an' a-prayin' for some answer. When he heerd our shots he thought shore he'd found her, 'cause she allers used to carry a gun with her when she went out alone, an' he jist lit out for 'em, only hittin' the high places, an' when he see 'd what it was he were pow'ful disappinted.

'T ain't no use fer me to tell you fellers that we got a reg'lar move onto ourselves. You 've all seen the "Cimmaron Kid" tear 'round an' jist bust hisself to get out to the herd fust in the mornin' an' relieve the last guard, along in the fall when the boss was

a-lookin' an' a-pickin' out men for the winter work. Well, that was the way we all tore 'round, an' as everybody kep' up a night hoss, (you all know what a crank that feller Wilson was 'bout night hosses, he 'd make every man keep up one if he had the whole cavyyard in a ten-acre field,) we soon had a cup of coffee into us an' was ready to ride slantin'.

Pore Hart was so nigh crazy that he could n't say nothin', an' 't was hard to see a big, strong feller as he was all broke up like.

By this time 't was gettin' daylight in the east an' we struck out, scatterin' every way, but keepin' in sight an' hearin' of each other.

'Bout two miles from camp I ran slap dab onto the buckboard, with one of the hosses tied up to the wheel an' t'other gone. The harness of the other hoss laid on the ground, an' from the sign, she had evidently unharnessed the gentlest hoss of the two, an' got on him with the kids an' tried to ride him bareback.

I fired a couple of shots, which brought some of the other boys to me, an' we follered up the trail, step by step, 'cause' t was a hard trail to pick out, owin', as I said, to the sand an' snow.



THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Pretty soon we come to where she had got off the hoss an' led him for a ways, then we found the tracks of the kids, an' we judged they'd all got so cold they had to walk to git warm, an' all that time my fingers an' ears was jist a-tinglin' an' a-achin', they was so cold, an' what was them pore kids an' that little woman a-goin' to do, when a big, stout puncher like me was a-shiverin' an' a-shakin' with the cold like a old cow under a cedar in a norther?

Bime-by we struck the hoss a-standin' there all humped up with the cold, the reins

hooked over a little sage bush.

I sent one of the boys back with the hoss, an' tole him to hitch up to the buckboard an' foller on, fer I knowed shore we'd need it to put their pore frozen bodies on when we found'em.

Here we saw signs where she'd tried to build a fire, but Lord A'mighty, you know how hard it is to find anything to burn round that ere Peterified Forest country, an' she only had three or four matches, an' nothin' to make a fire catch with.

Then she started on ag'in, an' I judged she'd got a star to go by, 'cause she kep' almost straight north to'ds the railroad. By the trail, she was a-carryin' the youngest kid, a boy 'bout two years old, an' a-leadin' the other, which was a little gal 'bout five.

And right here, fellers, she showed she was fit to be the wife of a man a-livin' in such a country. She knowed mighty well that she'd be follered, an' that her trail

would be hard to find, an' so, what does she do, but tear pieces out of a red flannel skirt she had on, an' hung 'em along, on a sagebrush here an' a Spanish bayonet there, so's we could foller faster.

When we struck this sign an' seed what she'd done, one of the boys says, says he, "Fellers, ain't she a trump an' no mistake?"

An' so she were, shore.

We jist turned our hosses loose along here, an' one of us would lope ahead an' cut for sign, an' as soon as he found it, another would cut in ahead of him, an' in that way we trailed her up, right peart. We soon ran the trail down to the edge of the big mesa back of the Carrizo station.

If you remember, it's quite a cliff there, mebbe so two hundred feet down, sort of in steps, from two to six feet high. We could see plain enough where she set the kid down, an' then jumped over the fust ledge an' helped the young ones down too.

She worked her way down the rocky cliff that way, step by step, an' it must 'a' been a job, too, in the dark, an' as cold as she was.

Two of us went on down the cliff, an' I sent the other boys around with the hosses, to a break, where there was a good trail.

Right here I began to think that p'r'aps she'd been saved after all. 'T was only a mile from the foot of the mesa to the station at Carrizo, an' in plain sight from where we were.

Me and Little Bob, who was with me, was

so sure that she was all right that we quit follerin' the trail an' jist got down the cliff anywhere we could,—though as Bob said, "'t was a kin savey case."

When we got to the bottom an' clear of the rocks, we set out to cut fer her trail ag'in, when Little Bob says, says he, "Thar she is, Jack!"

Lord, how my heart jumped into my mouth! Seemed as ef I could most taste it.

I looks where Bob was a-pintin', an' shore 'nuff, there she were a-sittin' on a rock, with the boy in her lap an' the little gal a-leanin' up agin' her an a-lookin' into her face.

We both gave a yell an' started to'ds her, but she never paid no 'tention to us, which seemed to me mighty queer like. But we were a little to one side of her, an' I thought mebby so she were so tired she didn't notice us.

Bob he got up to her fust, an' walked up an' put his hand on her shoulder to shake her, but fellers, you all know how't was, the pore little woman an' the two young ones were dead—frozen stiff.

Little Bob was so skeert, that he could n't do nothin', but I fired all the shots in my six-shooter, an' the balance of the outfit soon came up to us. Wilson, he had a little more savey than the rest of us, and rode back an' met pore Hart who had got off to one side, an' tells him sorter kindly like,—what we'd found, an' I reckin that Jim never had no harder job in all his life.

Hart says, says he, "Jim, old man, you take 'em into town as tenderly as you kin, an' make all the arrangements for the funeral, an' I'll follow you in tonight."

Course Jim swore we'd all do everything we could, an' Hart rode off to'ds his ranch without comin' night he place where his little family was a-restin' so peaceful an' quiet.

Say feller, that was the pitifulest sight I ever see, an' I've seed some sad work in the days when old Geronimo an' his murderin' gang of government pets used to range all over the country.

'T was easy nough to read the whole thing now. She 'd come to the edge of the mesa an' seen the lights probably in the station house, for they get up about four o'clock every mornin' to get breakfast for the section men. Climbin' down the cliff had used her up, an' knowin' she was so close to help, she had set down on a big

flat rock at the bottom to rest a minute, before starting to walk the mile from the foot of the mesa to the station. To set down, as cold an' tired as she was, meant sleep, an' to sleep was shore death that night, an' she went to sleep an' never woke up no more.

The little boy was cuddled up agin her under her shawl with the peacefulest look on his little face you ever see, an' the little gal was a-leanin' on her lap an' a-lookin' up into her face with the big tears frozen on her cheeks, an' so natural that it was hard to b'lieve she was dead.

One of the boys went over to the station an' got two wagon sheets an' some blankets, an' when the buckboard came we rolled 'em up as carefully an' as softly as we could. They was so stiff we had to leave the little feller where he was, but the gal we rolled up separate.

Now say, boys, that was a hard thing to do, for a bunch of rough cow-punchers, if you'll hear me. Hookey Jim, he'd been through a yaller fever year down in Memphis once, an' he was more used to such things, so he sort of bossed the job.

I ain't ashamed to say I bawled like a baby, fellers. Mrs. Hart was awful good to us boys, even if her husband was a sheepman. No puncher ever went there without getting a good square meal, no matter when it was, an' when Curly Joe got sick over at the "Rail N" ranch she jist made the boys fetch him over to her place, an' she nussed him like his own mammy would 'a' done it.

After we got 'em packed on the buckboard Wilson sent the rest of the outfit back to camp, an' him an' me rode on into town, leavin' Shorty French to drive the team in. We met everybody from town on the road out to hunt for her, for the word had got round that she was lost, an' everyone that could leave had turned out on the search.

"T was a sorrowful place that day an' the next. Everybody in town knew an' loved the little woman, an' her awful death made it seem more pitiful an' sad. They made one coffin an' put her an' the two chillen into it, one on each arm, an' they looked so sweet, an' peaceful, like they was only asleep, —an' anyway, that's what he read from the book at the grave — that they was only asleep.



"THERE SHE WERE, A-SITTIN' ON A ROCK"

You fellers all know how everybody in town was at the funeral, an' how one of the men in town had to say a little prayer at the grave, 'cause there was n't no parson, they all being away off in Afriky an' Chiney, a-prayin' an' a-singin' with Niggers an' Chinees, an' not a-havin' no time to 'tend to their own kind of people to home, who p'r'aps needed prayin' for jist as much as the heathens in Chiney.

An' then two sweet little gals sung a hymn 'bout "Nearer My God to Thee," an' when they got to the second verse every-

body was a cryin' an' the little gals jist busted out too an' could n't finish the song for a long time.

An' boys that's 'bout all there is to tell to it.

I GLANCED around the dug-out. The fire had burned low and I guess the most of them were glad; for, in the uncertain light, I could see tears on more than one sunburned cowboy cheek, and my own eyes were, as one of them quaintly put it, "jist a-spillin' clean over with tears."





OLD TIME STAGE DRIVERS OF THE WEST COAST

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#### BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN

THE most thrilling event of my life occurred one night between Ruby and Austin. William Halsey, private secretary to Ben Holladay, and I had been fellow passengers from Salt Lake City in a coach fixed up for sleeping for us two. We were bound for San Francisco; the railroad had been built only to Cisco, and was snowed up nearly all the way from that point to Sacramento. We took supper at Ruby. It was on the 18th day of December, 1866. The mercury was way below zero. The wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the station keeper at Ruby advised us to wait until the next morning. But we went on; and after losing our way, and going ahead of the coach with lanterns, for two hours, the whole outfit got stuck in the snow,





and the animals lay down and could not be induced to go farther. We were off the road on Diamond mountain. The snow was from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and drifting, and it was midnight. We were only kept from being badly frozen by taking off our boots and stockings and jumping into the snow. We built a fire inside the coach, and rubbed each other's hands and feet with About one o'clock the east-bound stage came towards us, five hundred yards to our left; and as the wind had ceased blowing we saw the lights. Halsey made a break for this unexpected succor, and it so happened that the stage contained six workmen and two passengers, to whom we quickly made known our misfortune and who came up and rapidly pulled and shoveled out our team and wagon, and then we returned to Ruby. Had not that happened we should have been frozen to death in an hour or two.

In February, 1869, I again came across the same knight of the lash, Tom Hammond, who was driving from Weber to Wasatch; and we were overtaken by a snow storm, and were tied up in it at the latter place for seven days. My fellow passengers on that occasion were General Hutchinson, Judge J. B. Southard, and Jack Williams, of San Francisco, and George Whitney, of Oakland, all a long time dead. Our further experience may be appropriately presented

here: We (and about eighty others) left Wasatch on the Union Pacific, and proceeded as far as Rawlins, where we became snow-bound and stayed eight days, when about forty of us started afoot and walked over the snow crust, either on or along the railroad until we reached Laramie, 136 miles, the trip taking nine days. Ten only out of the forty of us reached Laramie, among whom were Judge Southard, a son of ex-Governor Blaisdell of Nevada, a man named Randall, brother of ex-Postmaster General Alexander Randall; a young man (whose name I forget) who is now and has long been a clerk in the Bank of California, and the writer. We had left San Francisco on the third of Feb-

ruary to be present at Grant's inauguration, and reached Washington "after the ball was over." But there were many Mark Tapleys among us and we had lots of fun.

Early in December, 1866, I left Fort Bridger about nine one morning alongside Driver Ben Wing. Inside was a man named Gardner, a convicted horse thief, who was being taken to Salt Lake city to serve out a term of twenty years in the penitentiary. He was in charge of two brothers named Jack and Bill Coaster. It had been bitter cold the night before - twenty degrees below zero. But the weather had greatly moderated, and the sun had come out. We made about seven miles an hour until we arrived at Quaking Asp hill, one of the highest spurs of the Wasatch range, from which a magnificent view was obtained. Proceeding down the western slope of Quaking Asp hill, the landscape seemed a panorama of picturesque and long-drawn beauty. Of a sudden the mountains were transformed into huge rocks of grotesque shape and terrific perpendicularity, and the whole network of valleys gave way to gorges or cañons of indescribable impressiveness.

The most remarkable and beautiful of all these gorges is Echo cañon, which is thirty miles in length, and extends to the southeast. The Union Pacific railroad now runs through it.

We reached Echo cañon about half-past three in the afternoon, and stopped for dinner at the first station. We all finished our frugal meal at about the same time. Gardner had been closely guarded by the Coasters, but had been permitted to stretch his limbs both at the eating station and at Quaking Asp hill. The driver had shouted "All set!" and I had climbed upon my seat on the outside, when, all of a sudden, out jumped Gardner from the door on the nigh side of the coach, and away he went down the cañon like an antelope. In less than two seconds the Coasters were after him, each one crying, "Halt, or I will shoot!"

"We may as well follow up and see the fun," said the driver; and off went the team on a clean run. Just as we came up to the scene the Coasters were getting winded and

Gardner was gaining on them.

"We had better try and wing him," said Jack to his brother, and both of them halted, drew their revolvers, and commenced firing. Each took deliberate but rapid aim, and after several shots, Gardner jumped into the air and fell like a dead man.

We hastened to the prostrate prisoner, and found that two bullets had gone through him, and that he was evidently dying. He lived only fifteen minutes and spoke but once. And then he expired with his head on Bill Coaster's lap. The latter at once said:—

"It is getting dark, and we must do something with the body; we had better cover it up with stones so the coyotes won't get at it, and come back tomorrow and

bury it."

As if something had suddenly flashed to his mind, Jack pulled forth the commitment papers and perused them hurriedly and excitedly. At last, after drawing a long breath, he said:—

"According to this document, Bill, we have no right to bury the man at all. It commands us to take him to Salt Lake."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to take the carcass to Salt Lake, do you?" said Bill. "Have you ever seen anyone transport dead horse thieves far in this section of America?"

"I pretend to say that this document commands me to take him to Salt Lake, dead or alive. Let me read you: 'You are commanded'—COMMANDED! don't you see?—'to take the body'—the BODY! mind ye—'of Richard Gardner to Salt Lake.'"

So the body of Richard Gardner was strapped on behind, under the mail bags, and taken to Salt Lake City.

We left the scene of the tragedy just at dark, and made thirty miles in four hours, including two stoppings. With a dead man behind, and a demijohn of spirits in front, the driver seemed perfectly at ease; he plied the stinging, cracking lash continually, and declared every once in a while that he "didn't care whether school kept or not."

Nothing further happened until we were within two or three miles of Salt Lake City, the next morning, when the driver drew up his team, alighted and took the "body" of Gardner from the inside of the boot and strapped it to the outside. As Ben took his seat he quietly informed me of what he had done, and said: "Things will pop when we get into town."

And "things did pop." We arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co's office on a clean canter, with at least five hundred men and boys following and yelling. Halsey (who had arrived two days before), Tracy (afterwards special Agent of the Postoffice Department for California), and Bassett (for a long time Superintendent of the Northern Division of Southern Pacific Railroad), if they are living, will never forget the morning we came into Salt Lake City with a dead horse thief strapped on behind our "Concord."

Another superior driver was "old Shalcross," who drove over his own line from Napa to Calistoga thirty years ago. was the proprietor of the stage lines a number of years from Napa to Lakeport and Lower Lake. I received a letter from him one day in August, 1867, asking me to meet him at St. Helena and accompany him over his route, which I did — thus: I went by rail from Napa to St. Helena, and was met there by Shalcross. He was a tall, handsome man of rising forty. We had never met but we at once picked each other out, and I accompanied him behind a fine team and Concord buggy as far as Calistoga. There we stayed for two days, and I found my newly-made acquaintance to be a mighty whole-souled, congenial person. Then we started for Lower Lake, and I noticed that he had put a lot of canned things, a box of claret, ditto of champagne, and a twogallon demijohn of whisky, in his buggy.

"We shall be gone a week," he said, "and these are our stores."

He also took a shot gun, a frying pan and some fishing tackle, along. We were gone about eight days and stopped over either at hotels or ranch houses nights where we also ate our morning and evening meals, and we caught trout and fried them for lunch every day. Shalcross had written up to Lower Lake, Uncle Sam, and Lakeport, and had engaged music, and made other arrangements for balls, and all the

young folks of those towns had been invited and joined in the dance. I had never seen so much pastoral festivity before in a single week. We fished every day and lived upon the fat of the land in those parts. We did not greedily consume all the stores we had taken with us, as Shalcross gave every man he met a glass of whisky, while the claret we would use at lunch and the champagne at the houses where we stayed over night. Just one year after this excursion I was traveling with Mrs. Shalcross and another lady in a stage over the same route, when the team became unmanageable and ran away. The driver was badly in-

jured, the two ladies were killed, and I had both arms and thirteen bones of my right hand broken and was otherwise badly injured. Old Shalcross, who died about twenty years ago, used often to come down to San Francisco to see me, and offered to pay all the bills; but I lived at the Occidental and my old friend Jerome Leland made no extra charges, and Surgeon McCormick, U. S. A., who I had a short time before got President Johnson to favor in some way, put me on my legs—or arms—again in a few

weeks without any expense. But it was a close call.

Another Coast Mountain whip of account was "Uncle Jimmy" Miller, who for many years pursued his vocation between Lakeport, Ukiah, Vichy Springs, and the Blue Lakes. He, too, had been educated on the Sierra grades, and had taken thousands of tourists from Angel's into the Calaveras grove of big trees. He is renowned as the driver who has been "held up" more times

than there are counties in Nevada and who carries a ninepound silver watch. His yarns about the Dick Turpins and Black Barts and Claude Duvals would make a book, and his descriptions of his hair-breadth escapes and other episodes are thrilling in the He has extreme. often reminded me of Captain Cuttle in his homely exhibitions of nobility of purpose. "No woman ever sat up along side o' me that I did n't have the same feeling for't I'd have for my own mother or sister;"- he once said to me - which was a fact, sure.



"CURLY DAN" AND "CURLY JERRY" ROBBINS, TWINS
PLACERVILLE TO VIRGINIA CITY

Sam Cooper, who for many years drove between Grass Valley and North San Juan,

now a long time dead, was one of the best known of the Sierra knights of the lash. He had driven from the Cascades to the Tehachapi and from Sacramento to Carson for years and had many a time turned over the reins to Lola Montez, who frequently occupied the box with him during her residence in Nevada county. It was Sam Cooper who was driving the down North San Juan stage on the 14th of May, 1866, when it was robbed by George Shanks, Bob Finn, and George Moore, all of whom were killed

a few hours afterward by Steve Venard, who died a short time ago.

Curly Bill, who is still living in Nevada or San Francisco, was another well known crack driver of the Sierra and the Gieger grade. At one time he drove between Strawberry and Genoa on the Placerville road, and many a time have I ridden with him over the summits when the snow was twenty feet deep on a level and he took a sleigh load of passengers along the milk-white highway at the rate of from ten to eleven miles an hour. All the old Virginia City folks of twenty-five years ago remember Curly Bill.

Thirty years ago William Clift, better known as "Clift," drove out of Los Angeles every other evening on the coast line, the regular daily route between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Like many of his profession, he was long and stout and weighed over two hundred. He was quiet, sober, a splendid man and a good whip. He had driven in the Sierra and Cascade mountains and up and down and over the Coast range for twenty-eight years, and for some time preceding his death he was agent in Southern California of the company he had so long and so faithfully served on the box.

In November, 1869, I left Los Angeles on a moonlight evening about six, alongside of Clift, and before we had proceeded two miles we were stopped by four highwaymen, who robbed the passengers (nine in all) and the express company. I was special agent of the post-office department at the time; so after we had been ordered to drive on, I accompanied Clift about five miles, and then bade him goodnight, and returned to the city afoot by the southern road, which ran out of Sixth street over the hills just north of where Foy's house now stands, skirted the Brea ranch, and then lead straight up to and over the pass in the Cahuenga spur.

I reached town a short time after midnight, and found Henry Wiley, then deputy sheriff, and related the circumstances of the night before, and he said,—

"I knew it. They are now at the Bella

Union playing faro."

But as they were all masked, and as one of them held a cocked revolver within a foot of my face for at least ten minutes, so I could not look around, I could not then identify them.

The next day the four men left town after having deposited more than twelve hundred dollars in faro and monte, and Wiley followed them up, assisted by William Pridham, and conferred with James McCov. sheriff of San Diego county, and in a short time we got them. As one of them turned State's evidence, we (Pridham and I) had no trouble in convicting them; and Jack King, then county judge, sentenced them to ten years' imprisonment in San Quentin. These four highwaymen got nearly eight thousand dollars in all, and gambled and drank it all away in less than a week. The credit of their capture, which was neatly effected, is largely due to Wiley and Mc-Cov. both of whom are still living, Wilev in Los Angeles and McCoy at San Diego. When Fred Ames, one of the culprits, received his sentence he sent word to Judge King that he would play him a game of seven-up to see whether he would make it twenty vears or nothing.

Many and many a time I have staged it over the Tehachapi mountains with my old friend Clift and other knights of the lash, clean across Antelope valley, and up and down the Soledad, across the headwaters of the Santa Clara river, and then up again over the summit of the San Fernando mountains. From any part of the foothills could be seen vineyards and orange groves, stretching out forty miles to the sea, which gleamed like a mirror, while dim and seemingly remote, the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina uprose, like the type of those "happy isles" to which Ulysses thought he might attain and "see the great

Achilles whom he knew."

Looking westward, the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills, while to the east the eye wanders over broad and fertile plains, extending many miles, the entire surface diversified with orange groves and vineyards, hundreds of hotels, villas, school houses, and churches. To the north the Coast range lifts its towering summits, at the base of which are the cottages and cabins of those who have sought out the fertile nooks which there abound; and looking thitherward one might with scarcely an effort of the imagination deem that he had been transported to the scenes which England's nobly-born but misan-

thropic poet has immortalized in "Manfred," and listening, might almost expect to hear the "Ranz des Vaches" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, catch the faint and far-off music of "pipes in the liberal air mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

Another old-time driver over the Coast line, or that portion of it between Los Angeles and San Diego, was George H. Smith. better known as "Smithy." On one occasion during the fall of 1878 Smithy was driving between Santa Ana and Las Flores, when, about eleven o'clock at night, a single highwayman attempted to hold him up while nearing San Juan Capistrano, whereat Smithy cut the leaders with his whip and gave the wheelers a sharp word. At that the highwayman fired and the bullet tore through Smithy's left hand, wounding him severely. Judge Richard Eagan was the only passenger; and up to this time after leaving Santa Ana he had been curled up asleep on the inside back seat.

The short words "halt there," the quick jerk of the stage, and the firing of the pistol aroused the Oracle of Capistrano. He opened the right-hand door of the vehicle and quickly climbed up and took the lines from the driver, who was groaning from pain, and was also considerably covered with blood. It was not long before Smithy minutely related what had occurred, the Judge letting the team go up and down the slight elevations on the clean gallop it had started into at the crack of the gun.

Judge Eagan has had the credit of performing various kinds of work in his life, and of doing all things well that he has undertaken. It was his first effort at driving a four-horse mail coach. But he was equal to the emergency, and would probably have not stopped to inquire into the immediate circumstances of the attempted hold-up even if the highwayman had not sent after him five more shots, all of which whistled uncomfortably by his ears. He made only the usual stop at Capistrano, leaving the wounded driver, of course, and then drove on to Las Flores, where he met the up stage, and from which point he telegraphed the particulars of the episode to the agent at Los Angeles, sending in his resignation as driver. Smithy was kindly looked after

by Judge Eagan and Billy Pridham, Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express for Southern California, and after his recovery was given a place in the Express Company by Mr. Valentine, upon the request and recommendation of Mr. Pridham.

The enigma of all these knights of the lash was Charley Parkhurst, who may be compared to Jerry Crowther, Baldy Green, and Charley Foss, but who at his death achieved a sensation which, by its attendant strangeness and romance, placed him first in the picturesque list. How he drifted to California in the first days of the gold mining fever is not exactly known, for in that time of hurry, bustle, and struggle, the ordinary, unassuming man was very likely to have been overlooked. The generally accepted story was that he was born in New Hampshire, and worked on a farm with his uncle until a quarrel arose between the two, when Charley moved to Providence, Rhode Island. There he remained for some time as coachman in the employ of a Mr. Childs. From Providence he went to Georgia, and became a stage-driver, continuing in that State until he came to California in 1850. Soon afterward he drove between Oakland and San José. To the miners of the pioneering days Parkhurst was known as a stage-driver of renown, whilst to those of a later date who knew him when he drove on the San Juan and Santa Cruz line he will ever be remembered as a personage who kept a secret all his life long unsuspected and intact, and only gave it up to a power which either buries it forever or strips away all mystery and makes all things There are many who, upon reading this sketch of a living and dead mystery, will remember Charley Parkhurst on the box-seat of the stage-coach running from Oakland to San José; others who will remember him driving from Stockton to Mariposa, and again others who will recollect him as sending the dust flying along the road from San Juan to Santa Cruz. stout, compact figure of about five foot six or seven, broad across the shoulders and of handsome person; the sun-browned and beardless face; the bluish gray eyes and sharp high-pitched voice; the set but not unpleasant features, moved now and then with a rare smile, and the deliberate movement which seems to be a fashion of the fraternity, were as familiar to the passengers on these routes as the chuck-holes that existed in summer along many indifferently graded stretches of level highway, and that Parkhurst seemed delighted occasionally to find. It was said of him that no road agent dared to give him the word "halt!" as he had at an early day shot two of that fraternity dead. He was equally brave in facing a storm or a freshet, and the heat of summer and the cold of winter alike had for this Enigma of Stage-coaching no seeming discomfort.

Altogether he drove for nearly twenty years, and whenever drivers were scarce he was always ready to do double duty, driving both ways over the road. During his career as a stage driver he was kicked by a horse in the left eye so violently as to destroy the sight. It was from the loss of this organ that he received the nick-name "One-Eyed Charley," by which he was commonly called.

It was along at the close of the sixties that he stepped down from the stage coach box for the last time and opened a stage station and saloon on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, at a point about half-way between the Aptos laguna and the first heavy sand hill as you go toward Watsonville. He smoked, chewed tobacco, drank moderately, played cards or shook dice for the cigars or drinks, and was "one of the boys"; and altogether he was cheery and agreeable with those into whose society he was thrown, although always inclined to be reticent about his affairs. That is, he was social but never communicative, a pleasant but never a jovial companion. He had no particular friends, either on the road or in the fields, and was not disposed to be what is known as chummy. Especially was he not a love-maker, and petticoats, even when surmounted by a trim bodice and a pretty face, were without special attrac-There was, however, at one time an owner of both petticoat and face who seemed to have made a little deeper impression than the rest of her sex. Near the ranch on which Parkhurst first settled lived a widow with an only daughter. They did not prosper, and misfortune at last overtook them in the shape of a sheriff's Parkhurst bought the place and gave it back to the widow, and though it was said at the time that the good deed was prompted by the daughter's good looks, the report is nullified by the fact that soon after he left the neighborhood and settled near Watsonville. Parkhurst's celibacy was not enforced by poverty; being of a saving disposition, he had amassed a fortune of some thousands of dollars. In course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle business on lands belonging to F. A. Hihn of Santa Cruz. Being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism, he sold his ranch to a Portuguese, deposited the proceeds in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired. Near the Seven Mile house, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the later years of his life, Parkhurst dwelt. He was well known to the townspeople and those on the surrounding farms as a quiet, little, elderly gentleman of about sixty years of age, badly afflicted with rheumatism, not given to talking much, but apparently contented to live unnoticed and alone. His rheumatism grew worse, until it resulted in the withering of his members, and he became almost helpless. Then, as if his ills were not crushing enough, he became afflicted with a cancerous tongue and mouth. Feeling that the world was slipping from his grasp, he hired a man to attend to his needs, and telling a friend that he was going to die, directed him what to do with his belongings, and waited patiently for a relief to his sufferings. On December 29, 1879, Charles Dudley Parkhurst, reputed native of New Hampshire, voter of the State of California, aged sixty-seven, was driven over the great Divide. Parkhurst, the dashing driver, the fearless fighter of highwaymen, the strong lumberman, passed out of existence, and in his place was found something gentler and more tender. With the death of one who was always more or less a mystery, was born one that shadows the other into utter insignificance. dead man was being prepared for his last resting place when the astonishing discovery was made by the friends that the clay beneath their hands was that of a woman! With astonishment at a deception so marvelously carried out comes the sad thought of all she must have suffered. It is useless to waste time in conjectures as to what led the dead to take up the cross of a man's laboring life, but whether from necessity or phantasy, the certainty remains that in the latter years there must have '



"UNCLE JIM MILLER"

been many dark hours when poor Charles Parkhurst longed for a little of that sympathy which is accorded every woman. The story of the discovery was at first refused credence, but medical science furnished irrefragable proof of the real state of the case when an examination attested the fact of the dead woman having once been a mother.

The keen business sagacity which had been a distingishing feature throughout the whole of Parkhurst's life in California, The money was unwavering to the end. matters were clearly arranged. Certificates of deposit on the Watsonville bank to a considerable amount were left in the charge of Otto Stoessen, and the will, which was only a concise statement of the way in which the money was to be disposed of, chiefly in gifts to those in attendance at the end,—and shrewdly signed "C. D. Parkhurst." And as C. D. Parkhurst the Enigma of Stage-driving and story lies in the Odd Fellows' cemetery at Watsonville.

But the most famous, fearless, and reck-

less driver that has ever handled the ribbons anywhere was John Reynolds, who is best known in Southern California and particularly in Los Angeles, where he lived nearly forty years. John Reynolds was a New Yorker by birth, and early sought the far West, and some thirty-five years ago entered the service of General Banning as stage driver. I doubt if any man, living or dead, has driven an eight-horse team hitched to a Concord coach containing twenty people twenty-two miles in one hour and thirty-two minutes except John Reynolds. He generally drove six horses between Wilmington and Los Angeles, twentytwo miles, and on "steamer days" invariably put his team through on a canter, stopping once half way for fresh horses.

John Reynolds betrayed none of the peculiarities of dress, person, or manner, that characterized Luce, Forbes, Bradbury, Crowther, and other Napoleons of the Sierra, they could be picked out in the dark. He was just a little under

medium stature, and had a face more like that of an over-grown boy than of a man, which he carried until he was fifty years old. was neither polished nor slovenly in dress or manner, but he generally wore only plain suits, although on occasions he appeared conspicuously tidy. He was generally quiet and undemonstrative, except when driving. His only pride for many years was to tear up Main street "ahead of the opposition"; — and away back in the sixties the whole town turned out to see him coming up Main to the Bella Union at a tremendous speed, his horses often completely covered with foam and dirt and the passengers so entirely enveloped in dust as to be unrecognizable.

Once while riding with this remarkable Jehu I asked him how he happened to get employment with the Wilmington Transportation company, and he replied: "It's this way: I drifted down here, and one day I saw the biggest lot of prairie schooners start out for Arizona I had ever seen in my life, and I asked some one who they belonged to, and he replied. General Banning.

"'Who owns those stages?" I asked of another.

"General Banning."

"I saw large herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, between Wilmington and Los Angeles, -who did they belong to? — General Banning. There were two steamers at Wilmington — General Banning's. Saw mills and trip hammers and storehouses without number-General Banning's. There was a stack of hay that must have contained a thousand tons. I looked up at this mountain of fodder and then I asked some one who owned that stack of hay -- General Banning. I then concluded that General Banning owned everything and everybody in the country, and I determined to add myself to the outfit. I sought out the great operator and told him in answer to some of his questions, that I had driven in races in the East and that I delighted in driving fast horses and making myself solid with the ladies.

"'Can you drive a stage?'

"'Yes.'

"'Can you drive like hell?'

"'Yes.'

"Do you like to work?"

"'Yes.'

"Do you drink whisky?"

"'No.'

"'You're engaged."

"And that's the way I got my job. He seemed to feel that I was precisely the man he needed, except that he quietly informed me that he preferred I should not exercise myself too much in making myself solid with the fair sex as he claimed some privileges in those premises that must not be usurped by subordinates."

Reynolds once said to me that his best time was one hour and seventeen minutes. It was in 1868. There were nine people on the inside and six on top, among whom were Mr. Pridham, alongside the driver, and Herman W. Hellman, on behind. General Banning had given the order, "Break all previous records!" Reynolds had eight horses and he started them on a canter, which he kept up nearly all the way. riving within a few hundred yards of the Half Way House, he saw a deep furrow that had just then been plowed by Old Man Stump and said to Mr. Pridham, as he laid on his long lash and shouted like a Comanche: "I'll break all previous records or we'll go to pieces right here and now. Whoop!"

The forward wheels jumped the furrow, but the hind ones struck it with a thud that created consternation, yet nothing happened to impede the progress of the team. But John broke all previous records, although when he brought up in front of the Bella Union the harness was almost entirely a wreck, and the off leader had nothing left on him but a collar and the nigh leader only part of the bridle and a single rein. Reynolds said to Mr. Pridham, "I guess I have broken all previous records and—everything else."

He had driven great trotters in his life; he had won and lost thousands of dollars; he had been in numerous exciting love scrapes—all in his mind. But he was an honest, generous, affectionate fellow, and at one time knew every man, woman, and child, in Los Angeles. He brought the first hack into Southern California and had a monopoly of that means of transportation

for a number of years.

My family received on New Year's, 1874, and twelve young ladies were to assist. So I made arrangements with John to bring them to my house and to take them home and to make himself generally useful from noon until midnight for twenty dollars. When I went to pay him he declined to accept but ten dollars "on account of the pleasure he had had in hauling so many beautiful young ladies"—and he added: "Even the old hack enjoyed it." You see by this that, though John owned a hack he was never a real hack driver—no real hack driver in the world ever committed such an enormous sin against his profession as that.

All who knew John Reynolds liked him, and he was pronounced by many the greatest stage-driver in the State. There surely was no such driving elsewhere so far as speed was concerned, — and he never had a serious accident.

General Phineas Banning, the owner of the line, was no slouch of a driver. It was his delight occasionally to mount the box and drive from Wilmington to Los Angeles. I once rode alongside of him and we made the trip in an hour and forty-five minutes, changing horses but once. It was a perfectly level road, and there could be no danger except to the animals from overdriving, and this possibly never entered the General's mind, as he had so many hundreds of

mustangs that he could n't count them. General Banning once drove one of his own stages with ten passengers, among whom were the Hon. R. C. McCormick, Governor of Arizona, the late General Irwin McDowell, Senator Sherman, Ex-Secretary Seward, Governor Throckmorton of Texas, the writer, and others, from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, a distance of nearly sixty miles, in less than seven hours. It was said of him that he could make the shortest and cleverest turn with six horses, without cranking, of any driver in Southern California.

"Dutch John" (whose real name was John Lance) was one of the best long-distance drivers on the frontier. He could not send a gay team around the curves of the Sierra or Coast Range grades like "Baldy" Green, "Hank" Monk, Charley Foss, or "Buffalo" Jim, but he could mount a mud-wagon, or a buck-board, or a jerky, and drive over the Mojave, or Colorado, or Arizona desert for twenty-four hours without a growl or a drink. He once told me that he had driven 138 miles in thirty-six hours, and in fifty minutes afterward had turned right around and driven back the same distance. Lance was killed by Apaches near Wickenburg, Arizona, November 4, 1872. He had seven passengers with him, two of whom were on the outside, one of the latter being Fred W. Loring, the brilliant young author from Boston, whose death created such a profound sensation in the literary circles at the time throughout the United States.

The party had left Wickenburg at nine o'clock in the morning for San Bernardino, and in less than three hours afterward were all startled by the driver, who shouted: "Apaches! Apaches! Apaches!"

These were the last words uttered by Dutch John, as a volley was fired simultaneously by the savages, and Lance, Loring, Fred Sholohm, W. G. Solomon, and P. W. Hamel, were instantly killed, and a man named C. S. Adams was mortally wounded. There were also a young man named Kruger and a Miss Sheppard as inside travelers. Kruger received three bullets in his right shoulder and back and Miss Sheppard also received three bullets, one in the arm and two in the right shoulder. Kruger, with great presence of mind, held the wounded woman down and told her to make believe she was

dead, and the two kept as quiet as possible. The Apaches fired another volley, killing another wheel horse, and then remained in their ambush for ten or fifteen minutes. There then being no signs of life in the stage, the Indians sprang, cat-like, from their ambush and made quickly for it, when Kruger and Miss Sheppard got up and yelled with all their might, the former holding his revolver in their faces. This was too much for the cowardly redskins, and they at once retreated pell mell to their cover. At the same time the two survivors struck for the sage-brush on the other side of the stage, Kruger turning once in a while and pointing his pistol, but reserving its fire, until they made good their escape.

On February 2d, 1867, I received instructions from the Postmaster-General (Randall) to report upon the feasibility of reopening the old Butterfield route from San Francisco to San Antonio via Los Angeles, Yuma, Tucson, Messilla, and El Paso, which had been abandoned on account of the war. engaged for my driver a man named Jonathan Worth, who had been a lieutenant in the army, but who was driving stage for a living. He was a splendid whip. We took a light ambulance and four mules, and made the entire tour of Southern California and Arizona and parts of New Mexico and We traveled nearly every day from February 15th until April 28th, and arrived at Los Angeles, our starting point, without the loss of an animal or the breaking of a buckle or strap.

There is in the Yellowstone an old California driver now called Geyser Bob. He is undoubtedly the best whip in that spectacular park, although anyone could keep up with the daily caravan who had ever driven a span of well-behaved half-American horses on any road. In 1888 I had the pleasure of making the tour of the Yellowstone with my old friend, and I asked him why he was called Geyser Bob, and he repled: "Two years ago I was driving five Englishmen and they never let up asking me questions, and one of them one day asked me if there would be any danger in going down into Old Faithful when it was not in action, and I said: 'Danger! No! Why, I have been down into Old Faithful many a time and come up out of the

Beehive,' and they believed it and gave me

the name of Gevser Bob."

Bob never indulges in anything frowned upon by the Prohibitionists — not even beer. He said to me once when I offered him a bottle of beer: "I never drink whisky or beer. Water is good enough for me. Even hogs don't drink rum, you know,— why should men and women?" But if any person had attempted to deprive Bob of his cigars or fine cut there would have been a "kick" in the Yellowstone that would have

made the denizens thereof imagine that the "formations" near the Mammoth Springs hotel had been struck by a double backaction cyclone. Bob is fifty-seven years old and weighs 190 pounds and is as good natured as a drug-store cat.

I might mention the names of many more of the old boys, but I have presented those of the most noted and best known and whose names are or have been household words in the Sierra and Coast range.

### THE MARINERS OF OLD

RAISE we the yard and ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away;
The waters are breaking in foam on the shore;
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.
When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks,
And in storms, with a bounding keel, 't will float,
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks.
And then in the calm and glistening nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.
Onward we sweep through calm and storm;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.



## AT THE GRAVEYARD GATE

HE padre stands at the graveyard gate
And ponders on Heaven, and Earth, and Fate.
The poor old padre is lonely.

The padre's old and the days seem long, With penance and masses and vesper-song,— And comradeship in the graveyard only.

The padre stands at the graveyard gate
And ponders on Heaven, and Earth, and Fate.
The poor old padre is lonely.

Olive May Percival

"Where the Mountains Grow Higher and Higher"

From Painting by A. Normann

Courtesy W. K. Vickery



I.

FAR in, over a Norwegian fjord, is the way to Kari's childhood home. Over a narrow watercourse it leads, winding among islands and reefs, between abrupt, high mountains, narrow and dark, then again widening to lake-like expanses of glittering water, slowly contracting into narrow channels, where in the changing tide, it rushes through like a river. Onward it winds among islands covered with birchforests and ling, passing once in a while a farm, where the hills are carpeted with a close, fragrant verdure of grasses and elovers.

Like a monster serpent from the "Blue moors" cuts the fjord into the mainland, where the mountains grow higher and wilder, and its soul treacherous in the deep

shadows of overhanging cliffs; where the forests are deeper and the farms larger. Then it suddenly rounds a promontory into a wide bay, surrounded by rolling grasslands rising toward the high, wild 'mountains whose summits are covered with eternal snow.

The little red-painted church lies almost hidden among the birches; the farm-houses spread among the hills, and a stony, hurrying creek with a thundering waterfall, and fringed with hazels and alders, emerges from the deep glen.

Here the golden-haired Kari was born in the large log-house, with the white-painted window-frames and red doors, standing on the hill-top with the barns and outbuildings behind it. Stone fences surround the cleared lands, which reach the birch forest half way up the rocky mountain side. There was a wedding at Skaret, a farm lying farther up the creek among the hills; and the whole neighborhood was there, except a few very religious people, including Kari's parents. They were known to be earnest Christians: "praying people" as others called them. Ola Skaret was one of the big men of the neighborhood, having been a supervisor for the last ten years. He was a large, earnest man, but ungodly, so the church people said. Not to offend him, Kari's parents had allowed her to go to the wedding.

Kari was then eighteen, and looked upon as perhaps the best match in that part of the country. She had an older sister, Marit, who was yet unmarried; and Rasmus Solsia, their father, being a man who wanted things his own way, had made up his mind that Marit being the elder, should be the first to marry. But there seemed to be no hurry on her part, - not that there were not suitors enough, but Marit had lost her first lover. He had tried to cross the mountains on snow-shoes one day in mid-winter to reach the neighboring parish. Not before the next spring was his body found. It lay below a precipice, over which he had fallen while lost in the fog. The waste, lonely mountains were the only witnesses to his last struggles, and his body was covered deeper and deeper with the snow until the warm rains of spring melted it away.

It was the work of the trolls, the old woman on the Rot had said; and she was known to be a witch. Old and ugly, with a large knobbed nose, she looked like one. Many wonderful stories were told about this old witch on Rot. It was well to have her for a friend, but God help the one who offended her: a strange thing would surely happen to him. So she was blamed for the death of Marit's suitor.

Rot was a small tenantry belonging to Kari's father. It was a small stone cabin on a shelf high up the steep mountain side, where one could look over the whole settlement and far down the fjord. A few patches of grass grew among the bare rocks, enough to feed a stunted cow and a goat. Above the cabin rose the dark bare mountains with birches in the crags, and scarred with the deep marks of the avalanches, wild, cut asunder, insurmountable, and glittering black from moisture; falling away into dark glens in a chaotic mass of bowlders,

which in times long gone by, had slid down the glacier-worn sides. Below, was Skaret's, where the wedding had lasted a whole week. This was the last night.

The girls were sitting on the benches along the walls. The fiddler, a small, old man with cheeks and nose blooming as a result of frequent libations from the silver cup handed him by the governor of the

feast, was getting sleepy.

The spring-dance lagged and the jests and laughter, so frequent earlier in the evening, had ceased. Again the silver cup was passed to the fiddler, who woke with a start and a discord, and stopped the dance short. Smiling his sweetest, with a hand on his heart he bowed to Kari and passed her the cup, but she pushed it away smiling.

Hakon Rot, the witch's son, was sitting

next to her.

"Was it that way you won Sigrid Tunet—making her drunk perhaps, and then tempting her? You fool, you!" said Hakon, rising. His eyes were glittering, and his motion was unsteady. "Better grease your old fiddle and grind out another dance, for this one belongs to Hakon Rot and Kari Solsia."

He was looking around to see if anybody dared to object.

The fiddler, who understood the hint to a past adventure for which he had paid dearly, sent Hakon an angry look.

"Play!" said Hakon, and he laid his hand on the fiddler, who dared not refuse. But Sjur, Kari's brother, said so that everybody

could hear,-

"Seems a few drinks can make a poor tenant boy think he is a freeholder."

Hakon made a quick turn.

"Who spoke those words!" he said.

Kari had turned pale, for she knew who had spoken. But there came no answer.

"A coward is he who said so!" And at the same moment the fiddler struck up a spring-dance.

Hakon, dancing before her, reached out his hand to Kari, who looked down, smiling, for a second, then took it and rose. Others followed. The old folks put their heads together.

"Hakon can dance, if he is of no account for anything else," they said. "Look, look! And how she smiles when he whispers to her. Look, look! A fine leap was that."



GUIDRANGEN, SOGNI

Hakon's eyes were wild; his long hair had fallen in his face. Haughtily he ordered the fiddler, and then again whispered sweet words to Kari, who looked down in mute understanding. His warm breath touched her face as he bent down to her. Letting go her hand and then again catching it, he swung her around swiftly. "Fairest lassie, fairest little lassie—I know." And she only smiled faintly.

"Play! Play, you!" he hissed, passing close to the fiddler; then returning, he added, "Keep it up, do you hear!" He reached out his hand again and took hers; he swung her around, light, graceful, with cold haughtiness in his face; but he was beginning to breathe heavily. He made a dart in among the other dancers, touching the beam in the ceiling with one foot, balancing finely as he landed again close to Kari. The others, getting tired, passed out of the dance till only they two were left, while every one was watching them in deep silence.

The first gray light of the new day stole in through the small-paned windows.

And Kari, was she not tired? No, no; she had never felt so well before.

"Play, will you?" to the fiddler; and "Sweet little lassie, come, come." He had her hand again, swinging her toward the door. Reaching it, he placed his arm around her. Everybody moved aside, and he took her out into the yard.

The cold, gray light of earliest morning fell over the mountains. The thin haze lying over the fjord gave it a velvety softness; and far out on the sound, a faint breeze was stirring ripples here and there. The odor of the birch forest added to the intoxication of the scene.

Kari felt that she cared for nobody but him. She seemed to be dancing yet,—dancing, dancing, dancing, as if she ever would keep on. He stood close to her in his coarse home-spun clothes, one stocking having slid down, revealing the bare limb below the patched knee-breeches, a lock of red hair down in his face, usually so pale, but now burning; his voice hoarse from shouting; his eyes wild, and when looking at her, devouring.

"Will you, lass?" he whispered. "Will you?"

What, she did not ask. She knew what he meant, and looked down without answering.

"Lass, will you?" He pressed her hand as if he would crush it, and looked up toward

the mountains.

Faintly visible in the dim light was the stone hut high up there on the shelf. A smoke rose from the chimney. Guri Witch

was cooking her porridge.

"Up there," said Hakon, and nodded. There came a passionate tenderness into the expression of his eyes. "Up on Rot, poor and small and—ragged," he said, looking down on himself; and shaking back his hair, he added, "but just as proud. Will you, lass?"

She looked up. "Guri has fire on the

hearth so early," she said faintly.

Some boys and girls came out from the house, hand in hand, singing. They belonged to the neighborhood and were walking homeward. The door opened again and Sjur, Kari's brother, stepped out.

Hakon hastened to whisper again with an intense demand in his voice, "Will you?"

Pale, faintly smiling, she pressed his hand and answered in a whisper, "Yes;" then going over to her brother, she walked home with him.

Hakon stood and looked after them.

"You dastard," he whispered, thinking of Sjur. And laughing to himself scornfully, he took a short cut over the stony creek, through the alders along its banks, and reaching the foot of the mountain, climbed from rock to rock, swinging himself from shelf to shelf with both hands, clutching the brakes, sometimes hanging over the gray abyss; then, gaining a foothold on the other side, he loosened the rocks to send them thundering down the abrupt mountain-sides, till they stopped with a loud bang and a thousand splashes far below in the creek. Crawling through narrow cuts, he reached the large rock-slide. He disappeared among its bowlders, again emerging. Taking hold of the tough limbs of a dwarf birch, he swung himself over a narrow ravine and grasped the heather on the other side. At length, climbing on all fours, he reached the crest of the shelf upon which the hut stood.

But the sun had come there before him,

shining through a cut in the mountains on the other side of the fjord. Below him the farms lay yet in the gray morning mist. but as the sun-rays slowly descended, the mist disappeared as before a light breeze, and the fjord lay glittering like gold, the blue smoke rising and dancing from the chimneys.

Guri opened the door and put her head out. Hakon had seated himself on a large rock. His head was swimming. Was he drunk? Surely he had been drinking enough.

"What are you poking your head out here for?" he asked impatiently. "Never

seen a body before?"

Guri grinned and said sweetly: "It is a bad temper you bring home from a wedding. May be you did not find your lass there."

"None of your business if I did or not."

He rose, entered the hut, and threw himself on the bed.

"Marit is a fine lass, sure," said Guri carefully.

"Hold your tongue," he said, and rose on the bed. "If you don't I'll help you!" And he brought his fist against the wall.

Guri grinned. She was not much afraid of his threats. "Hush, hush, my boy," she said sweetly. "The one who loves in secret pretends the most innocence, they say."

"She was not there," he shouted. "Can

you not leave me in peace?"

Guri went outside. She gazed over the valley. Down there lay Solsia, glittering with its many windows in the sun. She decided to go and beg for some milk and gain some news of the wedding, since Hakon was not likely to give her any. So she took her staff, and muttering, humped along the rough trail, slippery in places where the water ran over the cliffs. Sometimes she stopped and shaded her eyes, looking toward Solsia. The sight of Rasmus driving off toward the fjord was very welcome to her, for he had given her trouble before that time when her husband, Per Rot, had Rasmus had sent the sheriff after her, and they had dragged her to court, on suspicion of having murdered Per.

"You old fool! You hypocrite! But I'll get even with you some day. Now he is afraid of me—fears my witchcraft, so he dares not turn me out of Rot. O yes, yes," murmured Guri, all the while humping along. She had reached the birch forest. The trail became wider and more trodden as

it ran into the one leading to the saeter be-

longing to Solsia farm.

"O, yes, yes,—poor people are hunted by the rich. They would turn an old woman out of the nest if they dared; but I have one to help me, stronger than they. Old Erik Clovenfoot himself will come when I call him. He has done so before, he has, when he came for Per." And she coughed. "Huf! what a night was that, God help us!" She looked behind, half in terror, then hurried on again.

#### II.

PER ROT had been bed-ridden for months. Hakon, then fifteen years old, did the herding for Solsia, to help to pay the rent. Per and Guri had always lived like cat and dog. She had a bad reputation when he married her, and Hakon never knew who his father was.

The boy would sit in the corner near the hearth when the evening came, and the flickering, uncertain, red light of the fire cast strange shadows up among the rafters,—sit and listen to Guri call Per the worst names she knew, cursing him for being lazy, threatening to use her staff on him if he did not soon get out of bed and help to make the living. Before Per was sick, Hakon had seen them fight, their features distorted with anger; and he used to sit there motionless, enjoying it, for Per was always beaten.

But after he became sick the old man dared answer nothing to her abuse; he only turned his face to the wall, not always feeling sure even then that the staff would not dance on his back. So he would draw himself up and moan more than his sufferings required, to induce pity. Guri would then mock him, while Hakon was sitting on the Yet had it bench shaking with laughter. not been for Hakon, Per's stomach would often have gone empty; though Hakon threw the food to him as to a dog, silently, yet looking at him with grim pity. Such things naturally leaked out among the people.

But there came a night which was to be

the last for Per.

Dark and foggy it was, and silent, but for a faint roar from the waterfall down in the glen,—monotonous, like a dirge, the only one sung for Per. There was a big brush fire on the hearth, sending roaring flames up the chimney and casting a red light over Per's yellow face. Guri, as usual, had been abusing him for his laziness. Hakon was not at home. Per kept up a faint but incessant moaning. Once in a while he would open his eyes very wide and look toward the corner where Hakon generally sat.

"If you don't stop that unearthly tune," said Guri, stepping quickly from the hearth,

"I'll knock it out of you."

The fire threw her ugly shadow over his bed, the wall and the rafters; but whether he did not hear what she said, or was unable

to stop, he kept on moaning.

Her eyes became wild. She fell over him like an enraged animal, seized him without a struggle on his part, and dragged him out on the floor. But suddenly, regaining her senses, she stopped, turned his head which lay with the face against the floor, and looked into a pair of glassy, motionless eyes. Guri bent lower; she stood as if caught by those staring eyes. She put her fingers over them, trying to shut them; but they would not stay shut. Suddenly she sprang up. There came a rattling sound. Per's body was contorted in its last struggle; his eyes looked as if they would start from his head; then a groan, and death had entered the hut. But Guri had left it. She ran toward the verge of the precipice; she tore her hair and shrieked:-

"Satan has come for Per! The fiend is here with his cloven foot to take him! Ho! Ho there! ring the church bell to make

him leave!"

But there was no other answer than the echo repeating itself from mountain to mountain, dying away, leaving an awful stillness in the foggy night. She entered the hut again and crouched herself down in a corner, fixing her eyes upon his glaring, glassy ones. The fire died away, but she still crouched, hearing strange, dragging sounds, seeing dark, diabolic shapes crawling along the walls, and stretching out their claws towards her.

#### III.

SUMMER! After the long northern winter! Summer with everlasting day; with the small, blue, brown, and white butterflies among the flowers; the morning with the scent from the hay of alpine grasses and clovers; the fragrance of birches after the showers, and the long, limpid nights with glowing sky and snow-covered peaks; the tranquil, narrow fjords with the picture of the sky and mountains in them; the blooming moorlands with their weird shrieks of water-birds; deep, dark lakes and tarns bathing the feet of glaciers!

Summer! The short summer of the far northlands, with the tranquillity and clear transparency of the never dying day over the high mountain deserts of eternal snow; one peak behind the other, higher, bolder, wilder, bluer, fainter, melting into the atmosphere. And the cackling of the corn crake in the deep, wet grass; the cry of hurrying sea birds; the humming of brooks; the deep boom of the waterfalls; the singing of the thousands of cascades from the melting snow in the high altitudes!

Summer, with the cattle in the mountain pastures, and the fair lassies at the saeter; the echo of cow bells and the herder's horn among the mountains; the alpine flora—the linnæa borealis with its delicate, fragrant bells hiding modestly under the

heather and juniper; and the jubilant singing of migratory birds.

Summer, enjoying its short stay in the far northlands, trying to melt away the glacier, playing with its warm breezes from the sea over the high, heather-covered mountain-plains with their moorlands and dreary lakes and sparse animal life. Summer to be followed so soon by the long, dark, dreary winter!

The two sisters from Solsia had been at the saeter since spring, and spring had come

unusually early that year.

The Solsia saeter lies far up among the mountains, surrounded by alpine meadows of short grass, with modest but beautiful flowers. The meadows run out into a bleak, rocky moor, and the moor again into a tarn, washing the foot of a steep, rugged peak, called Svarttind, and fed by the water from the melting snow between the lofty crags.

From the hut, one could look across the heath; and farther down, over forest-covered mountains to the farms and the church by the fjord; but it was so far away that it took good eyes to distinguish the one place

from the other.

It was Saturday evening—the time of liberated love among the Norwegian peasants.

The cows came home from up among the highest crests—the large, red-spotted bell-cow first, her bell keeping time with her short, stiff steps; the others following, all with shining brass buttons on the tips of the horns, some of them bawling to be answered by the calves in the enclosure. The sun was near the crest of the mountains far off on the other side of the fjord. The rare air of the high altitude turned chilly; but it was so clear one could hear the cow bells from the other saeters away off over hill and glen.

The two sisters from Solsia were calling the cattle, their clear voices answered by the mountains in slowly dying echoes. Marit was the taller. She had a clear, light complexion, was rather slow in her movements, and there was a suggestion of singing in the gentle way she spoke. Kari was several years younger and still childish in many ways. She could cause Marit to laugh when nobody else could. She had a fresh red and white complexion, and large white teeth, which she showed when smiling. Marit was earnest and considerate, Kari glad and thoughtless—neither kind nor unkind, but lively and restless.

One thing which bothered Marit was her sister's liking for Hakon Rot. She did not mind so much on his account as on his mother's, - for if he were rough, he could be gentle too. Then he was afraid of no man, being bold in every way. But for Guri she felt a dread, nearly terror; not that she put much faith in what people said about the old witch's supernatural interference in her happiness, but the old hag, with her smooth, creeping friendliness, and constantly-watching eyes with their sly, lurking expression, was always a source of uneasiness to her. A shudder would run through Marit when she saw the old woman come humping toward the farm. She wanted to hide, yet dared not; for the witch seemed omnipresent, if she so desired to be. Marit always managed not to be alone with her if possible.

Kari cared little for Guri. She would joke with her, even imitate her limping walk, having thereby once awakened her rage. Guri had threatened her with the staff and called her a hussy; but Kari had



CALLING THE CATTLE

only laughed and called her in return, "Guri Witch," "Rot Guri," and other names she was known by in the neighborhood.

After that old Guri felt a hatred toward the younger Solsia girl; but when after a while, she found out that it was she and not Marit that Hakon was after, she transferred her smooth friendliness to Kari, even going so far as to call her "child of mine" when nobody else heard it.

Marit could not quite understand Kari's liking for Hakon, but she never reproached her for it. She watched her carefully, and

never let her go to meet him alone, if she could help it. "It will not last," she thought; "there are others much better than he, and Kari will soon grow tired of that wild tenant boy, and some day she will wed a freeholder with a good farm and money at the bottom of his chest. Still she did not feel quite safe, and sometimes blamed herself for not interfering. But there was something about him which in in some way attracted even Marit, — his haughty, fearless ways. He could tell the strangest stories and the most exciting

fairy-tales — his eyes wild and flashing, so that she felt haunted by huldre and trolls. She hardly dared breathe while he was telling them, or venture out in the dark afterward.

Since the wedding at Skaret there had been constant talk and wonder in the neighborhood about Hakon Rot and Kari Solsia. Some of the young fellows ridiculed what they considered but a brief happiness for that red-haired tenant boy. Yet they dared not say anything to him. They moved aside when they met him at the dances, where, despite his rags, the haughty fellow took the fairest lasses from right under their noses to dance with. And there was no one who could dance a spring-dance like Hakon, no one who could dart as high as he, and when he was not too much under the influence of drink, he would sing,—sometimes rather improper songs; but he met no reproach for that. Most of the men would laugh, and even the girls put their heads together and giggled.

Without a friend, Hakon was yet without a a foe, for his glad songs and physical superiority smoothed over his insults and sarcasm. But since the wedding at Skaret. Sjur, the eldest son at Solsia, hated Hakon. It did not take him long to find out that there was something between his sister and Hakon. Sjur had met him several times on the trail going to or from the Solsia saeter. Sjur would speak kindly to Hakon, but vented his feelings by scolding the lasses, loudly blaming Kari for having anything to do with that drinking tenant boy, that poor, ragged scoundrel, son of that old witch on Rot, who dared to go courting a daughter of Rasmus Solsia, making all the people talk about it and laugh at Sjur. He finished up by blaming Marit for permitting it, and threatened that if he ever met that bastard on the trail coming from that saeter, he would thrash him so that he could not move.

Marit would sob and cry; but Kari would smile disdainfully at mention of thrashing, turning pale from anger, however, when Sjur became too direct in his attacks, though she dared not answer him. He might give her trouble, for Sjur had great influence with their father. But Kari had not forgotten what happened at Skaret.

Hay harvest had come, and Marit had left the saeter to help at home.

Old Rasmus Solsia had heard it whispered that Hakon went to see Kari. He opened his ears well and heard all he could, disdaining however to question anybody. Rasmus was a cool, earnest man of few words and no laughter. A smile would sometimes glide over his face, but it was rather an expression of scorn than of pleasure.

Solsia was the best farm in that district, and Rasmus had great pride in it. Everything was kept in the best of order. The day invariably began and ended with the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and the singing of a hymn. All on the farm were then gathered in the large room, its floor sprinkled with fine white sand, its long, unpainted table scrupulously clean, its rows of wooden milk-pans on the shelves along the walls, its large double bed covered with gray home-woven blankets, and the spinning-wheel at its foot.

One by one the men and the lasses would file in, seating themselves on the bench by the wall. A hushed atmosphere rested over the room as if everything moved on tiptoe. When all were seated, Rasmus read slowly and stumblingly. Deep sobs came from some of the women folks, as a dutiful sign of their meekness and emotion. Then came the hymn, slow and melancholy, with the deep voices of the men, the high pitch of the women, and the tremulous falsetto of one of the lasses, considered the finest singer of all. Rasmus's eyes would wander slowly under his heavy brow from one to the other. He sang louder than the others with the exception of that girl, to whom he had taken a liking on account of her voice.

The faint yellow light of evening shone in through the small-paned windows. Outside the dew was falling, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the drying hay.

One by one in close succession the people silently stole out again. Marit was the last.

"Has Blomma had a calf yet?" asked Rasmus as she moved toward the door.

"No, not yet," she said quietly, stopping.
"I suppose the creatures are doing well," he said shortly, but more friendly than usual.

"Yes, they are that. Solsia never gave as much milk as this year. She ought to have the bell if it were not that Blomma is always the leader," Marit answered in her quiet singing way, looking cautiously at her father.

"And the young cattle?"



ON THE SAETER

"All doing well if the bear does not get after them as it did last fall."

"Not much danger of that since they killed the old one and her cubs up under Svarttind last spring. You have seen no tracks in the moorlands, have you?"

"No, not this year."

Neither of them spoke for a few minutes. Marit wanted to go but dared not. She felt there was something more coming.

"Have you seen anything of the people

from Skogstad saeter?"

"Yes, once. Mildred is up there this year. They lost a cow sliding out over the mountain—a good one, too, Mildred said."

Rasmus hardly knew how to get at what

he wanted, but he made up his mind to be direct about it.

"Did Hakon ever get up to see you lasses?"

Marit looked down. "I believe he did," she said in a low voice.

"Poor company for any girl," said Rasmus, short and hard.

Marit sighed.

"They say in the district that he goes there quite often. And they say more," he added, speaking every word distinctly,—
"that some day he is going to marry the youngest girl on Solsia. But it won't be as long as I live, and both you and she, and he, too, ought to know it. Being older,

you ought to care better for your sister," he said, more quietly. "It is a shame that one can't send one's lassies to the saeter without having that bastard sneaking around to see them, and brag about it over the whole district. But God help me if I make not an end to it." And his fist fell on the table. "I'll put that fellow some day where he belongs, and as to now — if he does n't stop going there I'll turn them out of Rot, and you had better let them know it."

Again nothing was said for quite a while. Marit continued to look on the floor, pale and motionless. Rasmus was sitting on the bench with his back toward the table, his forehead wrinkled in deep thought. It grew dusk in the room. Marit still stood

there waiting for more.

At last Rasmus rose and went out. Marit remained for a while looking at the door. Then her tears came, but she hastened to wipe them away, and went out, too.

A boat was coming up the fjord. In the hush of the evening she could hear the clattering of oars and the singing of the rower. She knew it was Hakon rowing home. From where?

#### TV

THE glow of the sun setting between a stretch of burning clouds and a range of distant, lofty mountains fell over Solsia saeter.

Down below in the valley all was in a shadow.

The fjord looked like a silver ribbon; a purple haze lay over the mountains, with some far off, rose-colored peaks dying away into the glowing sky.

The nights were growing darker, the days

shorter.

Someone was singing down in the birch forest below the large rock slide from Svarttind, the utmost crags of which yet stood aglow in the sun's last rays.

Kari, with a bucket in her hand, stopped outside the hut and listened. The glow, extinguished on the peaks, made the snow look blue in the crevices. A cool breeze rose and passed, sighing through the heather. The tarn and the pools in the moors looked like steel; the silence, after the soft hum of insects during the day, heightened the peace which rules the night among those lonely mountains. The delicate fragrance

of alpine flowers glided past on the limpid air, and far-off sounds seemed near by.

"Bless the work," said somebody behind

Kari in a lively tone.

Kari had commenced to milk. She looked around and saw Hakon with his red knitted cap pushed back, standing behind her. She rose, smiling.

"If I had n't heard you singing below Swarttind, so that I knew you were coming, you would have scared me, speaking behind me that way," she said, and laughed.

"More cows to milk?" said he. "Let

me."

She objected,—it was no man's work. But he took no notice, and went along, milking one cow after the other, helping to finish her work quickly.

"What news in the valley?" said Kari.
"None that I know of, unless it be that that father of yours has sent me word not to come to see you any more, my lass; for ——"

"Where-for?"

"If I do he will do something too; the devil knows what; turn the old woman out

of Rot, I suspect."

Kari looked attentively at him, but did not say anything. She carried in the milk and he followed,—seating himself on the edge of the bunk. He commenced to sing a spring-dance, marking time with his feet.

"Who told you that?" she inquired, after

having strained the milk.

"Marit did," he answered dryly.

"And still you come?" she said faintly. He stopped singing and looked at her in astonishment. Smiling scornfully, he began to sing again, stamping with his feet.

"Hakon?"

He looked up.

"Lad, he might do it," she said almost questioningly. But he only smiled and went on singing.

She went up to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder, and said earnestly: "You had

better give me up, lad."

He rose and lifted her on his arm and carried her outside, as though she were a child.

"I am going to take you with me right now," he said, walking toward the mountains.

She pleaded with him to let her go, but he held her the more firmly, till he reached the brink of a deep glen. There he set her down carefully on a flat rock covered with gray lichen.

Below them lay the deep ravines, the one running into the other, with wild jagged cliffs, the water oozing out over them from the spongy marshes above. They were dark and scarry, with the hollow rumble of the invisible brook from the melting snow on Svarttind, working its way under the immense rocks. A weird, bluish cold — something — neither light nor shadow fell over the peaks; the deep glens were growing dark; the strange, airy shadows faded away till only a faint glow was left on a far-off snow peak, and cold breezes were wafted down from the snowy fields among the high crags. Passing, they whispered in the ling, and died away in the dark glens.

"See that dark hole right below the snow on Svarttind?" Hakon said, pointing. "Right above the steepest place there, where the snow reaches down the farthest between the crags. See? There used to live an old troll in there and that is the door to his cave; and maybe he lives there yet for all I know. At the time they built the church in the valley and rang the bells the first time, there came a mighty thunder from up under Svarttind, and there stood the old troll himself, throwing bowlders down the mountain, so they struck lightning every time they hit. He was just roaring mad, when he saw he was too late; for the parson had already made the sign of the cross over it; but one of the stones came mighty near hitting. The one now lying just outside the graveyard fence, you know. Since then nobody but old Guri has seen the troll, and that only once, when it looked as if he was trying to shut up the hole. The rock was too heavy for him, and you can see where he left it, right there, sticking out of the snow."

Hakon commenced to whistle, but Kari felt scared and moved closer to him.

The hooting of the rock-owl moved from place to place on the other side of the glen. "Buuuu-uuu," said the night wind in the ling, coming down from the land of death among the the eternal snow drives, passing like cold ghosts in their nightly dances. The glow of the twilight had entirely passed away, and the stars filled the sky with their glittering hosts. The mountains were immense dark masses; the fjord and valley became invisible and the air colder.

She pressed still closer to him,— far, far away from every one, alone with him, feeling his arms around her and his breath on her forehead.

Some rocks, loosened high up on Svarttind, came thundering down, invisible in the darknesss, crashing, breaking, suddenly stopping, loosening again, striking faster, faster, faster, ending with a loud bang as they reached the bottom of the glen; then a faint rattle of smaller rocks, and the echo carried it sighing from mountain to mountain, from glen to glen, making the silence still deeper, when at last it died away up among the peaks.

"Seems the old troll is up here yet," Hakon said, and laughed. "Or, perhaps it is the huldre over on the other side toward Svartmyr. She is envious because it is not she I am petting instead of you, my lass.

"Go home, you sprite, you! ha-ha-ha!" he called loudly.

"Sprite you u-u-u, ha-ha-ha!" answered the echo, first near, then dying away like a repeated answer from some one hurrying off.

"She minds me tonight," he said, "but she fooled me once."

Kari laid her head on his shoulder as if she wanted protection from all the spirits around her — the children of her mind.

"I was hunting for the cattle here several years ago," he said, "over among Gulfieldene. I had been traveling the whole day with not a cow to be seen, nor a bell to be heard. I reached the moor below Gulfield and sat down to listen for a bell, when I seemed to hear it way out over the moors. I hurried and followed the sound; but when I thought I was quite near to it, suddenly it was far off again. I climbed a large rock, and sure if I did n't see the largest herd of the finest, sleekest cattle I ever saw, scattered over the moorlands clear to the edge of lake; and on a tussock sat the fairest lassie I ever saw. 'Hi, lass!' called I, 'seen the Solsia cattle down that way?' But she never moved, nor did she seem to hear. She did not answer, but rose and walked toward the lake, driving the cattle before her. I hurried after, but the ground commenced to feel just like a boat in a heavy sea, and the next time I looked up for her, both she and the cattle were walking on the water right across the lake, disappearing into the mountains, which had opened like an immense church-door, and when they all were in, it shut. I knew then whom I had seen, nobody but the huldre watching the troll cattle; and before I knew anything about it, it was getting dark, and I in the middle of those large, swaying marshes, God help me!"

"You have seen much," said Kari con-

fidingly.

"I have that," he answered proudly; "but bless me, if I ever saw a fairer lassie than Kari Solsia."

"You had better let her go, lad," she

said, low.

"Go?" and he laid both his arms closer around her. "Go?" he whispered warmly, and pressed her to him; "sweetest little lassie I know."

His breath, pure and warm, mingled with hers. He felt as if he never had been so strong before, and she never so wonderfully well, as when their lips met, with the night and the great silence all around them, far up among the vast, desolate mountains, all alone.

V.

"HE—HO—LA LA—LA LA—BUM!" Hakon was sitting on the edge of the bunk at home, up on Rot, beating time with his heels against it to a spring dance he was singing. Guri was raking the fire, glancing once in a while, at Hakon. She knew that when he was in that mood, he could be talkative; and as he had been away from home night after night, she knew there was something the matter, the more so as he had returned that morning sober, proving to her that he had been to no dances.

"They say Rasmus Solsia is prating a good deal around, about you going to see

Kari," she said, watching him.

"He ho—la la—bum—la ho!"

Guri shook her head. That boy was half crazy when he was glad, just as she herself

used to be when young.

"Old Anders, who has been helping mow hay at Solsia's this year," she presently added, "says they talk roughly about you over there; and Marit was here a few days ago, crying. She said that father of hers had found out you went to see Kari, and blamed her for it. He had been mighty mad one evening, swearing that he would turn us out of Rot if you did not stop it, and saying furthermore that no fellow like

you should ever marry one of his daughters."
"Nothing more have you to tell, eh?
Better quit right now, for I have met Marit,
myself, and know more about it than you

do. But if Rasmus Solsia thinks he can scare Hakon Rot I'll swear up and down he

has met his mate."

He rose and stretched himself, yawning. Guri smiled and winked. "When that girl wants me and I want her, it will take something more than the devil and old Rasmus into the bargain to hinder it," added Hakon loudly.

"That 's the way I like to hear a boy of

mine talk," said Guri proudly.

"Well, she is the fairest lass in this part of the country, she is; and God help my soul if she does not belong to Hakon Rot now and forever."

Commencing to sing again, he made a dart toward the old woman. He grasped her by the arm and swung her around. She screamed:—

"Let go — will you! Let go, I say!" but he only laughed and whirled her around as if she were a bundle and threw her on the bed, where she began to whimper and moan.

"Eh — you don't play any of that kind of tricks on me," he said doubtfully, "like Per did on you, eh?" but she kept whimpering. "Did not do you any harm, did I? So, so, baby mine." And he took hold of her and began to rock her.

"Let go of me!" she screamed and rose

quickly, grabbing for her staff.

He jumped to the door and went out, banging it behind him and holding on to the latch. After a little he opened the door again and stuck his head in carefully. Seeing that his mother had set to work making the fire on the hearth, he slowly entered. They exchanged glances but did not say anything for a while.

"So you met Marit, did you?" She could

not curb her curiosity any longer.

"Hm, that's what I did."

"And Kari too?" She was becoming

exceedingly friendly.

"Oh hoo," he said roguishly, snapping his fingers. "Oh hoo, that's what you want to know, that's what you are after. Well, I suppose I did, as I came from there this morning,—and may be, by and by, Rasmus Solsia, won't say much against my marrying her either. Eh? But don't you come with any of your talk now, eh. Fine



From Painting by A. Normann

MOONLIGHT AT LOFOTEN

Courtesy of W. K. Vickery

lass and a good lass, and so little and loving too, and damn a hypocrite like her father, I say."

"Good for you, my boy." There came a ravenous expression into her face. She opened her big, ugly mouth and laughed, as Hakon danced out the door singing a ribald song his mother had taught him. He went striding down the mountain trail toward the fjord, where he entered a boat and rowed off toward the ocean, not to return until a week after.

That evening when Guri went to bed she was singing softly to herself, something she had not done for a long time. She saw in her mind Rasmus Solsia bite the sour apple with a grimace. She would laugh at him now; and she did, but it was so loud and hoarse that she frightened herself, and watched the shadows around her carefully. She sometimes thought she saw Per lying there on the floor, with those big, ugly eyes of his, wide open and staring at her as they did that night when he was lying there dead.

VI

NIGHT — silent, dark, with glittering

stars, and faint lulling of the small waves on the fjord; darkness close up to the high mountains; strange, faint, waning lights over the distant peaks; splashing sounds from the wings of frightened sea birds, rising to low flight over the fjord into deeper shades.

Hakon was rowing with all his might. Behind the boat in its broadening wake shone the pale blue phosphorescence of the sea; and when he rowed near the shore he could hear the little waves, started by his boat, splash against the cliffs—so silent was the night.

Sometimes came a faint murmur as of distant thunder from some narrow, dark fjord, then a splashing in the water, and again perfect silence, to be broken by the barking of the farm dogs, hearing the rattle of his oars as he passed.

So he kept on through the long hours with only short rests, until there appeared far ahead of the boat a small island.

The fjord, close to where it enters from the ocean, lay broad and silvery in the first light of morning. Large flocks of sea birds were yet sleeping, afloat on the tranquil water. Once in a while a seal raised its head and quickly disappeared, leaving large, waning circles of wavelets, when it

would reappear farther off.

Hakon rowed so hard that the water leaped and boiled at the stern of his boat, steering straight for the island. He rounded a low promontory into a shallow bay, where he landed, drawing the boat up on the cliffs where they were barely covered with water, and jumping ashore, he walked toward a low, tumbling down stone hut.

In this hut once lived an old woman, the widow of a poor fisherman. She had died a while before at a great age, and as the island belonged to a farm, Hakon, who knew its owner, had obtained permission to live there under the common conditions pertaining to a tenantry. He knew that here he would have peace. There was nothing to do but to get away from Rot and the old woman. True, she was his mother, who had always been good to him, and proud of him, too; but then - Kari? It would not be long before the old woman and she would get to quarreling. Better go away.

He liked it, too, out there where the fjord was wider, where the mountains were lower, near to the great ocean. He had lived by it when a mere child, before his mother had married, a time that was now like a dream to him, half lost in the mist of childhood. He used to hide in the cliffs by the roaring sea, and there his wild spirit had grown still wilder, where all alone, with clenched fists, he had hissed out curses upon those more fortunate than himself,—those who made him suffer for his mother's sin. But if he had suffered for her, she had paid it all back in her odd ways of caressing him, and later on by humoring him, always taking his part against his step-father.

Hakon was not one who reasoned much, but instinctively he felt the wrong done to him. And it had filled his spirit with a

a bitter hatred.

He entered the hut, looked around for a while, then went out and set himself to work to patch up the walls, all the while

thinking and talking to himself.

"That Rasmus Solsia! Hate him? Well, I should say so! And the way he hangs his head and sings in church! And then Kari—Kari? Well she is too good for Hakon Rot, she is;—but it's too late now. And

then Rasmus Solsia is proud, he is,—and I am. too."

But Hakon had to admit to himself that there was very little for him to be proud of. Though that thought he hastily drove away.

"Yet, I do have one reason to be proud. Is not Kari Solsia mine, mine, mine? Poor little Kari—poor little lassie! She had cried,—poor little lassie! As if he were not strong enough to protect her against that brute, that father of hers, when all had to be told. Kari? His now? Yes, that was so."

He had never thought of it in that light before. He stopped his work in deep thoughts of concern, of responsibility. Surely a new kind of thought to him. And that Rasmus! Kill him? Yes, he could, by the living God! That hard-souled—what? Had n't he (Hakon) starved, to pay the high rent on that poor, rocky, good-for-nothing grass patch up on that steep mountain-side? Had n't Rasmus tried to take his mother from him while he yet was a child, the coward! tried to convict her of murder, the ugly, poor, old soul, the mother of his! Ah! and then go and sing in the church louder than others, and sit and sigh! Yes, sigh! And Hakon laughed aloud. O, he pitied him. Maybe he would come to own a farm himself some day. Maybe Rasmus Solsia would become poor and Hakon Rot rich. For a second he admitted to himself that it never would be so, but he drove that thought away also. He wanted to feel happy and begin anew, for Kari Solsia was his now. Yes, she was his forever. That he repeated again and again to cover well over that ever rising doubt about his ability to make a good home for her. Yes, she was his now, and he was fixing a home for her,—for him and Kari. And he promised himself that he never more would get drunk. He knew she was afraid of him on that account. Never, never more; that was just as sure as sure could be. And to make himself all the safer, he thought of how sick that drinking had often made him the day after.

He set to work again sticking small rocks in the cracks between the large ones, singing all the while.

#### VII.

RASMUS SOLSIA had been obliged to give in. Pallid, trembling with anger, he had cursed his own child and sent her out in the raw night, sobbing and weeping. it was soon over; for when Kari reached the glen and the creek, and entered into the darkness, instead of fear and sorrow, there stole over her mind an icy coldness, — a desperate hatred of her parents and a desperate love for him to whom she had given all of herself, and toward whose home she was hurrying, burning to see him and feel him.

It did not take her long to separate herself from her past happiness, her home, and her dreams of the future. She was not the old Kari Solsia any more. She seemed to belong to that poor little stone hut away up on the lonely mountain. Despite its poverty it seemed to draw her with a strange, weird attraction, - or was it that curse of her father's and her mother's whimpering nothingness that had transformed her?

She reasoned not, but she felt the sudden great change in herself with proud satisfaction. And she raised her head against the raw wind sucking through the glens, and reached the rocky path, hurrying on without thought, climbing the steep, winding trail leading to Rot.

Once only she stopped. She thought she heard some one call her name far below her in the darkness. It sounded like Marit's voice. She listened, but heard it no more. Reaching the shelf where stood the hut, she seated herself on a rock right on the verge with the impenetrable darkness below her. The sparks were whirling out of the chimney into the darkness above, and the light from the hearth shone through a crack by the door. She heard no sound from within.

That burning longing to get to him diminished now that she had almost reached there, and fear entered her mind. Suddenly she remembered that it was here the devil had come for Per; that it was here old Guri had met him often in just such dark nights; that she was sitting on the very rock where Guri once had shown her the print of his cloven foot. The raw wind moaned in the glen below her; she felt the fanning of large black wings from out of the darkness and heard strange, clattering footsteps on the fallen birch leaves. started up and ran toward the hut. Opening the door, she stumbled into the room as if hunted by Guri's dark spirits clear to the very threshhold. She threw her arms around the old witch, who uttered a shriek of ter-But the hag soon recovered herself to assist the sinking girl.

"Is that you, child of mine? The Lord help us, how scared you look! Have they tried to kill you down there? And now Hakon is not at home. But he will come in a day or two. So, so, so! Don't cry."

Kari began to weep hysterically, and old Guri led her to the bed. The large brushfire warmed her, and Guri urged her to eat.

"Let me rest, mother," she said in a low

voice.

"Mother!" Was that what she said? It went right to Guri's heart; it kindled there the fire of love, and she could have kissed her for it. But as she lay there, pale and beautiful, with closed eyes, Guri thought her too delicate to touch. She saw herself in comparison, — in all her darkness. And Kari, little girl of hers, so white and fine, was she not too good for Hakon too? O, no — Hakon was a fine boy, he was. And she had called her "Mother!" She had not heard that word since Hakon was little. It roused an old feeling in her, which had seemed dead for years, covered over by the ice of hatred to everyone. sometimes even to Hakon when she felt she could not forgive him for being born of her. And now this little girl, fair and lovely, daughter of Rasmus Solsia, him she hated, driven away from home — for Hakon's sake, too. Had she come to find shelter under her roof, -at old Guri's - the despised old witch on Rot?

"Mother," she heard whispered again,

"where is Hakon?"

"Hakon, sweetie?" and she felt a strange tremble in her voice. What could be the matter? The tears dimmed her eyes. "Hakon, sweetie, will be home tomorrow," she said, and commenced to sway her body. "Say that once more, child of mine. It is so strange to hear. Old Guri has grown mean and sorrowful; but you have brought sweetness to her."

The old woman seated herself on the bed. Kari took her withered hand, and with a smile showing her large, white teeth, said: "I feel better now, that I see you look at me that way."

Guri nodded. She knew not what to say. She felt that she had found something in herself that she had lost and never expected to see again.

Little by little, as the hours passed, the faint murmuring of the distant waterfall made the atmosphere sleepy. The mice were running along the roof-plates with gentle pattering. Guri was rocking herself in thought. It seemed incomprehensible to her; and all the by-gone days passed through her mind that evening:

#### VIII.

HEAVY clouds were hanging low down on the mountains. The air was raw and moist, sometimes darkened with a heavy shower of beating rain. The narrow fjord looked narrower than ever. The mountains—what was visible of them—were dark and dreary. A gust of wind would once in a while try its best to shake the last remaining leaves from the birches; but the large ferns were yet green; though looking rather tired—bent under all the superfluous moisture.

Lively brooks were running everywhere in the glens, or boldly tumbling down the abrupt mountain sides like silver bands; and when the whistling wind subsided for a moment in the leafless treetops, one heard. through the sudden stillness, the deep boom of the waterfall, the merry splashing of cascades, and the jingling of far off cowbells. The migratory birds were leaving, but the sea-gulls were soaring slowly into the gray mist over the fjord, uttering piercing cries as of joy that now they were masters for the long winter to come; or was it all this chilly moisture, that so pleased them. And when the sun succeeded in peeping through all this grayness, the fjord lay quivering like molten silver, soon again to look gray and cold.

Early that morning Hakonand Kari started for their new home. She sat well bundled up in the stern of the boat. He would not let her help to row—he was going to take good care of her; even old Guri had told him that. He felt that Kari had renounced much for his sake, and that he had very little to offer her. Poor Hakon loved her in his way. There was not very much sentimentality about it—but she was his; and what made him happy was that she leaned on him,—that, despite all talk and bad report, she had trusted herself to him will-

ingly — promised herself to him that night at Skaret—and she should not be sorry for it. Soon the mountains hid from them all view of their old homes; but as the clouds opened for a few seconds, Svarttind came looming out of the mist above all the other mountains, white and pure in her new coat of snow, the clouds soon hiding it again.

Hakon was rowing with long measured strokes. Little was said, but he was making up his mind to much. A new life was to commence for him, He knew that Kari was afraid of his drinking. Sure enough, it did not do him any good to drink either, and he would not any more—sure—sure!

She roused him from his thoughts by singing a song he had taught her. He rowed slowly in time with it. It was sad and melancholy even in its gayety—like a calling from far off, or like the warm, red evening light over a summer sea, its cadences dying away far out over the trackless expanse, leaving behind the overpowering loneliness of the endless "Blue moor," as the fisher folks call the sea. When Kari had sung the first verse, she pursed her lips, satisfied with the effect, and began the second.

Toward evening the gray clouds lifted so as to leave the mountains aglow in the last sun-rays. The deep fjord, perfectly transparent to great depths, reflected the mountains with their large yellow and red spots of autumn colors spread over the birch forest in the crevices, still more aglow in the mirroring water.

Night came, dark and chilly. The mountains grew darker until they stood coal black on one side of the fjord, and on the other showed a little of their true tints. though very faintly, as if nature had drawn over them a broad brush with thin gray color, following carefully their outlines, running into the deep blue sky, where a few large trees stood against it in miniature, almost as if that great brush of night had lost a few hairs at the outer edge of its track. where a crooked birch leaned over the water, and where, near by, a rill came splashing and jumping down the steep mountain, plunging boldly into the fjord, there Hakon tied the boat for the night.

They are their simple supper of unleavened bread and dried goat-meat, talked together for a while in low voices, lying in the stern of the boat on some straw and



"THE BLACK GRANITE WALLS CONTRASTED STRONGLY WITH THE SOFT WHITENESS"

their superfluous clothing, with a sheep-fell for cover. Their words became fewer and farther apart. At last in whispers,—one, two more words, and they entered dreamland.

The wavelets rippled a soft lullaby,—here, there, everywhere, among the rocks, against the cliffs. Then nature sank into soft slumber, and the glittering stars deepened the silence. The wind died away over the waters, and night reigned. The deep, silent night among the Norwegian mountains.

IX.

YEARS had passed—twelve long years, since that day when Hakon and Kari landed on the island in the middle of the broad fjord, near the ocean. In that time Hakon had not gained a good reputation in his new neighborhood. When drunk he would attack friend and foe; and drunk he got every time he went to town. He had developed into a large, broad-shouldered, heavy man, strongly built in every way. There was a

cast of suspicion in his lurking eyes, and over his heavy, wrinkled brow.

Hakon had no friends except such as drank with him, and the place where he lived looked friendless, too. But in the little one-roomed, sod-roofed stone hut, he had a pale wife and eight children; the last but one a cripple — a small boy with large, dreamy eyes set in a pale, sallow face. He could not walk without crutches. All the other children were healthy, but this one was born weak. Some people who thought they knew more than others about such things, shook their heads knowingly, and whispered something about the child having been touched by the underground people, and for that there was only one remedy.

During all these years, little by little, Hakon had given in to the weakness of his nature. There had been a steady downward march, a succession of broken promises to himself, to his pale wife, and in moments of despair, to his God. Hakon and his God! And who was this God? One to

whom he went in moments of extreme despair to beg for help — for bread, — or often, for aid against the evil in him; one whom he cursed when he did not get what he prayed for, one whom he flouted when he felt no need of Him. And his moments of despair had become more common with the years — but also his curses.

And Kari? Quiet and uncomplaining but pale. Many cares and a close succession of children had left their marks; her body was thiner and coarser; but her large white teeth were yet the same when she smiled, as she often did smile when others would have cried. It was almost as if that was her way of weeping; and then she would sing — sing away her troubles, lulling her little babies to sleep — and blame nobody, not even herself.

When Hakon came home drunk she never scolded. Sometimes when not too much under the influence of liquor he would play with the children and laugh with her. Then he would willingly give her what was left of the money he had got in town for his fish. But at such times he lost his hold on himself still more. He would console himself by thinking that he had not been drunk, —that he had quit it now; and the next time he would come home raving. Kari would go quietly about and get him to bed, when often he would suddenly burst out in half deranged, burning expressions of love; and in these last years he would cry - cry like a child in his drunken weakness. And patiently she mended his and the children's clothing — coarse, homespun stuff with patch over patch. Her own was patched too, but always clean, though scant, and clinging closely to her thin, bony body.

But if Hakon was meek at home, he was a terror abroad. He hated everybody except his own, and among them his little crippled boy held a strange position. Hakon could not quite decide whether to pity and pet him, or to show his contempt for so useless an addition to his already large family. So he seldom spoke to the child, and never lifted him when he fell. With all that he could never scold him.

And through many a storm had Hakon rowed his boat home from town, when a man not drunk would have gone under. People said that Hakon Rot had made a contract with the devil, through his mother, the old witch on Rot. For the stories about

her doings had reached clear to the utmost islands, where she had acquaintances of former days. And as Hakon was among other people, so they thought he must be at home; and what was more natural?

X

It was a long, stormy winter. The fish were scarce, keeping so far out in the ocean that small boats dared not venture there, and several of the large smacks had been lost on the infuriated Blue moor in the stormy winter nights. From all along the coast came reports of shipwrecks and lives More than one brave pilot, who had ventured too far out in the open sea, seeking bread for his starving ones, had found a resting place among the seaweeds at the bottom of the cold Atlantic. Steamers had run ashore, fishing outfits were torn asunder, boats crushed like nutshells against the cliffs, huts carried away; and widows and fatherless children or sorrowing old parents were left at home in the desolate huts on the snow-covered islands. tranguil, narrow fjords were whipped to foam, and on the mainland, the avalanches came thundering down the wild mountains, sweeping everything before them, filling up rivers, and at one place, spanning the fjord with an enormous mass of loosened snow. The log houses and stone huts were carried with it like playthings. And still the air was heavy and gray with falling snow. Snow everywhere, except where the mountains were too steep to give it a resting place; and there the black granite walls contrasted strongly with all the soft whiteness around.

And in this wintry weather, amid all this snow and along these storm-whipped fjords, Christmas was celebrated with light and splendor, and jubilant singing and busy banging of doors in the cities, more quietly and with fewer candles, but not less happiness, among the officials, pastors, and merchants, out in the country; and so, gradually down to the poor tenants and fishermen, who felt happy when they had anything to eat, not to mention dainties.

In the large domes, under the glaring yellow light of hundreds of gas-jets, rose the thousand-voiced praise of "Glory to God on high!" In the small country churches, among the large snow drifts, and in the outlying peasant huts, looking as though they might be crushed under their heavy, white burden, in the dim light of tallow candles and the steam of wet clothes, this praise of the new born Saviour had also rung out from voices less cultivated, but from hearts more needy and less greedy.

In Hakon's hut out on that small island, in the middle of that foaming fjord, a new life had been born, and on Christmas day the eight little ones stood by the side of the bunk, the smallest ones on tiptoe, to see their new brother. Kari, pale and smiling, showed him to them, allowing each one in turn to touch him very lightly with one finger. That was great happiness for them.

Hakon stood by the window, gazing out with a worried look over the dark fjord. It was commencing to snow again, hiding everything in the gray, whirling, flaky mist. He put his arms on the upper window-sill, and rested his head on them.

"Hakon," said Kari in a low, loving way. "Hakon,"—tired, vibrating. Would he not hear? "Hakon!" a little louder.

He knew what she wanted; but he felt too proud just then to be comforted; and he turned away and walked out into the storm.

The wind howled and whirled the snow. The waves broke, thundering over the cliffs; and the snow-covered country, when it became visible between the storms, looked as if God had taken his blessing from it.

"Hardly anything more to eat," thought Hakon. And he cursed God with terrible oaths, threatening Him with clenched fists, daring him to knock Him down and be done with him, if He wanted to. Then he suddenly thought of his mother. Somehow he longed for her just then,—old Guri Witch, as they called her. Ah, but she had petted him while little, and humored him when he grew older, and some way there had always been enough to eat, even if some of it had been stolen. Stolen? Stolen, eh? Why did not he, the fool, do the same? He looked into the mist in deep thought.

Next day, when the storm had subsided, he rowed up the fjord to the nearest trading place. Between two islands the fjord widened to a lake-like basin. On one side of this little salt water lake stood a small store, where the little steamer stopped once a day on its way to or from the city, bringing mail and goods and a few passengers.

On a square wooden wharf stood a small warehouse, and farther up from the shore the white-painted house, with the store and a garden behind it. A small bakery, belonging to the storekeeper, lay on the other side of a narrow lane, and nestling around it, a few out-houses, built of rough logs.

The proprietor was an old bachelor, a thin, dry man, in a gray-worn black coat. He had the name of being hard to deal with, as so many a poor fisher experienced. The story went among them that he was in possession of great wealth hidden in the ground somewhere on the island.

Night had falled when Hakon tied his boat inside the narrows. He stumbled along the shore, where, the tide being low, the cliffs were without any covering of snow. When he reached the wharf, he followed the road towards the house. A dim light shone out from one of the small, dusty windows at the back of it.

Hakon stopped and listened. It seemed to him that he heard somebody walking on the wharf, but it was impossible to see anything. The sky was yet overcast with heavy snow clouds. He listened, holding his breath, and decided that it was only the sea rippling among the timbers of the wharf.

He scaled the garden fence and looked into the room. There was the old man sitting on the edge of the bed, undressing himself, smiling, in deep thought, as he unbuttoned his vest.

Hakon did not know what all at once took away his courage, but it soon came back with the thought of his suffering ones at home. No more flour for bread, no trust anywhere, and no money.

The old man seemed suddenly to remember something. After putting on his coat, he took the lamp and went into the store. Hakon jumped the fence again. The door opened and a broad light fell on the snow, then disappeared in the bakery; but the door to the store had been left open, and Hakon turned the corner quickly and went

He had hardly hidden himself behind some oil-coats hanging on the wall, when the light reappeared. The outer door was securely fastened, and the old man passed so close that Hakon could have touched him. A strange feeling ran through Hakon—a feeling of anxiety, such as he never

had known before. But he was in there now, where there was plenty of all he wanted,—if only the old fool would go to bed and to sleep. But he seemed in no hurry. He was rumbling along among boxes and barrels, putting things in order, which certainly there was no hurry about, as next morning would have done just as well. It made Hakon impatient. The old man might even come where he was hidden. Then what? The door was locked; where could he escape? His desperate situation killed his daring, but not for long. There was one way he could save himself; but it was bread he wanted and not an old man's life. - bread for those who were starving at home, he repeated assuringly.

His nerves, ruined from long drinking, began to quiver. He tried to control them, but could not. He held his breath and bit his lip, but to no avail. He could have screamed and warned the man he wanted to rob. If only the old fool had left the door open, he would have pressed the southwester down over his face and made his escape! Would he never go to bed?

At last the door closed, and only a faint spot of light fell through the key-hole, soon to disappear. He heard a low murmur, and distinguished the name of the Saviour; then stillness fell, broken a few times by the creaking of the bed. At last, deep, unbroken stillness.

Hakon's heart beat so hard that he could hear it; and the same strange feeling of desire stole back upon him. He was almost happy as he felt his way along the counter.

He had noticed where the things he wanted were standing — the sacks of flour, the barrel with grit, and the keg of gin.

Christmas! There had been no Christmas But he would have it now! for him and his. And in his greed he did not think of securing his retreat. In the darkness he pushed some oars standing against the wall. They slid, making a scraping noise. He held his breath. The bed creaked. With one hand across his mouth, he listened. The sound was not repeated, and he bent down to lift a sack of flour to his shoulder, but bethought himself. He wanted a drink of gin first, and he put his mouth to the faucet and drank heartily. It seemed to give him renewed strength. It stopped that quivering. Again he picked up the flour, —when suddenly the door opened, and the old man stood in his night-shirt with the lighted lamp in his hand!

Hakon was blinded. He dropped the sack, grasped one of the oars and struck him on the head with it. The old man dropped to the floor with a faint cry for help, and the lamp exploded as it fell, setting fire to his clothes. Hakon picked up the sack of flour and ran to the door, turned the key, and hurried down the road.

The flames from the burning house cast a reddish light over the snow, making things beyond look still darker. Much as Hakon wanted to look around, he dared not; but reaching the boat he cast the flour into it, drew his knife and cut the rope and jumped Taking the oars, he rowed with almost superhuman force against the boiling current through the narrows. He saw the building tumble together and a cloud of sparks whirl into the night. Presently he rounded a promontory whence he could see only the glare cast over the mountains, and soon, by the winding of the fjord, he also lost sight of that.

If Hakon believed he could row away from his thoughts, he quickly found that he was mistaken. The dread in him increased the farther away he got; and the night and the fjord seemed endless. He began to go over, step by step, all he had done.

The waves sighed in the darkness. The air was raw and filled with mist, and the water dark and scary with the white-crested waves hurrying after the boat.

"My God, my God!" he exclaimed. Would he pray? Of what use for him to do that now, and what use had it ever been to him before? The fear of being suspected and caught worried him, and he felt a merciless hatred for the man he had killed, because he had killed him. Would it bring him into trouble? Did he not have troubles enough before? And he began to examine it all over again. The tracks in the garden would not show, the heat of the fire would melt the snow; and he felt comparatively happy again.

Of course on the bare rocks along the water no tracks would be left. But a terror suddenly ran through him — his southwester — where was it? He was so used to going without it at home that in his haste he had not noticed the loss of it. He had to feel twice over his head to satisfy himself that it was not there. He laid the oars

in the boat and searched for it, but in vain. Where, where did he have it last? And again he went through it all. Had he taken it off in the store? If so, all right. Or had it been lost on the road toward the wharf, or on the cliffs? There it would be washed away by the high tide — and high tide it would be before morning. But in the road to the wharf? Had he?

And he tried to recollect. He thought for a minute of returning and searching for

it, but he dared not.

"Old Guri Witch,"—he repeated several times absent-mindedly,-"Rot Guri; Witch Guri!" He felt so strange, his flesh was quivering again. "Guri, Guri, Guri, ----" it said in him. Who was she? Why, his mother! His mother? And she had stolen too. Had she murdered? She surely had not left her southwester behind her. Guri? Southwester? Why she was a woman and did not wear one! How was that? And again his deed passed before him. Had he hit him the second time, when his clothes had caught fire? And what was that white stuff at the bottom of the boat, almost touching him? He stared at it. Had he brought the body with him? Ugh! Had he? What for? Surely it was not that he wanted; it was flour for bread. Flour? And he bent down to look and kicked at the sack. Why, it was flour and not the body of the man he Killed? For a sack of flour! had killed. Merciful God! What had he done!

O, but was it not Christmas; and could they live, all of them, without eating? And then why did not the old fool stay in bed?

And he again assured himself that it was for bread he had come, and not to take a life. That quieted him somewhat. An old Christmas hymn came up in his mind, but somehow he could not sing it, though he knew it as well as the use of his oars; but the words ran through his head:—

Christmas time, Fair and light; Angels soar in starry height; Sing of the Saviour to us born, Bringing joy to those who mourn, Halleluja! Halleluja!

To all? How was it about that little home on the island? "Too small to come into consideration," he thought bitterly. And he saw them before him, Kari and the little ones. Did he care for them? He felt ike the wounded animal, which has de-

fended its young. Poor, poor little Kari and the littlest one of them. Solsia — Solsia — the high mountains — Guri, the mother of his — Rasmus — and that morning at Skaret — Svarttind — the huldre-garden up there — Christmas — Christmas! He could not think out a single thought.

Among the hundreds of islands, large and small, the ocean has been transformed to a labyrinth of narrow water-ways; and by daylight Hakon found himself far from home. The low mountains were unknown to him, and turning around a point, the water lost itself in the flaky snow mist. He held his oars. Some old, gray, weather-beaten sea-gulls sailed close over him as if to learn what he had in the boat; but they soon disappeared in the mist again.

The snow fell thicker. At last only a small spot of dark water was visible about him, and as he had no idea of the direction. he let the boat go before the wind. Sometimes he would pass close to shore; but the clouds hung so low, he could see nothing but a narrow line of it. A stupor came over him. He rested his head on his hands. The contorted face of his victim disappearing in the flames, and the sickening smoke from the burning oil would not leave him. That "Help!"—which had died away on the old man's lips as he fell, seemed to have an eternity behind it. It was as if every wave when it reached his boat whispered the same word.

And Hakon forgot his surroundings, and his thoughts wandered to the home on the island. The pale, sorrowful, tired face of his wife stood plainly before him. He brought her flour, and she smiled to him as she did that morning at Skaret when she promised to be his. Even then he remembered that he had felt, away behind his other feelings, that he had no right to her, but—he wanted her, and that settled it.

Flour for Kari and the children! And in his waking dreams, he carried the sack toward the hut; but it grew heavier at each step. There were all his little ones staring out of the window at him, and the one with the crutches, said: "There is blood on it. It is leaking blood, the sack is!" And surely it was; he felt it run into his face and soak through his clothes. He wanted to drop it, but it stuck to his back. It had

grown on to him, and ugh! when he turned his head, he saw the contorted face of his

victim looking over his shoulder.

"You wanted bread, Hakon, and you got blood!" it whispered into his ear, but its breath was icy cold; he felt his blood freeze. It was clinging to him, but it was not a sack of flour: it was the murdered man's body!

"I am going with you," it said. "O, carry me over the dark water," it begged. "The night is dark. You took my life! Help me to find a resting place." And it clung to him closer than ever. He gathered all his strength trying to throw it off, and — came back to reality.

He felt easier when he realized that it was only a dream. But it came again.

Guri Witch — Guri — Guri Rot — that mother of his! He felt that he wanted to creep close to her and hide. The same admiration of her power in which he had felt safety as a child, made him long for her now. And -how could he see Kari, and that little crippled boy of his, when he felt he must be spotted with blood?

Kari! And his tears broke forth. Such he had never wept before. Seeing her in his thought, he fancied himself standing beside her. He reviewed all the events in their life till he reached that night at the Solsia saeter, when he had carried her in his arms out to the edge of the ravine. Why had he not kept on and lost himself with her among the mountains, never to return?

And now! But Guri Witch, that mother of his - she had stolen. But what was more, she had given him life. He would go to her, so she could take it, too, - or should he take it himself?

"Help — help — help!" whispered the foaming waves in the murdered man's voice; and the clouds hung low over the sea, shutting out all view of the shore. Only these foaming waves begging to him.

And it grew dark.

The sea looked black between the white caps of the waves. They lifted his boat and played with it; they rushed past him, and they seemed to return to look at him with white faces of death; they rose against him in the murdered man's shape. Was his boat lying still or drifting? He rubbed his eves to see better.

He rose, but the swaying of the boat

made him lose his balance, and he fell back on the seat.

"Help — help — help!" it whispered. "Carry me over the dark water!"

Hakon wanted to beg for himself, but he had lost the power of speech. His mouth was dry and burning as in fever.

There it was again!

"Won't you?" it said, first begging, then friendly, at last threatening. The murdered man with the crushed, bloody head was clinging to the gunwhale, with long,

blue fingers.

"Will you?" it said again with roaring voice, and fell into the boat. Hakon jumped Uttering a frenzied yell he tore the oar from the thole, and with all his might hit at the struggling shape; but, finding nothing to resist his blow, he lost his balance, and fell. The black waves closed over him, and the dark night over them. The heavy snow clouds hung over the fjord, and a boat with a sack of flour in it drifted. guideless, into the darkness of a Norwegian winter night.

XI.

THE snow fell thick and noiseless. laid itself heavily on the green branches of the spruce trees. It hung itself on the long, slender limbs and twigs of the birches; and the young forest stood up to the waist in it. It smoothed over the undulations in the field and filled the crevices in the cliffs and among the bowlders. It muffled all sounds — even the jingling of the mail-carrier's horse-bell, which, in clear, frosty weather, had such a happy sound.

The snow lay deep in the valleys, still deeper in the mountains; and the stream with the large, snow-covered rocks in the middle of it, looked dark in all the white-The little red-painted church stood bravely up among the snow-drifts, carrying its great white burden with the patience becoming a Christian. And along the roads the snow-plow had thrown up large banks

on both sides. Up on Rot a faint, gray smoke whirled from the chimney mingling with the slowly falling white flakes. The snow-drifts had gathered against the hut, reaching almost to the icicles along the eaves. Above, on the steep mountain-side, the snow lay in immense, threatening masses, hanging out over the shelves like broad, white tongues.

Old Guri was lying in the bed. Her face was withered and yellow like parchment. Her eyes were closed and sunken deeply into her head. Except for a faint, spasmodic drawing of her lips, one would have thought the old witch among the dead.

The hut was orderly, but the fire on the hearth had almost died down. A large, gray cat was lying in front of it, purring. She had just been up on the stool by the head of the bunk and stolen the rest of the gruel which Marit had brought. She licked her whiskers, drawing up her legs under her; and with half shut eyes felt too lazy to even look at the mice running back and forth on the roof-plate.

And all that soft mass of snow outside kept away any sound from the outer world.

A large blow-fly, awakened by the fire, was beating against the window-panes. and down, up and down, it went, once in a while stopping at the bottom to smooth its wings with its hind legs. And the purr of the cat, and the hum of the fly were the only noises in the room.

The snow was continually falling, flake on flake; noiselessly building fantastic shapes over broken limbs and stumps, increasing the size of the broad, white tongues hanging out over the precipices, bending the limbs of the spruces and firs till they could no longer hold the weight, and it fell off in fine sprays upon the lower limbs, which again bent and dropped their burden, and so on until it reached the ground. slowly falling flakes from the endless gray above soon renewed the burden.

Rasmus Solsia stood at home in the kitchen. He had just brought news. Hakon Rot had disappeared; nothing had been seen or heard of him for two weeks. Probably he had gone under, — he and the boat. Of course, he had been drunk as usual, and God's patience had come to an end. now the old hag would soon go too, he That would be a relief at last. But he folded his hands, and with pretended emotion, asked God for mercy for the sinner's soul.

Marit stood by the fire and poured some warm gruel into a small wooden vessel. She had a heavy black shawl wrapped over her shoulders and another like it over her head, falling well down over her forehead.

"Poor, poor Kari!" And her soft heart

filled with grief.

She hurried toward the door. She felt as if she was doing something for her poor sister, when she took old Guri something to strengthen her. Rasmus stopped her.

"What have you there?" he said, point-

ing to the vessel in her hand.

"Some gruel for poor old Guri," she answered in her singing way, trying to smile. "She is very sick, and there is nobody to help her."

"Seems to me there is enough to do at home to help your own mother, without going and carrying things away from the house in a winter like this one," he said,

lowering his voice as if he felt he was say-

ing too much.

"We have more than we need for the winter, Rasmus," said his wife's gentle voice from the dark corner by the hearth, "and old Guri has nothing to eat. It will not be long, Rasmus, before she will be gone."

"And it is cold there if nobody tends the fire," added Marit, with quivering voice, her feelings nearly overpowering her, thinking of Kari and the little ones away out on that

lonely storm-swept island.

But Rasmus stretched himself up and said loudly: "I have fed that deviltry now for twenty-five years and more, and what have I got for it? But since you seem to care for that old witch more than you do for your own, - begone if you want to be lost in the snow-drifts. There is neither track nor trail up there; but begone! May be you care more for that old hag than for your own life."

Marit hurried out. The tears she had fought to keep back now broke forth. She hurried down the road, sobbing, thinking of little Kari. She had not seen her since that early morning in the fall, years and years ago, when she had bidden her and Hakon a weeping goodby,—when it had frighted her to see Kari looking happy with her father's curse resting on her. And Hakon, he was dead now. She thought of his fairy tales, and involuntarily she looked toward Svarttind; but it and the entrance to the troll cave were hidden in the whirling show-mist.

The snow settled on her thick shawl. She shook it off once in a while. She reached the creek. There was the old rowan tree with a few clusters of berries on it yet, and she knew that was where the

trail turned off to Rot.

She climbed the mountain, sometimes sinking up to the arm-pits in the drifts, looking for places where the ground was high, and the wind had swept some of the snow into the ravines. The white, falling flakes below, above, and around her, allowed her to see only a short distance. It was hard to hold the direction.

She thought all at once that she heard a distant murmur from far up the mountain. The sound rapidly increased till it roared like thunder, coming nearer and nearer. She heard the creaking and sighing of large trees, and a strong current of air, filled with a thick spray of fine, hard ice-crystals, threw her over in the snow, just as the avalanche tore past at a short distance.

It took a great bound into the gray abyss below, crushing, whirling the snow intermingled with large, torn up trees and bowlders. Reaching the bottom of the glen, it stopped and died with an immense, deep sigh, repeated by the mountains.

And the snow-flakes kept falling quietly and undisturbed, covering up the track of the avalanche and the place where the old stone-hut on Rot used to stand. It had been ground to pieces in the white mass, and the timbers and rocks had been carried with it out over the mountain side, crushing, thundering and sighing. And that was the last of Guri Witch.

Whether the old troll stood up under Svarttind, helplessly looking at the accident, or whether he dug her out of the snow and carried her where she belonged, nobody can tell. Sure it is, her body was never found; and people who think themselves wiser than others insist that the creek carried her out into the deep fjord to meet Hakon—the only one for whom she ever had cared.



## "BEING SO BEREFT."

WHAT shall I do — now being so bereft
I may no longer look on any day
And "He will come this evening" fondly say?
How shall I, having now no pleasure left—
Of all the pleasures that of old were mine,
How shall I gather up the hours and lay
Them, each on each, all patiently away —
And have the strength to plain not nor repine?

How shall I nightly — by what artifice —
Win the sweet Lady of Poppies for my guest?
With what long pleadings buy the brief, brief bliss
Of holding her, reluctant, to my breast?
With what seductions may I lure her kiss —
Her blessed kiss of respite and of rest?



TATOOSH ISLAND

# CAPE FLATTERY AND ITS LIGHT

### LIFE ON TATOOSH ISLAND

By JAMES G. McCURDY

THE lighthouse system of the United States has reached such a degree of efficiency and thoroughness that there is today scarcely a dangerous point or reef within her boundaries that is without its warning signal light. From Quoddy head in the northeast, to Cape Flattery on the northwest, our coasts are nightly lit up by this great chain of beacon lights; and while it is true that a small fortune is required each year to maintain this system, who will say that it is not well spent? The saving of life and property is simply beyond computation. A few wrecks averted, with the saving of their crews from a watery grave, more than compensates for a whole year's appropriation.

We can well be proud of the lights along the shores of the Pacific, for among them are some of the finest beacons of the world, manned by men of intelligence and experience. Many of these lights have become to us familiar household names; who among us has not heard of Farallon, Point Arena, Tillamook, and Flattery lights? Any of these are worthy of an article to themselves, but I desire to speak particularly of the latter light, as I can do so from an experience gained from several visits to this station. Cape Flattery enjoys the distinction of being the most northwesterly point of land in the United States (outside of Alaska), lying at the entrance of the beautiful Strait of Juan de Fuca, in west latitude 124° 44'. It likewise can boast of the unenviable reputation of being the scene of some of the most thrilling marine disasters of modern days. In 1875 the steamer Pacific went down not far from the cape and three hundred lives and much

treasure were lost with her. Minor disasters without number have occurred from time to time, while the fate of the ship Ivanhoe and the colliers Montserrat and Keewenaw are still too fresh in our minds to need recalling.

On the oldest maps extant Cape Flattery bears the name of Point Martinez, in honor of the Portuguese navigator, who first sighted it in the year 1774. Its present name was bestowed upon it by Captain James Cook, who in 1778, while on his last voyage, visited the locality in the good ship Resolution, searching for the mysteri-

points to an upheaval that in prehistoric times rent this portion of the continent. Beetling cliffs, ragged reefs, and huge masses of rock cut by the waves into fantastic shapes, abound on every side. For miles the bluffs rise abruptly from the water without a beach, while from the cape down to Dead Man's rock, a distance of a mile, numerous sea caverns are to be seen, hollowed out of the rocks by the restless ocean billows. The largest is known as the "Cave of the Winds," and extends far in under the cliffs. In this cave fish and hair seal congregate in great numbers and the



CURIOUS FORMATIONS NEAR CAPE FLATTERY

ous northwest passage which had puzzled the navigators of two centuries. He came in sight of the bleak-looking cape, and thinking that it gave the promise of a harbor beyond for his weather-beaten vessel, called it Cape Flattery, and lay to, waiting for morning to continue his explorations in the vicinity. But during the night a furious gale came on which forced him out to sea, so he sailed away denying the existence of the strait, leaving the honor of its discovery and exploration to Berkeley, Gray, Vancouver, and others.

The whole vicinity of Cape Flattery

Makah Indians at favorable tides venture in and return with their canoes laden with booty.

The light station is located on Tatoosh, a tiny island of some eighteen acres lying three quarters of a mile off the cape. Through the intervening channel the ocean currents swirl and boil around huge rocks and sunken reefs. Tatoosh is an Indian name, meaning "Thunder Bird," probably so named on account of its supposed resemblance to this miraculous bird, whatever that may have been.

According to the Indian sages, when this



CAVE ON TATOOSH ISLAND

terrible bird opened its mouth thunders bellowed, and lightning was caused by the flashing of its eye in anger. The island and the land adjoining the cape had been the home of the Makahs from time immemorial, but was given up to the government in 1855, for thirty thousand dollars, the "Great Father" at Washington having a reservation of twenty thousand acres in the vicinity set apart for their use. The lighthouse was completed in 1858 and since that time its brilliant ray has acted continuously as a guiding star to numberless vessels bound in and out of the Strait of Fuca.

On the Vancouver shore opposite the good work is taken up by Carmanah and Cape Beale lights, but with less success, for that shore is known among shipping men as the "Ships' Graveyard." A tremendous tide sweeps toward it, and aided by treacherous winds and dense fogs, a combination is formed perplexing enough to foil the skill of the best of navigators. Consequently, every now and then another victim is added to the dread register of the Ships' Graveyard. The revenue cutters, while searching

for the lost Ivanhoe, counted the remains of thirty-four wrecks on the Vancouver coast. The latest addition to the number was the fine ship Janet Cowan, which went ashore during the winter of 1895 and became a total wreck, with a loss of seven lives.

At a distance Tatoosh island might easily be mistaken for some uncouth sea monster resting upon the surface of the ocean. A nearer approach clearly shows its volcanic origin. It rises abruptly from the water to a height of about one hundred feet, its rocky sides splintered and hollowed out by the battering rams of the ocean. A fringe of beach on the north end affords the only landing place on this uninviting little isle. A pathway cut in the rock leads to the top, where one is agreeably surprised as to the character of its surface. A deep soil covers the rocky foundation, and this gives support to a carpet of grass of most pronounced green throughout the year.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>e</sup> These lines had not been written an hour before the news came that the schooner Vesta and steamship Cleveland had met with destruction on this treacherous, rock-bound coast.

and there stand buildings as white as repeated coverings of paint can make them, the light tower looming up from among them.

The first request that the visitor makes is to be allowed to climb the tower and inspect the light, and there are but few places where one is more amply rewarded for his trouble than at Tatoosh. The top of the tower is 152 feet above sea level, and from this point of vantage an extended view of the surrounding country is obtained. Across the thirty mile stretch of strait to the northward, the rugged shore of Vancouver island looms up. Eastward is the cape, with its reefs and beetling cliffs, backed by a succession of spruce-covered hills. the southward Flattery rocks and Umatilla reef stretch their ugly forms far out from the mainland, a constant menace to shipping. In the west nothing is to be seen but a sea of tossing waves, where you can watch the sun in the afternoons until he drowns himself away out where the sky and waters seem to meet. On any day when the weather is fine a perfect demonstration as to the rotundity of the earth is to be observed. As a vessel sails away to the westward first her hull and then yard after yard disappears behind the horizon, and with a powerful glass she can be kept in view until nothing is to be seen but the flag fluttering at the masthead.

Tatoosh is fitted with a first order Fresnel light, which is visible for a distance of twenty miles. The lamp is a huge affair and with the lens and brilliant silver reflector, occupies the entire top of the tower. As in all first order lights, the lens is constructed in prisms, so arranged as to focus the light upon a space hardly a foot wide, called the focal plane. At a distance nothing is visible but this band of dazzling light. In the lens is set a sector of red glass which causes a ray of colored light to fall across Duncan rock, a black old monster that lies out in the strait directly in the way of passing vessels. When a vessel enters the red ray a sharp lookout is kept until the warning beam is left astern.

The lamp is free from explosions, owing to the fact that oil is fed to it only as needed. This is accomplished by means of a weight known as the "plunger," which lies upon the surface of the oil in the tank and forces it into the lamp through tubes

fitted with delicate valves. The tower is solidly constructed of brick and stone, with an iron room for the lamp and lens at the But although so securely made, during the winter storms it vibrates and trembles in a manner calculated to terrify a person of weak nerves. The wind howls and moans around the tower like a being in distress, and at times the spray from the breaking billows sweeps entirely over the structure. Some one must be in the lamp room throughout the night to see that the lamp burns properly, and this position is often a trying one even to experienced A number of times assistants have refused to serve their watch, preferring to hand in their resignations rather than tempt fate by remaining in the tower. One man, who had rather a weak brain to commence with, could not stand the solitude of the station and attempted to commit suicide by leaping into the sea. He was found on the rocks in an unconscious state, rescued, and sent ashore at the first opportunity.

The salt spray quickly dims the brilliancy of the light and must be frequently removed. During the rough weather this is a dangerous task; for should one lose his hold, he would meet almost certain death, falling from such a height. The lens at Tatoosh yearly causes the death of many sea fowl. As they come driving along on the storm, they are dazzled by the light and strike the glass with sufficient force to wound or kill them. After a severe blow many birds are found at the foot of the tower.

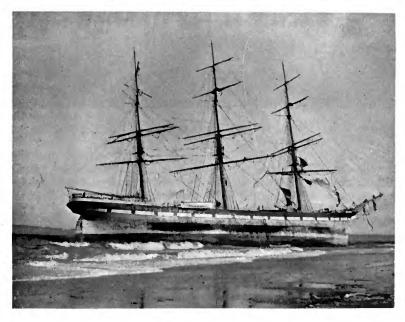
One drawback to the pleasantness of a residence upon Tatoosh is the excessive rainfall. The warm vapors of the Kuro Shiwo, or Japan current, float in and condense against the lofty peaks of the Olympic range, causing heavy rains and dense fogs. One hundred inches is the average yearly rainfall, the heaviest in the United States. Averages elsewhere run from eight to sixty inches. The fogs come rolling in like solid walls, necessitating the constant running of the fog signal, much to the disgust of the assistants, to whom it means double duty.

In a little building near the edge of the island, securely clamped down with chains and rods, is the Weather Bureau station. It fairly bristles with an array of scientific

instruments for measuring the velocity of winds, rainfall, temperatures, and atmospheric changes. Owing to the many storms centering off the Vancouver coast, the Tatoosh station is considered one of the most important in the country. Besides the regular bureau work, vessels are reported and shipping generally is helped in numerous ways. A submarine telegraph connects the island with the mainland. Owing to the strong currents and rocky nature of the bottom, the cable is often cut. Then officials at Weather Bureau headquarters fume and shipping men rave until it can be

a veteran carrier, has had three canoes smashed to kindling wood at various times in endeavoring to make a landing in the surf. Often the only way to get the mail sack ashore is to throw it from the bobbing canoe to a rock, where the keeper stands ready to catch it.

The Tatoosh station is in charge of a keeper and three assistants. Their life is far from being the one of ease and comfort that many believe it to be. On the contrary, the hours are long and the compensation small. Besides serving regular hours on watch, there is an endless amount of



"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE"

repaired. Large canoes are brought from the agency, and by the use of grapnels the cable is lifted to the surface and the break repaired. The feasibility of an overhead wire is being discussed, and most likely such a line will ultimately be constructed.

The regular means of communication with the outside world is the canoe of the Indian mail-carrier. He makes the sevenmile trip from Neah bay (weather permitting) twice a week and also transports passengers to and fro for a consideration. As they are paid by the trip, these carriers take some tremendous risks. Old Doctor,

cleaning and repairing to be done. The inspector makes frequent and rigid investigations, and woe to the keeper whose light is not found up to the standard. At least once a year the tower and buildings must be painted, the grounds kept in order, and the coal and water supply guarded with jealous eye. A log must be kept of each day's proceedings, and frequent fogs make many extra hours of work. One month's vacation a year is allowed, which is considered quite liberal. A library of good books is furnished, and these are changed as often as desired by the tenders. These serve to



THE SHIPS' GRAVEYARD

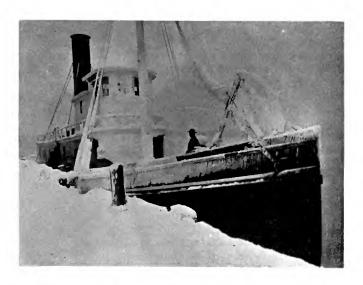
occupy time while on night duty, and go far towards relieving the monotony of lighthouse life.

Two of the caves on Tatoosh run completely through the island. One may easily make his way through the smaller of these when the tide is low, but as far as I could learn no one has ever attempted to penetrate the other. During a storm the waves thunder through these subterranean passages with such tremendous force that the whole island is perceptibly jarred. At such a time one can hardly free his mind from the impression that the island is about to collapse and return to the ocean depths from which it rose. Below the cape is an immense leaning rock, 140 feet high, known as Fuca Pillar, which is plainly visible at Tatoosh. It is considered unscalable but the Makahs have a legend that once in the long ago a young man of the tribe, while hunting duck eggs, gained the summit. But to descend he found impossible, as a single misstep would land him on the rocks beneath. He preferred to remain on the summit, rather than run the fearful risk. His friends tried to secure his release, but all plans failed and he is said to have met death by starvation on that lonely pillar.

To this day the Indians are firm in their belief that his spirit stands guard over the rock, and in consequence it is shunned by the whole tribe.

The Thirteenth lighthouse district, to which Cape Flattery station belongs, has two tenders in its service, the Manzanita, a wooden vessel, and the Columbine, a fine steel steamer. During the year these tenders steam some fourteen thousand miles each. In 1895 the Columbine made an inspection of Alaskan waters and cruised to latitude 59° 29′, the highest point ever visited by a lighthouse tender.

This sketch could hardly be called complete without mention of the numerous tug boats that make the cape their rendezvous, on the lookout for tows. This industry is virtually controlled by the Puget Sound Tug Boat company, which operates a fleet of eight powerful tugs, with headquarters at Port Townsend, the port of entry for the Puget Sound district. It was one of the company's tugs (the Wanderer) that picked up the City of Puebla, when that steamer came so near going on the rocks in the vicinity of the cape through the breaking of her shaft. The Holyoke, another tug owned by the corporation, made a trip to St.



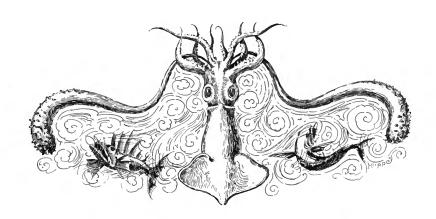
THE LIGHT HOUSE TENDER, JUST IN FROM THE CAPE IN WINTER

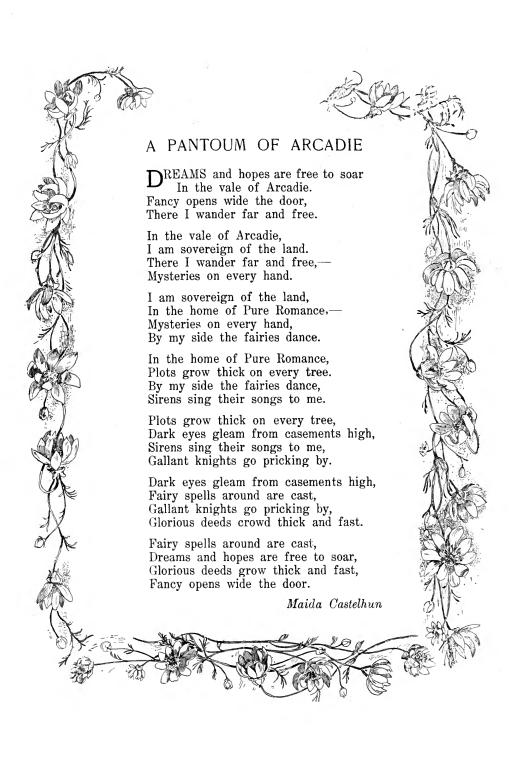
Michaels during the summer, a long journey for such a craft.

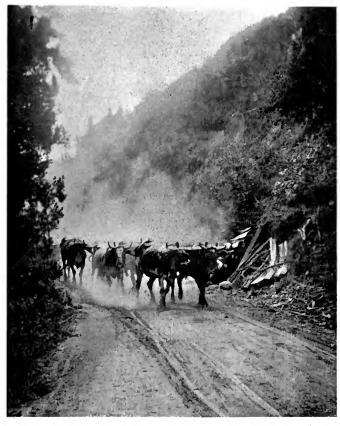
A fact that cannot escape notice is that so many vessels come to grief in the vicinity of lighthouses. Vessels seem determined that when their turn comes to "go ashore" they will do so with a lighthouse close by, much to the dismay of the light keeper, to whom such affairs usually mean an investigation. A case in point is that of the bark Matilda, which went ashore at Tatoosh in September, 1897, and became a total loss. The night was clear, but the

old craft got caught in the powerful insetting tide, and the wind failing at this critical time, she went on the rocks in the very shadow of the light tower.

Congress is considering the advisability of creating a harbor of refuge at Neah bay, as an aid to disabled vessels and ship-wrecked crews. There is also being constructed a lighthouse for Umatilla reef, and this vessel will probably soon be placed at her station. May she prove successful in keeping many vessels from leaving their bones near this Hatteras of the Pacific.







Number 34 IN THE LOGGING REGION
Oscar Maurer, 22 Ellis Street, San Francisco

# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—V

WHY," says M. de la Sezeranne in the Revue des Deux Mondes, "should we call a man an artist who produces pictures with a bit of charcoal, and deny the title to another who produces pictures by intelligently availing himself of a ray of the sun?"

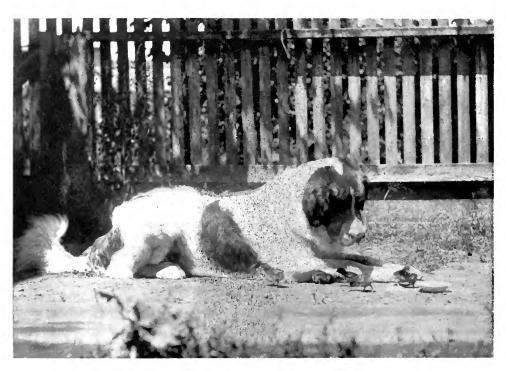
So all may ask themselves who have seen the truly remarkable exhibition of the San Francisco Camera Club. An isolated photograph, where light and shadow, proportion and perspective, seem to correspond to the unwritten laws of fine art, may seem to have attained these results by accidental means, for a camera is, to the average mind, a mechanical contrivance, by means of which one's vanity is gratified by seeing his face and form immortalized in his most amiable mood, or an invaluable aid to the police in detecting criminals. But when one sees a large collection of artistic photographs, and recognizes the individuality of the photographer in each piece of work, just as one recognizes the individuality of the painter or sculptor, then we can say that the work is no longer a "reproduction" but a production—almost a creation.

It is not now necessary that the perspec-

tive should be exaggerated, or that unimportant details should be emphasized, or even allowed to maintain their place in the photograph. The photographer, when he waits patiently—perhaps hours—for a certain light to enchant the scene he has found beautiful, does not allow this period of watching for effect to be neglected. The thrill that comes over him at the moment of seizing that significant expression of the landscape, does not pass with the pass-

the charm of the undefined or half-defined beauty, and often produces those mysterious effects that approach so nearly the realm of the artist. Undoubtedly the imagination is entering, if it has not already entered, the work of the photographer, and where this highest of the human faculties plays a part we have no right to patronize.

Amateurs have produced most of the really artistic work. It is they who take time to wait for those visits of the light, or



Number 35

THE "GENTLE STEPMOTHER" AGAIN Mrs. A. O. Judson, San Francisco

ing light. It lasts during the long period of development, during which he emphasizes those parts of the picture that seem of the greatest importance. The cloud effect may receive his especial care—or be neglected altogether and allowed to fade from the plate. Each moment means something to the developer. He must think and act quickly. A careless movement or lack of skill may destroy the work which has taken him many a lonely mile, and kept him waiting many a long hour. He realizes

of the shade, that make such a difference in the scene. They, speaking generally, have the money to seek the unfrequented ways that seem to offer the greatest pleasure to the photographer. Their travels are the most extensive and they have the greatest pleasure in making a scene their own. No one doubts but that the mere collection of scenes, like the collection of souvenir spoons or autographs,—or anything,—is a nuisance, but the advance guard of almost any great movement receives, and perhaps

deserves, a certain amount of ridicule. Fads are always ephemeral, and already people are buying fewer toy cameras as they are accumulating fewer posters, and theresults are already to be Those who have really found their work of lasting pleasure, have studied it carefully from its scientific as well as artistic standpoint, and are continually demanding a higher grade of appliances. The greatest improvements of the camera have been made by a mateurs. They have discoveredthedifference that the materials



Number 36 GREEN POND, NEW JERSEY Iva G. Nixon, Germantown, Philadelphia

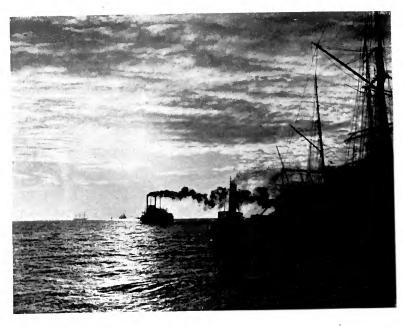
make in the quality and beauty of photographs, by thought and experiment. The best results in posing have been obtained by amateurs.

Photography is work in which women are taking a prominent part. It seems well fitted to their taste and inclination, and many really notable professionals have been produced among them.

Mrs. Cameron, a London photographer, has taken the photographs of many of the most famous people of our time. In the "Annals of My Glass House"



Number 37 CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE, TIBURON, MARIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
Arthur Inkersley, 508 Montgomery Street, San Francisco



Number 38 EVENING LIGHT ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY Oscar Maurer, 22 Ellis Street, San Francisco



Number 39 WILDWOOD POND, PENNSYLVANIA
Iva G. Nixon, Gernantown, Philadelphia



Number 40 KIMBALL CREEK, KING COUNTY, WASHINGTON
Oliver Phelps Anderson, 1310 Thirteenth Avenue, South Seattle

she reveals the æsthetic thought and study she has spent on her work. Thomas Carlyle, for instance, passed many hours in her studio and during her conversation with him, she watched, just as a portrait painter would, for the revelation of character and soul. When some unusual expression lighted his face, and when he was utterly unaware of her intention, she snapped the camera. Thus the self-consciousness, the vanity, revealed in most photographs does not destroy the strength of the face.

Amateurs have not, as a rule, succeeded as well with the portrait as with landscape, but this ability will develop with the development of the art, — which is as yet in its infancy.

Coming down to the particular matter of the OVERLAND competition, we have to report a great spread of interest in it. Photographs have been arriving in larger numbers, and the decision as to which are the best ones to reproduce has been no light task. The criterion the Editors have tried to keep in mind is to give as great a variety as possible, so that all classes of tastes may find something to their liking, and to include every photograph that seems to them at all likely to win in the competition.

It often happens that a photograph, by reason of its richness of tone, or of the care in its mounting, or artistic roughness of the paper on which it is printed, is very attractive in itself, and yet transposed to the printed page, with the loss of delicacy necessarily entailed in the mechanical process, or with the rich brown turned into the plain gray, or the artistic roughness

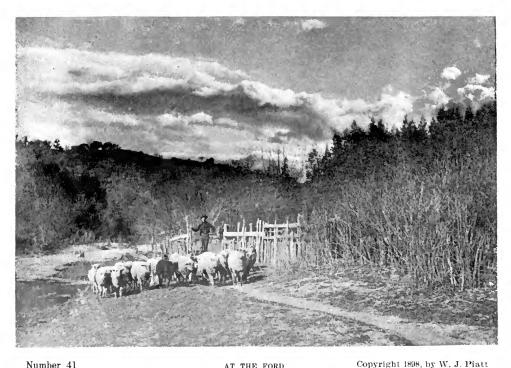
only represented by a muddiness in high lights and a graying of the deepest shadows, is far from satisfactory. "Printability" is a quality that must have its weight in a competion of this kind.

None of the people sending the pictures of this month have availed themselves of our offer to print brief descriptions or explanations of the objects photographed. The pictures, however, are sufficiently eloquent in their representations of animals, water, forests, and clouds. A second pic-

subject of many a fine photograph, veiling a too realistic background in an attractive way in a picture, though not at all attractive in the stifling reality.

Water, too, is a desirable help in the photographer's scenic material, whether the surface of the bay ruffled by the wind, or the quiet pond doubling the beauty of the shores by its reflection, or the dashing brook, with its touches of Chinese white against the dark rocks.

The lack this month seems to be in figure



Number 41 AT THE FORD Cop.
W. J. Piatt, 22 Ellis Street, San Francisco

ture of the "Gentle Stepmother," published in February, seemed a still better representation of the fine dog taking care of the newly hatched chicks. It would seem that even with the best intentions the great fellow would have injured his little self-undertaken charges, and yet we are told that the only damage done them was to get them so moist by gently licking them with his great tongue that they had to be taken into the house and dried with blotting paper.

California's dusty roads have been the

work, but there are already on hand for the next selection some photographs that will change all that.

This is written too soon after the issue of the March number with its coupons to be able to announce the receipt of many ballots, and yet the Editors hope that every one of our readers interested in the subject will be kind enough to take a fair look at the February and March pictures and register their approval of the best by filling out a ballot and mailing it to the OVERLAND.



DEAD MAN'S ISLAND, SEEN FROM SAN PEDRO HARBOR

## A VANISHING ISLAND

## AN HISTORICAL LANDMARK AT SAN PEDRO

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON

AS AN illustration of Nature's progress in removing one of her own landmarks, a little island in Southern California exhibits a fine example. Within a few years the whole facies of this island has been changed by the erosive power of waves and tides, as well as by the winter rains. The base of the Dead Man's island, daily lashed by the rushing waves, shows the effect of waves and tides in their action on Pliocene rock; and the upper stratum, or summit, tells the story of the destructive power of rain on the more recent, or Quaternary formation. In the Transactions of the Isaac Lea Conchological Chapter of the Agassiz Association, the Honorable Delos Arnold says of the Dead Man's island:-

To one who has spent many pleasant and profitable hours in this lonely spot, it cannot but cause an abiding sorrow to witness the devastation that is constantly and rapidly going on by the relentless waves. Within the recollection of persons now living, the island has diminished one half or more, and there are now living those who will see the tides sweeping over

the spot where the receding island now stands, unless some steps are taken to protect it.1

A few years ago the ocean on the west side of the island could only be reached either by way of the inner harbor, or by climbing to the top of the island then descending the precipitous trail on the northwest corner, but now one can walk all around Dead Man's island without obstruction. This has been made possible by an arch cut through the solid rock. A hole which appeared to be an entrance to a small cave in the rock, has been enlarged by the waves and breakers that lash with prodigious force against the base of the island, until an arch has been formed in the Pliocene rock. When the tide is high the breakers sweep through this arch, but at low tide one can easily pass through around the

Dead Man's island, also known as *Isla de los Muertos*, is so small it appears only like

The Nautilus.

a pile of sandy soil in the Pacific ocean when viewed from the mainland, but many islands of far greater dimensions are of less value to history or science. Historically it is identified with the retaking of the capital of California, at that time the Pueblo de los Angeles, and scientifically it has a national reputation on account of its fossil shells.

At one time it was possible to wade in low water from the town of San Pedro to the island, but the building of an inner harbor, twenty-five years ago, between these two places has brought in a stretch of water that can only be spanned by a skiff, or boat. A breakwater, a mile and one quarter long, connects Dead Man's island, on the east, with a long sandy beach, formerly known as Rattlesnake island, though now called Terminal island.

On a clear day the view from the summit of Dead Man's island is fine. One can see on the west, the little watering place, Santa Catalina, with its narrow isthmus plainly visible, from twenty-five to thirty miles out in the Pacific ocean. On the mainland, jutting out from the Palos Verdes hills, Point Fermin, the lighthouse, defines itself against the horizon, then, stretched along one after another on the high bluffs, the towns of San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach, and Alamitos, encircle the bay of San Pedro.

It is easy to conjecture why the island is given so gruesome a cognomen as Dead Man's island, or Isla de los Muertos, by the Spanish in California, as the name hints at a legend. Colonel J. J. Warner, who came to this coast in 1831, said the island bore that name when he arrived, because a sailor, who died on a vessel trading on the coast, was buried on the island. Some years after R. H. Dana, Junior, was a sailor before the mast in the American merchant service, and sailed on the Californian coast, and he has given us a graphic picture of this island in his "Two Years Before the Mast." He was in San Pedro one Sunday in 1835, and his brig lay in the offing as far out as he could

The only other thing which broke the surface of the great bay was a small, desolate looking island, steep and conical, of a clayey soil, and without the sign of vegetable life on it: yet which had a peculiar and melancholy interest to me, for on the top of it were

<sup>1</sup>Colonel Warner gave this reason to Mr. Stephen Foster for the name of the island.

buried the remains of an Englishman, the commander of a small merchant brig, who died while lying in port. It was always a solemn and interesting spot to me. There it stood, desolate, and in the midst of desolation; and there were the remains of one who died and was buried alone and friendless. Had it been a common burying place, it would have been nothing. The single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around.

This was in 1835, a strong contrast to the town-studded bay of today.

It was the only thing in California from which I could ever extract anything like poetry. Then, too, the man died far from home; without a friend near him; by poison, it was suspected and no one to inquire into it; and without proper funeral rites; the mate, as I was told, glad to have him out of the way and into the ground, without a word of prayer.

Although the sea gulls winged their flight for many years over the solitary and desolate grave of the Englishman, other victims, and this time of war, were carried up the hill and lowered into graves dug on its summit. In October, 1846, six Americans, one of the number being "killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol," two killed at the fight of Dominguez ranch and two others who died of their wounds, and one marine who died three weeks after the fight, were buried on the island; emphasizing it more than ever as the Isle of the Dead. As there is considerable variation in authorities in the given number of men killed in the Dominguez ranch fight, being variously estimated from four to thirteen, as well as dispute regarding the number of graves on the island, I will give some notes copied from the log book of the United States steamer Savannah for October, 1846, — from which the above has been gathered. I am indebted to the Secretary of the Navy for these data: --

First arrived in the bay of San Pedro, October 7th, on which date an expedition was landed "for the purpose of retaking the town of Pueblo de los Angelos¹ (Capital of California). . . . On landing, William Smith, (C. B.) was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol."

The log for October 9th states that "At 2 the Angelos expedition arrived at the landing, having been unable to effect their object owing to the very superior force of the enemy. The following dead and wounded were brought on board, viz.: Michael Hoy (Sea.), David Johnson (O. S.), both dead, Charles Somers (Musician), mortally wounded; William Berry (Sea.) severely wounded. Charles Somers, who was mortally wounded in the action yesterday, departed this life. At 9:30 sent the body of William Smith, who was accidentally killed, and the bodies of Michael

'Formerly "Angeles" was written "Angeles" in government papers.



SOUTHWEST CORNER OF DEAD MAN'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE ARCH

Hoy, James (?) Johnson and Charles Somers, who were killed in the action of yesterday, on the island for interment."

October 11th the log states that "William H. Berry departed this life from wounds received in the action of the 8th. Buried the body of W. H. Berry on Dead Man's island."

On October 22d the log shows that "Henry Lewis (Marine) departed this life. Buried on Dead Man's island the remains of Henry S. Lewis (Marine)."

No further deaths were reported up to November 4th, 1846, when the Savannah left the bay of San Pedro.

These extracts from the log-book give us the names of the six men buried on the island during October. As there was no public burial place, only Catholic cemeteries where Catholics alone could be buried, the island was made a resting place, a cemetery.

Of the fight at Dominguez ranch I am indebted for data to Mr. Stephen Foster, who came to California in 1847. (Fifty years ago Mr. Foster read the Declaration of Independence, in Spanish, at the first celebration of the Fourth of July in California.) In a letter I received from him he says of the fight:—

August, 1846, Commodore Stockton took possession of Los Angeles and left a small garrison here. The Californians rose and drove the Americans out, and they went aboard a vessel then at anchor at San Pedro. Captain Mervine came from the Bay of San Francisco with the frigate Savannah and started with about two hundred and fifty men afoot for Los Angeles. He had no artillery, and the Californians all mounted, with a small cannon, met him on Dominguez

ranch, about where Compton now stands, and there was a running fight for some three miles. The cannon was quartered in the road, and the Californians would make a feint to charge and Mervine would mass his men together to resist cavalry, when the cannon would be discharged, and the lancers would wheel about. This was repeated four or five times. Some eight or ten Americans were killed or wounded, the exact number I have never heard, but the dead and wounded were loaded on a cart taken from the Dominguez ranch, and the sailors pulled the cart te the beach and the dead were buried on the island.

In the History of California, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, he says of the cannon used in this fight:—

When Mervine came near, the gun was fired by Ignacio Aguilar, and was immediately dragged away by reatas attached to the horsemen's saddles, to be reloaded at a safe distance. This operation was repeated some half a dozen times in less than an hour. The first discharges did no harm, since the home-made powder was used; but at last the gun was properly loaded, and the solid column affording an excellent target, each shot was effective. Six were killed and as many wounded, if, indeed, the loss of the Americans was not greater.

As before stated, the number has been given by the log-book of the Savannah.

Of the gun used in the fight at Dominguez ranch, Major Horace Bell, in his "Reminiscences of a Ranger," says that it was taken to Dead Man's island on July 4th, 1853, and after "infinite labor" the battery was mounted on the "highest point of the island" and a loyal salute was fired. Another link in the history of this little island



PLIOCENE SHELLS FROM DEAD MAN'S ISLAND

that connects it with the history of California.

A tangled growth of weeds on the summit of Dead Man's island makes it hard to distinguish the graves, for only small wooden foot and head boards, weatherbeaten and decayed, mark the graves. I have never been able to count seven of them, but one grave sunken two to three feet down is, I would presume, that of the unknown Englishman. One grave at the northwestern corner still has a number of chalk-white fossil shells mixed with the yellow soil thrown up on either side of it. Almost in the center of the desolate-looking graveyard a United States signal service flag waves in the sea breeze.

The last time I was on Dead Man's island, March, 1897, a companion "paced it," and fifty by one hundred feet proved to be its area.

A few years ago a bed of white fossil

shells (Quaternary) was visible around its summit, but these have been washed down and lodged in the rock-pools at the base of the island. Nearly three hundred species and varieties of fossil shells have been collected on Dead Man's island. Its base is a much older formation than that on its loose. sandy summit. Here, near the base, we find fossil shells of the Pliocene, and possibly Miocene, strata of rocks. To be able to pick up fossil shells while collecting living ones is one of the unique experiences a collector can report from the island. And a few years ago conchologists could cut fossil shells from the soft clayev soil at the bottom of a tide pool! The water would become roiled in tiny clouds as the knife dislodged the soil that formed a clayey matrix around the shell. A number of fine Fusus Barbarensis (Trask), and Fueus corpulentus (Conrad), were thus found embedded in rocks that formed the base of rock pools, the home of numerous living mollusks.

Dead Man's island, Isla de los Muertos, has supplied conchologists with many fossil mollusks now known only to inhabit, in any number, the waters of our northern coast; among these are Chrysodomus tabulatus and Tritonium oregonensis, the last named being especially a Puget Sound and Vancouver Island mollusk. Identified with California in its history and its science, inhabited only by the dead who sleep on on its conical summit, which rises a solitary pile above the roaring ocean breakers, this little vanishing island is something more than a "desolate looking island" on the Pacific coast.

## AN OLD FAN

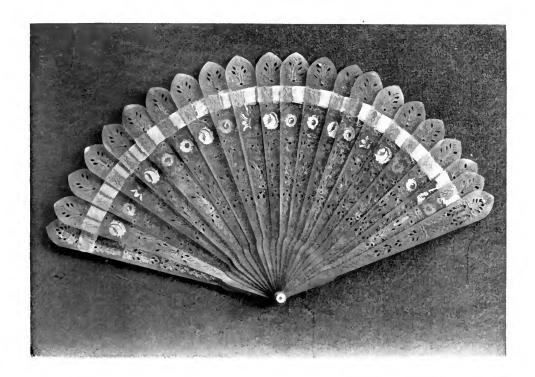
BY ELLA S. HARTNELL

AN AMERICAN gentleman, who was collecting curios and relics in Mexico, visited the picturesque old city of Celaya, which lies in the sunny valley of Laya. While strolling through the streets, he was accosted by an aged Mexican who, with trembling hands, drew from his breast a tin

case blackened and worn by time, opened it, and held up what seemed, at first glance, an ordinary little ivory fan.

"Would el señor buy?"

The keen and practised eye of the curio hunter rested on the little fan, while its owner told a pathetic story of the poverty



that forced him to offer his precious heirloom for bread. It had been in his family for two hundred years, had come down from bride to bride, until it had fallen into the hands of the last of his family, a withered, childish old man whose "poverty, but not his will, consents," and for bread he barters the little fan that held the happy secret of many a bright-eyed daughter of his ancestors.

"Would el señor listen while he told how the fan was made?" the old man asks, the quick tears falling as his faded eyes rest on his treasure in the hands of the American.

A kettle of hot water, and a pair of strong, flexible hands transform a cow horn into a pliable, translucent sheet, full of the creams and browns of mountain agates, with here and there a thread-like vein of vivid, glowing onyx.

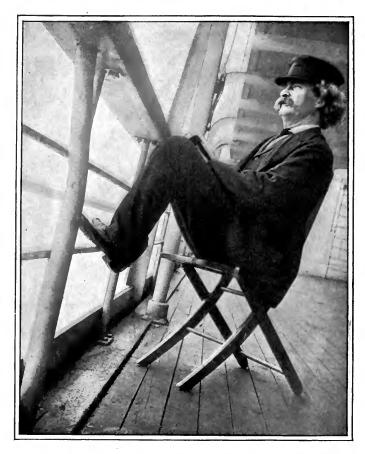
Hour after hour the patient Mexican sits and manipulates the beautiful sheet of horn, holds it up to the light, dips it again and again into the hot water on the smoldering fire near him, pulls, stretches, pats the sheet, now nearing perfection, and presently holds up his work between him and the sun—to find it full of tints as beautiful, to his eyes, as those of an opal from Queretaro.

When he is satisfied with his work, he will cut the sticks for the fan with a knife, then with some sharp-pointed instrument he will carve delicate flowers and vines into each stick.

The sticks are deftly laced, and then comes the crowning glory of his work—the painting, with vegetable juices, of a delicate vine of roses in natural colors across the dainty sticks, with here and there a green coronet, the red and green embodying the national colors of his beloved Mexico. The little satin ribbon lacing the sticks is yellow with age, but the roses hold their glowing colors as bright as when laid on in that far off time.

The rude and time-worn case closes on the little fan, and the trembling old Mexican turns and hurries away. He will break his gold piece at the first *dulceria*, and while munching the *dulces*, for which Celaya is famous, will forget his poverty.

Tomorrow is far away.



From "Following the Equator"

"BE GOOD AND YOU WILL BE LONESOME,"
MARK TWAIN ON THE STEAMER WARRIMOO

## MARK TWAIN AS PROSPECTIVE CLASSIC

BY THEODORE DE LAGUNA

IT IS an anomaly unprecedented in the history of criticism, that Mark Twain should live to receive even a doubtful recognition from the schoolmen of his time. For he has consistently despised prevailing canons of sound taste, and yet has reached the hearts of men. In the eyes of the few, he has been that most contemptible of creatures, a popular scribbler. With talents that might have justified a more select ambition, he has been willing to be popular.

His most enthusiastic admirers have been farthest from suspecting in him the elements of greatness. They can so thoroughly enjoy him without the least sense of intellectual inferiority, that he seems one of their own kind, no better than themselves. His humor is the national humor,—so wild and free and lawless in its adventures, that it seems to the uncultured mind too good to be literature. He writes in the living language, in "modern English," as

he calls it,—the unaffected speech of men in general, the medium of intelligent con-"the common drudge 'tween man versation, and man.'

Those who have enjoyed him most, I repeat, have been the last to suspect him of greatness. The wonder is that within the century anyone should have awakened to the truth. How were we to respect a writer, who accumulates his "and's" like an enthusiastic child, who trails out tag-end prepositions with unconventional freedom; who with exasperating complacency inserts the adverbial modifier between the infinitive and its sign; who says "that much" and "feel badly"? Such practices may be pardonable when committed in the privacy of home; but in literature are they not unclean and repulsive? The educated taste answers in the affirmative. In a language as old as ours, it is inevitable that the diction and idiom of culture should be widely differentiated from common speech and serenely elevated above its coarseness and vulgarity. But Mark Twain has persisted in his attachment to his mother tongue. It is hard for a college-bred man to forgive him.

When we consider that his treatment of language is of a piece with his conduct toward the traditional in general, we may not care to forgive him. For the irreverent Westerner has acted upon the principle, that the only memorial of the past worthy of respect is the inheritance of truth. The shams of the past and of the present are indiscriminately the subjects of his humor. Of all forms of falsehood, that which he has held up to most insulting ridicule is false sentimentality. In an age of effete romanticism, this is likely to hurt decent

peoples' feelings.

His humor, like his language, is common We have rightly called it the national humor; but to some minds, that is little to its credit. A constant feature is the adaptation of popular material. "She resurrected nothing but the cat," has been criticised as brutal violence perpetrated upon a word that is hallowed by a sacred connota-We shall not deny the justice of the criticism; but Mark Twain is not to blame. He used the word as he found it. the Western mother dives into an ancient clothes-chest and brings to the surface a faded relic of former years, - "resurrected" is the very word she uses and relishes. It is a piece of popular whimsicality like a thousand others that mold the vocabulary of a nation, and which are the national humorist's crude material.

It has for centuries been a commonplace of criticism, that laughter is equally degrading to the laughable object and to the man who laughs. That there could be innocent humor has been a childish supersti-But Mark Twain very evidently supposes that his humor degrades neither himself, nor his readers, nor, necessarily, the subject of his discourse. Chaucer, as we remember, assigned to himself the unappreciated Tale of Sir Thopas — satirized the romantic craft in his own person. There was an assumption of moral greatness in this, which later Englishmen have not attempted to imitate. But with Mark Twain. self-satire is so frequent an artifice as altogether to escape comment.

We have observed that "innocent humor" is a contradiction in terms. We might go farther and demonstrate upon infallible premises that the æsthetic worth of humor is strictly limited by its coarseness; not that the two are necessarily commensurate, but that the degree of coarseness measures the possibilities of humor. From this it would appear, that for the noblest humorous effects, sensual impurity is necessary. The science of rhetoric asserts no more certain principle; and no rhetorical law has been more carefully respected by genius of all times and nations. How then were we to recognize greatness in a humorist, whose writings contain not one unwholesome word

or thought or suggestion?

It was a bitter commentary upon our narrow-mindedness, that Mark Twain should have conceived it necessary or advisable to publish his Personal Memoirs of Joan of Arc anonymously. He had been marked, apparently forever, as the "prince of funny men," and from such a character we could not be expected to tolerate so noble a romance — until, indeed, it had won its own fair fame. Just so, in the careless judgments passed upon his earlier works, the general conception of the American humorist had swallowed up all due appreciation of his magnificent abilities in serious

The charm of a few of his word pictures has at times been casually noticed. But he has never been celebrated for their worth.

Yet scattered through his miscellaneous writings are not a few of the most sublime or beautiful natural descriptions in our literature. If we could name our favorite among them all, we might choose from Tom Sawyer an account of the wakening of nature, as the little runaway beheld it in the dawning of his first day of freedom,—a piece of exquisite simplicity and loveliness. Human scenes are pictured no less effectively. In The Gilded Age, the paragraphs upon the death of Laura Hawkins bear many signs of our author's technic; and they contain a description which is among the glories of American literature. Let us repeat the concluding sentences:—

When the spring morning dawned, the form still sat there, the elbows resting upon the table and the face upon the hands. All day long the figure sat there, the sunshine enriching its costly raiment and flashing from its jewels; twilight came, and presently the stars, but still the figure remained; the moon found it there still, and framed the picture with the shadow of the window sash, and flooded it with mellow light; by and by the darkness swallowed it up, and later the gray dawn revealed it again, and still the forlorn presence was undisturbed.

Mark Twain has not been generally acknowledged a narrative writer of the first ability. In the briefest form of narrative, the anecdote, he has, indeed, known few rivals; perhaps he may be said to have perfected the American variety as a literary type. But his powers of sustained narration have been seriously questioned. the books of travel, nothing is sustained. And it has been unreservedly declared that in every one of his works where a plot is necessary, the plot is a failure. But the author of this criticism has evidently a narrow view of the possible merits of plot-con-Mark Twain is assuredly not a struction. novelist, and few would wish him one. He is a story-teller; let him be judged as such. Now it is commonly a high merit in a story to make the episode or incident an immediate object of pleasurable interest, not inferior to the narrative as a whole. proof of this recall the story of Aladdin, which must certainly take rank among the world's best half dozen, — or almost any one of Chaucer's tales, or Robinson Crusoe, or Tom Sawyer. In a pure story, the distinctly climacteric development of one dominant idea is a fault. As Mr. Lounsbury has pointed out in his Studies of Chaucer, the peculiar charm lies in the even distribution of inter-

Story-telling is the simplest form of literary art, but not in the sense of being the least difficult. The curious history of Pudd'n' head Wilson and Those Extraordinary Twins well illustrates the difficulty of combining in one whole a host of equally interesting details. Huckleberry Finn certainly lacks artistic unity - not because almost any one of the episodes is in itself of equal esthetic worth with the fortunes of the vagabond hero; but because it is a poor sequel and the connective tissue is flabby. Tom Sawyer is almost beyond criticism. In general, Mark Twain's plots appear to be excellent in their kind. tails are everywhere effectively presented, and they are not too diverse to be unified by the bonds of American humor.

Still less has he won distinction as a stylist, a master of the effects of tone and rhythm. In the might of his occasional eloquence, he shows a strength that cannot be denied, but his average style is said to have done more for the debasing of the English language than any other recent influence. It is the old story of the return to nature - or barbarism; it matters not which. It is a return to the living source of all inspiration and power,—the genius of the spoken language. Historically — as we believe - Mark Twain's style is of infinite import. Æsthetically, it has been seriously undervalued. Quite unpretentious, it is none the less admirably adapted to its peculiar content. "The strangling hero sprang up with a relieving snort," is no less a master-stroke than this (from a descriptive passage before mentioned): "It was the cool gray dawn, and there was a delicious sense of repose and peace in the deep pervading calm and silence of the woods." This quality of "harmony," as the rhetoricians call it, was once held to be the rare and distinguishing charm of the highest literary genius. Latterly it has fallen into less repute, as a Popish artificiality. With Mark Twain, the charm is unaffected, unostentatious, and irresistible.

Like several other writers of this century, he has given to the world one great character,—his own. How great the world has lately learned. It has been wisely said that no mere humorist can be great, even as a humorist; but it seems hard to believe that the intended victim of the aphorism was Mark Twain. Perhaps the critic's

knowledge of our author was limited to a very few pages of Innocents Abroad. Surely he had never read The Prince and the

Pauper or Tom Sawyer.

But perhaps he had read the latter; for it has met with some strange misappreciation. When that young scamp is brought face to face with darkness, loneliness, horror, agony, and death, with a timid, helpless child clinging to him alone for comfort in her utter despair,—his thoughtfulness, his patient kindness, his boyish soul's long-suffering endurance, must—it would seem—suffice to distinguish him from "the thousands which anyone familiar with the commercial industry of writing books for boys can name only too readily." We quote the words with a certain pleasure.

Huck is evidently the prose, as Tom is the poetry, of Mark Twain's younger self,—and no less a genuinely heroic spirit. "The widow's been good friends to me sometimes, and I want to tell," has long been to us the typical utterance of a stirring manliness.

"The world," said a distinguished professor of literature, "should be thankful for Mark Twain." Could words better suggest the way in which the man and his books have been taken for granted? He has not taken himself for granted, but has striven toward ideals of his own clear judgment. And it is far from a misfortune, that the people have always so received him. No better foundation could be laid for an edifice of enduring fame, than such a popularity.

### **HESPERIDES**

OUR fathers, in the olden time, Through hopes and fears, on unknown seas Sailed evermore from clime to clime, In search of the Hesperides.

Far off, within the silent West,
With troubled waters rolled between,
The gardens of eternal rest,—
A dream of Paradise,—were seen.

The golden apples, now, as then,
By dragons guarded with such care,
Seem better to the sons of men,
Than orchards nearer home can bear.

"Somewhere, beyond the sunset seas,"
Our helpless human natures cry,
"The islands of unending ease
And never ceasing summer lie."

The routes we choose, the charts we use,
Are various as our varied ships:
And ever, as the stars we lose
In some Euroclydon eclipse,

Our feeble hearts within us fail,
And we grow weary of our lot,
As through the dark we drift, and hail
The longed-for Heavenly Harbor, not.

O, fellow voyager! to whom

The land seems far, the billows cold,
We may not, without pain, presume
To pluck the fabled fruit of gold.

With patience working, let us take, In reverent faith and childlike trust, The winds of God as they may break About our little lives of dust.

Our ships will reach full soon a shore, Close-sheltered from the surging seas, Where Doubt and Danger guard no more The groves of the Hesperides.

# HEREDITARY PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

ITHIN the past few years there has been a remarkable movement in the United States which has resulted in the formation of many patriotic hereditary societies of large memp, with chapters in every State of Hinjon. Those only are eligible to

ship, with chapters in every State of the Union. Those only are eligible to membership who can prove their descent from an ancestor of Colonial or Revolutionary times; from an officer, or soldier, or seaman, of the various wars; from a pilgrim in the Mayflower; an early Huguenot immigrant, etc. These societies bring men (and women) of like traditions together, and organize them in an effective way for action. The action contemplated is patriotic, never religious or related to party politics. The general society from its headquarters issues charters to branch societies in the different States and Territories. Each State society forms an organized group of persons well known to each other, by name at least, and often personally. Certain of the societies have been very active in preserving old monuments, buildings, landmarks, and historical documents; or in erecting tablets and monuments at historic places; or in marking the sites of the battles or the graves of Revolutionary soldiers. Others have founded prizes to be given annually to school children for essays on events in American history. Others, again, formally celebrate the nation's anniversaries. them foster patriotism, historical research, and teach organizations the sinking of individual desire in a common loyalty.

There are probably too many such organizations at present, and more are forming. The weaker societies will, however, die; and those that remain will represent some real desire of their members. The exact significance of this remarkable movement—this return to heredity from individualism—is not yet apparent. Some of its results are already obvious. Thousands of persons in sympathy with each other have been organized. If their collective action is needed it can be commanded. In the

case of a foreign war, for example, the centers for defense, for hospital service, etc., are already in existence. The path of a military dictator in the United States would never have been strewn with roses; but the existence of such societies organizes the effective distribution of thorns. The larger affairs of our States and cities will undoubtedly be greatly influenced by the union of good citizens, of like traditions (and these excellent), for common and unselfish ends. Finally, the educative power of such unions where, as has been said, loyalty to an abstraction is cultivated and individualistic aims are discouraged is immensely important to our development as a nation. It supplies exactly what was needed by the country at large and more especially by its younger and cruder portions.

In what follows a short list of some of these societies is given. It is to be remembered that many of them count their membership by thousands. A note directed to any of the secretaries-general (whose addresses are given) will bring printed circulars in return which give more detailed information than can be printed here. It is worth while for every citizen who is eligible to make inquiries, at least; and to determine whether it is not desirable to join at least one of these organizations.

Each of these societies has a seal (and often a flag) for the general society, as well as seals for the separate State chapters. A diploma is given to members; and each member has a right to wear the badge suspended from a ribbon of the society's colors. A rosette of the colors may be worn at the button-hole. The right to such insignia has been protected in many States by law; and the United States has authorized its officers and soldiers to wear the badges of the military and naval orders. It is sometimes flippantly said that the right to wear such insignia is the sole motive for joining the societies. This judgment is

<sup>1</sup>The Greek-letter fraternities of colleges could also be utilized in this way.

too superficial. The greatest satisfactions of mankind are found in joint action for unselfish ends. In their special way these organizations foster a common effort for ends that are felt to be thoroughly worthy.

As the entrance to the societies is through descent from some ancestor, genealogy has been powerfully stimulated and thousands of family records have been examined and summarized. Our Colonial and Revolutionary history has been studied in its details, which is the only way fully to realize it. The men of today have been connected with Colonial or Revolutionary times. The children of the coming century will find their ancestral records all prepared for them and they will be face to face with high standards of duty and effort.

A few of these societies are very exclusive, requiring high social standing of their members, as well as eligibility on grounds of ancestry. The complaint has been raised that such societies are too aristocratic for a Republic. The same charge might lie against many exclusive social or literary clubs. Such clubs and such societies often perform a very useful part. If they do not meet an actual want they will most assuredly die. If their pretensions are too great they will be laughed out of existence. The world is wide. There is room for all. Let us allow full scope to all individualities.

A list of a few of the leading patriotic hereditary societies follows. There are many others beside those that are here named:—

The Society of Colonial Wars (instituted 1892) is open to the lineal male descendants of civil or military officers, or of soldiers, who served the colonies between 1607 and 1775. The address of the Secretarygeneral is 4 Warren st., New York City.

The Society of American Wars (founded

1897) includes the lineal male descendants of soldiers or civil officers from 1607 to 1783, and of officers of later wars. The Recorder's address is 500 8th st., South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Order of the Founders and Patriots of America (founded 1896) is open to any male citizen who is lineally descended in the male line of either parent from an ancestor who settled in the Colonies between 1607 and 1657 and whose intermediate ancestor was loyal to the Colonies during the Revolution. Secretary-general's address: 101 West 89th st., New York City.

The Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States, (instituted 1894) is composed of officers who have served in such wars, and of their lineal male descendants. Secretary-general's address: 478 Classon ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Sons of the American Revolution (instituted 1875) must prove their descent from a Revolutionary ancestor.

The Sons of the Revolution (1876) are organized on the same basis. It is expected that these two large societies will soon be consolidated.

Secretary-general S. A. R.: 143 Chestnut street, Newark, New Jersey.

Secretary-general S. R.: 146 Broadway, New York City.

The Society of Colonial Dames of America (1891) is composed of women descended from an ancestor who held an office of importance in the Colonies previous to 1750.

The address of the Secretary-general is 825 St. Paul street, Baltimore.

There are various other societies for women, of which the most important are: Daughters of the American Revolution (1890) (1710 I street, Washington, D. C.) and Daughters of the Revolution (1891) (128 West 59th street, New York City.





## THE WHISPERING GALLERY

### BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop; Others may be spoken by the fireside; Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

THERE is an old but ever entertaining story of a young farmer's wife who was apparently more interested in her dairying enterprise than in the ideal perfection of her conjugal relations. She was accustomed to fill the churn with cream and set it out in a convenient spot, where her athletic husband, before going to his regular daily labor, supplied the necessary physical power to bring the butter. But one day he felt as if this were a little more than he really ought to do, since his own appropriate work on the farm was quite enough for his time and his strength. So he took no notice of the churn, walked right by it as if it did not exist, and passed out into the field. But he was very fond of his wife, and his conscience troubled him all day. When he returned to the house, there stood the churn in the identical spot where he had left it. He could not ignore it again if he had wanted to; and he quietly walked up to it and began churning as if that were the appointed hour for the work and no other ever had been thought of. He churned and he churned, but the butter seemed unusually slow in coming that day. And he churned, and churned, and churned; but still nothing solid opposed the dasher and suggested an end of labor. This was no occasion to be impatient; on the contrary, the peculiar circumstances called for calm resolution and untiring energy. Therefore the churning went on with the steady thump of a marine engine. At length, when at least thrice the usual duration of time had elapsed for the operation, his wife said quietly: "Elias, don't you think you have churned that buttermilk long enough?" She had herself done the churning after he left the house in the morning, and had taken out the butter and left the churn standing to catch him in just this way - for she knew the softness of his heart and how to take advantage of it.

The story as usually told applauds the wit of the young wife, and assumes that thereafter the husband did the churning without a break and without a murmur. But every victory must answer the question whether it is worth what it costs; and this one, by a little train of thought, leads directly to a subject of vital importance to all whose highest contentment is expected to come through the usual domestic channels.

My friend Elacott, when we were discussing this theme one summer evening as we sat in the Arbor of Abstraction, while his friend Miss Ravaline poured us a cup of tea,

unreeled the whole plummet-line of his philosophy and went very deeply into the subject.

I must make a break here and tell you of the Arbor of Abstractions. It belongs to Miss Ravaline. Her father's house is surrounded by extensive grounds, which are profusely adorned with flowers and shrubbery, and among the trees are at least twenty that were a part of the original forest. A portion of the ground slopes gently till it reaches the edge of a bluff that borders the lake, where a low stone wall serves as a parapet. Here, under the branches of a great chestnut tree, stands a summer-house of original design — I say original because it has not the shape of a Chinese teapot. I know of nothing more romantic than to sit there in a summer evening and listen to the rustle of the leaves and the ripple of the water, while the moon is rising from the opposite shore. I have not the privilege of going there except when Elacott is with me; how much he goes there at other times, I do not know.

This summer-house Miss Ravaline has dedicated to the freest possible inquiry and discussion, and hence she has named it the Arbor of Abstraction. She might have written over the door: Who enters here leaves all traublesome facts behind. "Within the magic circle of this floor," said she, in explanation, "all postulates are unpostulated; all experience may be discredited; you need not admit that the attraction of gravitation attracts, or that a triangle has three sides; you may revile the equator to your heart's content, and solidify your fancies like a frozen fountain; here, so far as logic is concerned, all things may come round quickly to him who has not patience to wait; and here Sisera may conquer the stars."

Elacott undertook to prove seriatim the ease of these apparently impossible feats, and began with the triangle. "I do not see," said he, "why I should ever admit that a triangle has but three sides, when I know it has five." "How is that?" said I. "First," said he, "there are the three that the mathematicians recognize, and then there are the inside and the outside, making five sides in all." Miss Ravaline rebuked his flippancy by telling him that the sacred arbor had been dedicated to a better purpose than mere playing upon words, and if that was the extent of his intellectual exertion he might sit at the window and see the silent moon rise, while she and I would conduct the conversation with some regard to serious philosophy.

As I was saying, we were having a symposium in the Arbor of Abstraction when the buttermilk story was told incidentally, and Elacott, not choosing to finish with the smile that generally constitutes the colophon of similar tales, took a serious view of it and proceeded to point out its moral bearings.

"It appears to me," said he, "that it is a mistake for either spouse ever to do or say anything that, even for a moment, humiliates the other. It may be a satisfaction for a time, and may even teach a salutary lesson; but in the long run it must cost more than it comes to."

"I can't pretend to know anything about it," said I, "but from what the experienced ones have said so often about the kiss-and-make-up sequel, I should not suppose that there was likely to be any permanent harm."

"There are cements," said Elacott, "which will mend your broken china so strongly that it will break in a new place rather than on the old line. But do you want your china seamed and scarred by breakages, even if you can mend them thus?"

Illustrations are not always arguments, but this one struck me as being very nearly conclusive. Not so with Miss Ravaline.

"When you speak of the long run," said she, "you don't make it long enough. You think only of the life of one married pair."

"It appears to me," said Elacott, "that earthly happiness begins afresh each time with the life of a married pair, and ends with their career,—at least, it ought to be so,—and when we have considered this, we have considered the longest run there is. A trick like that in the story we are discussing will always amuse the neighbors, and for this reason it must be credited with adding a little to the sum of human happiness. But in the mind of the victim the memory of it is a perpetual scar,—small, perhaps, but still a scar,—and I venture to say that woman never again could have the absolute respect for her husband that it is to be presumed she had when she married him. She sees the scar as plainly as he feels it. Say what we will about the necessity of bearing in mind that all mortals are faulty, we fall short of our full privileges if we do not have at least one to whom the rough old rule seems not to apply. And when we prove it otherwise, and mark the proof with a durable monument, we have lost something that we never shall regain."

"You argue very forcibly," answered Miss Ravaline, "but I still think your long run is not long enough. You must consider that the institution of marriage has not always been what it is now — to say nothing of the fact that it is not yet ideally perfect. You must look back over history, consider the race as a whole, and think of the humiliations of women — not individual merely, but systematic and widespread. There is no way to get rid of those scars, is there? Then the only means of securing anything like the equality that should exist is, to produce corresponding scars on the dignity of men. For my part, I think that if the reprisals are no more savage than that of the dairy incident, the women may be credited with remarkable forbearance."

"I suspect you are a Woman-Suffragist," said Elacott, musingly; and then he added: "It would be useless to ignore the fact of woman's humiliations in the past, and even at present in some half-civilized countries; but we who belong to the more enlightened nations have a right to present as an offset the chivalrous way in which she is now treated, — over-chivalrous, I almost think sometimes. So I hold firmly to the principle that I first stated, whether it be illustrated by the churn story, or by one more trivial, or one more important. And I would have it carried out to the utmost. I would have neither spouse ever dispute or criticise the other, even in the smallest particular, in the presence of other persons. If they have any differences, they should discuss them in private. I even think that the principle should be carried still farther, and in some respects be applied to persons who are not married. For instance, I have observed that our American girls appear to have imbibed a little too much of the glorious spirit of liberty."

Miss Ravaline held up her hands in deprecation.

"It is true," he continued. "For they habitually forget what is due to an escort. They do not appear to know that when they accept a gentleman's escort and put themselves under his protection, they are bound at the same time to put themselves under his orders, on the principle that there must not be responsibility without corresponding authority. Take a simple instance: When a lady is escorted by a gentleman to a public entertainment, or into a railway train, she should accept, without cavil or hesitation, whatever seat he chooses for her, no matter whether it pleases her or not. How often does she do this? Have you ever watched the people coming into a lecture-hall or into a car? A lady follows her escort into the train. Knowing that there is likely to be a rush for seats, and that the seats are all about alike, he chooses the first unoccupied one

he comes to, and offers it to her. Does she take it? O, no! She sees one near the farther end of the car, which she imagines is vastly better. So they push forward; but, before they reach it, it is taken by passengers coming in at the other door. Then they turn back, but the seat the lady refused has now been taken. Then she puts on a help-less look that seems to say, 'See how wretchedly I am escorted!' I always pity the man. And then the task of taking ladies across a crowded street where the passage is dangerous. I pray to be delivered from that. If there is but one, I can generally manage her by taking her arm and exerting just enough force to indicate that I am determined to have her go as I guide her. But if there are two or more, they first get as far apart as possible, and then make it a point never to go simultaneously in the same direction, one changing her mind and going backward, while another goes rapidly forward, and a third stands still and looks both ways."

"But suppose the escort proves to be incompetent," said Miss Ravaline, "would you have a lady make a Casabianca of herself?"

"Of course not," said Elacott; "but if she follows his directions he will seldom prove incompetent to a degree that involves any bodily danger. If he exhibits bad taste or lack of judgment, her remedy lies in her privilege of declining his escort next time."

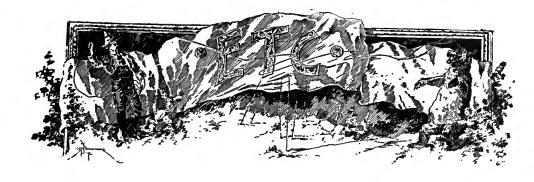
At this point the appearance of a boat-load of visitors crossing the lake broke off the conversation. But the story that started the discussion was fixed in my memory, and as my mind is unfortunately strong on curious analogies—sometimes to a trouble-some degree—I frequently discover a new application for it. I seldom visit a post-office without thinking of it; for while I am getting my supply of stamps at the little window, I hear a steady rat-tat, rat-tat inside, and I say to myself, "Uncle Sam is churning buttermilk."

There was a time, within the memory of living men, when the postage on letters in the United States was different for different distances. About the year 1851 it was reduced to three cents and made uniform for all distances. Up to that time, too, prepayment was not compulsory. When the postage on a letter was five, ten, or twenty-five cents, payable at either end of the route, the Government shrewdly calculated that many letters would be sent, and the revenues thereby increased, which never would be written if prepayment were required. Hence it was necessary that the post-master at the office of delivery should know whence the letter had come, in order that he might know how much postage to collect; and hence the importance of the post-mark. But, with the adoption of a uniform rate, prepaid, and with the invention of return envelopes, all necessity for a post-mark passed away. Yet, instead of discarding the thing, — which is often worse than useless, in that it obliterates a part of the superscription,— our Government has been constantly elaborating it. Not only must the title of the receiving-office be stamped on the face, but the letter cannot be given to its owner until the delivering office has put another post-mark on the back. In the little town where I spend my vaca-

tions, we summer boarders all go to the post-office in the evening. We see the heavy mail-bags carried into the sacred enclosure, and the door locked. Then, instead of distributing the letters at once into the boxes, and letting us have them promptly, the post-master is obliged to keep us waiting while he plays the rat-tat, rat-tat, on every one of them — and to what purpose? In order that when finally he hands me out the missive I have been anxiously expecting, I may turn it over and find on the back the information that I have received it at Underbrush Post-Office, at 8 p. m. Aug. 23! As if I did not already know that, and as if it could be of the slightest consequence that it should be printed on an envelope that is to be immediately torn open and thrown away. It costs the Government tens of thousands of dollars every year to put these useless blotches upon our letters.

Perhaps you will say that sometimes a post-mark may be an important piece of evidence in a lawsuit. Suppose that to be true — is it incumbent upon the Government to incur this expense for the chance of occasionally furnishing a bit of evidence? But it is not true. Before the invention and general use of envelopes, letters were written on a large sheet, the fourth page being left blank to form the outside and receive the superscription after the letter was folded. Children in school were regularly taught how to fold a letter properly. In those days, the post-mark necessarily became an integral part of the letter, and was conclusive evidence as to the date and place of posting. But now the post-mark only proves — if it is legible, as oftentimes it is not — that the envelope passed through the mail at such a time; it does not prove, and never can prove, what letter was in the envelope when it was posted; and hence it has absolutely no value as evidence. In the larger post-offices the hand-stamp has been superseded by a steamdriven machine, for the use of which we are presumably paying a royalty. But, whether by the old method or by the new, the rat-tat, rat-tat, goes on day and night, all over the country, and thus our dear old Uncle Sam is churning buttermilk. Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the yellow journals of Askelon.





### The Overland's Friends

THE OVERLAND has had, and is every day receiving, from all over the country, letters that are so encouraging and sympathetic that it feels its list, not of mere acquaintances, but of actual

friends, growing in a way to delight a heart far colder than one warmed by a California sun. From Oregon to Nova Scotia, from Maine to Texas, come missives bearing good cheer and words of encouragement and friendliness. It would be difficult for us to say which are the most fortifying—the letters from big, bustling, self-sufficient New York, one of whose most prominent publishers writes:—

Having just finished a careful perusal of the OVER-LAND for March, I want to congratulate you on an admirable number, both in its substance and in its whole get up. My wife says, "I have skimmed over—'s in five minutes, now I am going to read the OVERLAND," etc.,—

or the heartfelt outpourings of a ranch home miles away from neighbors, as follows:—

I no sooner finish one copy of the OVERLAND than I count the days for the next to come. You know our life so well that it is like having a dear friend come and make us a nice visit, and tell us not only about the outside world but about others like ourselves who are struggling in life's battle, occasionally yielding to sad defeat, but more often arising to fight another day with victory more than probable at the end.

After all, this is really what the OVERLAND wants to do. It is very comforting to be told that in the rush of city life, amid the vast multitude of literatures of all sorts, a busy society woman, after skimming through another magazine, is actually interested enough to read the OVERLAND. But it is among the men and women whose lives are spent far from "Society" with a big S that we hope to create for ourselves a niche; and therefore it is most gratifying to hear from overworked business men, from school teachers, from farmers and farmers' wives, from miners and ranchers, from all sorts and conditions of men and women, that the OVERLAND brings into their lives something that no other magazine quite does.

We have no rivals, for we do not wish to rival any other publication; and it takes two to make rivals as well as quarrels. Other magazines bring what we do not, and we flatter ourselves that we bring a mite which the others do not; and there is room for all.

There are many things in the United States that the whole country should be proud of. Little jealousies are common to older civilizations than ours. Even the little Channel islands profess scorn for each other; but woe betide the outsider who dares to sneer at any of them in presence of other natives. And so it is with this nation of many States. The rivalry of San Francisco and Los Angeles originated in the grit that has made the growth of the Golden State phenomenal. The whole country is proud of California, just as it is proud of its Pilgrim fathers, of its Southern breeding, of its Western pluck, of its Boston library, of its Washington Capitol. New York and Chicago, perhaps, would not acknowledge that their rivalry has helped both, but it is true nevertheless; and while an Easterner may make occasional jests over California's "distance from anywhere," he becomes more boastful than any of us when proclaiming to a group of Europeans the superiority of California over the Riviera. So it is that the whole country is proud of California, and the OVERLAND is proud of having been identified with the Golden State for thirty years. And as the whole country grows not only in size, but in one-ness, so to speak, the OVERLAND wants to grow deep into the hearts of its people. If any of its readers have suggestions to make concerning what they would like it to do in any particular, such suggestions will always be welcomed, and where possible, acted upon. To those who have never been fortunate enough to know the Pacific coast, we want to bring a vivid picture of To those who have been forced to leave it, we will bring a whiff of the balsamic air which gave them health. To those who are here we hope to be always, as our correspondent graphically puts it, "a dear friend who comes to make nice visits." And if in making these visits the OVERLAND persists in not talking about what you want to hear, just drop it a line to that effect. Conversation is always more

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### Commercial Value of Chemistry

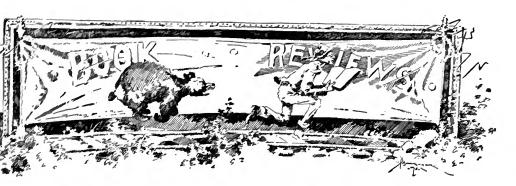
GREAT men make great institutions but neither a man nor an institution can remain great when it remains provincial. The universities of California by reason of their isolation, should offer

re frequent opportunities for the professors to visit er institutions and receive inspiration and knowlge from contact with famous and experienced men. tead the calls have been made from great instituas in the East and abroad, inviting our professors to ne and visit them or to come and remain with them. A propos Professor Willard B. Rising, Dean of the lege of Chemistry of the University of California received the honor of an appointment as member the American Committee for the third International igress of Applied Chemistry, to be held in Vienna t July. The American Committee consists of fifn leading scientists. Professor W. C. Atwater, Peter T. Austen, Professor C. F. Chandler, Dr. H. Davenport, Dr. C. A. Doremus, Dr. W. L. Dudley, William McMurtrie, Professor C. E. Munroe, Proor A. A. Noyes, Dr. T. B. Osborne, Professor Ira asen, Professor Edgar F. Smith, Professor F. G. ichmann and Dr. Francis Wyatt. Professor Rising he only one from this Coast. At the Columbian osition at Chicago the most famous chemists of

the world gathered to form the International Association of Applied Chemistry. Dr. Rising was a judge of the chemical exhibit and one of the organizers of the Association.

It is well to realize of what importance this Congress may be to the American Committee. The chemical industries have scarcely been introduced in the United States. We import most of our chemicals. The enormous dividends paid by the companies in Europe, - dividends averaging ten per cent, -- proves that it is only ignorance that keeps us from taking hold of these great opportunities for wealth. The United Alkali Company of England has a capital of forty-five million dollars and paid in 1893 a dividend of seven per cent on that sum. We have raw material in abundance. The coal tar we run into the bay as worthless material would be turned into magnificent dyes in the great chemical works in Germany. There in 1860 they began laboratory building. As the result of chemical training, the students so trained have helped to build up industries in Germany which furnish employment to one hundred thousand workmen and earn one hundred million dollars of profit for the employers.

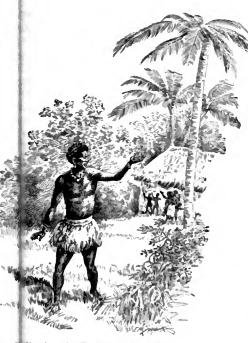
Americans should be given the opportunity of studying these vast enterprises. The students should be trained in the use of new apparatus, and reagents. The attention of the world should be drawn to the opportunity which America presents for the chemical industries, and we look to the chemists of our country to do this.



### Following the Equator in Zigzag

HAPPY and interesting jumble is this last book of t Twain's. It is like a lucky-bag at a fair. In igzag journey around the world, the humorist has a a collection of odds and ends of fun, philosophy, fantastic description, such as has never been

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om "bllowing the Equator," page 84 THE KANAKA'S DEPARTURE

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Whall be a day behindhand, all through eternity; we all always be saying to the other angels, "Fine day, day," and they will be always retorting, "But

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Of course our observant wayfarer was struck with the absurd veneering of civilization which missionaries lay on the heathen as an outward and visible token of the inward and spiritual grace which baptism confers. Hear him:--

The whites always mean well when they take human fish out of the ocean and try to make them dry and warm and happy and comfortable in a chicken-coop; but the kindest-hearted white man can always be dedended on to prove himself inadequate when he deals with savages. He cannot turn the situation around and imagine how he would like it to have a well-meaning savage transfer him from his house and his church and his clothes and his books and his choice food to a hideous wilderness of sand and rocks and snow, and ice and sleet and storm and blistering sun, with no shelter, no bed, no covering for his and his family's naked bodies, and nothing to eat but snakes and grubs and offal. This would be a hell to him; and if he had any wisdom he would know that his own civilization is a hell to the savage - but he has n't any, and has never had any; and for lack of it he shut up those poor natives in the unimaginable perdition of his civ-



From "Following the Equator," page 327

SO LIKE THE PRINCE.

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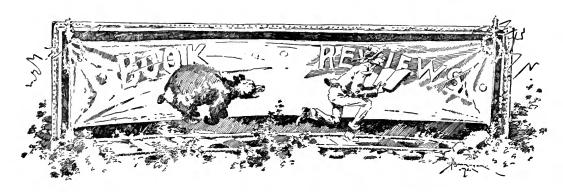
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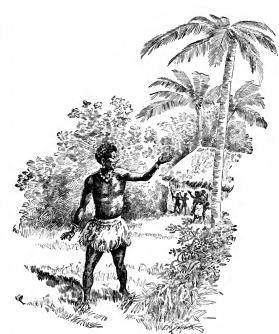
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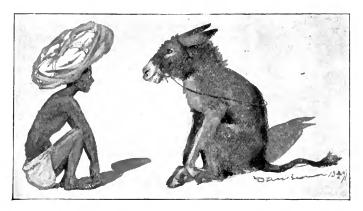
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From "Following the Equator," page 327

SO LIKE THE PRINCE.



From "Following the Equator," page 493
CONSIDERING THE MATTER

ilization, committing his crime with the very best intentions, and saw those poor creatures waste away under his tortures; and he gazed at it, vaguely troubled and sorrowful, and wondered what could be the matter with them.

Just then, into this dream of fairyland and paradise a grating dissonance was injected. Out of the missionary school came marching two and two, sixteen prim and pious little Christian black girls, Europeanly clothed—dressed, to the last detail, as they would have been dressed on a summer Sunday in an English or American village Those clothes—0, they were unspeakably ugly! Ugly, barbarous, destitute of taste, destitute of grace, repulsive as a shroud. I looked at my women-folk's clothes—just full-grown duplicates of the outrages disguising those poor little abused creatures—and was ashamed to be seen in the street with them. Then I looked at my own clothes, and was ashamed to be seen in the street with myself.

The sense of humor is certainly a sixth sense with Twain; and it has given him perception of a fourth dimension. Ordinarily, mortals have to content themselves with three aspects of a thing; but Twain has a point of view which reveals a dimension which is neither width, breadth, nor thickness. Examples are plentiful enough in this book:—

"How did you get your English?" he asks his Hindu servant. "Is it an acquirement or just a gift of God?"

This is the Twainry of the thing — the fourth dimension.

The Hindu's answer is also worth quoting:-

"Yes, he very good. Christian God very good, Hindu god very good too. Two million Hindu god, one Christian God—make two million and one. All mine; two million and one god. I got a plenty. Sometime I pray all time at those, keep it up, go all time every day; give something at shrine, all good for me, make me better man; good for me, good for my family, dam good."

The illustrations are in keeping with the text, and

sometimes even exceed it in ludicrous extravagance. The one depicting how the mate's shadow froze to the deck is excruciatingly funny. The book is in every way worthy of the great reputation of its author. It is kindly where critical, just where judicial, original where humorous, and through it all runs a vein of profound wisdom. The captions to the chapters are from Pudd'n'head epigrams Wilson's Calendar, such as the following:-

Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.

Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of humor itself is not joy but

sorrow. There is no humor in heaven.

Wrinkles should merely indicate where the smiles have been.

Grief can take care of itself; but to get full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.

### How to Study Shakespeare

One of the new books which will appear this spring is How to Study Shakespeare. It will be published by the Doubleday and McClure Company, New York. The author, Mr. William H. Fleming, is the author of "A Bibliography of the First Folios," and of numerous magazine articles on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Construction." He is also the editor of "Much Ado About Nothing," first and second "Henry IV," Bankside edition.

The book is intended! for teachers, students, and reading clubs.

It consists of a series of studies of the principal plays. Each study is divided into five parts. The first treats of The Source of the Plot. On this subject Mr. Fleming, in the preface, says:—

The masterpieces of literature are not the product of a single age or of one people. They are not insulated or isolated. Ideas, like nations, migrate. Between each masterpiece and the literature of other ages and other nations there is a connection, which, while subtle and often invisible, is none the less real and vital. This is true of the Shakespeare plays.

Shakespeare did not invent the subjects of his dramas. He selected them from histories, stories, ballads, old plays, poems of both ancient and modern literature. These crude materials he transformed and recreated into the greatest body of literature in the world. In order to form a critical judgment of that literature, and of Shakespeare's technique as a dramatic artist, it is necessary that the student should be

<sup>1</sup>How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Company: 1898. familiar with those histories, stories, ballads, old plays, and poems, which constitute the source of his plots. The first chapter of each study is devoted to a consideration of this subject.

The other chapters consist respectively of: Explanatory Notes, A Table of Acts and Scenes in which each Character appears, Questions, Collateral Reading.

Mr. Fleming at the conclusion of the Preface says:-

The successful teacher is not the one who imparts the most knowledge, but the one who enthuses the student and compels him to think. The book of greatest and most enduring value is not that which contains the most learning, but that which is most like Isabella's conversation, of which Angelo says:—

"She speaks, and 't is Such sense, that my sense breeds with it."

I have endeavored to make this book not only interpretative and illuminative but also stimulating and suggestive.

The introduction has been written by Doctor Rolfe, whose edition of Shakespeare is the best of the popular editions.

The concluding paragraph of that introduction is:-

I need not add suggestions for the use of Mr. Flemings's book in Shakespeare clubs. It cannot fail to be helpful in many ways that will be obvious upon even a casual inspection. While it does not supersede annotated editions of the plays with which it deals, it will be a valuable supplement to them; and for those who are not so fortunate as to possess them it will go far towards supplying the deficiency. So far as I am aware, it is the only book published in America which is specially intended for use in Shakespeare clubs; and I know of but one such manual in England (perhaps now out of print), which is by no means so well suited to the needs of the average club and is considerably more expensive.

### Putnam's Encyclopedia of Sport1

It is a revelation to dip into the first volume of the great work on sport which the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire is editing for the Putnams. Here are no less than two hundred richly illustrated articles on every kind of sport sporting accessory, or game, to be found within the first half of the alphabet. Everything that one can think of in connection with sport, and scores of things that nobody but an Englishman would think of, are here treated with an earnestness which even the Britannica cannot surpass. Most of us realize the fitness of including in an encyclopedia of sport such subjects as angling, athletics, boxing, broad-sword, coursing, canoeing, cycling, deerstalking, hunting, lacrosse, etc., etc.; and we might recognize the appropriateness of first-aid to wounded, weight-

<sup>1</sup>The Encyclopedia of Sport. Vol. I. Edited by The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1898. Price \$10.

putting, bird-nesting, bull-fighting, or camping out. But who would think of connecting sport with aard-vark, burrel, gayal, or knurr and spell? Did anybody ever before think of a koodoo as a pastime, or seek to pass an hour with a lazo, or a gaur, or a duiken, or babirusa? One would think not; and yet such things have been done; and we shall expect to find when the second volume is published that the hunting of the snark and the chase of the boojum are not the fantastic dreams we have thought them.

This cyclopedia, indeed, is a serious thing. In the first place it is very big. It is also very heavy. But it is beautifully printed and illustrated; and whether one reads of capercailzies and things, or only of butterfly and moth-collecting, one is equally struck with the heroism and erudition of the writers. For it is not everybody who can flay a gooral before breakfast, and then at lunch time tell about it in thrilling language. We shall look forward with excited interest to the second instalment of his grace's work on the highways and byways of sportsmanship; and meanwhile we shall astonish our friends with our familiarity with the barbarisms of golf and the heroisms of lazo and koodoo hunting.

### Matka and Kotik1

Matka and Kotik, President Jordan's children's story about the Pribylov islands, is a book that is likely to deceive the unwary. Its naïve simplicity and juvenile form will cause the ignorant to think it only a children's story and as such unworthy of close study or consultation for scientific truth. The saving clause in this matter is that there are not many in America, at least, who are so ignorant as not to know that Doctor Jordan is one of the first authorities on his subject and a commissioner sent by the government as an expert in the controversy with Great Britain over the matter of pelagic sealing. In spite of the modifications caused by the story form, and the delicacy of treatment necessary in a book for children, no important fact of seal life is here left untold, and those hindrances, if they are such, to scientific frankness are compensated by a charm of style and almost poetic quality that make the book delightful reading. Mention should be made of the abundant and beautifully descriptive illustrations. As a document in the international arbitration this book ought to have weight.

The only pity about it is that Doctor Jordan did not choose as publishers a firm able by extensive connections and established reputation to give the book the distribution it ought to have.

<sup>1</sup>Matka and Kotik. By David Starr Jordan. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company: 1897.

### An Easter Magazine

A MAGAZINE is about to be published in California that breaks through all precedents. First, it has selected only one out of the twelve months in which to make its appearance, and that the most beautiful the time of the awakening of the year - the Eastertide. Its object is as original as its appearance. All of the proceeds of its sale will go to those charities which the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland are conducting,-conferring blessings upon the unfortunate and honor upon the ladies spending so much of their time in good works. Its editor is a woman, also rather unusual in the world of magazines. Mrs. E. S Davenport of Berkeley is, however, fully capable of managing as well as originating such a plan. Mrs. Davenport has a very enthusiastic staff of prominent women of Oakland and vicinity.

Some authors of note have already sent in their manuscripts. William Dean Howells has contributed to the magazine, and this alone prophesies success. Miss Ina Coolbrith will make a beautiful offering of verse; Charles Warren Stoddard has not been heard from yet, but such a cause as this always stirs up the inhabitants of the Bungalow. Some unpublished poems of Professor Sills' are to be placed before the public for the first time in the Easter magazine. Gelette Burgess, with all those individual qualities of his pen, ranging from the whimsical to the humorous, will contribute, and some unpublished work of the late Frank M. Pixley is also to appear.

Mayor James D. Phelan is to send an article on municipal advancement. Beside this, and more than this, some of the music of the "First Born" will be published. The advertising pages of the magazine are selling rapidly at a very high price. In advance a great number of the magazines have been sold.

The Ladies' Relief Society is offering a prize of twenty dollars for the design for the cover of their magazine, and surely, with all the beautiful suggestions of Easter, added to the inspiration we may draw from our own California springtime, with its wealth of flowers, something very artistic will be produced.

The name of the magazine is to be *Mariposa*. Why? Surely butterflies are not laboring over this affair, nor will butterflies contribute, nor will only butterflies read. Then the name must refer to the bursting of the winged creature from the chrysalis and its flight in the spring air and sunshine. The Overland offers cordial greeting and hearty wishes for the success of the *Mariposa*.

### Briefer Notice

Southern Soldier Stories is the title of a book by George Cary Eggleston, which is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Company. Southern Soldier Stories, like other of Mr. Eggleston's writings,

present the Southern soldier of the years 1861–1865 in all his stubborn patriotism, his pertinacity, his humor, and his dire poverty. Women also took hand in the strife. The stories are rapid, vigorous, terse, and epigrammatic after the manner of soldier speech. In their very detail of incident they illustrate better than any formal history can, what kept the men in heart through years of fighting and starvation. The stories are illustrated with six spirited and characteristic drawings by R. F. Zogbaum.

Hempl's German Orthography and Phonology 1 is not easily classified, its treatment and subject matter being quite peculiar. It deals mainly with the orthography, phonology, and accent, in the German language, but its scope goes beyond German in many respects. The book shows deep and original study on the part of Professor Hempl and covers the ground well. Teachers of German and students of philology and particularly of phonology will find here abundant material to interest them, and some chapters, especially those on the alphabet and pronunciation, may be of more general interest. It is doubtful whether the scheme of transcription on pages 160 and 161 will prove of much value with a living language. Having studied it long, the student will be at a loss for the right pronunciation; the right pronunciation of a living language can only be gotten from the lips of one who speaks the language correctly - in no other way.

THERE is so much fairly good literature today, that it is a pity the indiscriminating should have thrust in their way anything so inanely trashy as Charles Macknight Sain's An Expectant Heir to Millions.2 Most novels have some thread of narrative, - not so this. It is about as consistent as a nightmare, and any attempt to recall the ground-plan of the tale, finds one floundering helplessly. To be sure - and it is always refreshing to discover some gleam of good in the worst things - the story does not entirely lack interest; but it is a modified form of the interest inspired by the dime novel. The only wholesome vein is the attachment between the young couple around whom the plot revolves. Yet on second thought, it must be seen that even they are an evil pair, and their mutual faithfulness only a sort of honor among thieves. The author has employed his novel in some measure to air his sentiments on "Sound Money"; but the dialogue on this subject, which recurs now and again, is so misplaced and irrelevant that its force is lost. The book reads as if the author had written it in independent paragraphs and then shuffled the cards before going to press.

<sup>1</sup>German Orthography and Phonology. By George Hempl, Ph. D. Ginn & Compay: Boston: 1897.

<sup>2</sup>An Expectant Heir to Millions. By Charles Macknight Sain. New York: Authors' Publishing Company: 1897

MR. CONNERY'S That Noble Mexican¹ is deftly written, with a light, quick touch, which carries the story through ever shifting scenes and stirring episodes. The hero, Don Tiburcio, is a figure cast in heroic mold. Since the advent of Don Quixote and his friend and retainer, Sancho Panza, no character has appeared in literature better fitted to take public fancy by storm than this Mexican caballero. Mr. Connery is remembered as the war-time editor of the New York Herald, and he is one of the most prominent figures in literary circles today. His reminiscences, which he publishes from time to time in current magazines, are full of interest and historic value.

A New Astronomy, 2 by Professor David P. Todd, will be found of especial value and interest to beginners. Immanuel Kant has said that two things filled him with ceaseless awe - the starry heavens above and the moral law within. The study of the heavens seems to be associated in the minds of the young with this moral law, and the introduction to astronomy by Professor Todd can but increase for the wonderful creations of nature that reverence which is at the root of all noble conduct. The book is illustrated with many handsome engravings (some of them brilliantly colored) and many maps of the constellations, which will be found useful. Also there are practical suggestions for experiment, and means by which the young astronomer may construct for himself apparatus for verifying scientific laws. Certainly no study can bring about greater mental expansion, and the care with which this volume is prepared is proof in itself of the accuracy and devotion on the part of the writer to this noblest and oldest of all the sciences.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK" has lost neither vigor nor originality since the Tennessee Mountain stories startled the reading world into wonderment a dozen years ago. The Juggler<sup>3</sup> is as fresh and powerful a piece of pen-picturing as the now prolific South has produced; and we are glad to welcome another story from Miss Murfree's ever-ready pen. The book is daintily printed at the Riverside Press.

A VERY comprehensive history of mines and mining in Northern California is contained in the Illustrated Mining Edition of the Redding Searchlight, 4 recently issued. The geology and mineralogy of the several mining counties are fully treated, illustrated by maps and

<sup>1</sup>That Noble Mexican. By Thomas B. Connery. F. Tennyson Neely. New York and London.

<sup>2</sup>A New Astronomy for Beginners. By David P. Todd, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Conservatory, Amherst College. By American Book Company: New York: 1898.

<sup>3</sup>The Juggler. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston: 1898. Price, \$1.35.

<sup>4</sup>The Searchlight, Northern California. Illustrated Mining Edition. M. E. Dittmar; Redding, California. Price, 25 cents. views of mining scenes; improved mining methods are described in detail, and the production of gold and silver is stated for a series of years. Several of the most competent mining and scientific writers have contributed articles, the result being a folio of sixty pages — news size — of great historical value to all interested in mining matters. The work reflects credit on the publishers.

ELLIOTT'S Game Birds of North America<sup>1</sup> is an exquisite handbook for naturalists and sportsmen, written with generous sympathy for the feathered race which, to most men, seems good only when used as targets or when properly larded and broiled. Professor Elliott, however, recognizes their artistic value in the composition of a landscape, and finds an innocent happiness in peaceful association with them. The book is beautifully illustrated with forty-six plates.

### Books Received

Tim and Mrs. Tim. By R. T. Lancefield. The American News Co.: New York.

A Short History of Mødern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

The Translation of a Savage. By Gilbert Parker. Ibid.

The Story of Evangelina Cisneros, Told by Herself. Continental Publishing Co.: New York.

General Grant's Letters to a Friend. T. Y. Crowell & Co.: New York.

The Painter in Oil, a complete treatise. By Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst. Lee & Shepard: Boston.

Water Color Painting, a book of elementary instruction. By Grace Barton Allen. *Ibid*.

The New Man, a Chronicle of the Modern Time. By Ellis Panson Oberholtzer. The Levytype Co.: Philadelphia.

Southern Soldier Stories. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Celebrity. By Winston Churchill. Ibid.

Where the Trade-Wind Blows. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. *Ibid*.

Songs from the Southwest Country. By Freeman E. Miller. Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Just a Summer Affair. By May Adelaide Keeler. F. Tennyson Neely: New York.

The Brown-Laurel Marriage. By Landis Ayr. *Ibid*. Even as You and I. By Bolton Hall. *Ibid*.

The Building of the British Empire. By Alfred Thomas Story. Vols. 2. (Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

See How It Sparkles. By Major Ben C. Truman. Geo. Rice & Sons: Los Angeles.

Social Life in Old Virginia before the War. By Thomas Nelson Page. Chas. Scribner's Sons: New York.

<sup>1</sup>The Gallinaceous Game Birds of North America. By Daniel Giraud Elliott. Francis P. Harper: New York: 1898. Price, \$2.50.



### Kind Words from the Press

### A KIND WORD FROM CHICAGO

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for February is a kind of Jubilee number, marking the fiftieth anniversary of he California discovery of gold. Naturally, there is considerable matter about that event, made even more nteresting by some good illustrations, and, naturally, there is something about the recent Klondike discoveries. There is an enthusiastic exposition by James Howard Bridge of "Manifest Destiny," comparing present facts with the same writer's remarks of ten years ago; "Douglas Tilden, Sculptor," is the subject of Mr. Armes' third paper on Californian artists, and the whole number is one of rare interest. No community in its infancy has ever produced a literature so abounding in elastic and virile life, and this number of the OVERLAND is a kind of emphasis mark of that fact, directly and indirectly. - Chicago Chronicle.

### HOW WE ARE REGARDED AT HOME

The bound volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, which comprises the numbers from July to December, 1897, inclusive, is noteworthy because it shows the great improvement in appearance due to the new type and paper. The volume is thinner than usual, but it really contains more matter, since the new page has 800 words as against 650 words in the old. This volume is very rich in Pacific Coast articles, all so finely illustrated that they are of permanent value. Among these we may mention "Alaska," by Professor George Davidson, and "Alaska by Land and Sea," by Dr. Lincoln Cothran; "The Story of the Yukon Valley," by Taliesin Evans; "Stampedes on the Klondike," by Joaquin Miller; "Mining on the Klondike," by George Chapman, and "Northern California Gold Felds." by Charles Howard Shinn. The general articles cover a wide range and many of them are very interesting. In the selection of articles, and particularly in the choice and the quality of illustrations, there is a great improvement over any recent volume of the magazine.-San Francisco Chronicle,

#### WHAT SPOKANE THINKS OF US

The handsome March number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY contains an admirable eight-page, illustrated article on the Spokane overland route to the Klondike. The article was written by C. E. Mitchell, mining reporter of the Spokesman-Review. The illustrations are from photographs taken by John M. Campbell. . . . This number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY is inscribed to "Tacoma — Alaska — Spokane." It is right to add that the enterprising publishers and editors of the magazine have given this space to Spokane without charge, this action being in line with their commendable purpose to publish a high art magazine, reflective of the material progress of the entire Pacific coast, and colored with western literary tone of the highest order.

This liberal spirit calls for a liberal response from the Spokane public. The OVERLAND ought to be given a hospitable reception in the homes of this city. In literary tone and finish, in beauty of illustrations and elegance of design, it is quite the equal of the better Eastern and English magazines.

### HOW WE MAKE FRIENDS OF OLD ENEMIES

In the midst of a great deal of pessimism with which these present times are afflicted, it is refreshing to read such a speculation on the future as that contributed to the OVERLAND by James Howard Bridge, under the title, "A Fresh View of Manifest Destiny." Mr. Bridge reviews the growth of the United States since Bunker Hill, and looks forward to the time when every land, not already the seat of an old civilization, shall become English-speaking, and when the industrial power of the English races shall win a great victory over the military idea.—Los Angeles Times

The February "Jubilee" number of the Overland is filled with good things, its pages full of excellent reading matter, profusely illustrated with well-finished views of California's noted people and noted places. . . The Overland is always a welcome visitor at this office.—Los Gatos Mail.

Schilling's Best Tea has many virtues—it is dainty, clean, uncolored, fresh roasted, money back. No other tea just like it.





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For selling 5 books or 2 bibles we give a fine Silver Watch or Parlor Clock.

For selling 8 books or 3 bibles we give fine Camera or Porcelain Clock.

For selling 10 books or 4 bibles we give Gold Watch, Mandolin or Guitar.

For selling 18 books or 6 bibles—fine Solid Cold Watch.

For selling 18 books or 6 bibles-fine Solid Gold Watch.

For selling 18 books or 6 bibles—fine Solid Gold Watch. For selling 25 books or 8 bibles—High-grade Bicycle. For selling 35 books or 10 bibles—\$75 Camera. For selling 45 books or 12 bibles—\$75 Chainless Bicycle. For selling 55 books or 15 bibles—\$75 Chainless Bicycle. Each book or article the very Best of its class. Books popular and low priced. If you prefer Dictionary, Encyclopedia, Set of Standard Works, Solid Silver Tableware, Opera Glass, Diamond Rings, Musical Instruments or other articles, we supply them for a few hours work. Mention choice.

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CINCINNATI. O. (See March number also.)



# Rubifoam

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Teach your children to use **RUBIFOAM** twice daily, and to rinse their mouths after meals.

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## **PUBLISHERS' COLUMN**



TROUT may be caught in April; but they are more easily taken with rod and line from any one of the three hundred streams along the line of the S. F. & N. P. Railway. As for accommodations, you can secure them anywhere, for all the people love the cheerful angler.

Browne — Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth?

Towns — Oh, yes.

Browne - Who was he?

Towns — A first trip passenger on an ocean liner. — Brooklyn Life.

FIXED AMMUNITION manufactured by the UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY, having been thoroughly tested by the United States Government and by private Commissions, has now been accepted for use in all departments of the United States Army and Navy. Its use for sporting purposes has become universal.

THE DEWEY ENGRAVING COMPANY of San Francisco, with upwards of twenty years' experience in every line of illustration, are now prepared to supply half-tone and photo-relief work in the highest style of art.

Tourist travel to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan is unusually heavy this season, all the passenger steamers leaving San Francisco being filled to their utmost capacity. A large number of these tourists find it most satisfactory to make all their arrangements through the well-known and old established firm of Tourist Agents, Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, who have a branch office in San Francisco. A large party of tourists under the auspices of this firm left San Francisco last month for a thirty-seven day tour of the Hawaiian Islands. Another party leaves San Francisco by the "China," March 23d, for an extended tour to Japan, calling incidentally en route, at the Hawaiian Islands.

This firm have just issued their programme of Summer tours to Europe for the ensuing season, and copies can be obtained free on application to their Pacific Coast Agency, 621 Market Street, San Francisco.

"What is the rest of that quotation, 'Art is long: but—?'"

"Art is long, but artists are usually short."—Truth.

AN UNLUCKY NUMBER — "Johnny! Johnny! ye'll kill yerself! That's fourteen cakes ye've ett!"

"I know it Nora I was afraid to ston at thir-

"I know it, Nora. I was afraid to stop at thirteen."—Truth.

PURE WATER is as essential to good health as pure air, yet most difficult to obtain and can be produced only by distillation.

By the recent invention of a very simple apparatus, which may be had at small cost, every family may now supply themselves with pure distilled water for all

domestic purposes.

The device is known as the SANITARY STILL and may be obtained of Geo. W. Hopkins, sole agent for California, 224 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Send for free illustrated catalogue containing full information.

THE VITAL POINT .-- Mr. Brown --- Do you know anything about this young man who comes to see our daughter?

MRS. BROWN-O, yes. He's of a very good family, a member of the Presbyterian Church, never drinks

nor smokes, and -

Mr. Brown (impatiently)-Yes, yes, but what wheel does he ride?—Truth.

SEED FACTS TO BE RELIED UPON.—The latest catalogue of the seed growing firm of J. J. H. Gregory & Son, of Marblehead, Mass., describes some valuable results achieved by this long-established house, in which two generations have devoted brains and energy to improving squashes. cabbages, potatoes, peas, and other vegetables. In new varieties and old ones this firm has always been found reliable. They have always taken great pride in the purity and standard excellence of their seeds, and in this respect, as well as in fairness of prices, they have an enviable reputation. They will send their catalogue free on request.

"UNCLE, which breed of chickens is the best?"

"Well, sah, de white ones is de easiest found, and de dahk ones is de easiest hid atter yo' gits 'em."-Indianapolis Journal.

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"I Wants to Have Ma Honey Back Again."

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In our last issue, OVERLAND, contained a half page announcement of the Hayner Distilling Co., Dayton, O. In that announcement the Hayner Co. agree to send twenty quarts of Hayner's Double Copper Distilled seven year old Rye by freight prepaid, for \$16. This amount is their smallest shipment, and is sent by freight only, prepaid; and not by express, as stated in our Publisher's Column of the last issue.

THE VISITOR-I seem to remember that last year,

when I was here, there were two windmills.

THE NATIVE— There were two — yes, but we found out that there was only wind enough for this one .-Pick-me-up.

THE office of THE UNITED TYPEWRITER AND SUP-PLIES COMPANY has been removed to 327 Montgomery St., San Francisco. The new office occupies the entire main floor of the building, affording space for a much larger display of the machines of the three agencies represented, viz.: THE YOST, DENSMORE, and CALIGRAPH.

MRS. STRUCKET-WRITCH-How can you tell cut glass from the imitation?

MRS. GASWELL - That is n't hard to do. You can always tell it by looking at the bill.—Chicago Record.

THE San Francisco office and salesroom of C. F. WEBER & Co., manufacturers and dealers in school furniture, school apparatus, and supplies has been removed to 334 Post St., a few doors west of their former location.

The steadily increasing business demanded improved facilities, and they are now prepared to fill orders for school supplies of every description on the most favorable terms.

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(See large ad on other page.)

Wheels for boys, girls, ladies, gentlemen,— anything else you want for selling our books and bibles, and they sell to everyone. L. B. & CO., CIN'TI, O.

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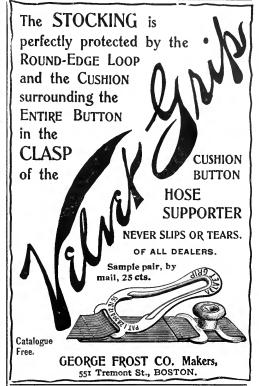
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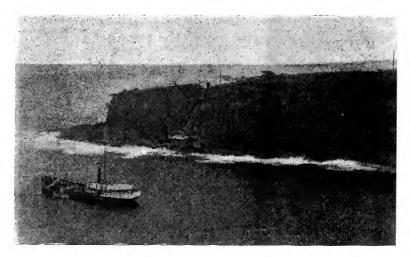
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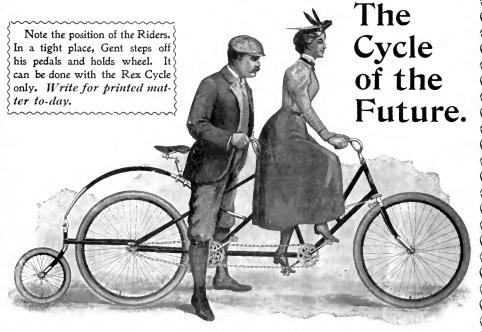
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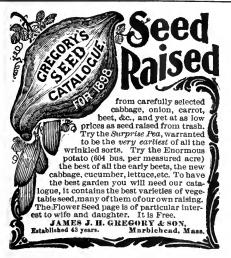
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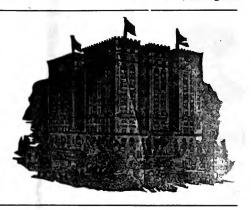


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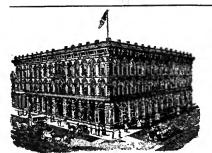
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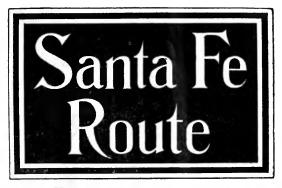
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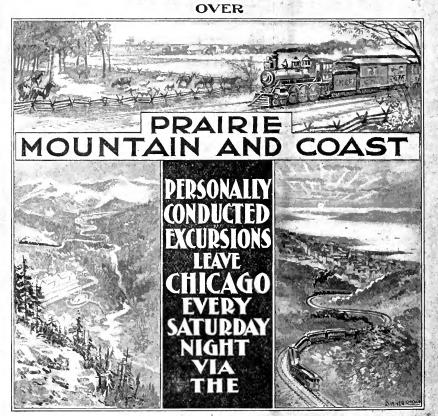
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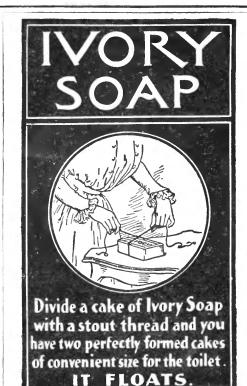
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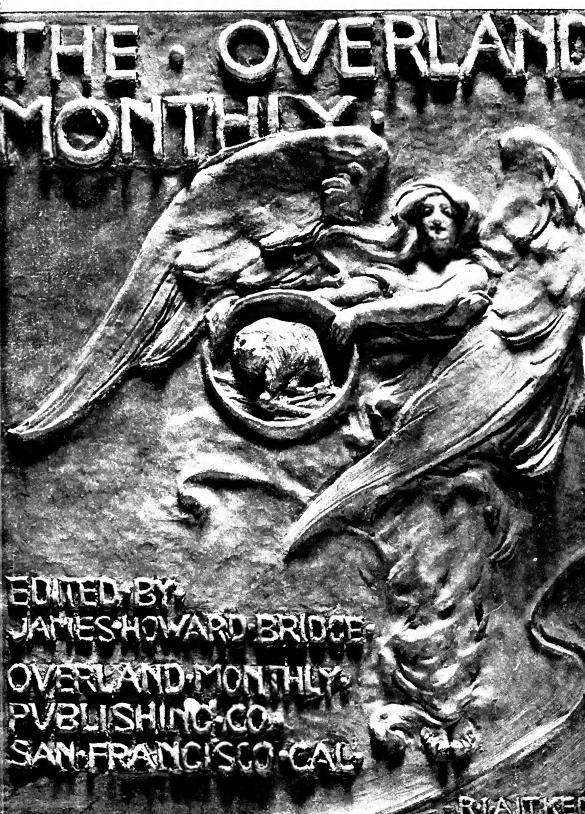
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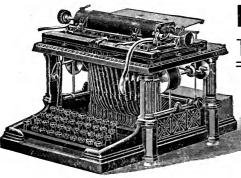
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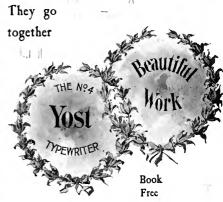
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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXI.

CINCINNATI, O.

No. 185.

SECOND SERIES.

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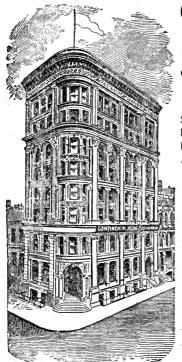
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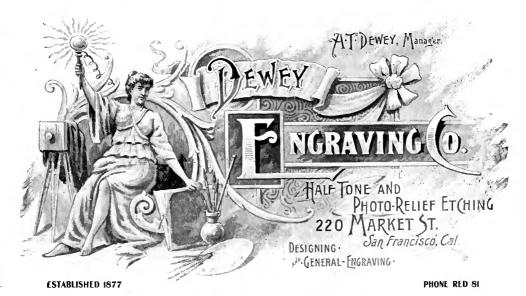
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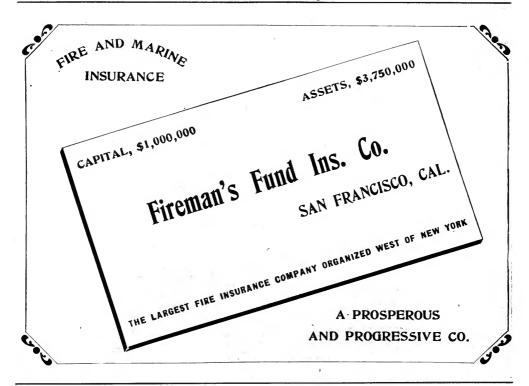
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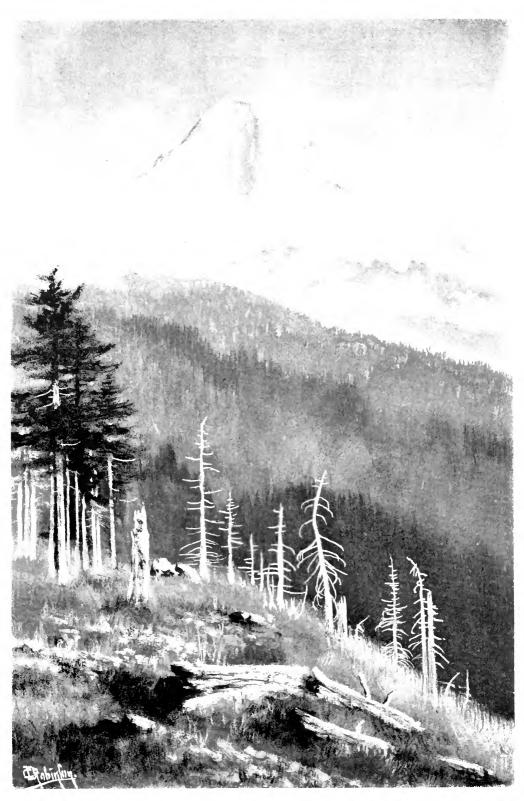
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# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXI. (Second Series.) — May, 1898.— No. 185

#### MOUNT HOOD

OUR Western land floats clear in sunset light,
And, like a maid at eve, decked for the dance,
Glows fairer in her mist of gold. But thou,
Exalted Hood, why dost thou hide thy brow,
Suffering vaunt shadows, vapid clouds, to filch
Semblance of stately form from thee, and flaunt
In tattered shreds torn from thy vesture white,
So of his warmth to trick the sun, and leave
Thy blue-veined breast naked and comfortless?
But cease, vain breath, for lo, attendant winds
Sweep back the veil, and throned in majesty,
New crowned with light, thou comest to thine own!

Bend down thy face, my mother, that I see
Thy soul illuminate with mirrored grace;
For thou upon thy silent hills removed,
Stoodst as a prophet face to face with God,
Who sent thee Messenger, who sent thee Judge,
Preparing thee through long expectant years,
Ere dawned in tears the little day of man.
Stern Questioner, hence may I learn of thee,
For thou wilt answer, flashing due response,
Fleet-winged as Thought, to him who steadfast looks,
Increasing day by day his wonderment;
Unlike the vacant clod by custom dulled,
Who, seeing oft, sees not.

For thou dost sit,
The Sphinx of Ages, teaching wildered man
The riddle of himself. That one of old,
While died in mute defeat her Theban brood,
And ghastly bones glared white on Phicium,
Bent to a youth and bared her woman's brow,
Till he forgot the lion's bulk and claws:
Reading her soul, he found his answer there.
Thou too, in calm of thy serene content,
Hide thou thy terrors that make desolate;
Hushed be the thunderous roar of pent up fire,
That impotent resounds in hollow vaults,
Wasting in echoes — while thy youngling race
Hears thee in gentler accents, in such wise
Of utterance, as thou our tongue might voice:—

"O Child of Nations, with unwavering eye
Set toward the crowning heights, well hast thou climbed!
Stayed not by jutting crag, nor yawning rift
With hungry jaws attent, nor by keen flint,
Nor sharper ice impeded, though they wound
Sorely thy hands and feet. But halt not here!
Look down where yonder dusky babe has crept
Up from the valley to the neighboring steeps.
He, too, with dawn's glow in his lusty blood,
Nearing the snows, laughed out and cried, 'Behold,
The goal is reached—here will I rest and play!'
Now lies he stark amid the shivering pines,
Cold as yon stream that sleeps in icy death,
With all its wings fast folded. Halt not here!

"With soul uplifted, rise; and learn of me Knowledge and right direction of thy strength To master thy tumultuous inward foes. For as the earthquake, got by savage flame Of sullen air polluted, bursts huge rocks, Helpless to hold him in his rumbling gulf — While from the gaping breach, suddenly rush The horrid three, blasting the mountain's pride — So brute Revenge within and Justice slack, In league most perilous, unchecked by thee, Will gender thy destroyer, Anarchy.

"Up and subdue! Yet shalt thou plant thy feet With thews of lion on the lasting hills, And stand erect in glare of noon, as Man, Invincible, armed all in purity As I in snows. Vain then the breath of Vice Hot from Hell's mouth, reeking with pestilence, To fog the burnished argent of thy shield. I see thee stand, thy soul reverberate,— Yea, tuned at last to conscious harmony With life of bird and beast and timeless Man. Thy bards sublime, instinct with Heaven's fire, Roll from their citadels the lofty chant, Till songs of luxury, with golden notes Of mellow resonance fall on thine ear Half heeded, as the swaying voice of corn Is whelmed and lost in the orchestral sweep Of wind among the pines.

"And when Night sends
Her nunlike sister, Twilight, in dusk robes
To gather hence the glowing wreaths of Day,
Haply too garish for dim aching eyes
Of aged lands that, weary, sit and rest,
Behold thee, hoary with the drift of Time,
In faith and wisdom towering to the skies.—
Thus, leaning on the strength that thou hast gained
As on a staff, in calm of evening shade
Musing, thou standest to the nations round
Vicegerent of thy King—for lo, His sign
Gleams from thee! Lo the summit of thy years
Reflects afar the glory of thy God!"

Susan Whalley Allison.



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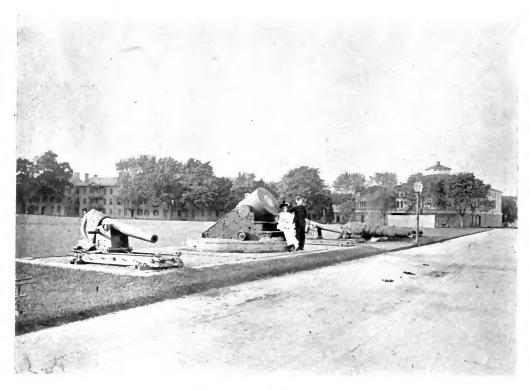


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to the story of a nation's complete failure to appreciate the vital importance of naval forces in offensive and defensive warfare—a story which, though not yet completed, may, we have reason to hope, be brought to a happy conclusion at the end of the present century. It is only fair to say, however, that the founders of this republic and those who followed them in shaping naval policy for fifty years, were even less culpable in their neglect of the navy than those who have

more recently controlled naval legislation; for it is the civil war which forms the most grewsome chapter in this tale of naval impotency.

It may be easily demonstrated that a navy of very moderate size in 1861 would have sufficed to hold the Norfolk navy yard, to command the James, the Mississippi, and the approaches to Charleston, Wilmington, and Mobile. The rebellion would have been strangled at the start. It breathed through these seaports; and the fifteen hundred guns and the tons of powder captured at Norfolk alone enabled the Confederates to arm and supply their fortifications from Virginia to Texas. With neither powder mills nor gun foundries; with no facilities whatever for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war, and with its ports closed



SEA WALL; FORT SEVERN ON THE RIGHT

to foreign importations, the South would have been powerless, and the war could not have been sustained for one short year. Instead of that, there was a long and bitter struggle, resulting in the loss of half a million lives and leaving the legacy of a pension list involving a greater annual expenditure than that required to maintain England's enormous navy or Germany's army. This pension list, in the end, will have entailed appropriations estimated at seven billions of dollars, a sum which, at the rate of thirty-five million dollars annually, would support a powerful navy for two hundred years!

Although this retrospect demonstrates the fatal effect of indifference to the strategic value of a navy, it must be remembered, in extenuation, that the world at large has always exhibited the same ignorance of the teachings of history. It is the pride of our navy that Captain A. T. Mahan, a graduate of our Naval Academy, should have been the first man to demonstrate with clearness and logic the "Influ-

ence of Sea Power upon History." The very expression "Sea Power" was coined by him; and his works have become textbooks for the crowned heads of Europe. Even England never fully realized the great value of Nelson's victories and their effect upon Napoleon's fortunes until Mahan's work was published; and the present activity of the German Emperor in pressing the Reichstag for a large navy is, no doubt, a result of the general awakening to the influence of sea power.

The operations of armies are usually conducted upon such a grand scale, the numbers engaged are so great, the theater of action is viewed by so many spectators, and the loss of life is so terrible, that land warfare and its effects are brought more vividly before the people. On the other hand, naval operations are more strategic in their bearing upon the result; and as the people at large do not study war as a science, they have never fully appreciated the value of sea fighting. For this reason the navy has always been overshadowed by

the army: and this explains why it was that the Navy Department was not established until 1798—fifteen years after the successful close of the Revolution and ten years after the adoption of the Constitution. Previous to that time the navy, such as it was, had no distinct head. The War Department and the President controlled its operations, or directed the captains in a measure, though practically they were left to their own devices.

In the early years of this century the officers came mostly from the merchant service, the upper grades being filled by those who had served so gallantly during the Revolution. The President appointed eight midshipmen on board each frigate. No conditions as to personal fitness were prescribed, and the young aspirants were left to pick up the little knowledge they gained in a haphazard manner. In 1802 the Military Academy at West Point was established; and it was suggested at that

time that young men for the Navy should be instructed at the same institution. But the Navy was not regarded as being of much importance; and the suggestion was not received with favor. In lieu of this proposition a few "school-masters" were appointed at a salary of twenty-five dollars per month; and it was from such instructors, and from naval chaplains who were ordered to instruct the young men under the direction of the captains, that the midshipmen received their education! Such were the conditions when Farragut entered the navy and saw his first sea fight on board the Essex with Commander Porter, in the memorable battle off Valparaiso in the war of 1812. The naval glories of the Revolution and the war of 1812 were won before any means had been provided for the professional education of our naval officers; and yet those days must be counted as the proudest in the history of the United States Navy.



BAND STAND AND MAIN WALK

In 1822 Secretary Thompson urged Congress to establish and provide for a Naval Academy. In this, the thirty-fifth year after the adoption of the Constitution, the long struggle began for the establishment of a school for the education of naval officers. The story is well told by the Honorable James Russell Soley, late Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in his "History of

gress to the subject; and in 1826 the Maryland House of Delegates passed a resolution in favor of establishing the school at Annapolis. In 1826 the President's message contained another reference to the subject; and Secretary John Branch, under President Jackson, added a new argument in favor of a better education for naval officers by citing the ignorance of the latter



"LOVERS' LANE" AND HERNDON MONUMENT

the Naval Academy." Congress viewed the matter with indifference, and Secretary Southard in 1824 renewed the recommendation with the prophetic declaration,—"Our future national conflicts are to rest principally upon a navy, come when they may." But this was doubtless considered an extravagant utterance, and its echoes died away. President John Quincy Adams, in 1825, again called the attention of Con-

in languages, which, he said, often resulted in serious embarrassment owing to the fact that in those days (more frequently than in this age of submarine cables) officers were called upon to act independently and as representatives of the United States in diplomatic and other relations with foreign powers.

But all these representations fell upon deaf ears. Our statesmen were too busy in those days with the slavery question. States Rights, Nullification, and other exciting political matters, to be seriously interested in anything pertaining to the navy. The first step was taken about this time. however, by making arrangements at Boston, New York, and Norfolk, to give midshipmen a short course in elementary mathematics and other subjects; but the instructors were not well qualified, and were by no means equal to the task of educating young men for the naval profession. In 1835 some slight progress was made at these navy yard schools by the appointment of a few professors of mathematics at a salary of twelve hundred a year; and some of these "professors" were sent to sea also. But even then the instruction was very meager and unsatisfactory, as shown by the fact that in 1836 the officers of the old frigate Constitution, among whom was midshipman Rowan, afterward Vice-Admiral of the Navy, united in a petition in favor of a naval academy. The Navy Department renewed its recommendations in vain from year to year; and in 1844 the officers of the United States Steamship Vincennes, following the example of those of the Constitution, submitted a memorial setting forth the necessity for a naval school. During this year another slight advance was made by replacing all the small navy yard schools by a single school at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia; and Professor Chauvénet. Lieutenant Woods of the Navy, and General Lockwood, a graduate of West Point, all men of ability, were ordered there to take charge.

In 1845 the entire annual appropriation allowed by Congress for the education of naval officers amounted to twenty-eight thousand dollars; and the Honorable George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, being fully determined to improve the educational facilities for midshipmen, convened a board of officers to consider and report upon the matter. Mr. Bancroft suggested Fort Severn at Annapolis as a more suitable place than Philadelphia; and the Board, composed of Commanders McKean, Du Pont, and Buchanan, made a strong report in favor of the site at Fort Severn. The army was quite willing to transfer the fort and its buildings to the navy; and the State of Maryland having previously bid for the establishment of the school at Annapolis, the

change was made without delay. Commander Buchanan was appointed Superintendent with orders to organize the new academy. A few midshipmen were ordered to report at Annapolis; and the instructors from the Philadelphia school were transferred to assist the new Superintendent.

In his opening address to the midshipmen Commander Buchanan congratulated them upon the "dawn of a new era," and in the following words he sought to impress them with this fact:—

The government, in affording you an opportunity of acquiring an education so important to the accomplishment of a naval officer, has bestowed upon you an incalculable benefit. But few, if any, now in the service have had the advantages that you are about to receive.

Thus it was forty-three years after the establishment of the Military Academy at West Point, and after as many years of vain pleadings with Congress, that the present naval academy was founded by the command of George Bancroft, and without the assistance or sanction of the legislative branch of the government. Before the Navy Department existed the navy had covered itself with glory in the Revolution; and the fleet of a foreign ally had rendered possible the crowning victory at Yorktown. Paul Jones, Perry, Macdonough, Hull, Preble, Bainbridge, Decatur, and others had humbled Britain's pride by their victories in two wars before our naval officers were provided with the means of obtaining an education; and during this and the succeeding epoch of "schoolmasters" and chaplains, Farragut, Porter, Rowan, Rodgers, Worden, and others who were to bear the naval burdens and share the victories of the Civil war began their noble careers. Despite the neglect of naval as compared with military education, the country had met no disaster upon the sea; and the navy had won great victories under the command of self-made men with "hearts of oak."

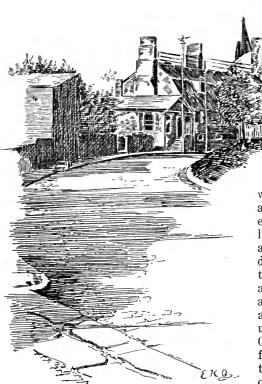
It was quite natural, therefore, that Commander Buchanan who had entered the navy during the old regime, and who, by the decree of fate, afterward met Worden in the famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, should have felt that the newly fledged midshipmen were receiving an "incalculable benefit" in the establishment of the Naval Academy. It was truly the "dawn of a new era," not only in naval

education but in naval tactics and architecture. And it was most fortunate that the Naval Academy was founded in time to provide for the advent of steam and the many other innovations soon to be introduced; for it was upon the graduates of Annapolis, or those who had received more or less instruction there, that many of the important commands devolved during the Civil War. A lack of naval education during that war would have been a serious drawback; for it was then that naval offi-

"Ancient City," and the "Athens of Amerca." The historian says of it:—

It never acquired a large population nor any great degree of commercial importance. But long before the American Revolution it was conspicuous as a seat of wealth and fashion; the luxurious habits, elegant accomplishments, and profuse hospitality of its inhabitants were proverbially known throughout the colonies. It was the seat of a wealthy government, and as such congregated around it many whose liberal attainments eminently qualified them for society.

## A French writer of that period says:-



OLD HOUSES IN ANNAPOLIS CIRCLE

cers on both sides revolutionized naval warfare in many ways, and planted the germs from which the most modern battle ships of today have been developed.

Before proceeding with the history of the Naval Academy, some reference should be made to the picturesque old town in which it is situated; for there are few places in the United States which have so many interesting historical associations and so many proud remains of colonial aristocracy. Annapolis has been called the In that very inconsiderable town, standing at the mouth of the Severn where it falls into the bay, of the few buildings it contains at least three-fourths may be styled elegant and grand. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France.

Annapolis was settled by a small colony of Puritans

who were driven out of Virginia in 1650, and was called by them Providence. These early settlers established a semi-independent little Republic of their own, and exhibited an obstinate resistance to those who were disputing for the control of Maryland at that time. They defeated Governor Stone at the battle of Horn Point when he attempted to bring them to subjection; and they practically dictated the terms upon which they finally yielded to the Colonial government. The independent and fearless spirit of these Puritans was inherited by their descendants and by the people of Annapolis. Much has been written about the boldness of the colonists who destroyed the tea in Boston harbor; but little has been said about the citizens of Annapolis who wore no disguise and took no precautions in defying Great Britain in a similar case. They mutinied in broad daylight, and compelled the owner of the brig Peggy Stewart to burn his own ship with its cargo of tea in the harbor of Annapolis. They openly resisted the Stamp Act, and passed drastic articles of non-importation in open defiance of Great Britain.

The first theater in America was established in Annapolis, and the first social club was founded at South River, near by. King

William's school was established in 1696, and from this school sprang St. John's College of today, from which many men of national fame have graduated. During its palmy days Annapolis was a social center, and was visited by many noted men. Braddock, De Kalb, Greene, Lafayette, and Rochambeau, were all entertained there; and under the shade of a magnificent oak, which still stands, jealously guarded on College Green, the French and American troops once camped. Annapolis claims that four of its residents signed the Declaration of Independence, and that it was the first meeting place of the Constitutional Convention, which afterward reassembled at Philadelphia. Washington was a frequent visitor at Annapolis; and it was here, in the

present Senate chamber of the State House, that the memorable ceremony took place when he resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the army and retired to

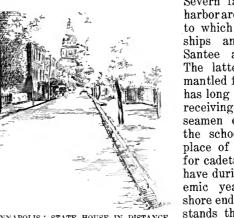
private life.

This old State House is a fine specimen of colonial architecture. It crowns the summit of a hill in the center of the town, its dome being visible for miles down the Chesapeake. From the State House Circle at the base of

this hill the principal streets of the town radiate like the spokes of a wheel. Here and there are seen the dignified old mansions which tell the story of colonial opulence, and whose neglected surroundings give evidence of the genteel poverty that has replaced former luxury. Half the population is colored, and the general air is that of an old Southern town. The electric car and the clang of its gong do not disturb the quiet and peace of these streets, which are startled only by the occasional rumble of an antiquated old hack as it rolls and shambles noisily over the cobblestone pavements. The Governor's mansion is large and pretentious, though it is comparatively lacking in charm and beauty as it stands side by side with the proud old palaces of the last century,

which, in their simple dignity, seem to frown upon the mansion as a born aristocrat upon a foppish son of the *nouveau riche*.

The grounds of the academy proper consist of a narrow strip about three hundred yards wide, running northeast and southwest along the south bank of the Severn river for half a mile, abutting at the east on Annapolis harbor. The western end of this strip rests upon a pretty little branch of the Severn, across which are the naval cemetery and the government farm. Along the wall separating the grounds from the town are forty or more houses occupied by the officers and instructors on duty at the academy; and opposite these along the banks of the Severn are the various academic buildings. At the point where the



STREET IN ANNAPOLIS; STATE HOUSE IN DISTANCE

Severn falls into the harbor are the wharves to which the practice ships and the old Santee are moored. The latter is a dismantled frigate which has long served as a receiving ship for the seamen employed at the school, and as a place of confinement for cadets who misbehave during the academic year. At the shore end of the wharf stands the boathouse and rigging loft. Beyond, on the seawall,

is the gymnasium, which is built upon the walls of old Fort Severn, a circular fortification of brick and masonry dating from 1808. Beyond the gymnasium, looking out upon the pretty little harbor and across the Chesapeake to Kent island, is the drill ground, which rises in a gentle slope from the sea wall. Here are the baseball and football grounds; and upon this large lawn, covered with closely cut grass, the cadets receive infantry and artillery drill to the inspiring music of the band, watched by the crowds that always promenade about the grounds during drill-time. At the crest of this slope, running across the grounds, is a row of officers' houses — Buchanan Row — including the superintendent's quarters.

Little can be said in praise of the build-

ings at the Naval Academy, or of their arrangement. For the faulty system, or lack of system, and for the cheap and temporary character of these buildings nobody can be blamed. The growth of the school has been so gradual, so constant, and so unforeseen, that no well-considered plan could have been devised at the start. The necessary money was not available in emergencies, and a policy of make shifts and economy naturally resulted. In 1845 the grounds included only nine acres with the old fort, its barracks, and a few houses for

the officers. This was quite sufficient at that time. But with a change in the method of appointing midshipmen there was a steady increase in their numbers, and with the advent of steam, new types of ships, and new weapons, there was a forced expansion and development in all directions. New plots of ground were added at intervals of a few years, and buildings standing

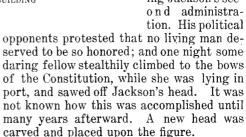
thereon were utilized as far as possible, or new ones were built to meet the necessities of the hour. This piecemeal growth resulted in the present arrangement, which looks as though a number of blocks representing buildings had been placed in a hat, thrown up into the air, and allowed to stick upon the ground wherever they fell.

The grounds have always been well kept, carefully terraced and graded. Surrounded on three sides by water, there are pretty vistas through the trees in all directions. The Severn is three quarters of a mile wide with high bluffs opposite the school. The government farm is reached by a bridge at the northwest end of the grounds, and terminates in a bold point terraced to the seawall and covered with beautiful trees where the naval cemetery is situated. The view from the cemetery and from the old naval

hospital, now going to ruin on the "farm," are extremely beautiful. Indeed there are few prettier spots than the Naval Academy to be found anywhere.

The collection of relics and trophies at the academy are among its most interesting features. In the naval lyceum are to be seen twenty-five flags captured from British ships during the Revolution and the War of 1812—the proudest of all our naval trophies. Many British guns are also seen around the grounds. Conspicuous among the flags is that which Commodore Perry flung to the

breeze at the battle of Lake Erie. bearing upon its folds in large black letters the immortal words of the gallant Lawrence — "Don't give up the ship." There are several interesting figureheads which once belonged to ships of the old navy. One is a wooden figure of Andrew Jackson which was placed upon the old frigate Constitution during Jackson's second administra-



There are many trophy guns captured from southern ports during the Civil war; and a battery of beautiful and ornate bronze guns captured from the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa during the war with Mexico.

The Herndon monument was erected in honor of Captain Herndon, whose daughter was the wife of the late President Arthur. He commanded a merchant ship which was lost at sea. He stood heroically at his post on the bridge until all the passengers were



ACADEMIC BUILDING

saved and then went down with his ship.

The figure head of the old frigate Delaware is a bust of an Indian chief. The cadets have dubbed this image the "God of 2.5," that being a mark on a scale of 4.0 which each cadet must get in every branch of study to avoid being dropped, or "bilged."

The course of study at the Naval Academy was very limited and elementary at first, but the necessity for scientific and mathematical training increased from year to year, and the course was rapidly developed in those directions.

As compared with their knowledge of

West Point and the army, the people of this country have shown, until quite recently, little familiarity with the Naval Academy and the navy. Naval officers on leave of absence have sometimes been subiected to the humiliation answering such Where is questions as, ' your boat?" is the navy now?" and the like; and letters have sometimes been addressed to the Naval Academy at Indianapolis! Naturally there was no great competition for appointments to the Naval Academy when people knew so little about the place; and some of the can-

didates were poorly prepared for the entrance examination, notwithstanding that the latter has always been very simple in order not to rule out boys whose advantages have been poor. Professor Soley, in his History of the Naval Academy, cites one very amusing instance of a candidate who had "taught school" for two years and had won his appointment in a competitive examination with seventeen others. This candidate brought the following letter of commendation from a "judicial officer" of his district:—

To the Superentendent Naval Academy.

This is to certify that I am well acquainted with —— & can chearfully say that he is a Yong

Man of Good Moral  ${\it Charictor}$  & highly respected by all who know him.

Signed ----

It is needless to say that, notwithstanding the exceptional qualifications of this candidate, he failed in three fourths of the questions in mathematics. His spelling was quite as wonderful as that of his friend, the judicial functionary, the following being fair specimens: "snoar," "verticle," "maliceous." In geography he played havoc with the map of the world by making the following statements: "Carthigena is in norther part of france eng channell; Calcutta

southen part europe mediteranean sea." And the great State from which this candidate and "school teacher" came boasts of its public schools!

But the awakening of the people to the importance of a navy during the past fifteen years, and the publication by newspapers and magazines of so many articles and illustrations on the subject, have served to excite greater interest in the Naval Academy. As a result, the class of boys who present themselves nowadays is much better than formerly, although the standard of the entrance examina-



"GOD OF 2.5"

tion remains about the same. This standard ought to be raised, because the successful candidate upon entering finds himself confronted with a severe course of study, for which, in many cases, he is ill prepared. The Naval Academy is a thoroughly democratic institution; but surely it would be none the less so if it were required that the brightest rather than the dullest boys in each congressional district should represent it. Ignorance is not one of the necessary characteristics of democracy. The bright boy who is quite competent to reach a high standard upon entering might say with reason that it is undemocratic and unfair that a dull boy should get an appointment to the Naval Academy by the use of influence alone.



BOAT DRILL ON THE SEVERN

It is not surprising that, with such a low standard of admission, not more than one third to one half of those who enter the academy succeed in graduating. The course is a severe one, and the cadets are pushed from the start. This cannot be helped. Modern conditions demand that our naval officers shall reach a high standard in their preliminary training in mathematics and scientific branches. It is because of this high standard that our ships, guns, and engines, have for the most part been designed, and well designed, by graduates of the Naval Academy. The navy has been self-supporting. Our guns and gun carriages have not failed, because the officers who use them afloat have designed and built them to meet service requirements.

The practical instruction given at the Naval Academy is constant, varied, progressive, and complete; and it has never been so good as today, when the standard in studies has reached the highest point in the history of the Naval Academy. Never

in the days of the old navy was a cadet better instructed in the practical details of his profession, and never was he more competent than the graduate of today. During the eight academic months, from October to May inclusive, a part of each day is devoted to practical exercises. The following is a list of the out-door drills, to each of which a fair share of time is allotted: Seamanship, boats under oars and sail, steam tactics in steam cutters, signals; target practice with revolvers, rifles, machine guns, and great guns, with competition for medals; infantry drills by company and battalion, skirmishers, setting-up, and bayonet exercises, battery and battalion of artillery, instruction for landing parties, and torpedo firing; practical navigation, deviation of the compass, and surveying. The indoor exercises during the winter months include the following: Practical ordnance, practical electricity, steam, gymnastics, dancing, and sword exercise; instruction in the rigging loft, the machine

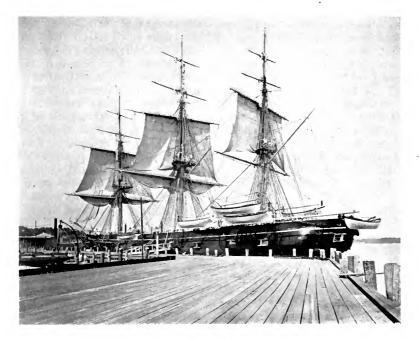
shop, the boiler shop, the pattern shop, and the model room. In adddition to this, studies are entirely suspended during three months of the year, and the time is given to a practice cruise at sea, where the instruction is exclusively practical, the cadets doing the duties of seamen and enlisted men aloft, on deck, and in the engine-room, the senior class having charge of the deck and doing the duties of commissioned officers part of the time. Is there any other professional school or college where a greater part of each day or year is given

descriptive geometry, English studies, physics and chemistry, mechanical drawing, French, and Spanish.

Third Year: Seamanship, steam engineering, physics and chemistry, applied mathematics, history, navigation, mechanical drawing, French, and Spanish.

Fourth Year: Seamanship, ordnance, navigation, applied mechanics, physics, international law, and steam.

At the end of the third year a certain number of cadets are assigned to the engineer branch, and these cadets take an advanced course in steam engineering in lieu of seamanship, ordnance, and navigation, which studies are pursued only by those who are to remain in the line.



U. S. PRACTICE SHIP MONONGAHELA

to work that is directly in line with the practical details of the profession for which students are being fitted?

These daily drills and practical exercises, with a summer devoted entirely to work on board ship, serve to develop the cadets and keep them in fine physical trim. There are few cases of serious illness, and the number of deaths from all causes combined has been phenomenally small.

Briefly the course of study is as follows:

First year: Algebra, geometry, English studies, history, French, and Spanish.

Second Year: Analytical geometry, trigonometry,

After completing the four years' course at the Naval Academy, the cadets are sent to sea for two years in cruising ships, after which they return to Annapolis for a final examination. They then receive their commission as ensigns, assistant engineers, or lieutenants in the Marine Corps. Thus the course for a naval cadet is six years, while a West Pointer gets his commission at the end of his fourth year at the Military Academy. The Navy Personnel bill recently prepared by direction of the Navy Department and submitted to Congress, proposes to give all cadets at the naval academy the

same course of instruction, so that all may be qualified alike for deck or engineering duties; and it limits the course to four or five years.

The instructors at the Naval Academy are nearly all officers of the navy who are detailed to that duty for periods of two or three years. This gives the officers an excellent post-graduate course, brings new blood and naval experience into the course, and keeps the latter directed in the most practical channels. It is an excellent system, far better than that of employing permanent instructors who have no naval experience. There are always enough officers available who are quite competent as instructors in the several departments, and the whole system serves to keep the school in touch with the service.

The daily routine at the Naval Academy is a very busy one. Reveille sounds at 6 o'clock, and the battalion forms at 6:35. The officer-in-charge inspects the ranks, the conduct report of the previous day is read, after which thirty minutes are allowed for breakfast. The cadets then make their beds, sweep out their rooms, and at 7:30 the "sick call" sounds for all who wish to see the surgeon. At 8 o'clock the bugle sounds the "study call," and all cadets go at once to their rooms, or form in ranks for the first recitation of the day. The study and recitation hours are divided into three periods of two hours each. the first from 8 to 10 A. M., the second from 10:15 to 12:15, and the third from 2 to 4 P. M. There is one hour for study and one for recitation in each period. Thus there are three recitations each day, one in each

period, and the remainder of the time is spent in preparing for the recitations. During the study periods, when not reciting, all are required to remain in their rooms and refrain from making a noise. At the end of the second period "release from rooms" is sounded, and at 12:25 the battalion forms for dinner; orders are published and the ranks are inspected again. Fortyfive minutes are allowed for dinner, after which there is about half an hour of leisure before the bugle sounds at 2 o'clock for the third study period. At 4 o'clock, recitations being over for the day, the "drill call "sounds and the battalion forms to be marched off for the drill of the day which lasts until 5:30, after which there is leisure until the call sounds for supper formation at 6:30. Half an hour is allowed for supper, and at 7:30 P. M. the bugle sends "all hands" to their rooms until 9:30 to prepare for the next day's recitations. At 9:30 the retreat sounds. releasing all from their rooms, until, at 9:55, the "warning call" sends them back again. At 10 o'clock "taps" sound, and all must "turn in" at once, keep silence, and extinguish lights. Thus eight hours are allowed for sleep, and during the remaining hours of the twentyfour the cadets are kept very busy with studies, recitations, drills, formation for meals, and various duties, with short recreation periods between. This routine is kept up steadily from Monday until Saturday Saturday afternoon is a half holiday, and there are no study hours on Sunday except from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. to prepare for the next day's work.



THE OLD FRIGATE SANTEE

On Saturday afternoon and evening, and after the service in the chapel on Sunday morning, cadets whose conduct is good are permitted to visit and to accept invitations at officers' quarters, and are given liberty to visit in Annapolis also. Drills are usually suspended on Wednesdays, and this period is devoted to recreation. Boats of all kinds are provided, and there is every inducement to take to the water for pleasure and exercise.

There are very few attractions in the quiet old town of Annapolis, and the cadets look mainly for their pleasure and amusement inside the grounds, which is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the present site for a school of this kind. cadets are welcomed and entertained by the families of the officers, and are given many social privileges. They are permitted to give a series of dances on Saturday nights during the winter months, and they are invited to the dances given by the officers on alternate Saturdays. These dances are very enjoyable, and are attended by many visitors from Washington, Baltimore, and other places. With a full band in the armory with its decorations of bunting and weapons, there is nothing lacking to make these dances bright and attractive. They usually begin very early in the evening, and at 10 o'clock the strains of "Home Sweet Home" give the dancers their last turn. Then the band strikes up "Hail Columbia," dancing ceases at once, and everybody stands "at attention" in silence during the playing of the national air.

In athletics, the naval cadets have attained a rank that is truly remarkable when we consider the limited time available in comparison with other schools and colleges where the routine is far less exacting; and considering also that the battalion numbers only two hundred and fifty cadets, one third of whom are "plebes." In foot-ball the Naval Academy is second only to the great colleges, and of the four matches against West Point the "middies" won three. Last year their crew won the eight-oared shell race with the University of Pennsylvania by seven lengths, and was only beaten two lengths by the splendid crew of Cornell, which afterward won the intercollegiate race on the Hudson. In track athletics, base-ball, and gymnasium work, the cadets have done well; and in fencing they have taken a high stand. That they have been able to cope with the great colleges of the country is only to be explained by the fact that the regular life, the great variety of drills and outdoor exercises, and a good wholesome diet, practically keep the whole battalion in a state of "training" throughout the year. There can be no luxuries, no excesses, and no shirking, at the Naval Academy. The effect of the routine is very marked, as shown by the rapid physical development of the "plebes."

After the practice cruise, which ends September 1st, all cadets, except those just entered, are given a month's leave of absence.

During the four years at Annapolis they get an annual salary of six hundred dollars, which is sufficient to pay mess bills and provide them with text-books, clothing, and other necessaries. A portion of their pay is "reserved" every month, and this is all paid to the graduate to enable him to buy his new outfit of uniforms, etc.

During his two years at sea his salary is nine hundred dollars. Thus the young "middy" is well cared for in all things essential to his education, his health, and his well-being.

All things considered, there are few naval schools, or systems of naval education, that equal our own, and none that excel it in scope and thoroughness. The Naval Academy is a splendid school, of which every graduate has reason to be proud, and in which the people of the United States should feel a lively interest, taking due heed of Secretary Southard's warning given in 1824, and doubly appropriate today,—"Our future national conflicts are to rest principally upon a navy, come when they may."

Of the future of the Naval Academy it can, at least, be predicted that there will be few changes in the present course of study or in its general system of instruction. These have been developed gradually, by an intelligent appreciation of, and a zealous interest in, the needs of the navy. As far as buildings and other facilities are concerned there is great need of improvement. The Navy Department has considered the subject, and Congress has been advised to provide for a new and complete building plan which has been designed with great care, and with an eye to future needs.

The large amount of money necessary to carry out this plan will doubtless delay action for some time, and it has had the effect to bring out a proposition to remove the academy from Annapolis. The rival claims of several other places as sites will be pressed with vigor by those interested; but the climatic and other manifest advantages of the present site will not be forgotten.

Visitors to the Naval Academy are always charmed with the place and with the quaint old town of Annapolis. They are impressed with the well groomed, athletic, and manly appearance of the cadets, and with their bearing and courtesy. In the routine there is much that is novel and interesting to the stranger. If he chances to visit Annapolis in May he will find the place at its best, though the climate is de-

lightful throughout the fall and spring months. As he strolls in the grounds during the drill period he may see the future admirals of the navy in their "working suits" of white canvas, scampering aloft at sail drill on board the Monongahela, or in their trim blue uniforms marching and wheeling at infantry drill on the beautiful lawn, to the music of the band. At sunset he suddenly hears the strains of "Hail Columbia," and notes that every officer and cadet in sight brings his heels together, faces the flagstaff in silence, and as the flag comes fluttering down all salute in honor of Old Glory. It is an interesting sight suggestive of the spirit of loyalty and patriotism which pervades the service, and which has always guarded the honor of our flag at sea.



From Painting by Detaille

THE "SYMPATHY" OF EUROPE

# "CHOWDER"

### BY PHIL MORE

HOW he got his name was never very clear. He was not christened "Chowder." In fact, no one could find out that he was ever christened at all. No church register rejoiced in the name of Chowder, and certainly neither Mr. nor Mrs. Chowder could be found in the City Directory. So people generally, who had any interest in the subject, and they were only such as taught the boys at the mission, soon lost it, and accepting the actual as they found it, went on like every one else and called him Chowder.

When he first came on the street with his little bundle of papers he was a tiny fellow, not more than six years old, and he told the boys his name was Jim Staley. When some of the bigger ones said, "Jim, where's your dad?" or "What's the number of your ma's house on Fish alley?" Jim said nothing, but went on crying his papers just as though he did not hear the question. Then they tried to bully him, and when that brought no answer the meaner ones stole his papers, or threw his little ragged cap into the gutter, and once a surly lout struck him in the face and said his father was probably a thief and that's why Jim was so mum about him. But he bore it all, though sometimes the stains on his face showed where the grimy hands had wiped away tears, and went on selling his papers, leaving the name of home and father and mother unmentioned. The boys said he shut up like a clam when they talked to him about those things, and so they came to call him Chowder, either because that was a better nickname than clam or at least it suggested clam, anyway it got with time to be Chowder and remained Chowder.

It was the talk of the street for a week when Chowder lost his leg. The boys held daily conventions when the morning issue was sold out to talk it over. Dick Sooter was there when it happened and told it over and over again until the boys all knew the story by heart.

"Ye see," Dick said, "we was playin' on the curve, Chowder and me, paintin' up a little with the grease the jay puts on the iron to make the cars turn easy. Chowder had just fixed my face with a big streak on each side that he said was dandy whiskers, and was leanin' over to dig out a little more grease to make a moustache for me, when the Broadway car came 'round quick and I jumped, but it ketched Chowder, and the fust I knowed they had him in the patrol and off to the Receivin' hospital."

When Chowder came back on the street from the hospital, two months after, he looked very thin and pale and went around with a crutch. At first he was a little awkward, but after a while he could swing himself on and off the street cars as well as the best of them with their two legs. People used to buy of him sometimes in apparent preference to the other boys, but he never asked for sympathy and fought his way along just as though he had two good legs instead of only one and a stump.

The boys all allowed that Chowder had grit, too, and was no sissy. When they all pelted old Opium Sing with mud the day that he staggered out of Ferguson alley, coming from Kim Sue's "joint," and one of them tripped and threw the poor opiumbesotted wretch in the muddy street and all pelted and jeered him as he vainly attempted to get up. Chowder went out into the street and helped that miserable, broken old pigtailed Chinaman upon his feet and wiped the mud from his face and said he would knock the first one down with his crutch who threw another bit of mud, and the boys all saw he meant it and their better instincts approved what he did. And so they said, "Hurrah for Chowder, he's all right!" and let him lead the poor old Chinaman in peace to his wretched little cabin down at the end of the alley.

Chowder used to sleep on the shavings in the engine-room of the Beale block. The engineer had taken a fancy to Chowder and it came about in this way. The engineer had a little girl about three years old, Amy, who used to come and play about in the engine-room and watch her father oiling the big wheels of the engine and the dynamo and feeding the great hungry fires in the

furnace. One day Amy stood in the door of the engine-room looking out into the alley and Chowder came along, crutch under one arm, and carrying under the other a half-starved, dirty kitten. And when Amy saw it and said, "Pitty kitty," Chowder stopped. The engineer stepped to the door and said a little roughly, "Boy, what're doing with that cat?" Then Chowder told how he had taken it from a couple of boys who were stoning and teasing it and had come into the alley to get away from them. And when Amy said, "Poor kitty," Chowder asked if he might give it to her and her father said yes, and so got to talking with Chowder and inquiring about him, and finally let him come into the engine-room, and the result of the acquaintance was that Chowder used to come and sleep on the shavings and sometimes drop in during the day to watch little Amy playing with the kitten, which was now clean and well fed, and took to its new home in the engine-room as naturally as though it had been born there.

Chowder used often to stand close to blind old Wendell, who sat on a little canvas-bottomed folding stool at the corner and played an accordeon very much out of tune. Wendell had a band around his hat, on which was printed in letters just as large as the band would permit, "Poor and Blind." The boys said Chowder was "studin' music." But Billy Sooter said, "Never you mind, I'm on to Chowder's lay," for Billy had watched him around the corner and saw him take a nickel from his ragged trousers pocket and when he thought no one was looking at him drop it into "Wennie's" little tin cup, and when Wendell, not knowing the giver, bowed his head and said, "Thank you!" Billy Sooter said Chowder looked as though he owned the Beale block.

After Chowder lost his leg he was always looking out for street car accidents. If the fire alarm sounded, all the other boys rushed to see the engines go tearing down the street followed by the hose carts with the men hanging on to the foot boards and slipping into their coats and boots with the horses on the dead run. But Chowder would take his station near the curve to see that some child, or old man, or excited woman did not in the confusion forget all about street cars in the anxiety to avoid

the rush of the engine and so incur the greater danger of getting under those pitiless wheels.

It had been drizzling a little, early in the morning. Chowder had come into the alley in the rear of the Beale block to drop in and say hello to Amy. He saw the little girl carrying the kitten and walking up and down near the engine room door. Chowder dropped behind an ash barrel that stood in the alley and called out from his hiding

place, "Hello Amy!"

The little girl, who knew his voice and had often played hide and seek with Chowder in the alley, at once began to search for him. She ran back and forth, laughing and talking in her baby way, still holding the kitten in her arms. Someone crossed the alley at the street entrance who must have looked like Chowder, and in a moment the child was in the street. Chowder stood watching, expecting her to come back, and then there fell on his ear the grinding noise of the street car on the curve. The next instant he stood on the street curb and saw it all. In the middle of the street, on that awful curve, holding the kitten tightly in her arms and looking in a bewildered manner at the hurrying crowds around her, stood Amy, and coming full down upon her that awful car, grinding as it swung around the curve, as though already it were crushing that delicate baby form under its merciless iron. It was as though he had been thrown by a powerful hand into the street that Chowder flung himself against the child, and she fell to the ground beyond the tracks and in safety.

But the crutch of the boy had struck the iron plate between the rails wet with the morning rain, and it slipped. There was only one cry and the car passed the spot, then stopped. Too late, for they took from under its cruel wheels the little crippled form of Chowder.

He was always very patient, the nurses at the hospital said, and never complained, although at times he must have suffered very much. He often spoke Amy's name in his delirium and when his mind was clear again his first inquiry was for her. When they brought her to his bed and he saw her so well and happy, standing there with kitty in her arms,— for she had brought her pet to see Chowder too,— the first tear that he had shed in all his agony slipped down his

pale cheek and faded on the white pillow. But it was, they knew, the tear of joy, not

of pain.

They had placed his bed near the window where he could see the sky, brilliant with stars as it is only in the land of sunshine, and he had said, "Miss Perris, leave the curtain up tonight, I like to watch them stars." And so the nurse had left him, looking into the silent night and up to the jeweled sky.

It was Billy Sooter's voice in the early morning that said, "Chowder, old boy, wake up!"

But the waking was on the other side.

# DOWN THE STILL RIVER DRIFTING

DOWN the still river drifting Into the crimson west, While the last late crow passed cawing, Homeward, to his rest;

While the cooler breath of evening Softly kissed her face, She sat by the unused rudder And sang with a wild low grace.

Scarce could I hear her singing Some olden lover's woe, A plighted troth and parting,— Ah! but it touched me so! Sadness stole on our senses,
But why we neither knew,
A filmy web of sadness,
Light as the summer dew.

Neither spoke in the twilight
That gathered on the stream,
Till I set my oar in the rowlock,
And broke the silent dream.

Then 't was of idle matters, Not of our tender thought; We counted not the morrow, Careless what it brought.

Ah! Helen, girlish Helen,
What sorcery had thy song
That makes me sob in the twilight
When thou art dead so long!

Herbert Crombie Howe



# INDIAN BASKET WORK ABOUT PUGET SOUND

BY CHARLES MILTON BUCHANAN



CE upon a time,—as all orthodox stories begin,—the art of basket making was an art of arts among these primitive people, because upon it were they entirely dependent for all their domestic wares and utensils. Before the advent of the

white man the aborigines of this neighborhood were entirely ignorant of the

occurrence, extraction. uses, of metals, and were also equally ignorant of pottery and the allied plasticarts. All cutting implements were fashioned either of stone. bone, or elk horn, and all domestic utensils were fabrications of basketry. The uses to which the various forms were put were as numerous and as varied as the products them-

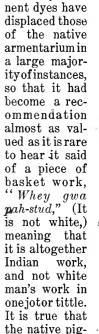
selves, — and who can number them? Even now, when the ubiquitous lard pail or the inevitable tin pan, tin bucket, or iron pot, which can be bought for a few bits, has almost entirely suplanted many of these old and artistic even if crude domestic implements, we can catch some slight shadow of the original substance.

To those who have not known the Indian on his native heath, who have not lived with him and therefore do not know him and his home life intimately, to such there can hardly come an adequate appreciation of the extreme beauty and sometimes even exquisite delicacy of many of their beautifully woven works of art created from mountain grasses or cedar roots, colored with pigments of Nature's own devising and all,—

Such tools as art yet rude had formed,-

as Milton says.

At the present time the white man's more varied, more brilliant, but less perma-





ments may be duller and that they do not run through such a lengthy, diverse, and brilliant chromatic gamut as the white man's dyes. But the Indian dyes are permanent, and they are so softened by the mellowing touch of time as to gain with age an exquisite combination of color values altogether inimitable. Who that desires Indian basketry cares for mongrel work? What of a piece of Indian work masquerading in gaudy garments that are not really its own? In the process of crossing, the individuality and the distinctiveness are almost invariably lost

and the decorative scheme has degenerated to a degree such as fits it only for the commercial collector of hodge-podge. Most of the Indian basket work that reaches the East is a degenerate product born of the modern commercial spirit, and can never hope to match the purer forms of aboriginal days, or even some types yet to be found in the far West,—particularly where civilization has touched the red man with a lightsome touch indeed.

In the olden days the making of basket work was an important industry with the aborigine. The Indian belle was in full dress when partly encompassed by a short skirt of cedar bark, reaching from the waist midway to the knees, and her raven tresses

Since the utilitarian but inartistic pot. pan, pail, basket, and what-not, of the white man have become so accessible, and since basket work is so exceedingly slow, tedious, difficult, laborious, and so very hard upon the hands of the weaver, it has come about that the women of the tribes seldom teach the younger generation how to fashion those domestic utensils with which they themselves were so familiar in the days of their youth. Therefore skilled weavers are by no means so common as of yore, when it was as much the woman's duty to provide the articles for household use and cookery as it was the man's duty to provide the game and spoil to fill them. Many of the most skillful of these old female artisans



SKAGIT AND SNOHOMISH BASKETRY

topped by a conical head-dress of her best basket work. In those days a brave estimated his wealth in horses, canoes, and basketry, and if he could count among his women, wives, or daughters, any skilled basket weavers they were potential sources of wealth. If by chance a young woman gained a reputation for unusual skill in such work, she was courted as assiduously as ever American heiress is courted nowadays by impecunious scions of European aristocracy. In many cases particularly fine or valuable samples of basket work have become family heirlooms and have been handed down from generation to generation, and no amount of money will induce the possessor to part with his treasure.

are either long since dead or else they are tottering feebly towards the grave, yet, like Lot's wife, their eyes are turned longingly to the past.

The rising generations are being taught new arts, the arts of peace, in the schools which a generous government freely maintains for their advancement. Still, diligent search among the haunts and homes of the old copperheads and the more unregenerate of the race will reveal them clinging tenaciously to their old customs. They are like dying men clutching at straws, struggling stoutly to withstand the inroads of the white man, physically, spiritually, morally, and technically, and yet feeling themselves slowly and inevitably engulfed by civiliza-

tion. Among the treasures, the Lares and the Penates, of this class may be found many beautiful examples of the dying art, to which they cling with a tenacity that is pathetic and mournful to a degree.

Among the Indians of the Southwest much of their mysticism and symbolism was woven into the decorative design of basketry. In the Northwest this is not usual: the pattern is run at the fancy of the maker. Sometimes the basket maker will possess her own peculiar designs and patterns, which may be recognized anywhere by her tribesmen familiar with her work, and they serve the purpose of a hallmark, revealing at once the identity of the maker. Many of their patterns involve the Greek fret, pure and simple, as well as countless variations worked upon this self-same theme. Then again the barbaric basket maker will attempt to mimic nature with cherry trees. ferns, star fish, fir trees, and a thousand and one objects common to their every day life.

It may be that these patterns are worked out in various colors or in a few contrasting colors. In the simplest color scheme the two contrasting colors, black and white, (though the scientist tells us that neither one is a color,) are chosen. Grasses are now selected which dry out white. The most common grass used for this purpose

is so-called "mountain grass" found in the neighborhood of the Cascade mountains; it dries to a creamy white with a sort of a half gloss upon its surface. For the black shade, succulent roots or grasses are chosen which naturally dry to a black. Sometimes the purplish-black stem of the maiden-hair fern is used in the work of finer texture. As a rule the simpler the color scheme the more likely it is to be permanent and durable—and indeed even beautified by the mellowing of time.

Further chromatic complexity is secured by the use of the juices of various berries and the coloring principles of the commoner indigenous plants. Nowadays many of the aniline dyes are often used to give gay color and a rainbow brilliance to the work. It is an unfortunate fact that with these dyes the permanency and durability are inversely as the brilliancy, and it does not require much exposure to sunlight very materially to mar the glory of aniline decoration.

As different makers possessed patterns and designs which were more or less distinctive, so also it sometimes happened that the work of various tribes could be differentiated in a similar manner, not only as regards the patterns alone, but sometimes even with regard to the materials from which the work was fabricated.



WORK OF MAKAH INDIANS, AT NEAH BAY, CAPE FLATTERY

The Makah Indians of Neah bay, near Cape Flattery, work almost entirely with fine and delicate grasses, brilliantly colored, and the products of their basketry are quite as beautiful as diminutive. Their work is altogether distinctive, and none of it is done by the Snohomish Indians, for example. The Snohomish products are larger, coarser, and correspondingly more durable than those of their more northerly neighbors.

In the making of baskets the work begins by the formation of the bottom, working thence, loop by loop, row by row, tier by tier, to the very top, which is usually finished off by a row of fine plaited

work. The materials are thoroughly soaked in water and the weaving is done while the grasses are wet. This not only adds to their pliancy, but also allows the textile roots and fibers to dry in place and thus adds materially to the strength and rigidity of the finished product. First, a foundation basket of dried, light-brown cedar roots is tediously and compactly woven into shape. Upon this, as a ground work, the ornamental design is worked, the various colored grasses are placed in position, strand by strand, and firmly woven or forced into place in the substance of the foundation basket by means of a stout awl. Usually the groundwork of this ornamental portion is a creamy white.



CHEHALIS CALDRON



CHEMANIS TRUNK

upon which the pattern is worked in the chosen tints, frequently picking the design out, as it were, in the glossy, purplish black stem of the maiden-hair fern, or with grasses gay with Nature's own tinctures.

The enormous labor required in the making of even a comparatively small basket  $(spuh-ch\delta h)$  can hardly be appreciated by those who are not thoroughly familiar with the work. Slowly, slowly, day by day, laboriously, and oftentimes at the cost of strength, patience, and of fingers bruised and cut by the sharp edges of the textile materials or worn skinless by the constant friction of the weaving,—in such manner is basketry built up. One looking on at the

labor instinctively asks himself the question, "Is it worth the while?" It must be remembered that these articles are not made for a day. but for a lifetime; so durably are they fashioned that even with rough and constant usage they last incredibly long, and with fair care are often transmitted to posterity as heirlooms. It is simply a barbaric exemplification of the truth of the old adage that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Upon completion they become as much a part and parcel of the household outfit as the plates, dishes, trunks, hats, platters, table mats, culinary utensils, etc., of modern domestic art.

The uses of basketry are innumerable. Unusually durable and

striking, if not exactly fashionable, hats are made and worn by the northern tribesmen, though at the present writing they are by no means so common in our own Pacific Northwest. Imagine yourselves, if you can, O, modern dames, with one hat only, with one bonnet only, in a whole life time,—and even that one to be transformed into a fruit basket in the berry season!

Large, stout structures, lidded and braced, shaped and fashioned much like modern trunks or chests, were made for the care and transportation of the household gods and goods during the various excursions both by land and by sea. Some of these are beautifully ornamented and are quite expensive. Indeed, I have myself seen some that would cost quite as much, though much smaller, than miladi's modern Saratoga trunk built upon the proportions of the Chicago "sky-scraper."

In the berry season baskets of cedar root serve to carry home to the *ah-lahl*, to the teepee or the wickiup, the fruits of the day's labor in the woods among the berry bushes, picking service berries, salmon berries, sallal berries, blackberries, raspberries, black huckleberries, red huckleberries, and every other indigenous member of the berry tribe. For it was written of the Northwestern aborigine, at least of the coast folk, that man shall not live by salmon alone, nor by mussels, nor by clams, but by every berry and every other good gift that

proceedeth, in the woods, from the God of Nature. And indeed, in the matter and variety of berries Providence has been prodigal. The berries are carried carefully home, there to be exposed to the sun and dried of every vestige of moisture; then they are carefully packed away in large baskets for consumption in the winter season. Then they are prepared for use by boiling in water or else by beating up, like the white of an egg, into a frothy and fruity relative of "syllabub," termed by the Indian "soup-o-lal-lee." To my unaccustomed palate this delicacy tastes like nothing so much as plebeian soap-suds flavored with fruit essence.

Again the baskets serve as catch-alls in the home and as carry-alls in the fields. They also served in the early days as a sort of a circulating medium, and it may rejoice the hearts of some more politically inclined to know that the free coinage of baskets was then in vogue among these people, even at an early era, anticipating the cause of the "white metal" by many, many years.

Before the advent of the pah-stud stobsch (white man) huge basket structures of this nature served in lieu of pots, caldrons, buckets,—yes for buckets, and even for carrying water. Strange as it may seem, so carefully, compactly, and closely, are the roots and grasses of these baskets interwoven that after they have been allowed to



become water-soaked they become perfectly water-tight and may therefore be used as water carriers and water vessels. Moreover, huge caldron shaped-baskets were used in place of pots, and in them fish and meat were actually boiled in the days of long ago. Do you shrug your shoulders in inaudible but visible unbelief? Are you unable to believe this?

When the time for feasting and dining had come, two large basket caldrons were taken. In one the meat, fish, or game, to be cooked was placed (usually in layers around the sides) then the receptacle was filled with water. The other caldron was also filled with water. A fire was then made and in it round, smooth stones from the beach were heated to redness. The hot stones were then raked out of the fire,

picked up with sticks, plunged in one cal-

dron to clean them and then cast into the caldron containing the food to be cooked. This process was kept up until the food was properly cooked. A slow and tedious process it seems to us, to be sure, and especially if one should happen to be ravenously hungry at the time; but it had the great advantage of never burning the repast. Food that was not cooked in this manner was broiled over hot coals, and this made the cookery of our Northwestern aborigines of the Pacific Coast. Crude it may seem to us, but ingenious also; for we must remember that these people were ignorant of pottery and metal working, and therefore had no pots and pans. Therefore the use of domestic utensils fashioned of basket work was not the exercise of a deliberate choice, but an ingenious circumvention of a difficulty which had to be met.

## THE UNIVERSAL GROWTH

THE earth bears fruit in life and fruit in death;
A living world, a vast necropolis,
Old fabled grounds of Jupiter and Dis.
Humanity the root, which buddeth breath,
Whose beauty in purer spirit vanisheth,
And passeth in that change to higher bliss.
The ripe tree drops its seed, which death's abyss
Taketh, and for new spring-time nourisheth.
There is a common citizenship between
The dead and living. What they had we have
In this our hand-built city; in that unseen,
Not made with hands still live the good and brave.
Death is not death; we do but shift the scene,
To take up our new freedom in the grave.

Edward Wilbur Mason.





HE RODE—OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE

# THE TRIUMPHS OF ATROPOS

BY B. R. WEBB

"Being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will"

Ι

#### IN THE FAVOR OF CLOTHO

ON THAT rare January morning the justrisen sun looked upon the Rancho Lomito from across the intervening cañons with a smile as bright as it was delusive. While the winds are rarely still on the high altitudes of the Llano Estacado, yet today the smoke rose straight upwards and hung like a pall in the quiet, heavy air. The sentinel yuccas standing by the small enclosure fronted the slopes towards the southeast with their slender lances just now in fixed and impassive array. Nature had telegraphed from the lofty summits of the Rockies all along the line to the Gulf, demanding right of way and an open track for the lightning special of Boreas; and the gentle, languid south wind, dreading the rude shock of collision, had, like the Arab, silently stolen away in the night.

Breakfast finished, the men awaited orders for the day. Robert and Jack, the two stalwart cowboys, sat on the low stone fence in front of the adobe with lighted cigarettes, blowing rings of smoke to the ground, making faces at Juanita when her royal highness deigned to look their way, and otherwise disporting themselves after

the fashion of the wicked ones.

Perched atop the fence, her brilliant black eyes, the heritage of the Castilian blood, scarcely came above the level of Markham's shoulder.

"And what have you learned in your book, Little Johnnie?" he was saying just then.

"O, señor, I know that for which everything stands."

"Well, then  $ni\tilde{n}a$  mia, let me hear a sample of this wonderful learning."

"P. for padre," with a nod towards Juan; "M. for madre," a motion towards the house; "B. for Bob, and J. for Jack," those impenitent sinners making hideous faces at

her as she glanced towards them; "and—and es todo—that is all," she gravely concluded, with fullest assurance that the uttermost bounds of written knowledge had been reached.

"Ah, and what stands for me?" said Markham, somewhat piqued that he had been omitted from this extensive category. She saw the shadow on his face, and with the swift intuition which is the wisdom of artless childhood, she realized that here was a case not covered by the learning of the books. She must supply this deficiency, even though it should require a vicarious offering of self.

"O, señor," she said earnestly, "I'll stand for you." And Clotho, who may not alter the decrees of inexorable destiny, yet may vary the methods of their accomplishment, in grateful recognition of the element of divine character thus displayed by the child, interwove with the events of that self-same day a pleasing, though unwitting

fulfillment of the promise made.

Juan Delgardo, the foreman, standing near the gate and gazing meditatively towards the west, with Markham almost by his side, presented with striking effect the contrast between the Latin-American and the Anglo-Saxon races; Delgardo being dark, heavy, and slow of speech, while the other was fair as any woman, alert as an athlete, with clustering hair, and blue eyes aglow with the quicker mental and social activities that characterize the dominant race. Just now the latter gave his attention exclusively to the child, content to leave the decision of the day's business to his senior partner, who, striding back and forth and smoking a large pipe, gazed alternately at the different points of the horizon.

The Rancho Lomito, with a range and outlet of princely extent, stretching northward to the arroyos of the Canadian, westward to the slopes of the Rio Pecos, and southward to the mesas and the alkaline lakes far below, had also on its east and

southeast, for protection against the destructive forces of nature, the grateful shelter of Cañon Hondo, far more welcome to herds in time of wintry blasts than the cool shade of palm trees to sun-scorched caravans in the Syrian deserts of the Orient. This unusual and boding stillness was but the ominous lull which precedes the storm, the portent of the sudden and terrific "norther"; yet as some time might elapse before its coming, it would be but poor policy to throw the herds upon the scant range below the bluffs in advance of the necessity therefor. If the south-wind should come up again, this would be a good omen of delay; but Stratton vainly snuffed the air in that direction.

"What think you of the matter, Juan?"
"I think, señor, it will not be wise that we should wait."

"All right," said Stratton, his own opinion now confirmed. "Saddle up, boys, and we'll make the lower drive first."

The three men swept out rapidly toward the west and south, the two partners remaining by the gate for a moment's further conference. Stratton would go south with the drive, throwing the cattle from the lower side into the cañon at the Horsehead outlet, and returning for dinner; those on the north side would be put in by the upper trail, a mile above the ranch. Markham would go across and down the caffon to the Flying V and Bosquecito ranches below, and notify them of what was being done; for this movement would necessitate a readjustment of line-riding to prevent a conflict of territory and intermingling of herds. As he turned his horse, something in the west attracted his attention, and he called out:-

"O, señora, here is the mountain again, and it shows up just now most superbly."

The señora came out from the house to the gate, her magnificent dark eyes, such as once shone resplendent in Alhambra's halls, lighting up with a deep, lustrous glow as her glance rested upon the outlines of an imposing mountain which, at an apparent distance of a dozen miles away, seemed to rise up a thousand feet into the air, its crest and outer slopes so clearly defined against the sky that its uneven surfaces could be plainly distinguished. But plain and near at it appeared, Markham's field-glass proved ineffectual to bring any more distinctly into view the lineaments of this

phantasmal peak, which, if anywhere in fact, was across in New Mexico, fully three hundred miles away.

"Do you recognize this as being any particular mountain you have seen there,

señora?"

"Ah, no, señor," with regretful cadence in her voice, "but it is one of those in the Sierras beyond the Brave river, in that land where I was born; where I played and sang in the happy childhood days, and where my mother and my baby boy, the very dearest, are asleep by the Church of the Angels in the valley,—and there is no one now that keeps the flowers by their graves."

It was the voice of Rachel echoing that which in the father turned his face ever towards his first-born and only son, as unconsciously as the swallow turns toward the warm south-land in the chill of the autumn

time.

"But some day I shall go back there, and again put my arms around the mounds where they lie,—it so rests the aching here; and perhaps I, too, shall sleep there also, cuando llegario al fin—at the end."

She turned away, her eyes suffused, and her veins throbbing with the intense emotion that slumbers in the Spanish blood, and awakes so quickly and with such passionate response to the touch of love.

"The men and myself, señora," said Stratton, "will be back for dinner by noon,

or soon thereafter."

"And when does the señor return?" she

asked, turning to Markham.

"I shall return, señora, at the going down of the sun." Often in addressing her, his English words thus phrased themselves into the statelier forms of the Castilian speech.

"When you see me coming, Juanita," he added, "you must run to meet me, and you

shall ride to the corral."

The men departed, separating at a little distance, the one going south, and the other turning toward the cañon, on the ladder-

bridge trail.

The Señora Antonia, standing in the doorway, gazed after the two men with a vague feeling of anxious solicitude. They were not kinsmen, and were much unlike in every respect; what was it that bound them so closely together? The one was a bachelor, the other a widower who had lost his wife and only child just before coming

West. Their written articles of partnership, subscribed by Juan as an assisting witness, provided that in case of the death of either, unmarried and without issue or will, the other should be sole owner of the joint property. How would the story of Damon and Pythias further repeat itself in this modern instance? Might not the influence of the King prevail with Jonathan even over a love that "passed the love of woman"?

Vaguely revolving these things, the señora was troubled, yet knew not why; so at length she sought relief in a fervent prayer for the protection of the Blessed Virgin and the patron saints over the devoted marido who, a dozen miles away on the billowy prairie seas, adventured all the dangers and hardships of a rugged Western life for the sake of his wife and child.

П

#### BY THE LADDER-BRIDGE TRAIL

For several miles below its upper extremity, the Cañon Hondo presented serious difficulties in the matter of egress and ingress, to be found only through the ravines leading into it. One of these, having its source nearest the ranch, led southeasterly into the cañon, but breaking into the lower valley through a lofty bluff, it presented there, for some distance, a mighty fissure, as if made by an earthquake, with craggy aclivities and abrupt sides rising a hundred feet above the channel; and it was here that the difficulty existed in the way of a trail through this defile. The bed of the ravine could not be followed, but half way up the lofty south wall of the gorge there extended along its side a narrow ledge of rock which afforded a perilous line of pas-At one point, however, this natural terrace-way was broken squarely across by a transverse fissure, an abrupt chasm fourteen feet wide, piercing into the face of a rocky bluff and descending a distance of fifty feet.

Provoked at the tedious circuit necessary in order to reach the caffon by the other and better trail above, and exploring for a shorter route, the intrepid raqueros had met this chasm as an impassable barrier. eyed it ruefully and cursed it roundly, but without effect; it still yawned at their feet.

"If a pack of Comanches were whooping us down this trail on horseback, we'd clear this d—d gully and not half try," Jack declared; and Robert assented, with a sincere regret that such an adventure could not now be reckoned on.

The danger of this route rendered it attractive to these superb and reckless riders, wearied with the level monotony of the wide plains; so they made a vow that the first odd time they would "bridge the durned thing and be done with it"; and that time came after the June round-ups were over, and the cattle had been turned The bridge was constructed upon the simplest design, and consisted of three cedar poles, seventeen feet long, thrown across the chasm, and covered with smaller poles, split and nailed flat side down. strong man, standing at its lower extremity, could raise that end and draw the structure towards himself until the other end would barely rest upon the opposite ledge. and any weight then thrown suddenly upon the bridge would, of course, carry it into the chasm like the fall of a trap. So, a series of rough shakings, without readjustment of the bridge, would serve at length to precipitate it below.

Some day," Stratton had said, "a string of cattle will come down this trail, and by the time a few heavy four-year-olds have spraddled across this contrivance it will be in the gulch and a good beef steer with it."

A few weeks later the men lounged about the ranch, wearied with the inaction of summer, and the monotony of their surroundings. It was a fit time for Beelzebub to assert his opportunity.

"Jack," said Robert, "you said if a band of Comanches were whooping it down that trail across the gully, you and Ticklefoot could clear it and not half try."

"Yes," Jack assented, "and I believe we 'd do it, slicker than a whistle, and just like a deer in a walk."

"Well, if you want to try that caper now,

I 'll be vour Comanche."

Jack accepted the challenge without a moment's hesitation, and the two hastened away after their horses. A few moments later there was a clatter of flying feet, a lively burst of shrill war-whoops, and the two splendid horsemen were lost to sight on the trail leading to the ravine. The older men merely smiled at this reckless dare-deviltry of the "boys." A race across the chasm and along the perilous ledge was not perhaps more dangerous than the onset of an angry bull or of a stampeded herd — things not at all uncommom. But the Señora viewed this needless defiance of the King of Terrors with troubled eyes and a dread of consequences that might issue from out the unknown.

Sometimes, however, even the Fates, smiling at the follies of men, suspend the tragedies of life for a season; and the sadbrowed Atropos, for this time, laid her lifted scissors down again. The riders returned in half an hour, their horses dripping with sweat and all unscathed.

"How did Ticklefoot take the bridge?"

inquired Markham.

"Like a daisy," answered Jack, beaming with triumph. "He cleared the whole contraption without touching either end."

"Yes," said Bob, "but you just ought to have seen 'em when I got 'em stampeded on the down-grade along that narrow path, and they found they was in for it and no stopping; and me whooping right down after 'em like the Judgment Day a-coming! Jack looked back at me once, and I 'll swear his eyes stuck out so far you could have brushed 'em off without touching his face. Ugh! me big Injun; make pale-face heap run!" And this doughty Comanche brave slapped his leg and roared with laughter after a fashion illy befitting the gravity of the aboriginal character.

"The great Cæsars!" exclaimed Jack, the dauntless, much disgusted that his exploit should be thus held up to derision. "If I could lie like that, I'd never drive cattle for a living — not another day. I'd start to Congress tomorrow morning." In this perspective of a career in politics, it will be seen that Jack had allowed no time whatever for the necessary intervention of a gullible constituency, so shiningly had his compatriot exhibited the talent chiefly requisite to po-

litical success.

#### III.

#### GOD DISPOSES

"But Zeus fulfills not the thoughts of man."

ON THE January day aforesaid, the men having finished the lower drive, and also their dinner at the ranch, set forth to bring in the cattle from the northern half of the range. Stratton's position being on the east side of this drive, and his route leading along the head of the main cañon, the intervening slopes soon hid him from view; then, instead of keeping a direct course, he turned squarely into the cañon by the upper trail. Half an hour later, he repassed the point where this trail debouched from the cañon, and riding rapidly northward, passed across the crest of the plateau and disappeared in the wide-spreading plain beyond.

The rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the tops of the bluffs as Markham, returning homeward up the Cañon Hondo, reached the mouth of the ladder-bridge trail; and the distant lowing of cattle ahead told him that the herds had just been driven in, more than a mile above. The shadows were thickening in the deep ravine, and on the narrow ledge his horse, suddenly throwing up his head, came to a full halt. Juanita stood at the lower end of the bridge, her small figure pressed against the face of the bluff, her glad eyes yet showing the fright her perilous surroundings had inspired.

"Hallo, Little Johnnie, and what are you

doing here?"

"I came to meet the señor, and,"—with a shuddering glance at the chasms beneath,

— "and O, I was much afraid!"

Markham rode up beside her, and reaching down, took her arm to lift her to the saddle. She held the lower ends of her apron, enclosing some shining pebbles, and the movement of raising her threw them to the ground beneath the horse. Releasing the child's arm, the rider dismounted to gather them up. The horse was in the way and the ledge narrow.

"Cross over, Selim," he said; "we will

mount on the other side."

The noble animal hesitated, then sprang forward on the bridge, and in an instant, both horse and bridge went headlong into the abyss. There came up from below the sharp rattle of timbers on the rocks, a shrill and agonizing scream, followed by the dull sound of a heavy fall at the bottom, and then all was still. Markham leaned over the precipice and called aloud the name of his horse, but there was no response. He turned to Juanita.

"Well, Juaniscita,—dear little Johnnie-

girl, you'll have to ride home on my shoulder, now."

He gathered up the pebbles, took the child on one arm, went back down the path where the bluff was less precipitous, and by the aid of the bushes and points of rock, drew himself up its face to another rude ledge above, which extended down to the beaten trail at a point beyond the bridge.

Then he strode rapidly forward, his grief at the loss of his horse offset by the good fortune of his own escape and that of the child, and his clear, resonant voice filling all the spaces of the gorge as he sang,—

"Nita, fair Juanita, Lean thou fondly on my heart."

He had expected that, on emerging from the hollow of the ravine, they would find a better light above, but it was not so. A thick. murky darkness extended across the northernsky and advanced rapidly towards the south, its near approachbillowy ing, front presenting the appearance of a vast,

rolling mass of smoke and vapor. The chill wind that already preceded bore from out its gloom the agonizing cry of a woman's voice calling, "Juanita! Juaniscita!" with an expression so intense that it sounded as though one cried from the spirit land for a soul that was lost. Then came the swift fluttering of a woman's garments, and the Señora Antonia had snatched away the

child and was covering its face with kisses, intermingled with every term of endearment the Spanish tongue affords. Another instant, and two flying horsemen from out the rolling shadows reined up beside them. So sudden was their stop, so violent the check, that one of the horses, losing his feet on the uneven slope, plunged heavily to the ground, the rider alighting upon his feet

almost as readily as though he had dismounted in the usual way.

After the cattle were turned in above, the boys had dashed on to the ranch. ahead of the older men, and as they reached it, their quick eyes had discerned against the skylight in the southeast the figure of a woman rapidly crossing a rise on the ladderbridge trail. They called aloud for Juanita and the Sewithout ñora. response.

"And what's the matter now, sonny?" asked Robert.

The other solved the problem as promptly as he had before accepted the challenge.

"The kid 's

run away to meet the florid boss, and the Señora's gone after her.

"Well," said Bob, "if the young one comes to that narrow track and the bridge, she's like to tumble in."

Then the faithful and tireless caballos, unless their instincts had also grasped the situation, must have thought that the devil had bodily broken loose behind them, so



MARKHAM CALLED ALOUD THE NAME OF HIS HORSE

madly did their masters send them along the down trail.

Each of the gallant riders begged the privilege of taking Juanita home. Jack pleaded his case with some eloquence.

"I'll have her home safe and sound, in three shakes of a lamb's tail," he said, "and this norther'll freeze her nose off be-

fore she can walk there."

He had confidently expected to win the case over his competitor, the redoubtable Comanche brave, by this poetic allusion to the tender lamb; but, as the Señora declined every offer to take the child from her arms, Bob was sent as an avant courier, and the others followed as rapidly as the rising storm would permit. Jack led his horse and listened to Markham's account of the accident, the Señora remaining silent all the way. Juan met them some distance from the ranch, and to him she surrendered the child, then hung trembling for a moment on his neck. A lamp had been lighted in the house, and Stratton stood just outside the door, his face in the shadow. roar of the wind gave to his voice an unnatural pitch and tone.

"Hallo, Markham," he called out. "Bob says you came near going into the gulch

with that bridge."

"Yes, it was a close call."

"Well, old fellow, you are in luck, even with the loss of so good a horse as Selim."

"After supper the subject was more fully discussed, the Señora silent and attentive.

"It is probable that a bunch of cattle we missed," said Stratton, "struck out for the cañon, and taking that trail, shook the bridge out of place." And there the discussion ended. But the Señora lay awake afterwards, and far into the vexed watches of that stormy night.

"Juan," she said, speaking in the Spanish, "porque cayo el puente?" (Why did the

bridge fall?)

"Quien sabe?" And with this unsatisfactory response, her liege lord turned him

again to his slumbers.

The roar of the terrific gale that served Juan so well for a lullaby just now, after continuing steadily for forty hours, abated seemingly for the sole reason that the caves of Æolus had been exhausted of their tempestuous winds. The sheltered herds of the Rancho Lomito were safe; but others, overtaken by the storm upon the open prairies,

were driven southward with resistless force, chilled, blinded, and confused, until they fell from exhaustion and quickly succumbed to the icy clutch of the north wind, their bleached bones whitening the plains long after, a sad memorial of the vanished hopes and fortunes of their luckless owners.

"La gente pone," said Juan Delgado, commenting on the disastrous results. "y Dios

dispone."

"You bet He does, and right along," said the unregenerate Robert; "especially of the fellows who fail to be on time, or to

keep their powder dry."

In the theology of this untutored brave of the wild Comanches, it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us and with which we have to do.

IV.

#### TODO EL CAMINO

LATER on, after the weather had cleared, Markham again stood with Juanita at the gate, admiring the wonderful phantom illusions conjured up by the magical rarefied air of the plains, where the azure sky descends and becomes a sheet of water, and the pulsations of the atmosphere translate themselves into the rhythmic lapse of waves, and minute objects at the surface of the earth loom up like Specters of Brocken in the shifting and unequally reflected rays of light. He pointed to a beautiful lake out on the undulating prairie, the waves rippling across its broad surface, the large trees apparently standing on its margin, their shadows clearly reflected in its depths. The child clasped her hands with delight, and the Señora came out to join in the view.

"The reflection of the sky," said Markham, "may give the seeming lake, and the sun's rays, quivering in the air, cause the apparent rolling of the waves; but whence, Señora, comes the image of the trees? There are none in the sky, and no lakes anywhere in this Western country having

such trees on their margin."

"But in time long ago," she replied, "the lake real was here, with the trees by it, and

this is now the picture."

"That would be strange," said Markham.

"The photographer preserves negatives of his pictures, but I had not thought of nature doing that."

"Ah, señor, eso es muy possible for is

not the mirage all strange in the presenting that which we cannot see without the aid of it? Is it more strange than that I should see you at the bridge, and also the lady there who stopped the way?"

"Tell me about that, Señora; I do not

understand."

"About the going down of the sun that day, I stood in the door to look for Juanita; and in the sky there, just over the bridge, I saw the mirage picture. You seemed about to cross over the bridge, but a lady stood on it holding a babe in her arms. Ah! so beautiful she was, and with such tender, shining eyes, like the picture of the Holy Mother in the cathedral at Chihuahua,—and she put forth one hand and seemed to pour some pebbles at the end of the bridge, and you alighted to gather them."

Markham stepped into the house, unlocked a trunk and took therefrom two photographs. He handed one of these to

to the Señora.

"Is that the lady you saw at the bridge?"
"No, señor, there is no resemblance here."

He handed her the other one and noted the instant flash of recognition in her eyes.

"It is the same," she said without hesitation; "but the mother look is not yet here, and the eyes have not the deep-shining as I saw by the bridge. It is the señora of whom you told Juanita that she loved the flowers so, and went asleep in the flower land. Ah! señor, the dust sleeps and the wicked die; but the good may watch over their loved ones — else why do we pray?"

Did not the eucharistic feast present to this daughter of the Holy Faith the oft-recurring miracle of the transubstantiation; and the creeds of her church include the personal intervention of the saints? And did not every mirage present phenomena that were inexplicable, and objects otherwise beyond the reach of the natural eye? Why should she doubt? or why suppose, any more than the reader, that the vision at the bridge was a mere optical illusion, and not a revelation by the wonderful power of the mirage of a spiritual presence there, elsewise invisible?

Markham put away the picture without further question, the emotion that it had awakened dominating for the moment every other consideration of the subject. Again, in retrospect, he saw this woman, whom he

had so loved and who had so idolized him. now lying in dreamless sleep beneath the willows in the far distant Tallulah valley, where the wind made weird melodies in the tops of the pines; her babe on her breast. her eyes toward the blue-lit seas above, yet seeing naught of the shining days; the warm heart stilled for aye; the tender voice hushed into lasting silence,—and turning, he walked slowly away. Again fond memory revisited the halcyon scenes in the days that were no more. The south wind seemed to breathe a scent of April violets, and to murmur in soft cadences the rhythm of a melody long unsung. Again he stood beneath the crimson myrtles and saw the mystic love-light in the liquid depths of those wondrous eyes, brighter than the smile of the angels. Then a darkness supervened, and there came, to abide with him by night and by day, the shadow of a vain regret for the unforgotten dead.

A voice called him, and he stopped; it was the voice of Juanita. She held out her

hands to be taken up.

"O, señor, I will go with you todo el

camino, -- all the way."

As he lifted her to his arms, Markham observed a white speck in the far blue of the southern sky, and heard through the soft vernal air the distant, trumpet-like call of a swan returning from the tropic seas and proclaiming with joyful resonance that the gloom of winter was now passed away.

V

#### A STROKE OF ATROPOS

THE time came on for the fall roundups. The cattle, turned loose during the summer, had drifted far across the plains. men from the ranches below joined with those of the Rancho Lomito, and they went out nearly southward for two days. Then they divided into two outfits — the one to go east and north, the other west and north, and both to meet at the head of the Cañon Hondo at the end of three days. Stratton went with the western outfit, but did not that night come into the camping place agreed upon. The men, knowing him to be an experienced plainsman, and supposing he might have turned back to the other party, went on with their work, constantly expecting to see him appear. It was only when the two parties met again in front of the Rancho Lomito that Markham learned of the absence of his partner. Greatly perplexed, he and Juan turned from the lowing herds and rode up to the house. The Señora met them at the gate, with troubled eyes.

"He is not there," she said, pointing to the herds and the men riding around them.

"No;" said Markham, without surprise that she should have anticipated their inquiry, "and we wish to learn where he is."

Having proved the Señora's power of seeing the invisible, he now, like Saul at Endor, appealed to it without hesitation; understanding it, however, as being not the witchcraft of familiar spirits, but as a kind of mental and psychical photography, wherein, with the favoring aid of the mirage principle, spiritual images were readily made on a sensitive mind, susceptible to intense feeling, as distinctly and correctly as impressions are ordinarily made by the action of light on the sensitive plates within the camera.

"He is out there," she answered, pointing to the west of south, "lying on the

prairie."

"Is he living or dead?"

"I do not know that. It was three days ago in the morning that I saw the picture in the sky there, far down next the horizon, the señor riding swiftly across the plains. Then the horse seemed to stumble suddenly, going quickly down on the side, the señor under him. He sprang up and galloped a little way, but the señor did not rise."

"Did you see him move?"

"The picture was not plain at the ground; only a dark object, but—it seemed as though to move. Que horible!" and she put her hands before her eyes as though to

shut out the sight.

Markham had her point out the direction with extended hand, he looking over her shoulder and noting accurately the course on his pocket compass. The sun was yet two hours high. There was a brief conference with the men at the herds; fresh horses were obtained from the corral and harnessed to the light spring-wagon, and within an hour Markham and Juan were driving rapidly toward the south, guiding their couse later on by the compass and the stars. The next evening they found Stratton's horse, still bridled and saddled, the

long lariat rope trailing on the ground behind him. Juan mounted the horse and rapidly followed the trail back, the wagon not all the time keeping up with his sweeping pace. Once the trail turned off to a water-hole, then back again towards the course that had been followed. Ten miles farther on he came upon the body of Stratton, lying upon the prairie, the features drawn and distorted, the eyes wide open and unseeing. His right thigh was crushed by the fall, but death seemed to have resulted from thirst and exposure as much as from the wound. Evidently he had dragged himself for some distance, and the green grass along the trail thus made appeared to have been plucked and chewed up for the moisture it afforded. Ah! the pain! the intense thirst following! the struggle for life! the suspense of the dreadful hours! the night of despair! — and Death! Juan took it all in at a glance, these mute evidences presenting the terrible ordeal more vividly to mind than any words could have done. His human aid, so faithfully endeavored, had come too late; but none the less earnest was his brief invocation for the departed spirit:

" Que Dios lastimé a su alma!"

But Moira and the sad sisters, the daughters of Night, know that sometimes the inexorable decrees of Fate both annul and reverse the purposes of men. A controlling power had with imperceptible touch guided the reins, and the horse's foot striking into an insignificant gopher-hole, Stratton had died without will and without issue.

#### VI

#### JUANITA OF LAS PALOMAS

Some years later, during the prevalence of a seasonal drought of unusual severity, Robert and Jack went away to spend their summer vacation at Las Palomas, whither Juan Delgado, now a partner with Markham, had removed his family, and where Juanita, whom the boys had not seen for two years past, was just completing her education. These friends and companions of her youth, upon whose shoulders she had so often been carried when a child, Juanita had met with all the frankness and cordiality of a devoted sister. To their delighted eyes she now appeared as a ter-

restrial impersonation of those angelic natures supposed to inhabit the gardens of Paradise — only far more beautiful than any mere angel could be. Perfect in form, graceful as a wild gazelle, the sangre azul of Castile shaping her fine features, and her wondrous black eyes glowing deep down with the lambent fires of budding womanhood, yet still sparkling with girlish animation, she enraptured the vision with a presence that was like a recollection of heaven, and that, having vanished, left behind a subtle fragrance bewildering the senses like the witchery of a dream.

This Juanita of Las Palomas, whose rare smile was like a glimpse of Andalusian skies, presented a new revelation to Robert and Jack. Unable to use their lariats here, and unskilled in the polite arts of society, they could at first scarcely make coherent answers to the Señorita's questions and her pleasant raillery. Once she inquired after an antelope that Jack had caught while it was quite young, and had brought her for a playmate. Don Lopez, the donor reported, had abandoned the ranch, and was now consorting with a herd of his own kind on the open prairies.

"But every week or two," added Robert, bravely venturing at the gallantry of former times, "he comes by the cow-lots and looks for you, and seems to ask the cattle if they have heard when you'll return. Everything there will come to meet you—some a-loping and some a-flying." And Juanita's answering laugh was like the music of rippling waters by the silver cascades of the clear-shining Guadalupe.

In the long ago, Robert and Jack had once brought her from out the recesses of Cafion Hondo a charming necklace made of golden-amber berries of the wild china, garnished with blue ones from the evergreen cedars; and now Juanita, in grateful recompense, procured ribbon and arranged handsome scarfs for her friends, declaring that while they were in the city they must shine in all the fullness of their beauty, "segun de la costumbre de Mejico." In adjusting Jack's scarf, the pink tips of her taper fingers touched his cheek, and whether a shock of earthquake occurred just then, or whether he had come in contact with a hidden electric battery, Jack could never determine. In the by-gone days Juanita, perched upon his shoulders, had nearly pulled his ears off, claiming them for bridlereins, and had then often blindfolded his eyes with her hands to keep him from shying at objects by the way; but now there was a startling difference, which Jack felt more clearly than he understood. Two years of uneventful life on the quiet, silent plains seemed to him as only a watch in the night, yet in that brief period Nature had wrought the wonderful revolution that transforms a child into a woman. And a woman such that, to his adoring eyes, the light seemed to fail when she went from his presence, and all nature became overcast with a melancholy as somber as the musings of a dyspeptic, even though it were then a brilliant noontide, or a moonlit night as fair as that wherein Dido waved her willow wand to Æneas, or Troilus "sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents where Cressid lay that night." Cupid, that arch-sprite, the gay, alluring, all-conquering son of Venus, recks not that the wounds he inflicts may sometimes not be healed, and feels no remorse over the sad tragedies that too often follow in their sequel.

#### VII.

#### AN OFFERING AT THE SHRINE

"And for bonny Annie Laurie."

TIME and tide wait not, and as Jack said farewell at this time, and set his face towards those now sun-burned desert lands where neither flower nor song should brighten his path for many a day, he fully realized that the near future would soon bring into the life of his beautiful young friend other changes more eventful and conclusive than even those in the recent past. Perhaps, lying upon the open plains and facing the fathomless star-lit realm above, this lonely man may have sometimes imagined the night wind, as it softly touched his cheeks, to be a gentle spirit whispering of love and happiness in the days to come — who can tell? But when the light of morning came and placed a pageantry in the skies more wonderful than any dreams of night could be, a seraph figure that his eyes could often trace, and that would seem at first to stand by a golden shore, forever appeared to go out with the ebbing tides and vanish into the wide, misty seas beyond. And today, riding into the east—yet away from light and even from hope—he could recall out of all life's fond regret only the music of a softly-murmured "adios!" and the vision of a pair of glorious, infinitely tender eyes shining with the tears of a friendship as fadeless and pure as eternity itself. And for the sake of such friendship had he no sacrifice to offer at the shrine of this divinity of his own, the Virgin of Las Palomas?

"Robert," he said once, during the homeward trip, "if you had a canary bird, what

would you do with it?"

"Put it in a cage and hear it sing," the

other replied promptly.

"That might be death to the bird, though," Jack answered. "Maybe it would perish for water while you were out after cattle, like the one that was left at the ranch."

He said nothing further on this line, and his conclusion of the whole matter is now under a silence that cannot be broken.

The sun's rays descending through the thin, dry atmosphere were now reflected from the hard-baked surface of the arid earth with such intensity that the scorched air, surcharged with electricity, seemed ready to burst into flame at any moment. drought of long prevalence contributed to excite the electrical conditions of the Llano Estacado, remarkable even in their normal states, so that today the touching of any object brought an electric thrill that had almost the force of a shock. One of the riders swept his open palm across the other's shoulders, and the movement was followed by a sharp crackling sound as though a parlor match was being ignited.

"Jack," said he of the experimental turn, "if I should keep up that lick a few times, you 'd explode — go off like a big

sky-rocket."

"To this inconsequential persiflage Jack made no reply, although it was the only sentence that had been uttered for more than ten miles. Vast solitudes serve to inspire a silence that becomes habitual with men who are long there.

Owing to the air being so heavily charged with electricity, the mirages were today unusually frequent and shifting, filling the air with vast grotesque images, as hideous in outline as in proportion. Among them was the figure of a man bearing an inverted

torch, which more than once attracted Jack's attention. The third time he saw this apparition, he called it to Robert's notice. But just then they observed a cloud forming across the plains, a dozen miles away. Vapors gathered, flashes of lightning began to show, and the roll of thunder was heard. The men watched to see what course the cloud would take, Robert declaring that it would scatter nothing but fire, since even the Lord Almighty could not get rain from a cloud formed out in the midst of the now drought-stricken plains. He was right as to the fact, despite his error as to the power of Omnipotence, for the apparent cloud was in truth only an electrical phenomenon, formed of wind and lightning, that rolled along the surface of the ground without dispensing a drop of rain. Just in advance of the cloud's edge, bolts of lightning were constantly falling to the ground with explosions like the roar of cannon, the lightning often rebounding from the earth many feet in the air, and descending again like a shower of flame. Robert observed that Jack gathered up his reins and squared himself in the saddle.

"What's the matter now, sonny?"
"I believe I'll ride straight through that racket, yonder, just to see how it feels."

"Don't do that, Jack," said the other earnestly. "There is such a thing as carry-

ing durned foolishness too far."

But Jack, clapping spurs to his horse, dashed madly forward, waving his sombrero and uttering the shrill war-whoop of the Comanches, as he rode—over the Great Divide. Only a few yards from where the cloud-burst enveloped them, Robert found the lifeless bodies of both horse and rider. The bits were melted from the horse's mouth and the iron shoes from his feet, as though touched by flame from the whitest heats of hell. Jack's face appeared as if powder-burned, but his stalwart frame bore no marks of external violence, except that the soles of his boots had been rent by the deadly fluid as it escaped to the ground. The triumph of Atropos, the inevitable, was now indeed complete. Robert gazed long and earnestly at his companion, upon whose lips conquering Death had set a lasting seal.

"You had no fair show in that sort of a break, Jack," he said, "but I don't know whether you wanted to win or lose. Any-

how, old fellow, you acted like a man, without whimpering at your hard luck. Adios,

till I meet you again over there."

In October following, the Señora and Juanita visited the Rancho Lomito, and were shown the grave where Jack was buried, a picturesque spot overlooking the valley of Cañon Hondo. It was a quiet spot where the south-wind softly murmured a tender requiem through the overhanging branches of a live-oak, and the far distant cry of a wandering bird of passage was heard as it drifted away in the azure spaces towards the Caribbean shores below. A brown rabbit had come out from the rocks and blue sedge and was sitting near the grave, gazing with solemn, staring eyes at the lonely mound, and seeming to ponder deeply — and as vainly as the reader shall — over the mystery of this human life that had suddenly fallen at high noon into the deep night of death, and had apparently borne no blossoms of hope into the silent land. But a spray of wild verbena which, with its native turf, had by chance been cast from the spade upon the humble grave, had there burst into a crimson and purple bloom, as if inanimate nature, protesting against the silence of death, would thus avouch the truth and prefigure the splendors of immortality.

Juanita's tears fell fast upon the sod that covered her faithful friend, yet without surmise on her part of that superb stoicism which may have included even "a dateless bargain with engrossing death" the more effectually to shield her from knowledge of a sorrow she could not have healed. The Señora, sad and thoughtful, stood looking down upon the grave somewhat as Robert had looked upon the prostrate form by the

wayside.

"The lightning is such swift destruction!"
she said at length. "Ojala, nos veremos in

cielo!"

#### VIII

#### FATE'S HAPPIER ADJUSTMENTS

"Whom he did predestinate, them also he called, and . . . justified, and . . . glorified."

PRESENTLY Juanita and Markham strolled away down the ravine wherein the place of the vanished ladder bridge had been supplied with one of better structure, the Señora remaining by the grave for a while

before turning homeward. The soul of the woman was deeply troubled, for her theology confronted her just now with questions and matters of gravest consequence. Since the spirits of the departed may become actual potentialities in the affairs of the living, might they not become factors of evil as well as of good? May not jealousy adhere even in celestial minds, and had she not read that for such cause the wrath of Juno once brought an Iliad of woes upon that fair city where ancient Priam reigned? Or was the spirit-land indeed a realm where there was "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," and the omnipotent power of Love united souls with the ties of affection, irrespective of the physical relations of earth?

The intense mother-love prompting these doubts and suggestions gave to them such dreadful force that for more than an hour of spiritual agony the Señora, with an intense fervor surpassing even that of Jacob, as he wrestled with the angel, invoked the intercession of the Holy Mother and the patron saints in behalf of her beloved child, praying for such present indication of the favor of the immortal as should give assur-

ance of her future happiness.

When the sun was low in the horizon and the evening shadows had fallen across the rugged slopes of the cañon, in the sky just over the bridge a nebulous haze seemed to concentrate itself and to become resolved at length into color and form, disclosing to the view of the faithful suppliant by the grave a picture of the bridge, with the señorita and Markham standing by. curtain of white vapors forming the upper part of the mirage, touched by the last rays of the departing sun, glowed with a golden radiance of supernal beauty. Then this curtain divided to the right and left as though parted by an invisible hand, and there appeared in clear relief the graceful outlines of the lady with radiant eyes who, in the years agone, had stood at the crossing of the vanished ladder-bridge. She was now looking down with smiling benediction on the couple below, while beyond her the lovely vista seemed to stretch far away to where fair islands of the soul, moored in bright, placid seas and wreathed in perennial bloom, basked in the sunlight of Elysian climes.

A little later the queenly Venus, star of

the evening, shone with soft luster through the twilight air, while again the voice of Markham filled the spaces of the cañon as he sang to the happy child of divine favor, in whose behalf Love had made a treaty for eternity,—

"'Nita, Juanita,
Ask thy soul if we should part."

"Nay," she said, "I need not ask. I have loved you always, and love is immortal and has no end."

"And if," said Juan Delgado, some moons after the nuptial rites of Hymen had been duly solemnized, "if it be a man-child, happily he shall yet supply the place of our own son, and prove the solace of our de-

clining age."

"Surely;" answerered the Señora, the mists of an awakened sorrow obscuring for a moment the sight of the little white cross in the valley beyond, that marked the sacred spot where so many hopes lay buried, "for have I not prayed fervently, morning, noon and evening to the Blessed Virgin that it might be so?"

But how shall the prayers of the righteous and the intercession of the divine mother avail against the immutable decrees that are already written? Vain questioner, be still. Can the finite mind comprehend or include the infinite? or explain how a result emanating either directly or remotely from a creative Power that is omniscient, seeing the end from the beginning, could be otherwise than foreordained and predestinate? How the Great First Cause, while binding nature fast in fate, could yet leave free the human will, is the incomprehensible problem that reason cannot solve. We may

dimly comprehend that the merit of prayers and sacrifices to be made in the future, of virtues and faith yet to be exercised, could have been given recompense and effect in the decrees established in creation's morn. and before balance struck in the irrevocable audit of man's account then made, and this without releasing him from the moral obligation of performance, at the appointed time, of those things for which credit by anticipation had been thus already entered in his behalf. But how a predetermined result or given fact, unchangeably fixed and irrevocably decreed, can still be in any wise contingent upon or affected by what the man or others for him may do or omit or pray for, remains one of the inscrutable mysteries of divinity. Yet it appears after this manner.

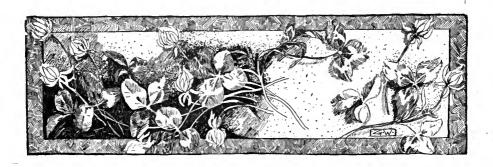
So the child was christened in the name of his own father; and in the hour of his nativity there was rejoicing in the household of Delgado, and a fair vision, as of one seen in the dim and shadowy night, comforted the fainting mother in her extremity with assurance that the league which Love had made should in no wise be broken asun-As the child grew older there came often to his mind a picture of tall pines with rifts of dancing sunlight in their plumy tops, and he heard the weird rhythm of the winds above a place where it seemed that he lay dreaming. He questioned his mother if they had not once lived in a land such as he then described. And the woman understood, but the child did not.

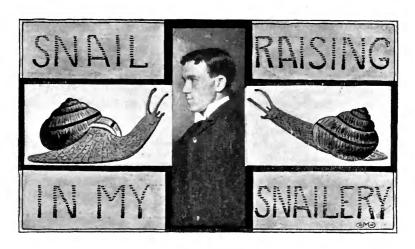
"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

The soul that rises with us — our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar."





COLLECTING, HATCHING, AND RAISING, TERRESTRIAL MOLLUSKS
IN CALIFORNIA

#### By WILLIARD M. WOOD

IT WAS fourteen years ago last March that I first saw a "snail-shell." I do not refer to that long, slender, viscous animal of greenish-yellow color, so often seen in the early hours of the morning, silently wending its way over damp sidewalks or hanging on with great tenacity to the outer sides of concrete garden walls. This creature is called a "slug," and is wholly devoid of a visible shell.

This article deals not with the lowly beings of this genus, but pertains to the graceful little mollusks having daintily constructed spiral-shaped shells of beautiful colors at-

tached to their tiny bodies.

I was roaming over the fresh grassy Presidio hills in San Francisco, on one of my early Sunday morning jaunts, and had sat down by a cluster of large blue and yellow lupine bushes to rest and enjoy the beautiful panoramic marine view that spread itself before me.

While poking my stick through the dead and fallen leaves at my feet, I espied a small whitish shell of peculiar shape, half buried in the soft earth. Picking up and carefully examining the specimen, I found it to be a dead and bleached chalk-white one. At first, I naturally mistook it for a sea-shell from the Bay of San Francisco, and wondered how it came to be so far

away from the beach, and at such an elevation. Taking it to the California Academy of Natural Sciences—at that time located in their old building on the corner of Dupont and California streets—for identification, I soon learned, greatly to my surprise, that it was not a shell of the sea, but a snail-shell of the genus Helix, and the most common variety inhabiting the peninsula of San Francisco.

My curiosity was aroused, and I was now determined to seek, and if possible find, the odd little living creature in its quaint home

of quietness and peace.

I purchased (at the government price, the cost of publishing) from the Conchological Section of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, a book on "American Land Shells," and carefully read the contents. I thus became fully informed regarding the habits of these little terrestrial air-breathing mollusks.

I ascertained the proper time and place to search for them, and then sallied forth one delightfully cool morning on a collecting trip, armed with a box of medium size in which to hold my "finds," and a small package of luncheon, for I was to be out on

an all-day hunting expedition.

My first point of destination was Wildcat cañon, that portion of government land, within the boundary line of the Presidio, and lying immediately west of the United States Marine hospital, in front of Mountain lake. It was in this picturesque spot, sheltered from the strong winds of the Pacific by steep banks on either side of the little zigzag, rippling stream of clear fresh water as it flows through the uninhabited ravine, that I collected the majority of the species found in the morning.

Two varieties of Helices dwell in the gulch. One, scientifically called *Mesodon* armigera, may be found quite readily by turning over the leaves of the water-cress

The other snail shell found there does not occur in great numbers. It requires considerable digging over much ground before a specimen is discovered. They generally bury themselves in loose, damp, rich soil, an inch or two below the surface and they seem to like being near the roots of small plants and shrubs. The name of this shell is Selenites Vancouverensis. It is a native of the Puget Sound country and the largest specimens may be found in that territory. The shell in shape resembles a large button; that is, it has a flattened spire and the umbilicus, or central opening,



A FEW PETS

plant which grows just upon the edge of the banks. The shell is a small one; not over half an inch in diameter. Its spire is quite acute, and the epidermis, or covering, is set with short, stiff microscopic hairs, making the shell feel quite rough when handled. Its color is light brown. In some specimens a small white tooth resembling delicate porcelain, may be found on the inner wall of the aperture. The species attains its greatest perfection in the State of Washington. The Territory of Alaska also furnishes splendid examples of this variety. At least one hundred and fifty specimens were taken from the cañon upon my first visit.

is large. It has five whorls, and is covered with a smooth yellowish green outer skin. The interior of the shell is white. In diameter most of the specimens average one inch, with height half as much. The shells are of the ordinary dextral form, although rarely an individual is found that is of sinistral form.

The species possess cannibal tendencies, and will destroy any and all specimens of other species which happen to be so unfortunate as to stray across their path. The bite is like the prick of a sharp pin, but will not draw blood from the finger. A dozen of these peculiarly shaped crea-

tures were brought to light and placed in the box for future use.

My next move after the noon hour, was in the direction of Sutro's park (not Sutro heights), that beautiful, heavily wooded hill which rises so gracefully, and forms such a superb background to the new Affiliated College buildings.

A tramp of an hour and a half over sand

dunes and rocky places, brought me to the desired spot. There I gathered quantities of the most common species found in the vicinity of San Francisco,-Helix reticulata. It is undoubtedly the handsomest of all the snailshells in California. The color is yellowish brown, and encircling the center of the delicately constructed shell is a narrow band of dark chestnut brown. The umbilicus is distinct but not large. The diameter of the entire shell averagesaninch. The surface is reticulated, hence its name, -and in some specimens the

fine net work is very beautiful, resembling beautiful needle-work. The animals living within these little shells are all of a bluish slate color with the exception of Mesodon armigera. That species is of a dull reddish brown. I also obtained a number of other shells of this genus, but of much smaller dimensions. Triodopsis loricata is the name of a fuscous shell only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has a rough surface, an open umbilicus, and a white tooth on its shelly axis. It may

often be found snugly adhering to the under portions of rocks and small stones. It is of a very retiring disposition and if disturbed, will immediately withdraw its tiny body into the shell. How entirely different this variety is from the soldier-like Vancourerensis, which fears nothing and is always prepared to do battle with everything in its path.

ar and a mair over said tolling in its path.

DELVING INTO QUEER LITTLE NOOKS

For the monarchical shell. the noblest of all the San Francisco species, I again traveled the same day in search of it, but in a southwesterly direction. toward the county line. I halted upon the high bluffs, a few hundred vards from the ocean beach, and began delving into queer little nooks and outof the way corners and under large green leaves of various plants. In such places I found numbers of these large shells feeding upon tender vegetation and seeminglyenjoying the salubrious ocean breeze as it floated over and through

their quaint rendezvous. These were packed away in my box and brought home.

The size of the shell of this species varies considerably. Some mature specimens, stunted in growth, are less than an inch in diameter, while other shells are over an inch and a half.

In construction the shell has seven spiral turns, and is dark brown in color with a broad band of still darker brown. The rim of the aperture is thick and



white, while the interior possesses a purplish tint.

With a few of the mentioned varieties of shells collected as above, I was enabled to start my "snailery." These, I think, made

quite a satisfactory showing.

As far as I have been able to ascertain by correspondence with the two hundred odd members of the American Association of Conchologists (of which I am a member), I find that I have the "oldest established" snailery in America.

It may be well to mention that the edible snails, so frequently exposed for sale on the counters of our leading grocery stores are not raised in this country. They are shipped alive from European towns.

Owing to the moderately warm and even temperature of a conservatory,—for the extremes of heat or cold will prove disastrous in snail raising,—I have found it necessary to keep my snailery in a favorable corner on the ground floor of my conservatory and resting there it is handled by no one but myself. It consists of a a large box of Oregon pine fixed securely so that the sides when moistened within cannot expand and ruin the shape of the box. It was originally filled with ordinary loose earth but now is periodically renewed with rich soil, as snail-shells thrive only in such soil.

Occasionally seed, such as is given for food to canary birds, is planted in a corner of the box and when half grown serves as a tempting appetizer to the dainty inmates. The rolling surface is interspersed with small rough stones, small broken twigs, and other miscellaneous odd bits. The captives evidently delight in crawling over and under these, and at times some may be found clinging to them.

To prevent the little creatures from crawling up the sides of the box, making their escape, and traveling at will over the plants in the conservatory, it was necessary to find something to place over the top.

A glass covering would cause heat and suffocation, while a board would exclude light and air. A very desirable top-piece in the shape of a large tightly-woven wire window screen was found, and suited the purpose admirably. This admitted an easy inspection of the interior without its removal.

Visits are made to the snailery regularly

twice a day. My first inspection is made at eight o'clock in the morning and the last at five-thirty o'clock in the afternoon. the morning visit, I take out all scraps of vegetable matter left uneaten by the little dwellers, so that it will not decay and cause their death. It must be understood that the odor of decomposing matter kills them very quickly. I then replenish the supply, giving clean and tender bits of lettuce or cauliflower leaves,—the latter they eat voraciously and seem to prefer it to other food, -and after seeing that no dead or dying animals remain within the enclosure, I sprinkle the earth slightly with water to dampen the surface and keep it in this condition until my next morning's visit.

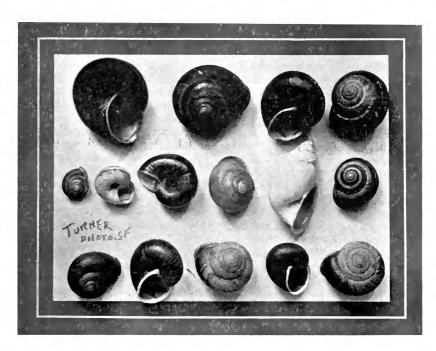
On looking into the box, there will be observed at least one hundred snails, each carrying upon its back a little, non-detachable, graceful-looking spiral home. The majority are firmly attached to the sides of the box near the top, and remove themselves from these positions only when dark-

ness comes.

They feed principally during the night and are seldom seen nibbling at the dainty morsels when there is light overhead.

Upon one occasion I remember losing my entire collection. I had put out in the large back yard, for a little airing, the box containing them and had left the house to go down town on an errand, forgetting, of course, that they were placed high upon a narrow stool and in a hazardous position. Returning, I found that the yard dog had been chasing a cat, and for safety she had jumped upon the top of the snailery. In trying to reach her, the dog jumped against the stool, knocking it over and breaking loose the cover. In this manner my pets had made their escape, crawling among the flowers and over the fence. Few were recovered, much to my regret. Several extremely rare species were lost, including two valuable bandless varieties of reticulata.

At another time I accidentally forgot to cover the enclosure after I had watered the earth, and in the afternoon I found the animals crawling all over the conservatory. Most of them were recovered. Some weeks after, however, I found one specimen adhering to the bottom of a kitchen chair and another was found by a member of the family crawling up the head portion of the bedstead in her boudoir, just as she was retiring.



A FEW VARIETIES

Upon counting the number of species in my present snailery, I find there are twentyone. Of this number, fifteen were sent to to me in a living state from Germany, France, Mexico, Canada, Cuba, and Lower California, while the remainder are natives of the States New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, Louisiana, Colorado, Kansas, Texas, Oregon, Washington, and California. Those from Colorado were collected in 1893 while I was on the road to the World's Fair. The train stopped in front of a wrecked bridge and the passengers alighted to take a stroll in the vicinity of the small river. I joined the throng, and when we came to a spot some fifty yards back of the last car, I observed the gound literally covered with a light-colored and pretty banded species. They were crossing the railroad track and all going in a southerly direction. Some were quite young shells, while others were mature and had the thick outer lip completed. Hundreds were gathered—the largest and best were selected — and put away in several cigar boxes until I reached Chicago. I then removed the animals from the shells by the application of moderately warm fresh

water, and kept but a few living examples for my snailery.

One beautiful Mexican edible snail,—
Helix Buffoniana,—which I purchased from a native of that country when he was visiting San Francisco, has produced since it was placed in the inclosure over sixty young by actual count. The majority of them have grown rapidly and seem to be in a healthy condition. Some of the shells, at the present writing, have attained the size of the mother shell, and still they are not as yet mature specimens.

Of all the shells of the species *Helix* reticulata which I have hatched in my snailery, I have been unable up to date to produce a single specimen of the rare variety without a narrow revolving band of dark chestnut-brown color, nor of the beautiful pale lemon-colored albino form. These rarities seem to occur about once in every five hundred specimens. During the number of years in which I have been collecting and raising these tiny mollusks, I have found on the hills but a half dozen of each kind of these rare forms. Few prominent American conchologists have these valuable varieties in their collections, and there is

always a great demand for them. I have now on file a number of requests from scientists in America and Europe for good examples of these rarities. My private collection contains but one set of each kind. During my snail-raising experience I have found that some species begin to reproduce their kind at the termination of their first year's existence. That is, of course, before they have reached a state of maturity.

All snail-shells will thrive well if they are in sheltered spots, such as under trunks of fallen trees, stones, or layers of decaying leaves, and in such places they spend the greater portion of their lives. In the early spring they often assemble in great numbers in cosy locations, sluggishly basking in the warmth of the delightful sunshine, never, however, with the direct rays falling

upon them.

Between the months of March and October they begin to lay their eggs,—some species are viviparous,—and these are deposited in moist, rich soil, out of the reach of the penetrating rays of the sun. As great a number as seventy-five have been laid by one animal, and they are all somewhat agglutinated together by a slimy substance. The eggs are of a whitish hue, opaque, and look remarkably like a number of homeopathic pills. The range in size is considerable, and depends upon the various species producing them.

I have often seen the little creatures burrow holes in the earth to deposit eggs. The depth is generally about the length of the body. Almost the entire body is thrust into the hole, but not its shell. That remains upon the surface, with the end of the body still within it, while the deposit is carried on. The snail will usually make several such deposits during the spring, summer, and autumn months. The hole, when filled up, is covered over with earth

and then abandoned.

If an egg is taken a few days after it has been buried, the embryo snail may be observed within. The young creature breaks the soft shell of the egg in about thirty days. Of course, the state of the atmosphere must be taken into consideration. Warmth hastens the growth considerably, while cold prevents them from maturing, and in some cases the eggs have been known to remain unhatched for some months, owing to cold weather.

After the young one makes its appearance, its first meal consists of its own eggshell. The growth of the tiny creature is rapid, and before the expiration of the year it has doubled in size several times.

At the first approach of cold, the snail stops feeding and suspends all functions, withdrawing its body into its home, after having retired to a secluded spot, where it will hermetically seal up its opening and

hibernate until the next spring.

Our snail's natural food is vegetation. The mouth and organs apparently are well suited for cutting the tender leaves of plants, which they devour with great rapidity. Some species do not confine themselves to eating vegetable food, but are vermivorous besides feeding upon dead insects, and even weaker species of their own kind, although they do not depend entirely upon animal matter. Those creatures possessing cannibal tendencies are often in turn devoured by the big saucy blue-jays which are always on the lookout for such dainty morsels. Numbers of these birds I have often seen searching on the ground for snails. These they crack by flying up in the air and letting them drop from their claws to the hard ground.

The colors of all North American snailshells are exceedingly plain. They differ entirely from the European species, which have many brilliant colors. Our shells are mostly horn-colored and not banded. California contains the majority of shells with narrow brown bands encircling the center.

Our shells shun civilization, and disappear with wonderful rapidity at the approach of In this respect they differ from their European neighbors, which delight in infesting flower gardens and are generally a nuisance. Some snails seem to be possessed of a migratory disposition. Helix arrosa will travel a great distance. I have at one time collected them in a certain locality and some weeks after I visited the same spot but could not find a single specimen. Perhaps if I wander some hundred yards away I come across the band. On the other hand, species like Helix loricata appear content to remain in a certain place, and no matter when I go there, I am always certain of finding some specimens.

Snails can, at will, as a means of defense, throw out and over their bodies a secretion of mucous fluid of such thickness that it is almost impermeable. A quantity of this substance is always emitted when they come in contact with foreign irritating matter. Should they be thrown into hot water or alcohol, an unusual amount of this mucus comes out of the body and will protect the animal from death, that is, for a short time. A thin coating of their ordinary secretion is left upon everything over which they crawl. This quickly hardens and has a silvery appearance.

It is not difficult for one to be successful in hunting for these pretty snail-shells. First find the trail, and if traced the shell will surely be found in some secluded spot. A collection of the rarer forms of snail-shells is valuable and certainly worth having.

Collecting at night may be carried on quite successfully if one goes about it in the right manner. The animals are more active between the hours of sundown and sunrise than during the daytime. The time, how-

ever, to obtain the best results is about nine o'clock in the evening.

Some years ago I started out, with a friend, toward the terminal of the Sutter Street cable car system on Pacific avenue where the residences are few and far between. We selected several high garden walls where the grass grew abundantly, and while one held a small "burglar's" flash-light lantern, the other collected the living animals as they were crawling around in all directions. About fifty mature specimens were gathered in a short time. While casting the light of our lantern into various nooks and corners, we were cautiously but quickly approached by a private detective on duty and ordered to explain our actions satisfactorily or take the consequences. This we did, and evaded an arrest that seemed certain. Such encounters, however, the snail hunter and raiser must at all times be prepared to meet.



#### A PRAYER FOR RAIN

THE thirsting earth, O Lord, Looks longingly to Thee; One common prayer is poured From herb and flower and tree.

On stony beds the rills Have hushed their happy song, And on a thousand hills For food Thy cattle long.

The patient farmers spend In toil the weary hours, Trusting that Thou wilt send The increase with Thy showers.

And we, though we forget And make Thy mercies vain, We are Thy children yet,— Send rain, O Lord, send rain!

The Old Mexican's Daughter

# IN THE OLD SUGAR FACTORY

BY RUFUS M. STEELE

WITHIN a hundred miles of San Francisco, on the bank of a stream, stands a deserted sugar factory. For nearly a score of years the old mill has lain idle. The wheels and belts are bound with the gauzy chains of the spider, and save for the occasional intruder, drawn by curiosity, the owls and bats hold undisputed possession.

In the flood season the river rises above the level of the adjacent land, and as the levees are now neglected, covers hundreds of acres about the old building with a shallow overflow. Wild ducks and other water fowl, coming here in great numbers to feed, make the place a welcome spot to the sportsman. An old Scotchman and his wife, whose little cottage is near by, earn a few dollars every season by lodging the hunters who come in quest of game.

It was in the fall of 1892 that my friend Wallace Roscoe and I were stopping with this ancient couple, and enjoying some excellent shooting on the lagoon. Every evening we would paddle out in our little duckboats and take stations in the tules near the old factory, which stood in about two feet of water. As the sun went down the birds would come, flying low over our heads, not being able to see us until within

easy range of our guns.

One evening we had sat in our canoes for more than an hour without getting a single shot. The ducks came in as usual, but from another direction. Finally, disgusted with the ill-luck, I picked up my paddle and struck out to find Roscoe. As I emerged into the open, I fancied I heard singing, and straining my eyes through the dusk, I could make out the outline of a person in a boat, rowing away from the old factory. I soon came to the conclusion that the voice was that of a woman. Surprised at finding her in this place at such an hour, I quickened my strokes to approach her. As the distance between us lessened, I became aware that the singer was a young woman, bareheaded, with her black hair streaming about her shoulders. She was

singing a melancholy love song in a low tone, as sweet as it was sad.

I was within perhaps thirty yards of the girl before she discoverd me. Then she suddenly stopped singing and made her little craft fairly fly over the water with the rapidity of her strokes. Without pausing to think why I did so, I started in pursuit. I am no mean hand with an oar, but try as I might, I could not gain a yard; and in a few minutes the mysterious girl and her boat were lost in the gathering darkness. I paddled leisurely back and found Roscoe, to whom I related what had occurred. He had seen nothing, and goodnaturedly suggested that I had gone to sleep over the poor sport and dreamed it all.

We sat smoking after supper that night, and I related to old Sandy my adventure, in hope of securing further information concerning the girl. Nor was I disap-

pointed.

"Ha, ha, mon, 't was the old Mexican's daughter you saw. A bonnie lass, that, but not for the likes of you fellows, with all your fine speeches. There be many a mon who has been charmed by the dark beauty of old Sanchez's Madeline, but she flies from all of them, and loves only a mon that is dead,—yes, and dead by his own hand."

In reply to our questions, he continued: "It was three years ago and Madeline just turned eighteen, and as winsome a lass as I care to see, when along comes Tony Alvarez, a handsome young fellow of her own race, to shoot birds for the market. Well, it war n't no time till them two fell in love. Madeline would slip away from home, where she lives with the old mon, and unbeknown to him, would come down here and go out every evening with Alvarez in his boat. I used to see them come rowing back in the moonlight sometimes; she singing the old songs he loved so well, and he gazing into her fine face as happy as a mon might be.

"Well, by the end of the shooting season, Tony had laid by a nice little purse, and he up and asks old Sanchez for Madeline. Such a storm there never was. It took the old Mexican, whose poverty does n't keep him from being proud, by surprise. He raved for more than an hour, and swore his lass should never marry a beggar. Then he heaped curses on Alvarez and drove him

awav

"It was an awful shock to the young folks. Tony wanted Madeline to run off with him and be spliced up anyhow, but the lass said she was all the old mon had and she could n't bear to desert him like that. Well, things was awful sad for a week, then one day I saw Tony come down to his boat alone. I went out and tried to cheer him up a bit, but 't was n't no use. Such a dejected look on his face as I never saw. He went out in his boat without answering me a word. Next day he had n't come back, so I sets out in my skiff to see what's wrong. I found his boat tied to the steps of the old sugar factory, where they used to go together so much. I goes inside, and the first thing I see, lying on the floor, is Tony Alvarez, stone dead. A blood-stained hole in his jacket and a little pearl handled dagger by his side, tells the story.

"Well, that lass has never been the same since that time. She didn't make a racket when we told her; she just seemed paralyzed. If she had only made a noise like most women, she might get over it, but no, she jest keeps her grief all bundled up in her. She carries Tony's knife in her bosom, and I'm afraid some day she'll use it. Sometimes she goes out to that old factory at dead of night, and stays for hours. When she was little she used to talk about 'spirits' and I guess she believes Tony will

come back there some day."

It is needless to say that old Sandy's recital impressed both his listeners deeply. We rowed out to the somber old factory on the following day and inspected it. The gloomy stillness, broken only by the whir of a startled bat, seemed to breathe of the deed that had been done there. In a large room where some vats were standing, we found a single streak of crimson on the floor, marking the spot where the disappointed lover had sought consolation in death. Roscoe's sympathetic nature was deeply stirred, and I confess it was with a feeling of relief that I again found myself out in the sunshine.

As I understood my friend pretty thoroughly, I was not greatly surprised when he said to me.—

"Melville, I am going to see that girl

and try to do something for her."

We continued to shoot as usual, but it was perhaps not so much interest in the sport that took us daily out to the old factory, as a desire to catch a glimpse of the unhappy Madeline. If I remember correctly, it was three days before she appeared again. When she entered the building was a mystery, but just after sundown I saw her emerge through the big door, and drag her little boat from under the steps. As pre-arranged, I gave a low whistle, which she seemed not to hear, and a minute later I saw Roscoe's canoe shoot into the open.

The girl appeared exactly as she had before, except that she was not singing. When she saw Rosoce coming toward her she uttered a startled cry, and fled just as she had done from me. Roscoe followed. Both pursued and pursuer were soon lost to my view down the avenue of water which wound through the tules. I strongly suspected Roscoe's attempt to overhaul the girl would prove as futile as had my own. and I was rather surprised when he failed to return during the next hour. I rowed back to our lodgings and awaited him there without explaining his absence. He came in with his face pale and worried. In response to my look of inquiry he replied,

"After supper."

When the moon had risen we went for a stroll, and this is what Roscoe told me:—

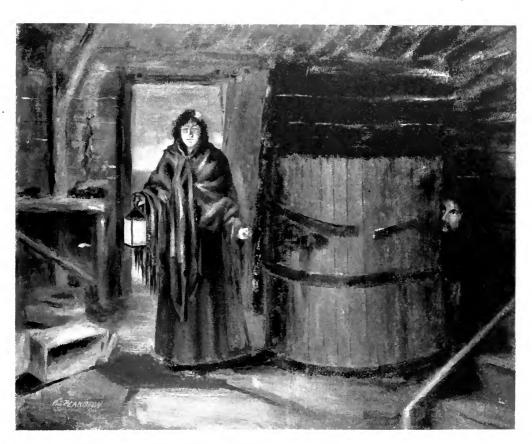
He had followed the girl at a hot pace, but could not gain on her until suddenly her paddle snapped. Madeline cried out in alarm as he came alongside her boat, but, doffing his hat, he quickly assured her no harm should befall her. He implored her pardon for intruding himself upon her, offering in extenuation of his rudeness the fact that he knew of her unhappiness, and sincerely desired to befriend her. Roscoe's open frankness had evidently convinced Madeline that he spoke the truth, for she quickly regained her composure. She sat quietly in her boat, with her eyes cast down, until he had finished speaking. Then she gazed into his face and replied in a low, sad voice:-

"The señor is very kind, but he can do nothing for me."

Roscoe had tried to talk with her further, but she answered him only in monosyllables, and the interview had ended at the landing whither he had towed her boat, by her thanking him for his kindness, and then vanishing in the darkness before he could detain her.

try as I may, I cannot drive her image from my mind."

The next day we watched in vain, but on the succeeding evening Madeline visited the factory, remaining inside nearly an hour. As she was leaving, Roscoe paddled out of our hiding place and approached her. She was evidently surprised at seeing him, but did not quicken her strokes. She permitted



MADELINE STOOD REVEALED IN THE LIGHT

"She is not an ordinary girl," continued Roscoe. "There is an unexpected refinement about her, and there is something in her face—a supernatural something—that impressed me strangely. I cannot define it, but it has haunted me since the moment I saw her. Before, I wanted to befriend her from sympathy; now, I want to know her for herself. She has not encouraged my advances of friendship, but

him to row with her to the landing where she kept her boat. He told me afterward, that she treated him politely, but could hardly be induced to talk.

In the course of the next week, Roscoe met Madeline several times, and gradually she grew more communicative. The charm which she held for him seemed only to increase as he came to know her. He grew reserved, and his mind seemed preoccupied

with something which he did not divulge to me, who for years had been his confidant. I have frequently thought since, that had Roscoe only told me all, at first, I might have changed the course of things. One day the truth flashed upon me. The sympathy which Roscoe felt for the unhappy girl had deepened into something else. I scouted the idea at first, but was convinced, against my will, that my friend was completely enamored of Madeline. At the next opportunity I frankly told him what I had come to believe, and he as frankly replied that my surmise was correct. I expostulated with him, showed him the folly of such a passion, its hopelessness, but all to no effect. Roscoe was madly, irrevocably, in love, and when I persisted he used the first harsh words he had ever spoken to Love was dominating reason. I think he could but feel there was wisdom in my words, but the voice of wisdom is hardly as strong as the voice of love. I implored him to return to the city with me, but he flatly refused. It grieved me deeply to see this noble-hearted prince of good fellows so hopelessly involved, but I felt myself power-I could only wait. less.

I fully expected that when Roscoe should mention his love to Madeline she would fly from him and refuse to see him again. Hence, I was hardly prepared for the turn of events.

One night when Roscoe had spent the evening on the water with Madeline, he came into my room whistling. At a glance I saw that the haggard look his face had

worn for days, was gone.

"Melville," he said, "she is as good as mine. Tonight I told her how I could live no longer without avowing my love for her. She listened quietly to what I said. After a silence she told me I had awakened her to a new life, and but for the love she bore one who is dead, she could return my affection. Then her emotion overcame her, and she broke away from me. It's a struggle between the dead love and the living. Tomorrow night I shall see her again,—and I feel it already,—I shall conquer."

I attempted a last desperate appeal to him, but he laughed at my seriousness, and said I would congratulate him when I knew his angel in disguise. He readily assented to my wish that he turn in and get some rest, and all the next day he seemed unusu-

ally anxious to please me.

In the evening he agreed to go and shoot for a while. The day had been cloudy and while we were on the water darkness came on suddenly, accompanied by a sharp shower. The rain forced us to seek temporary shelter in the old factory. The room we entered was the one in which Tony Alvarez had taken his life. Willingly enough we would have sought some other part of the building, but the darkness forced us to remain where we were. felt our way along to one of the immense vats and sat down with our backs against We were neither of us superstitious, but our situation was far from pleas-When an hour had passed, the rain beating against the building still showed no signs of abatement, and we were considering the feasibility of striking out through it to our lodgings, when a slight noise at the entrance arrested our attention.

"Madeline," whispered Roscoe, and instinctively we crept behind the big vat, though in that inky darkness we could not

see our hands before our faces.

We soon had cause to be glad we were hidden, however, for a moment later some one entered. We heard the sliding of the shutter on a lantern, and Madeline stood revealed in the light. The look on her face will never escape my memory. Her magnificent features were set as with a fierce resolve, and out of her eyes glowed a fiery light which seemed to stream from a soul torn with agitation. All this I made out by peering cautiously around the vat. Roscoe could not see Madeline at all.

She paused a moment, set down the light, then going to the very spot marked by the crimson stain, she fell on her knees where her former lover had breathed his last. She now faced our hiding place, and I could no longer observe her without being seen. Presently an almost inaudible moaning reached our ears, and I had to lay my hand on Roscoe's arm to restrain him from rushing to the girl. How long this continued, I am unable to say; it seemed hours. At length it ceased. Madeline stirred. I know now the struggle of her life was taking place. She cried out. I threw myself upon Roscoe to withhold him. Madeline's struggle was over. In a voice that must have been steadied by an iron will, she said aloud: "Tony, Tony, I have sworn to be true till death — and I will."

Roscoe threw me off and sprang out. He was too late. There was a flash in the light and Madeline sank back with the dagger of Alvarez thrust clean into her heart.

Five years have dragged away their length. Roscoe has changed a good deal since 1892; but wealth and position have come to him along with his bald spot. A great many people who in 1892 neither knew nor cared anything about Wallace Roscoe, the young physician, would now be very glad to know Wallace Roscoe the rising bacteriologist. They call him a man of

genius. Perhaps he is, since genius is little more than a talent for hard work.

Once a week I drop around to my friend's laboratory on Kearny street, and drag him away from his work to spend an evening in my cozy little home. It is here, under the influence of the dearest woman in the world, that the lines in Roscoe's face seem to grow softer and he laughs almost as he used to. But after a while he becomes quiet, and sits gazing into the fire, and I know that he sees in the embers pictures of a great, gray old building and of other things. Then he gets up and bids us a formal goodnight, and goes out into the gloom of the night and of his own life.



#### THE MERMAID'S WAKING SONG

A WAKE from thy sleep, little mermaid, awake! From thy heavy eyelids the dream flowers shake, Thou art up in the limitless, transparent air In sight of a country eternally fair.

Thou art child of the air; thou art child of the sea; Where the shells were thy playthings, the flowers shall be: A dolphin has brought thee far up from the deep; Awake, little mermaid; awake from thy sleep! While the waves swing high, And the winds sweep low, And the white-winged seagulls come and go O'er the rocks where the mermaids are playing.

Your father is king in that land, little one; "T is his palace aglow in the light of the sun. But O, nevermore does he ride by the sea, Nevermore sounds his bugle in yearning for me.

The women of earth are fair! Too true! But none shall be fair, little one, as you! And still I shall wait, though the years be long Till you have revenged your mother's wrong.

> While the waves swing high, And the winds sweep low, And the white-winged seagulls come and go O'er the rocks where the mermaids are playing.

The wild winds shall be the bearers' fleet Of the song you shall sing, so strange and sweet,— To the ear of a Prince, who shall come from afar,— Who shall sail swift to thee in the path of a star.

Then, O, will he not be sore dismayed When he knows how his love has been betrayed? But, my little mermaid, weep not for him then; There are few that are true 'mongst the hearts of men!

While the waves swing high, And the winds sweep low, And the white-winged sea gulls come and go O'er the rocks where the mermaids are playing.

And if, when your father is old and gray, He should hear your song and should sail this way, Then sing like the lorelei, sweet and loud, Till the very waves shall weave him a shroud!

And when come foreboding cries at the shock Of the ship as it dashes against the rock, Then loud shall I laugh!—and yet—and yet I loved him once—and I cannot forget!

While the waves swing high, And the winds sweep low, And the white-winged sea gulls come and go O'er the rocks where the mermaids are playing.



Number 42

WINTER IN NORTHERN NEW YORK
Arthur L. Jameson, Ogdensburg, New York

# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—VI

TAJE are never content with imperfection. and in the development of all the arts and sciences there has been a continual approach toward an ideal condition. In photography, which reproduces artistic effects with scientific accuracy, there is the possibility of a development greater than we can yet conceive of. Photography has been called the slave of science. Certain it is that it has aided much in revealing conditions and possibilities in mechanics, geology, zoology, and medicine. It is more accurate than the eve, and more has been recorded by the camera than was expected or hoped for. It is an aid to the memory, and by means of the close study of photographs taken at significant moments, important discoveries have been made in medicine. In astronomy too the sensitive plate, accumulating impressions through long hours of exposure, has revealed stars that would otherwise never have been known. In connection with stellar spectroscopy it has registered the composition and the motions of these far off and dim stars in a marvelous manner.

Photography has been also called the slave of art. It has searched out nature's choicest and grandest scenery, and there the painter and poet have followed to derive inspiration. It has been called the slave of the pleasure seeker and the adventurer, but it will be proved that a marked individuality exists for the work of the photographer who enters into it with the

same earnestness of purpose that the painter does, and that as much originality and talent may be shown.

However, it is possible that the photographer will never be called artist or his work art. May not the name photographer itself carry enough dignity, worth, and distinction in time not to need the title borne by one who creates his picture so differently?

William J. Stillman, in his late volume of essays, draws marked distinction between photography

and art. He says:-

Who accepts nature as the supreme authority, from which no appeal can lie, may be a scientist but never an artist. Photography is the absolute negative of art; and if tomorrow it could succeed in reproducing all the tints of nature, it would only be the more antagonistic, if that were possible, to the true artistic qualities. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.

Stillman's definition of art as "simply the harmonious expression of human emotion," makes such a distinction between art and photography very possible. The greatest enthusiast would not call photography emotional in conception or effect. It is an intellectual process and gives intellectual pleasure. The whole tendency of latter day means of enjoyment seems to be evolving out of the emotional into the intellectual. Photography may correspond with the needs of the coming age more

than painting possibly can. We may return to Aristotle's definition of art, as an *imitation of nature* for photography, while Matthew Arnold's and William Stillman's definitions may be reserved for those pro-

ducts of a more emotional age.

Among the photographs taken under extraordinary circumstances, one of the Capitol at Washington deserves especial mention. The photographer watched for his opportunity during a heavy thunderstorm. All of a sudden a glorious streak of lightning shot through the air just above the dome of the Capitol. The photograph was taken at this moment, and as can be imagined, the effect is truly magnificent. During the silent hour of a New York night, an ama-



Number 43 PORTRAIT
L. Stella Whitcomb, Worcester, Massachusetts

teur recently located his camera in a quiet street, and during a long exposure under the glow of the calcium lights secured some very beautiful and picturesque effects.

In this number the amateur photographs offer a varied opportunity for the taste of those who wish to vote on the contest.

They speak for themselves.

The one of the entrance to the Cathedral of Zacatecas, Mexico, comes with a short description of the ancient church. It was built in 1612, of dark brown stone. The fagade is elaborately carved, presenting lifesized figures of Christ and the Apostles.

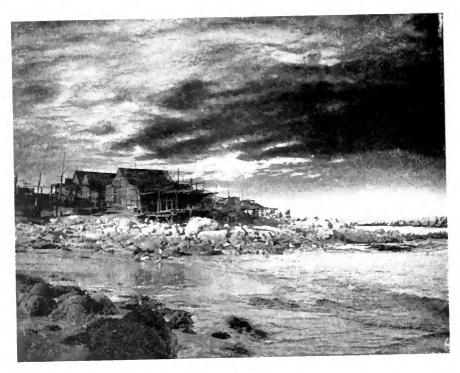
There may be many who remember the vessel wrecked below the Cliff House in 1886. Only half of the crew of thirty



Number 44 BREAD AND MILK Louis A. Dyer, Winona, Minnesota



Number 45 WRECK OF A SCHOONER IN 1886, BELOW CLIFF HOUSE
Lathrop McClure, "The Plymouth," Bush and Jones Streets, San Francisco



Number 48 Chinese fishing village, near monterey, california W. J. Pratt, 22 Ellis Street, San Francisco



Number 49 AN OAKLAND SMITHY Roland L. Oliver, Oakland, California

escaped with their lives. This photograph is one of the evidences of the power of amateurs to preserve in picturesque form the records of historic events.

We have to announce the result of the last contest. John Somers of the California Hotel, San Francisco, first prize, for his picture of Hammersley Lake, Dutchess County, New York, Number Twenty-six. Number Twenty-eight received the second prize. It is the most pathetic little picture "Discouraged," by Mrs. John Miller, of Fresno, California. "Evening Light," by James G. McCurdy, of Port Townsend, Washington, obtained the third prize as Number Seventeen.

Interest in the contest as shown by the receipt of both photographs and ballots has steadily increased. The ballot for the third contest, covering the April and May numbers, is to be found in the advertising pages of this issue. We hope that the voting will be even more general and no less discriminating.



Number 46 SIDE ENTRANCE TO CATHEDRAL, ZACATECAS, MEXICO
Mrs. O. T. Mason



Number 47

THE WONDERING CATTLE
W. J. Pratt, 22 Ellis Street, San Francisco



## EASTER LILIES

#### BY LUITA BOOTH

IT WAS the day before Easter. In the fields the eschscholtzias were out. Thousands of them. They held their golden cups to the sun and caught the shine. It seemed as if all the world might come and pick their fill of sunshine and go in peace.

The nemophilas were thick in the grass. Their round baby eyes stared back at the sky in innocent blueness. Down deep in the cool, green cañons the creeks were say-

ing: "Hush, hush!"

Along the streets in the town wandered the little sister and the little brother. It had rained the night before and the puddles were deep and muddy. The little sister's shoes had holes in them and the water got in and went: "Sst-sst," when she stepped.

Wherever the corner seemed easiest to turn, there they turned. The dirty slums were far behind them. Presently they passed a florist's wagon drawn up to the curbstone, It was loaded full of Saint Joseph's lilies in pots. Each pot was wrapped in silver-foil. The sweetness of the lilies filled the street.

They watched the florist and his assistant carry pot after pot up the steps of a big church. The sweetness of the lilies held the children spellbound. As the last pot disappeared into the church, they climbed the steps and followed after.

Inside some ladies were decorating for the morrow. They had placed the lilies so

as to line the aisles.

The little brother and the little sister talked softly to themselves. Some moments passed before anyone saw them. Then one of the pretty young ladies noticed them and called out: "What picturesque chil-

dren! Why, where did you come from?"

The little sister stepped backward and coughed. All through the rainy season she usually had a cough. The water in her shoes went: "Sst-sst." There were four black marks on the carpet where she and the little brother had stood. Another pretty young lady came up.

"Why, what do you want?"

"Nothing!" said the little brother.

"Did you ever see such children? Look at those holes! Some artist ought to pose you two."

The little sister coughed.

"Well, well, if you can't talk, run along. We must get through," said the other. "I have the altar to fix yet. Here, take these

and go."

She handed to the little sister half a dozen stemless lilies, which were scattered about. The little sister smiled her thanks; but the little brother pointed his red, raw looking little hand, with its black finger nails, towards a lily in a pot. It was taller than the little brother.

"O my, no! I could n't give you that," said the young lady. "That would spoil the decorations for tomorrow. Tomorrow is Easter. You know what Easter is, don't

vou?"

The little brother looked stolidly back at her, but said nothing.

"It's eggs," whispered the little sister; "eggs in the candy shops, you know."

"It's eggs," said the little brother aloud. The young lady laughed out merrily and sweetly.

"O, you absurd child! Why, no, it is n't. Jesus died yesterday, you know, and tomor-

row he will go to heaven. We are fixing these flowers to make him know we are glad."

Just then someone called the young ladies, and they hurried away to another part of the church, leaving the little sister and her brother to make their way out. The little sister carried the flowers gathered up in the skirt of her dress.

"Ain't they nice," said she.

"They ain't got no legs," answered the little brother.

"Stims, yer mean," corrected the little sister.

"Yes, stims," repeated he.

"Well, but they've got! noses; they smell," said the little sister. Her own small nose had been made in Ireland.

All the way home they sniffed at the lilies, talking meanwhile. The child lips could say that which no child lip should know. The child ears had heard that which no child ears should hear; and the child eyes

saw that which no child eyes should see. Perhaps if the mother had had time it might not have been so. But she had no time. The hungry little mouths must eat.

No one else had any time.

In the tiny slum back yard, full of old barrels, old cans, old dirt, they planted the sweet stemless lilies. First in a line, then in a square, then in a ring.

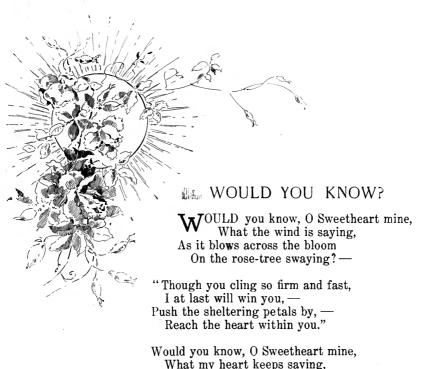
On Easter Day the bells rang out their tidings—"Christ is risen!"

The choir boys in the church walked up the lily-lined aisle singing the glad carol.

It was the most beautifully decorated church in the city. Everyone said so.

But the congregation found the sweetness of the lilies almost too intense.

Deep in the cool green caffons the creeks were saying, "Hush, hush." And down in the tiny filthy back yard in the slums the ring of lilies lay like a little white halo.



",Though she is so calm and cold,
Love at last must win her,—
Break the barriers of her pride,—

Reach the heart within her.

When you coldly turn aside,



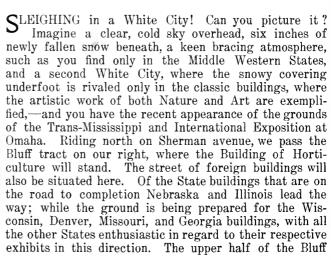
From Photo taken in February

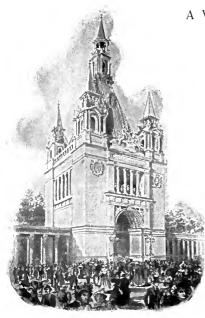
THE GRAND LAGOON, LOOKING WEST

### AT THE OMAHA FAIR

A WINTRY VISIT IN SPRING

BY ELSIE REASONER





THE ARCH OF STATES



WINTER SPORT ON THE GRAND CANAL

tract will be devoted to a gorgeous display of nature's rarest blossoms; the leading florists of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston, and Chicago, contemplating growing displays of these fairest of Nature's products. The Building of Horticulture promises to

be one of the most unique in design. It is reached by a viaduct, which connects the Bluff tract with the main exposition grounds, and forms a verdant, fragrant center, around which cluster the different State buildings. All kinds and varieties of



Agriculture

Administration

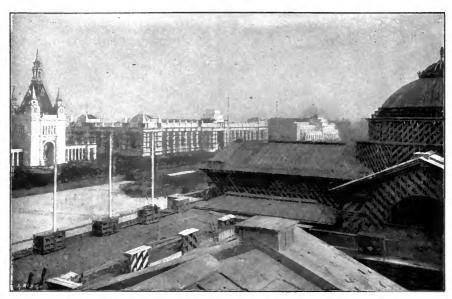
Manufacturers

novelties in the horticultural field will be placed before an appreciative public. The chime of the States will ring out from its belfry every evening at sunset; and each separate bell will represent one of the links in our glorious chain of States, helping to swell the song of peace and liberty,—and good will to all!

Here we turn into the gate on our left and enter the beautiful court where all the main buildings are situated. The plan of the Exposition grounds is an effective one. A tract of land half a mile long and nearly 800 feet wide has, in the center, a series of lakes or lagoons, which extend from the of harmony with the snowy types of Grecian architecture surrounding us, makes the scene one never to be forgotten.

The Manufacturers' Building is of imposing architecture in the Greek-Ionic style. The entrance is placed under a circular dome, one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, rising to a height of seventy-five feet. This dome is supported by a circular row of fluted columns, the space beneath being the vestibule of the grand entrance.

Just across the lake is the building of Electricity and Machinery. While it also is in keeping with the spirit of classic architecture, it shows a happy blending of mod-



LAGOON FROM FINE ARTS BUILDING

viaduct on the east to the far end of the grounds on the west, where the Government building is situated, forming a beautiful central decoration for the massive buildings which encircle them. Just now the lakes are sheets of crystal, gayly bordered with|flags, and furnish nature's healthful amusement to hundreds of skaters and curlers. An immense toboggan slide has been erected near the Sherman avenue entrance, and together with the merry shouts of the young people, the distant music of the band at the farther end of the lake, with the skaters darting to and fro, the glistening wintry landscape, so oddly out

ern decoration. All the scroll work, ornaments, and panels, are suggestive of machinery and of electricity. Clever designs in cog wheels are seen about the corners, and an heroic figure-piece of "Man Controlling the Forces of Nature" is placed above the entrance.

Driving on a little farther, we come to a dream of beauty, embodied in the Art Building. This boasts of no modern decoration whatever, but stands as a perfect type of pure Grecian design, and will remain as a monument to the Exposition when the summer of 1898 is a memory of the past. The plan of the building shows

two Greek crosses with a court or peristyle between. One of these buildings will be used exclusively for oil paintings, the other for water colors, black and whites, prints, etc. The open court is surrounded by a colonnade of Ionic pillars; and in the spacious galleries, which run around the sides, every desirable degree of light and shade can be obtained. Of paintings the best of all America possesses will be on exhibition. The Zolny fountain, which will occupy the center of the court, will be one of the most magnificent productions of modern sculpture. A group, sixty feet high, represents the progress of civilization. A figure of

building, which only presents further evidence of the great beauty of design in the Exposition architecture. It is well designed to form a temple where the best products of this, the store house of the world, may be fittingly exhibited. It is finished in ivory tone, and festoons of cereals and garlands of flowers are thrown into strong relief, finished in all their natural, varying shades of color. Above all is a representation on the figure of "Prosperity," supported of either side by heroic statues of "Labor" and "Integrity."

After passing the site of the Auditorium we come to the main south entrance of the



MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING

Omaha is seated in an immense chariot, drawn by California lions. In the front part of the group are represented those who lead in civilization, the pioneer, the hunter, and the soldier. Following these come the philosopher and the statesman. Peering out in wondering amazement from the rear, are the original inhabitants, the Indians. Towering above them all, and urging them ever onward, is the spirit of Progress, a figure of colossal size. This group will form as striking a feature in the exposition as did MacMonnies's massive work at the Chicago Fair.

Here we look across at the Agricultural

grounds, which will afterwards remain as the entrance to Kountz park. It is the Arch of the States, and one of the daintiest bits of architecture on the grounds. It is constructed entirely of stone, each successive layer being from some one of the Trans-Mississippi States. Above the arch appears a series of stone tablets, upon which are pictured the coats of arms of the twenty-three States, in colored faience. Immediately opposite the Arch of States rises the slender pinnacle of the Administration Arch, which connects the Agricultural with the Mines and Mining building. This last should be mentioned on account



AGRICULTURE BUILDING

of its impressive dimensions. To the top of the crowning group of statuary the distance is eighty-five feet. This group is suggestive of the wonderful development of mining in the United States. Twelve statues surround the ground entrance, and each typifies some different phase of mining life.

Here the last of the chain of lakes spreads out into a glistening trefoil, well-called the Mirror. Facing it, and looking down upon the beautiful arrangement of the entire court, stands the Government building. The main entrance faces the center of the Mirror, up to a broad flight of stairs and through a colonnade. The building will be capped by a colossal dome,

towering far above all other buildings. Surmounting this dome is a figure representing "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the distance to the torch in its hand will be one hundred and seventy-eight feet.

Imagination can but faintly picture the scene as it will appear when golden summer has replaced the snowy scene with her own glorious splendor. The plashing of the fountains, the richness of the verdure, the sound of merry crowds that will fill the streets and winding walks, the songs of the gondoliers and the hum of thousands of voices; all will join to emphasize a great object lesson taught of the patience and perseverance of the builders of our Trans-Mississippi empire, the workers of the West.



A PANEL FROM THE AGRICULTURE BUILDING



WATCHING THE BICYCLE CORPS DRILL ON THE CAMPUS

## THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

#### A BIRDSEYE OF RECENT PROGRESS

BY CHARLES S. GREENE

THE University of California is today prominent in the thought of more people, over a much wider area, than ever before in its history. The windows of Parisian art stores are full of pictures of its grounds, the pages of architectural papers throughout the world devote much space to its affairs, and the columns of thousands of influential journals — from the London Times and Spectator and Harper's Weekly down - have articles and editorial comment upon it. The cause of this is the architectural competition which is to give the University a scheme of construction for buildings worthy of its beautiful site, its proud position in the educational world, and its splendid future.

The nature of many of these comments

has been the expression of a natural surprise that an institution of learning so far from the centers of learning should make claims so lofty and lay plans so pretentious. Even the people of California itself have been a little astonished at the magnitude of these plans. It is the purpose of this article, so far as it may, to show why the University of California is justified in seeking to house itself as no college in the world has yet been able to do, and in enlisting to this end the wealth and liberality of the whole of the great State it represents.

To do this in detail is manifestly impossible in the space of one magazine article, for that would require, simply as a preface to the main argument, the telling of the University's history from the beginning.

ing West Courtesy Berkeley Evening World

Berkeley, Looking West

O. V. Lange, Photo



O. V. Lange, Photo
THE UNIVERSITY SITE, DRAWING BY YELLAND, MADE FOR THE PHEBE HEARST COMPETITION,
AND SHOWING THE LAND DIVESTED OF BUILDINGS

That history is full of picturesque episodes, -as when President Durant slept with an ax under his bed, defending from claim jumpers the title of the college to its land in Oakland. It is a history irradiated with the self-sacrificing and devoted love of the great men who laid the foundations, with the patient upholding of the highest ideals through years of undeserved opposition and neglect, and with a steadfast courage that resisted the bitterest attacks of open or secret enemies. But fortunately that history has been ably told elsewhere. Reverend S. H. Willey in his "History of the College of California" has pictured the pioneer days, and written about the College that grew into the University, and its early struggles and victories. Professor Carey Jones in 1895, published his elaborate "History of the University of California," a quarto volume of 413 pages, lavishly illustrated and giving so far as could be put into the covers of one book, the story up to that date and a picture of the development then attained. The OVERLAND too has done its share. In October, November, and December, 1892, Miss Milicent W. Shinn, then editor, published three illustrated articles about the Berkeley Colleges, the Lick Observatory, and the Affiliated Colleges, articles marked by her critical judgment and scholarly spirit. Presidents Gilman, Holden, and Kellogg, Professors Sill, Moses, LeConte, and Plehn, and many others, have contributed articles discussing this or that phase of University problems, and almost every important episode has been the subject of more or less extended editorial com-The Overland has counted confidently on the interest of lovers of Western literature in the institution that is doing most in its way for Western education and letters. That this institution is a State institution has made all the more pertinent public discussion of its concerns.

But the University has grown so rapidly and events have followed each other so quickly during the last two or three years that much should be added to any account of the institution yet published, to make it a fair picture of the University of today. Even Professor Plehn's figures published so lately as in his article on "The Growth of the University," in the OVERLAND for January, 1897, need revision, and surely the statistics then given were eloquent enough (see p. 465). It was published while the effort was making in the Legislature to add another cent on the hundred dollars to the State tax for the support of the University, —and its figures, presented as they were by a host of loyal alumni and friends of the University, were so convincing that the tax was voted unanimously by both houses of the State Legislature. Governor Budd, himself an alumnus, added his signature, and the joyful University celebrated by a mass meeting on the campus the result. It is pretty safe to say that no similar tax could have been voted for any purpose whatever without a large opposing vote.

Professor Edward S. Holden, who used to evolve some wise and strong sayings from his point of vantage on Mount Hamilton, put the case thus: Absolutely the soundest thing about the State of California is its University; some day the people of the State will recognize that fact; when they do, there will be almost no limit to what they will be willing to do for their University and almost no limit to its power

and influence.

The additional permanent tax voted by the Legislature has provided a solid basis of University finances that insures it an income growing with its future needs. Its present effect is not to make the overflowing exchequer that some persons have supposed; for needs had so accumulated and demands had so outgrown accommodations and equipments,—not to speak of the great pressure of the numbers of students on the teaching force,—that it will require great care and conservatism in the management of affairs to keep things moving at all in the line of progress.

Such financial management, however, will be but a continuation of what the University has enjoyed from the beginning at the hands of its Regents. While they have obtained a rate of income on invested funds larger than that received by any other great institution of learning, it is said to be of record that they have never yet made a loss of principal.

One half of the additional tax, approxi-

mately \$55,000 per year, must for five years be spent on buildings, and for the present year construction has been rapid. There have been erected substantial though inexpensive wooden buildings, to relieve the unendurable pressure caused by crowding sixteen hundred students into structures designed for one third of that number. A large recitation building, "East Hall," a botany building, one for the philosophical department, a large wing on the gymnasium, and the replacing of the burned agricultural building, much enlarged, are the present results.

In July the preliminary plans of the great competition now going on under the auspices of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, the University's first, and as yet only, woman Regent, will be opened at Antwerp. after that the decision will be made and the second competition for detailed plans by the ten or more successful competitors in the more general first competition will be begun. By the spring of 1899 the award will be made, and the University in possession, it is confidently hoped, of the best possible plan of buildings, which construction will follow for many years to come. Mrs. Hearst, it has been announced, wishes to construct as a memorial of her husband, the late Senator Hearst, a Mining building and a Woman's building.

Beyond this, the committee having the competition in charge has stated that it has promises of money, as fast as it is needed, for buildings up to the amount of four or

five million dollars more.

It is not to be feared that in this enterprise of securing suitable buildings the weightier matters of scholarly standards and the very best attainable teaching force will be neglected. Donors sometimes prefer to give money for the erection of a monumental building bearing the name of the giver, rather than to endow chairs, fellowships, or scholarships,—even though the building will pass away while the perpetual fund remains forever useful and forever keeping in memory the name of its founder. The Mills Professorship of Philosophy, for example, will be the Mills Professorship and of present practical benefit to the University, when the Bacon Library or the Harmon Gymnasium have long been torn But buildings are also a prime necessity; for housing must be had though



O. V. Lange, Photo

UNDER THE LAURELS

The University, Looking South

Courtesy Berkeley Evening World

O. V. Lange, Photo

houses grow old, and every dollar given for building purposes releases another dollar for the payment of the teaching force. And while it is true that great teaching and earnest study make a college even under the open sky, yet such teaching and such study can be done to much better advantage in a University that is not pot bound by inadequate buildings. The site of the University has been said by competent critics to be the most beautiful in the world. It should be supplemented by the esthetic and spiritual effect of the most beautiful possible creations of human art, to harmonize with and supplement the uplifting and refining effect of university work on its students.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard speaks eloquently on this subject in a recent volume, "Four American Universities."

No one denies that noble and beautiful buildings, in noble association and well designed for the purposes for which they are intended, become more and more impressive from generation to generation as they become more richly invested with associations of human interest. The youth who lives surrounded by beautiful and dignified buildings to which inspiring memories belong, cannot but be strongly affected (less or more consciously or unconsciously, according to his native sensibilities and perceptions) by the constant presence of objects that, while pleasing and refining the eye, cultivate his sense of beauty, and arouse not merely poetic emotion, but his sympathy with the spirit and generous efforts of his distant predecessors. His inward nature takes on an impress from the outer sight. He may need help at first to discern the expression, in the work, of the beauty which it embodies, but he needs no help to feel its dignity and venerableness.

And the main point of the argument for such construction as the University now looks forward to, is the fact that its teaching is and has been great, that its ideals and standards have been in the foremost front of scholarly progress. The great increase in students has been won by no letting down of the bars. It is the universal testimony of all that have opportunities to know, that the entrance requirements and the standards demanded for continuance in good standing in the classes have been steadily advanced. Indeed, this has been a matter of necessity to keep within bounds that could be handled at all, the student body.

It will not be necessary here to go into any lengthy presentation of the grounds for claiming that the faculty of the University is in the main made up of men of ability and learning, of industry and success as teachers, or that it is adorned by men whose names are more familiar to the scholars of Europe and the East than to the masses of California. Such a claim can be made with confidence and can be proved by testimony from afar, by listing the honors accorded to leading professors, and by showing the standing in distant colleges of Berkeley men who have changed their field of labor.

In a line with this argument, the character of the University's instruction and influence on its students might be shown by relating the careers of many of its graduates who have chosen to continue in scholarly lines,—their records in other institutions in graduate work and as instructors in almost every American college of note. Professor Royce of Harvard, Professor Sanford of Clark, Professor Palmer of the Smithsonian, Professor Miller of Chicago, and Professor Stillman of Stanford, are examples.

Then the records of this State in every department of human activity are beginning to fill with the names of University alumni. From the Governor's chair down through both houses of the Legislature and in the councils of every political party, University names are prominent. On the Supreme bench and in many other judicial positions University men are sitting and the bar of the State knows them as leading attorneys by the score. The pulpit, the press, the teacher's rostrum, all know the quality of men turned out by the University and testify with one accord that they are seldom found wanting. They number in all departments 2867, not counting the class of 1898.

It has fallen to my lot to keep pretty close watch of one or two classes of University men, and this is the result of observation which I think would prove fairly The University graduate, when general. he first goes out of college, has a rather uncomfortable time for two or three years. He finds the world at large not entirely inclined to take him at his own valuation or disposed to accept his degree as an immediate passport to the upper ranks. is apt to be a little disappointed, but he has good stuff in him and his faculties are well in hand, so he takes hold wherever he can, in spite of a little discontent, and by



O. V. Lange, Photo

AN APPROACH TO THE CINDER TRACK

five or six years from graduation he is generally found with an assured place in the world. At ten years a large proportion of any class will be well up amid their fellows, in positions of trust and responsibility, heads of firms, managers of businesses, chief engineers, professors, and men of account, wherever they may be. Of course, the University cannot always succeed with the material given it. It cannot give a man force, moral or intellectual, unless it is in the man himself to be developed; but I have seldom seen the man who was not by a University course made into something vastly better and stronger than he could in any reason have expected to be without it.

This is the effect of the University's work judged even by the low standard of

material success. The far more important moral results are harder to show in type, and yet I believe they would be even more satisfying if they could be measured.

The University has preserved, in what seems to me an admirable manner, the balance between the conservatism which leads to old fogyism and the radicalism which throws away the valuable because it is old. Its courses are arranged on the group elective system; which means that a man may choose the result for which he will work, general culture, special training for this or that profession, or what he will, but having so chosen, his work is prescribed for him to such an extent as to make sure that he will take such subjects and in such order as experience has shown best. Beyond that he



O. V. Lange, Photo

Courtesy Berkeley Eve ing World

is allowed freedom of choice, especially in the third and fourth years of his course. The resulting degree is named so that it fairly indicates what he has actually done. If it is the time-honored A. B. it means that the holder has pursued in the main the time-honored course in liberal letters, in which Latin and Greek, mathematics, philosophy, and history, have been the staples, with natural science enough to make him able to understand the march of modern progress in that direction. If science or letters or philosophy be his main study he is given a degree that indicates that fact.

As a result the University harmonizes, so far as it is possible, the conflicting claims of the various studies, and the natural desire for freedom with the necessary discipline that will enable a man so to command his faculties that he can do and do well even that which is distasteful to him. It sends forth its graduates "true to name," as the seed growers say,—that is with a label which means what it says with no explana-

tion needed.

Another development in the line of real University work has not been sufficiently dwelt upon in print to make it known to the public. It is the great increase in graduate courses and graduate students. The increase in students is best shown in tabular form:—

GRADUATE STUDENTS AT BERKELEY

87-8 88-9 89-90 90-1 91-2 92-3 93-4 94-5 95-6 96-7 97-8

12 15 21 25 37 47 64 100 118 121 173

A large advance in the past year has been in the matter of scholarships. Regents on March 9, 1897, voted to devote \$3,500 annually from the income derived from the new tax to establish not exceeding twenty-eight scholarships equally divided among the seven Congressional districts, "for the purpose of aiding poor and deserving students to attend the University." At the same meeting it was announced that Mr. Levi Strauss of San Francisco had agreed to duplicate this action by establishing a like number of "Levi Strauss scholarships" on precisely the same terms as to distribution and purpose. There are beside, some thirteen fellowships and graduate scholarships and fifteen other undergraduate scholarships, making altogether eighty-four persons assisted in this way. Besides there are various loan funds and a Students' Aid Society which acts as a free

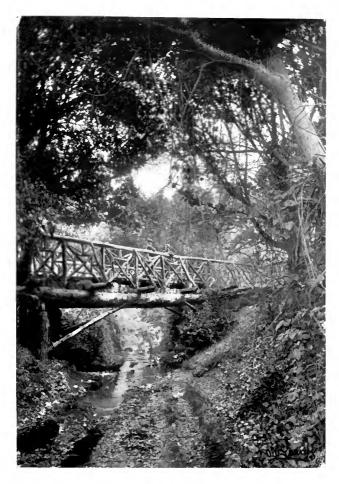
employment bureau to students obliged to help themselves, so that few truly ambitious and intelligent boys or girls need leave college from a failure of funds after the first These provisions for the poor student take away any reproach from the University as an aristocratic institution, and with the absolutely free tuition, throw open its doors as widely as is possible without abuse. It is estimated that at least one third of the students are obliged to depend more or less entirely on their own earnings to meet their current college expenses. That the students in general do not consider labor beneath them was shown by the episode of two years ago when they turned out in a body to construct a needed walk and other improvements on the grounds.

Indeed an institution that takes students of the humblest possible origin, so only that they themselves are bright and determined, and gives them an education which puts them in the way of becoming leaders in the lifework they may choose, goes very far toward carrying out that proud democratic ideal of the early republic that the poorest man's son stands an equal chance with the richest to become President of the United States. As a matter of fact he stands a far better chance; for in California,—as President Eliot is said to have said it is in Massachusetts,— the one favoring condition to scholarship, more potent than all others combined, is poverty.

Here again is one of the direct arguments for the support of a University by public taxation. The public as a whole is vastly interested in this great work of "leveling up," whereby the fixity of caste and the undemocratic distinction between classes and masses is overcome by means of free citizenship, open to the lowliest, in this republic of letters.

This is no fancy sketch. I have in mind several concrete examples where University training has taken sons of the poorest parents and put them as equals among the best in the land.

This paper is written while the skies are black with the Spanish war cloud, and it is proper to mention in particular the military department of the University. Foreigners, knowing that the regular army of the United States is but thirty thousand men, and that the organized militia in the various States aggregates only about 130,000



O. V. Lange, Photo

BRIDGE OVER STRAWBERRY CREEK

more, are apt to wonder what this country could do in a war with a power like Spain, whose active army is over 350,000 men. They do not know how generally Americans are drilled, and how wide-spread the knowledge of arms and tactics is, and that an army of large numbers would spring up almost in a day, should any nation dare to sow the dragon's teeth of a declaration of war. And trained officers would not be wanting to drill and command this host. Beside all the West Point men in private life there have been trained in the military schools and colleges of the land by West Point officers hundreds of bright young officers every year. At the University

there are now two battalions, a full regiment of eight companies of infantry, a battery of artillery, a signal and a bicycle corps, and the officers of the cadets on graduation receive from the State commissions on which they are sworn in, liable to be called on at any time to serve with the rank assigned. This has been going on ever since the beginning of the University, since 1877 under West Point commandants, - and the officers thus commissioned from colonel down, would suffice for an army of about twenty thousand men. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee parade on the 24th of January, 1898, the fiftieth anniversary of the gold discovery in California, the

The Oaks in Lover's Lane

University regiment turned out, voluntarily, 520 strong, and its springy step, precise marching, and fine appearance, made it prominent in the procession, and were the subject of high praise from many Army officers.

The activities of the University, though centered in Berkeley, are by no means confined there. In many ways they reach to the utmost confines of the State. In agricultural matters its analyses of soils and similar investigations are free to farmers throughout California, its agricultural professors conduct farmers' institutes for conference and discussion, wherever a knot of farmers can be got together interested enough to ask for it. Its experimental and forestry stations are conducted in seven different places chosen for their typical character. These activities have within a year or two widened greatly, showing that the farmers are coming to know how really practical this "book farming" can be made to be. A School of Dairying is the most recent addition to this Department.

In educational matters the scope of the University's influence is felt in every school district. Its President and its Professor of Pedagogy sit in the State Board of Education, where their character gives them large influence. At almost every teachers' institute University professors are prominent among the speakers. There are some four hundred graduates in the active business of teaching, chiefly in the high schools. But the most direct and potent channel of activity is the accrediting system, which has been given a scope and thoroughness unknown elsewhere. A hundred high schools and academies in the State send yearly to the University for examiners. Members of the faculty are detailed and go to the schools, where they make a thorough and searching scrutiny into the amount and character of the instruction given. If their report is favorable, the school is allowed to recommend its graduates to the University and for that year they are received without examination. This system carefully safeguarded, has made it possible to unify and harmonize the secondary school work throughout the State, and gradually to raise the standards, till California's High Schools need fear comparison with none. It has almost compelled the employment of men and women of college attainments in secondary teaching. Such objection as has been made to it has come, very naturally, largely from those who fear to have the light turned on their deficiencies.

The University keeps a list of its graduates who are teaching or wish to teach, and takes the pains to hunt out the best attainable candidate when asked to recommend a teacher.

By means of courses of University Extension lectures in the larger cities by prominent members of the faculty it is sought to carry so much as is possible of college instruction to those who are unable otherwise to get it. These lectures draw great crowds.

The same Legislature that gave the additional tax to the University renewed an appropriation of \$250,000 for a building in San Francisco for the professional schools, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, and Veterinary Science. This building, known as the Affiliated Colleges building, is now nearly completed. It stands on a bench of the hillside overlooking Golden Gate park, on land given for the purpose by Mr. Adolph Sutro. This drawing together in a suitable dwelling, of the professional schools, heretofore scattered in inadequate buildings, is expected to do much for their prosperity, their professional standing, and their University spirit, adding yet more to the honorable records they already hold. the Art Institute in the fine Mark Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill, and the great Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, this completes the University's departments away from Berkeley. Soon, however, the Wilmerding school of technical arts at the Potrero, San Francisco, for which an endowment of \$400,000 was made by the late J. C. Wilmerding, will add to the cares of the Regents.

The latest extension of the University's scope decided upon is its College of Commerce. This is intended to be to the business world in the wide sense what the College of Letters is to the scholastic world. That Professor George Davidson, elected to the chair of Geography, is its first chosen professor shows that the standards will be high and scholarly. In Germany schools of this kind have been greatly useful in the expansion of German commerce, but no American university has anything of the grade and scope adopted for this college.



O. V. Lange, Photo THE BRIDGE AND WALK T

THE BRIDGE AND WALK THAT THE STUDENTS MADE IN 18961

The alumni of the University, heretofore separated into different associations in the different departments, have long felt the need of a closer relationship to each other and to the University as a whole. It has been a difficult matter to find a practical way of enabling the whole body, nearly 2900, to work together when that is desirable, and yet not to extinguish the separate activities of the several groups in matters of particular concern to each. The solution has been found in the federal principle, and a Council of the Associated Alumni of the University of California has been organized, and its twenty members have taken hold of their work with an intelligent interest that promises much for their usefulness. Alumni clubs have been established in several places throughout the State, and it is hoped to organize them wherever a group can be got together.

But the task grows too great. The University is so large and complex an organism and so full of vitality and expansion in every department that to give a fair picture

of it requires a whole volume. I am glad that in many quarters it is not necessary to describe the University. The people of the State are coming to know it and take pride in it as never before. It only needs an occasional general recapitulation to make them realize how much it is growing and how great it really is.

It is a fixed principle in America that the State university is to be the educational power of the future. A State cannot be truly great that has not the best instruction to keep its civilization up to the highest point. The State has come to know that the loyalty roused by this transforming education is a loyalty that counts no amount of service an adequate return. It can allow that loyalty to have no less an object than itself. There will always be private and denominational colleges, but they will bear the same relation to the great State universities that the private

¹The illustrations of this article are selected from the beautiful series of views that Mr. O. V. Lange of Berkeley is making on the college grounds. His loving care and artistic skill have made him photographer-inordinary to the University. schools do to the great American system of free public schools.

I cannot close this article without a tribute of love and gratitude to two men who from the first of the University till now have been potent in making it worthy of the place it has attained. They are growing old in honorable service. Professor Joseph Le Conte celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in February, and President Martin Kellogg, his seventieth in The women of the University have for several years decorated Doctor Le Conte's desk and presented him with a birthday gift on each anniversary, and this year on his birthday they filled the President's room with flowers; and searching the poets to find a fitting expression of their love, chose the passage from Tennyson's prologue to the Idyls of the King:-

We know him now: all narrow jealousies Are silent: and we see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise, With what sublime repression of himself, And in what limits, and how tenderly; Not swaying to this faction or to that; Not making his high place the lawless perch



From Portrait by Keith
PROFESSOR JOSEPH LE CONTE



PRESIDENT MARTIN KELLOGG

Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of years Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

No one that knows these two men would hesitate to apply the characterization to either Kellogg or LeConte. May they live long to exert the influence of their noble lives on the men and women to whom the future of California is entrusted. Doubtless others will rise to fill their places, but it is hard for us to recognize them in advance.

Thus it is that the University appears today, so far as I have been able to show it; tomorrow it will be greater, more complex, more highly developed. Its foundations are strongly and broadly laid, bedded in the Constitution of the State, firmly set in the love and pride of the people of California, founded on the eternal principles of light and truth. The people need have no fear in going forward to erect on this beginning a structure, however lofty and splendid; for so long as our fathers' God permits the State herself to stand, the University shall live.

#### ADDENDA

Professor Plehn's figures are here repeated, with an additional line for 1897, which he has kindly supplied:

Year.	Population of State.	Attendance in Colleges at Berkeley.	No. of Attendants per 10,000 of the Population.	Assessment per Capita of the Population.	One Cent Tax per Capita of the Population.	Actual Receipts of the University from One Cent Tax, Year Ending June 30	Actual per Capita Tax Paid by Citizens.	Annual Cost to the State per Student.
1887	1,105,120	306	2.7	\$865	\$.0865			
1888	1,139,466	363	3.1	970	.0970	\$ 76,580.79	\$.0693	\$413
1889	1.173,812	401	3.4	950	.0950	98,348.38	.0863	408
1890	1,208,130	457	3.9-	910	.0910	101,205.89	.0862	376
1891	1,250,416	547	4.3	992	.0992	102,434.52	.0847	335
1892	1,293,702	650	5.1	986	.0986	119,830.12	.0962	310
1893	1,335,988	815	6.1	906	.0906	115,575.06	.0924	254
1894	1,378,274	1124	8.1	874	.0874	118,123,39	.0884	206
1895	1,420,560	1336	9.4	797	.0797	119,824 73	.0869	150
1896	1,462,846	1500	10.9	726	.0726	112,543.56	.0792	121
1897	1,505,132	1600	10.6			128,415.46	.0852	111

N. B.—The one cent tax was levied in 1887 for the first time; the two cent tax went into effect in 1897, but the yield of that tax for the present fiscal year will not be definitely known until July 1, 1898; it will probably be about \$210,000.

#### GROWTH OF STUDENTS IN TWO TYPICAL DEPARTMENTS:

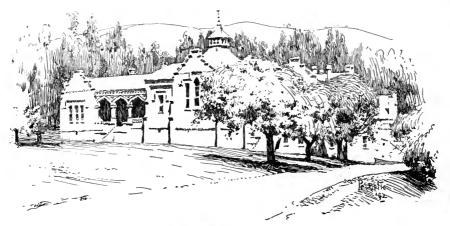
YEAR	1888-9	1889 – 90	1890-1	1891-2	1892 - 3	1893-4	1894-5	1895-6	1896 - 7	1897 - 8
Mining	24	26	30	33	25	33	42	65	113	152
Greek	49	53	57	65	75	93	113	124	152	195

#### GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGES AT BERKELEY:

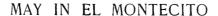
College of California	18644 18654 18664 18672 18685 18694	University of California	1871 5 1872 3 187312 187423 187525	187827 187956 188041 188122 188237	188532 188619 188743 188835 188939	1891 55 1892 61 1893 73 1894 96 1895119 1896133 1897163
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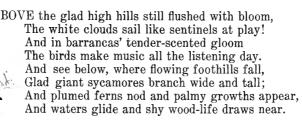
Total	1305
Recorder Sutton's estimate of class of 1898	240
-	

1545



THE CHEMISTRY BUILDING





Whilst oaks, the nobler monarchs of our clime, Their mighty arms outspread, victors o'er time. Stand forth in richest green on rock-seamed hill, And shine on fields of gold,—youth-draperied still,—On fields of ripening gold, 'mid dimpling grain; On slopes where golden poppies swing and reign. While stretched abroad and far the deeper tints appear Of tossing barley seas, crown harvest of the year!

Beyond where thick the tasseled willows lean, A mossy carpet rich in changeful green, Lies spread o'er bloom-kissed meadow, wide and flowery hill, Glowing in sun-born tints that meet and shoal at will!

Hark! faint, high floats the sea birds' crooning call; And lo, before — blue ocean's heaving wall! How lifts its changeless barrier to the sky! How fathomless its soul within doth lie! How mount the swelling waves that near the shore! How clean, how swift, the mane that runs before, And on the lifted hair, and on the brow! Whilst long waves lap, and shivering, sigh and sough, With movement born of fullest life of power and calm, The while sweet breath of ocean falls like cooling balm.

Afar the dream-robed Islands sleep on breast Of sea as fair as e'er gave islands rest, While 'twixt us and the gray of further shore The kelp is waving, weaving evermore: The amber-tinted kelp, fronded and fruited, sways, Slow swaying, floating, in its green translucent ways!

And boats are resting on its shoaling tide;
Whose brown-skinned fishermen in brawny pride
Rise in the dipping stern to fling the line
With well poised head and lithe and balanced spine;
While, searching deep into your wondering eyes
With glance in which our human trouble lies,
The seal's shy head is lifted, then away!
Where 'mid the waves the dolphins roll and play.
And still the sea birds call on flashing wings outspread,
And far o'er placid seas our willing thoughts are led.



#### THE WHISPERING GALLERY

#### By ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed upon the housetop; Others may be spoken by the fireside; Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

THE last time that I sat in the Arbor of Abstraction with my friend Elacott and his friend Miss Ravaline, he made a fierce attack on the dictionaries—or rather on the owners and users of dictionaries.

I said I thought the dictionary was generally considered the most useful book in existence.

"That depends upon the way it is handled," said he. "As most people treat it, the dictionary, though the most bulky and costly book in the house, is in reality the least useful."

"That sounds like a proposition very hard to prove," said Miss Ravaline, "when you consider that almost every other book in any house is the product of one person's brains, while it requires the nicest adjustment of the skill and learning of fifty or a hundred scholars to make a modern dictionary."

"Look out upon the lake," said Elacott. "Observe the peculiar ripples on its surface. Which would require the nicer and rarer skill—to represent those ripples accurately in a painting, or to measure the depth of the lake with a plummet and to ascertain ts length and breadth?"

"To paint the ripples, of course," answered Miss Ravaline.

"But which fact is the more important—the ripples or the depth?—the play of light on the surface, or the expanse in square miles?" said Elacott.

"That," said Miss Ravaline, "depends upon circumstances—depends also upon the person immediately concerned. I suppose you might ask whether Niagara contributed most to the happiness of mankind when it was simply a sublime cataract thundering ceaselessly over the edge of the Silurian world, or after it was harnessed to the Yankee turbines. For my part, I am more interested in the play of light on the surface of the lake than in its depth by feet and inches. I don't care to know the area of its basin, or how many gallons of water it holds; but I find a great deal of pleasure in watching the shadows of the clouds as they chase one another across the green slopes of the farther shore."

"If Socrates had had you for a pupil," said Elacott, "he would not have got on so

smoothly with his teaching; for I observe that whenever I ask a question preliminary to an argument, you have a knack of giving an unexpected answer, which appears to throw the argument out of gear — and I am obliged to confess that sometimes it does. But hardly this time, I think."

"I suppose you hold," said Miss Ravaline, "that for the furtherance of education there should be perfect sympathy and co-operation between teacher and pupil, and that the pupil should always return the answer that is expected."

"Exactly so!" said Elacott. "And therefore I shall assume that you have given the

right answer about the ripples, instead of the wrong one, and shall proceed with what I was going to say concerning dictionaries."

I ventured to remark, that as the head of the class had given the wrong engine that

I ventured to remark that as the head of the class had given the wrong answer, the question would naturally be repeated to the next in line; and that he might consider me, the boy at the foot of the class, as having given the right answer—whatever that was. Thanking me for the suggestion, and considerately forbearing to repeat the old story about the boy who stood next to the head of his class, he proceeded:

"I should not be so foolish as to deny that there is a vast deal of admirable learning and solid usefulness in any good dictionary; what I find fault with is, the small amount that the user generally extracts from it—just as there is a large amount of sweetness in a hogshead of molasses, but the flies get only what oozes out between the staves—and yet what a buzzing they make about it!"

"If it suffices for their wants," said Miss Ravaline, "why should n't the flies buzz their satisfaction?"

"The similes that fit with exactness at all points," said Elacott, "are exceedingly few. Even the parables of Our Lord are intended each to illustrate but a single truth or portion of truth; and if you were obliged to take the whole story in all its bearings, it would be a very poor guide of life. No one, for instance, would seriously maintain that one piece of silver could be worth more than nine pieces, and every reader sympathizes to some extent with the prodigal's brother. I shall therefore not consent to erase the figure of the flies and the molasses from the lesson you are trying to prevent me from teaching. So to my dictionaries. Have you not observed that of all the people who buy a big dictionary—and most people do—nine out of ten seldom consult it for anything but spelling and pronunciation?"

"Probably they use it for that in which they are conscious of being weak," I sug-

gested.

"Exactly so!" said Elacott. "But they ought to know that many of them are much weaker at other linguistic points, and that weakness is nowhere less harmful than in spelling and pronunciation. Take even the subject of the meaning of words in everyday use. For instance, ask a dozen of your acquaintances what they understand by the word 'lurid' in its literal sense (not figurative), and then compare their answers with the dictionary. Or ask almost any journalist why he so often uses the word 'marital' as if it meant pertaining to marriage, and then ask him to consult his dictionary."

"But why do you place so little value on correct spelling and pronunciation?" asked

Miss Ravaline. "Most people consider them the final polish of all education."

"Which of two callers do you enjoy most?" said Elacott — "the one who sends in exactly the right kind of card, printed in the latest style by a swell stationer, or the one whose card is out of date — or who, perhaps, has forgotten to furnish himself with any card at all — but who has something to say and says it in an entertaining manner?"

"This time I shall give you the answer you expect," said Miss Ravaline. "But do you mean to say you are not shocked when you receive a badly spelled letter?"

"Not nearly so much as by an illegible one," said he. "The bad spelling merely shows me at what point my correspondent's memory is defective. Everybody's memory is defective at one point or another. But when I receive an illegible letter, this sentiment stands out with perfect legibility: 'Your time, Mr. Elacott, is of no value, whereas mine is worth a great many dollars a second; and I do not care to take a little pains to save you annoyance.' To write legibly is a purely mechanical task, and not to do it is inexcusable; but with defective spelling, if it is not bad enough to obscure the meaning, I no more think of finding fault than with my friend's unsymmetrical nose or imperfectly colored eyes."

"That may hold good as to spelling," said I; "but is it not singular that many who hear correct pronunciation every day never learn it? One would think they could not help catching it involuntarily."

"I used to think so," said Elacott; "but I suppose they do not observe the difference,—just as a foreigner is not conscious of his peculiar accent when he uses our language. It always amuses me to see a person carefully looking up spellings in the dictionary, and inquiring which is the best usage as between two pronunciations, when either is perfectly good, or when a wrong one conveys the meaning correctly, and then to note that same person unconsciously arranging the carefully spelled and pronounced words in such order in his sentence that they may convey either of two or three meanings; and again to observe that he takes a hundred words to say what were said better in twenty. Somebody ought to tell him that, instead of troubling himself about the immaterial difference between naytional and nashional, he would do better to study how to purge his speech of such vulgarities as 'later on,' and 'higher up,' and 'lower down,' and 'preach a sermon,' and 'get married.'"

"I am not so much annoyed by superfluity of words," said Miss Ravaline, "as by scarcity of pauses. To me, the most disagreeable talker is the one whose words flow on and on, in a continuous stream, while the listener feels like Horace's simpleton, who sat on the river bank and waited for the water to flow by, that he might pass over dry shod. I always imagine such a talker saying internally, 'You cannot by any possibility have anything to say on this subject that would be worth hearing; and I will save you embarrassment by not making a pause that might seem to call upon you to contribute an idea to the conversation.' But I am amused at the self-satire of that kind of talker, who is unconscious that the best discourse is suggestive and arouses thought in the listeners and enables them to say something, and who apparently assumes that his talk has no power to do anything of the kind."

"Yes," said Elacott, "and such a person is very apt to be one of your *eyether* and *nyther* talkers, who imagine they have studied out all the niceties of pronunciation, when in fact they have got at least half of them wrong—as is commonly the case with those two words."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Ravaline, "I have always been thankful that, by some good fortune, I am a fairly good speller; and I shall not cease trying to pronounce correctly."

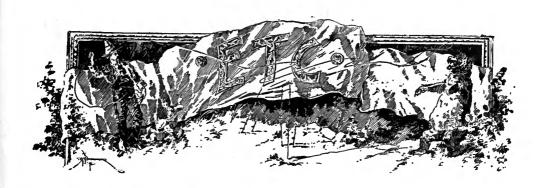
"Of course," said Elacott, "I suppose any lady would feel somewhat uncomfortable if she knew that her costume was out of fashion, and yet she would not admit for a moment that clothes make the woman. But the nicest point in orthography and orthoepy

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is, that those who are best educated have the least need of them. If you misspelled a word in a letter your correspondent would know it was nothing but a little carelessness or absent-mindedness; but when a person of defective education misspells, the reader presumes that it is from ignorance. Just as a man who is known to be rich can afford to forget his pocket-book when he goes down town; but that would hardly do for some of us who are less fortunate."

"To me," said I, "the worst of the pronunciation problem is, the silent assumptions and comments of those who think they are educated because they have gathered up a few niceties of speech. I never say 'either' and 'neither' without being conscious that some one among my hearers remarks to himself, 'How ignorant he must be, not to know that those words should be pronounced eyther and nyther.' I wish they would look into their dictionaries, where they might learn that those words do not come from any language in which ei is pronounced like i, but are Anglo-Saxon; and that the true pronunciation is eether and neether. They might as well talk of casting their eyes up to the cyling and observing that the ornamentation on it was very decyving. I remember once asking my father whether I should pronounce 'deaf' deef or def. He answered, 'If you are with ignorant persons, you should say deef; if you are with those who think they are well educated, but are not, say def; but again, if your company are really educated, say deef.'"

At this point the tea-bell rang, and we all left the Arbor.



War!

Not the grim, ghastly phantom of horror which soldiers know, but the glittering parade of lusty youth and manly cour-

age, of flaunting flags and brazen trumpets, of cheering crowds and hot enthusiasm! As we write, rockets are trailing in luminous joy across the sky, and the cheers of boys are heard in vociferous glee as the explosions announce the glad tidings. Happy throngs crowd the sidewalks, as though keeping holiday festival, their faces lighted up by the glare of Bengal fire which a millionaire newspaper owner is setting off in token of the joyful event. Near by, a jeweled and perfumed crowd moves with silken rustle into the theater to hear a favorite singer in a Spanish opera. The world has put on its gala dress

and gone abroad with noisy jubilation, as if it were Christmastide. And thus we know that war is upon us!

Here and there amid the happy bustle a veteran of the Civil war may be seen. Does he think of the cheers and smiles, of the rockets and the red fire? Or does he think of the brave boys who, in a hundred trains, are hurrying to the camps of Chickamauga and New Orleans? Is it the ringing shouts that he hears, or the groans of dying men? Is it the light of jubilant journalists that gleams red in his sight, or the bloody haze of battle? Are these the glad sounds of children, or the cries of soldiers' orphans? Does not the rustle of perfumed skirts recall the funeral crapes of widows and mourning mothers? Perhaps; for he alone of all the multitude knows that war is hell!

#### Cuba Libre!

AFTER nineteen centuries of the Gospel of Peace, the Christian world is an armed camp, and the nation which has reached the van of civilization and progress

by the pleasant paths of peace is sputtering war with the vehemence of an Apache Indian. Our legislative chambers are thick with sounds of fury, and our newspapers filled with jingo clamorings. And all this because the cruel descendants of a cruel race are engaged in the good work of mutual killings, accompanied by the torturings and clumsy cruelties which have ever characterized them. Two months ago we expressed the opinion that a hundred Cuban lives were not worth that of a single American. Since then over two hundred valuable American lives have been lost by an act of treachery unparalleled in the annals of any nation except those of Spain. When Columbus first landed in Cuba, the gentle natives showered hospitalities upon him and his cut-throat crew. At his request they built him a house that he might live with them, though they wondered why he wanted it without windows and with only one door. When it was finished he invited all the able-bodied men to visit him in the house, which had purposely been made large enough to hold them all. When his guests were safely indoors, his assassin crew appeared at the door and ruthlessly shot down all who resisted capture. The survivors were enslaved, and put to work at the mines and the plantations which their Christian captors had stolen from them. By an act of unspeakable treachery was Spanish rule inaugurated in Cuba; by an act of unspeakable treachery that rule is about to terminate.

The Maine horror has confirmed us in our estimate of the value of American and Cuban lives. The mob which lounged about the wharves looking stolidly or triumphantly at the wrecked battleship - the mob that insulted Americans and jeered at the official representatives of our nation, is as much a Cuban mob as it is a Spanish mob. And when the Cuban Junta, the soi-disant "government" of the insurgents, lately threatened to turn its arms against American soldiers sent to free them from Spanish tyranny unless that freedom came in the shape they specified, we felt that we had underestimated the value of an American life, and that a thousand Cubans were not worth it. The fact is that there is nothing to choose between Spaniards and their descendants in Cuba. From the standpoint of the humanitarian they are both alike - cruel, corrupt, vindictive; and the cruelty of the Spaniards has seemed worse only because they have indulged it to continue their own power, while the others have practised it in the name of freedom. But it is not the freedom we know. It is the freedom to rebel against any kind of established authority -

the freedom to coerce, the freedom to corrupt, to steal, to seize on the fat plums of office themselves. Of liberty in the broad Anglo-Saxon sense — the liberty of every man to do as he pleases so long as he does not infringe on the like liberty of others, no Spaniard, Cuban, or other grandson of Castile and Navarre, has the faintest conception. Cuba Libre means nothing but a hotbed of revolution, with one vigorous crop coming to maturity as fast as another is harvested. All Spanish-Americans are against the government unless their friends are for the moment in office; and the southern republics of this hemisphere have become a byword among nations for their opera bouffe methods of government. For us to establish such a condition in Cuba is the height of folly, since it means the sacrifice of really valuable lives. If the destruction of the Maine is not in itself a cause for war, there is no justification for armed interference in the quarrel. It were praiseworthy of us supply the Cuban insurgents with arms and provisions, to recognize their independence and bid them maintain it; but it is quite otherwise to shed American blood on their account. The benefit to humanity is altogether out of proportion to the cost.

#### Victory— And After?

But the fever of war is upon us; and, while a week ago there could hardly be found an American who was not loud in denunciation of our jingo politicians

and journalists, today the people are filled with warlike sentiments. Victory for us is a foregone conclusion. It is indeed a simple matter of arithmetic. But
there are remoter consequences which have not been
mentioned by any of the various kinds of jingo rampant just now. Occasionally a gentle critic may indite a short letter to the Nation or some such reasonable sheet; but otherwise the aftermath of the harvest we are about to reap has not been discussed.

After victory, what? Annexation? Probably, for that is the logical conclusion of the argument of war. That is annexation of Cuba, of course; for Cuba is at our very doors. Besides, it has been demonstrated by nearly a century of Spanish-American failures that Cuba will prove incapable of self-government. But what about the Philippines, for of course they will fall an easy prey to our Pacific squadron? The cry of humanity has had far to travel from Manilla, but it has reached us. The plea for intervention has been presented in the universal language which torture everywhere teaches. Shall we deliver the Philippines back to the oppressor? Heaven forbid, for there the people are not of Spanish blood, and are gentle, kind, and hospitable. Hawaii, of course, will have been found indispensable from the first as a "coaling station"; and having dropped like a ripe plum into our ETC. 473

mouth, we shall hardly try to hang it up on the tree again. So that almost without knowing it we shall have started forth on our colonizing ventures fully equipped with widely scattered possessions, a navy strong enough to protect them, and a newly roused martial spirit in our breasts made strong and enduring by victory. And if what is bred in the bone breaks out in the flesh, our British ancestry will see to it that we keep what we get, and get more when we can. All of which is not a very far cry from Cuba Libre!

#### Anglo-Saxon Federation

THE first important political result of our acquisition of colonial territory will undoubtedly be rapprochement with England, for then our natural affiliations will

be strengthened by community of commercial interests. England's colonial expansion has had the effect of throwing the world open to the commerce of every The extension of our own domain beyond our continent will tend to the same results; for McKinleyism as a fiscal creed will not bear transplanting to colonies any more than will stamp-acts and the like. Thus our interests and those of the Motherland become if not identical, at least closely related. Then, too, when we emerge from our isolation and rub shoulders with the active colonizing powers of Europe, it will be necessary to choose our friends; and a score of natural reasons at once present themselves against our selection of any other than England. Thus may come the realization of the poet's dream - the parliament of man, the federation of the world. Side by side, Motherland and Childland, and around them a brood of vigorous Anglo-Saxon nations whose territories encircle the earth, our race shall dictate peace to the whole world. At our command the nations shall beat their swords with plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the bright beams streaming from Liberty's torch shall penetrate the darkest corners where barbarism hides today and cruelty reigns rampant. And so, by the mysterious law of compensations, may good come out of evil.

#### A Free University Education

THE OVERLAND is about to establish a number of free scholarships at the University of California, and at the Leland Stanford Jr. University, in the interests of ambitious young

men and women whose circumstances exclude them from college, but who are willing to get annual subscriptions to this magazine. The scholarships, which are offered in open competition, include from one to four years' course of study, with board, lodging, and free transportation from any part of the United States or Canada to the University.

The plan has already received the cordial approval of some of the higher authorities of the universities designated, and some are promising it their hearty support. Friends of the OVERLAND are requested to bring this opportunity for a university education to the attention of ambitious and enterprising young men and women in all sections of the country. The competition will run for a year, so as to give candidates ample time to prepare for the entrance examinations; but a plan has been devised by which some of the competitors, to whom such preparation is unnecessary, may enter the university next term, which commences in August, 1898.

A scheme of beneficence like this needs no commendation. The opportunity offered of acquiring the breadth of character, knowledge, elevated association, and strong friendships of college life, is worth any effort necessary to acquire them. The conditions of this competition are such as no young person of ordinary ability and perseverance need hesitate to assume; and even those who do not secure a scholarship will receive a reasonable compensation for their efforts. The Overland is doing this without direct profit, because of the indirect gains which a larger circulation will bring. The low price of the Overland makes it an easy matter to win subscriptions for it, and its dignity and literary reputation make it a worthy work to spread its influence.

A course at either the University of California or the Leland Stanford Jr. University fits a student for entrance in the higher classes of medicine, law, the ministry, dentistry, and pharmacy, besides graduating teachers, chemists, civil engineers, and men well equipped for business careers from the colleges of agriculture, mechanics, and mining. The College of Letters gives preparation for literary life, and the social and natural science departments afford unequaled opportunities for scientific study and investigation.

The climate of California, the inspiration of the beautiful surroundings of both of the California universities, the judicious selection of studies, and the care given in the physical training departments, have combined to produce in our students a vigor of constitution and breadth of mental equipment which are commented upon by every Eastern-bred college man who visits us. When Dr. Samuel Johnson disparagingly defined "oats" as a food for horses in England and for men in Scotland, he was aptly answered by the query: And where do you find such men and such horses? This happy combination is found in California — with the striking addition of beautiful women. The finest horses in the world have been bred at Palo Alto, and the highest types of men and women are growing up at Palo Alto and Berkeley. Let ambitious students write for more on this subject.

#### Our Present Number

IT HAS been impossible to adhere to the plan which we made last month for the present number. Several articles announced have had to be omitted and others substituted, owing in one

case to the contributor's absence in the East and in others to the failure of artists and others to keep engagements. We believe, however, that readers will find the substitutes of equal interest, especially when they know that the promises made will be kept later.

#### The Earthquake

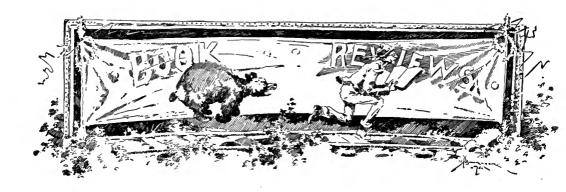
It is interesting to read in the Overland for November, 1868, a brief editorial by Bret Harte.

At five minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of October, [he writes,] an earthwave, then passing under San Francisco, left its record upon some sheets of the present OVERLAND, by the falling of the ceiling of the building in which they were stored. It being too late to reprint the forms, it is trusted that the reader will kindly overlook any blemishes upon those signa-

tures to which the Great Earthquake has added its mark.

The earthquake of last month also shook the plaster from the walls of the present quarters of the OVER-LAND, but it did so more in love than in anger, just to show, as it were, that it had not forgotten old friends.

It is also interesting to note that in the month following the earthquake which so vigorously asserted itself that it got itself spelt with capitals, M. G. Upton contributed to the Overland a suggestive article on "Earthquake Theories," containing a denial of the usual explanations, and hinting at a cause which is only now receiving consideration. The vibration of buildings which, according to generally accepted theories, is due to movements of the earth's crust, is here ascribed to purely atmospheric causes; and the argument is so skillfully presented that, at the risk of hearing the old warmed-over jest, we are tempted to republish such parts of the article as are relevant today. This we shall do next month. It is not every library that is fortunate enough to possess the files of the OVER-LAND for thirty years.



#### Mr. Crawford's Latest Novel<sup>1</sup>

MR. CRAWFORD is being advertised on his present lecturing tour as "the greatest living novelist." And so he is in more than one respect. First of all, he is ever the gentleman; he never stoops to the sensational, the vulgar, or the unclean, to attract attention. He never attempts a book unless he has a story to tell; and his charm in telling it is a charm possessed by Mr. Crawford alone. The reading of any of his books is an education of itself. The perfection of his style is such as to give one the comfortable feeling of being enfolded in luxury. The Spectator used to be studied by those who wished to improve

<sup>1</sup>Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company: New York: 1898.

their English. The writings of Mr. Crawford have displaced the Spectator. It is a delight to let the eye wander over the gracefully eloquent phrases, with not a word misplaced, and not a sentence that could be improved.

Corleone is the latest, but by no means the least interesting, of Mr. Crawford's books. The plot is strong and skilfully developed. The wild lawlessness of the Sicilian, ever ready to burst through the cracks of the veneer of civilization imposed by the Romans, is a new field for the writer of modern fiction. No one but Mr. Crawford could enter it. What in the hands of a less skilful writer would become melodramatic, acquires added force from his conservative strength.



Mr. Crawford has been criticised for having made Vittoria's supposed relationship to the Corleone a mistake, some even going so far as to say it was quite unnecessary, since Don Orsino was going to marry her, notwithstanding. This is a very juvenile view of the matter, for no one would wish to be allied to a family where, as Mrs. Slayback aptly puts it, "everybody is killing everybody else." At the same time we do think Mr. Crawford has made a mistake in dramatic construction in the way he has brought about this dénouement. The whole story is so exciting, so absorbing in interest, that to make an absolute mystery of Vittoria's birth, so far as the reader is concerned, is a mistake. Even the fact that there is a mystery is so completely hidden that when the revelation comes, the reader is absolutely unprepared for it. No curiosity has been aroused, there has been no leading to the climax; and brought in, as it is, in the midst of a greater climax, for which the reader is prepared, and therefore responsive, the minor climax not only fails in its purpose, but hampers the main action of the story. This to our mind is the defect of the book. But apart from this, it is full of interest and vigorous life, and is a worthy accession to the already long list of Mr. Crawford's books.

#### Ouida's New Book1

WHY Ouida's *The Massarenes* has been spoken of as "hitting Americans hard" is puzzling. There is not a real American in the book from beginning to end. Do our engineers who spend many years building railroads in Russia return to America Russians? Or, are the members of the American Colony in Paris, French?

Ouida is so keen in scenting the weak points in the human family, and so merciless in her scorn of humbug, selfishness, and heartlessness, in whatever station of life, that people have learned to look at each new volume curiously, wondering who is to be shown up now. Reading that the Massarenes have spent years, and made a fortune in Dakota, the conclusion has been generally drawn that this time it is Americans who are to have their foibles paraded before the world. As a matter of fact, Massarene and his wife were not only born in Ireland, but were sufficiently advanced in life to be married before they even left their native isle. They came to America man and wife, and the only child that lived beyond babyhood was sent, when six years of age, to England to be educated, never returning to America until the end of the book.

Ouida, never fearing to probe the serious ailments

<sup>1</sup>The Massarenes. By Ouida, R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, \$1.50.

of the race and day, cuts deep into one of the most terrifying phases of modern life, namely, the insatiable greed, the absorbing determination to hold within one's own grasp a fortune that is well-nigh uncountable and to increase it—no matter how!

A large part of the human family is being smothered out of all relationship to the divine by this lust of gold, that stifles all regret for the suffering entailed by the filling the ever-yawning coffers to satisfy the never-satisfied greed. Ouida realizes the horror of it all; and with unsparing hand shows the demoralizing effect on all classes,—the well-nigh helpless struggles of the few against the overwhelming torrent of selfishness.

Her book will not have been written in vain, if she can persuade even a very few that there is a great and satisfying happiness apart from the possession of vast wealth. She has listened to tales of the "Wild and Woolly West" until she has received in the main, a tolerably accurate picture of one side of it. But it is amusing to hear her explain that Dakota is bitterly cold, because of the "icy winds of the North Pacific."

As is usual in her writing, there is a great deal of repetition; but, as is usual again, we forgive her, because of her power and fascination.

#### The Army of the Café<sup>1</sup>

SOME months have elapsed since the latest news from Greece was largely sought in the daily papers; and many events of a more proximate interest have tended to turn everything pertaining to Greece into the background. Yet Mr. Palmer's book is intrinsically as interesting today as it was on the day it was written. Five weeks before the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Palmer went to Larissa, the headquarters of the mobilization of the Greek army. He saw from its incipiency nearly every phase of the war. He crossed the frontier and saw Edhem Pasha and his army, and was with the picturesque irregulars, whose raid into Turkey was the real commencement of the campaign He accompanied the Greeks in their final retreat upon The Army of the Café, as Mr. Palmer Thermopylæ calls it, did not impress him seriously; it seemed a sort of opéra bouffe affair, and he writes about it in a rollicking, amusing style. His good nature and appreciation of the ridiculous never desert him. The thrilling ride, by which he was able to reach the cable, and send two days ahead of every other correspondent the news of the retreat from the battlefield of Marti, is alone worth reading the book for. It is illustrated by many photographs taken by Mr. Palmer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Going to War in Greece. By Frederick Palmer. R. H. Russell: New York: 1898. 12 mo. deckle edge paper, \$1.25.

#### Stories of Pennsylvania1

THE authors of Stories of Pennsylvania have done a great service to Pennsylvanians, especially to the children of that State, by collecting and recording the most interesting and valuable of the many important incidents in the early history of Pennsylvania now almost forgotten. These sketches, presented in a series of entertaining and instructive stories, reproduce the atmosphere and feeling of the early times, and give the reader a more vivid picture of colonial and pioneer life than volumes of ordinary narrative could do. The stories represent every section of the State and every period in its history. Special effort has been made to present the less familiar, but by no means less important incidents in the later history and development of the State.

The pages of history may be challenged to produce more heroic or tender incidents than are described in the Indian stories included in this book. While these stories have all the charm of romance they are historically accurate and trustworthy, being drawn in most cases from such sources as the Colonial Records, the Pennsylvania Archives, and the collections of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The illustrations are numerous and appropriate.

The book is admirably adapted for school and home reading, especially for supplementary reading in schools, or for use in connection with the regular class book in United States History. It is a notable addition to the American Book Company's series of Stories of the States, by well known authors, Stockton and Joel Chandler Harris among others.

#### Weed on American Insects<sup>2</sup>

PROFESSOR WEED, in his Life Histories of American Insects, has conferred a pleasure and a benefit on many people. He chooses twenty-six of the most interesting and easily found families of insects and tells in a style that even a boy or girl can understand where to look for specimens, how to keep them under the best conditions for observing their growth and metamorphoses, and what to watch for. The scientific language is freely used, indeed, but always in a connection that explains the term or with an unobtrusive translation into speech "understanded of the people."

The book will prove of value to teachers in suggesting things to do in the time devoted to Nature study, and many a class of strange pupils will be introduced to the school room as a consequence of Professor Weed's work.

There are twenty-one full-page plates carefully Stories of Pennsylvania. By Joseph S. Walton, Ph. D., and Martin G. Brumbaugh, A. M., Ph. D. Illustrated. American Book Company: New York: 1898. Price, 60 cents.

<sup>2</sup>Life Histories of American Insects. By Clarence Moores Weed, D. S. New York; The Maemillan Company; 1897. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey. drawn and executed, and numerous illustrations scattered through the text. These add much to the usefulness and interest of the book.

#### A Lynching Story<sup>1</sup>

The sister of Amelie Rives has just published through the house of Tennyson Neely a powerful story of Southern life, in which the lynching question is presented in all its aspects. The subject is one calling for earnest discussion; and Miss Rives's treatment of it is marked with tact, a strong judicial sense, and conspicuous literary ability. Purely as a literary effort it is worthy of the traditions of her talented family; but as an analysis of the peculiar conditions which in the South have developed this effort at swift justice, it is a tour de force. The story is a shortone; but it full of vigor, and gives promise of good work in the future.

#### A Novelette Trilogy<sup>2</sup>

THREE delightful stories by T. C. DeLeon are published by F. Tennyson Neely in that convenient pocketshape which this firm is giving to many of its books. Mr. Neely is deserving of praise for giving permanent form to these gems of the storyteller's art. Each one can be read at a sitting; and few will have the self-denial to put the little volume aside before finishing the entire trilogy. Equally charming is An Innocent Cheat; or, The Episodes of the Everlasting Comedy, by the same writer, just received from Mr. Neely.

#### Islands of the Southern Seast

THE Knickerbocker Press has just published for Mr. Michael M. Shoemaker a beautiful book on the Pacific Islands which is a model of typographic art. It is a delight to read it, even when the author gets prosy or statistical, as he occasionally does; and when he grows interesting, as sometimes happens, the reader's pleasure is enhanced by the artistic quality of the book itself. It is an unpretentious record of a traveler's sight-seeing; though the bits of description interspersed through it are sometimes of unusual graphic power. It is a handy book to read before starting along the same route, — as full of matter as a guide book, but put in interesting shape.

<sup>1</sup>Smoking Flax. By Hallie Ermine Rives. F. Tennyson Neely: New York: 1898. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

<sup>2</sup>A Bachelor's Box. By T. C. DeLeon. F. Tennyson Neely, New York: 1898. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

3An Innocent Cheat. Ibid.

<sup>4</sup>Islands of the Southern Seas: Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Australia, and Java. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1897.

#### Lanciani's New Book on Rome1

"Lanciani's Rome," as it is familiarly, almost affectionately, called, is a fine example of a great scholar adapting his learning to the average mind. No one contemplating a visit to Rome should fail to get a copy of this valuable work, for nowhere else can so much knowledge of the "Eternal City" be found in so compact a form. It is the condensed product of long years of scholarly investigation, of careful sifting, of loving labor. For the author of over three hundred special works on archæology to consider, as Professor Lanciani has done, the needs of the hurried general public, is to have earned the admiration and gratitude of every tourist as well as every student.

With a broad generosity, where there is any reasonable ground for dispute, Professor Lanciani gives all authorities. The bibliographical notes refer not only to standard works, but to the most scholarly and generally inaccessible writings of learned archæologists of every country and time. There are over two hundred illustrations, which add to the value as well as the attractiveness of the book.

#### A Pictorial Aspect of the Campaign<sup>2</sup>

THE last Presidential campaign brought to the front two cartoonists, whose methods were as diametrically . opposed to each other as were the issues for which they worked. Both Mr. Davenport and Mr. Bush had their enthusiastic admirers, whose differences of opinion were as hot as those of the famous "sixteen to one" daisies, and the "gold bugs." It must be gratifying to Mr. Davenport to find that his friends, after the smoke of the battle has cleared away, are not forgetful of his services to their cause. A handsome book of his famous cartoons, just published by R. H. Russell, has brought forth expressions of admiration from the governors of no less than eleven States; from Senators Gorman, Foraker, and Tillman, Speaker Reed, and many others, including W. J. Bryan, Henry George, and Albert Shaw.

The introduction by the Honorable John J. Ingalls is excellent. He says, among many good things, "The caricature of the forum to be effective must in the main be equitable. Public opinion, to which the cartoon is addressed, will resent abuse, gratuitous brutality and wanton malignity. . . . The atrocious libels upon Lincoln during the rebellion depicting him as a boor and a tyrant, reacted in his favor and aroused compassion instead of abhorrence, because

<sup>1</sup>The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome. A Companion Book for Students and Travelers. By Rudolfo Lanciani. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$4.

<sup>2</sup>Cartoons. By Homer C. Davenport. R. H. Russell: New York the people whose burdens the martyr bore, instinctively recognized their injustice."

It is to be hoped that Messrs. R. H. Russell and Co., with their usual knack of getting hold of artistic work, will not neglect to reproduce the delightfully clever cartoons of Mr. Bush, that they also may be preserved in handsome and permanent form for the lasting pleasure of his admirers.

#### A Golden Sheaf of Stories1

Thro' the Lattice Windows, containing nineteen short stories of humble English village life, is dedicated to Doctor W. Robertson Nicoll, that true critic who has so often before discovered the merit of an unknown author.

Mr. Dawsen draws his pictures with keenness of perception and greatness of sympathy that must appeal to every reader. While many of the stories are touchingly pathetic, there is a quaint sense of humor running through them, keeping a smile hovering about the reader's mouth.

These sketches are all laid in the same village, and the characters are so interwoven that there is a continuous blending of interest, as each individual is brought forward to contribute the vital bit of his life. The "Tired Wife" is a tender, and not-to-be-forgotten lesson to many who are continually letting precious opportunities slip; while dear old Gill going to "the Last Home" can hardly fail to teach others his own strong, simple religion. "Daddy Lumsden's Pious Fraud," and "The Parsimony of Mrs. Shawen," show us there is something higher and nobler than mere justice; while the gentleness of the humble villagers to the poor old father, who was always waiting at the gate for the son who was hanged twenty years before, proves that Christ still lives among his people.

#### A Story of Exchanged Identity

MR CHURCHILL'S book, The Celebrity, 2 doubtless will appeal more to men than to women. The plot, an unusual and entertaining one of exchanged identity and its consequences, is more masculine in its humor, than feminine. The male characters, too, are better drawn, have more life, more body, than the women who flit through the pages. Mr. Churchill has depended too much on the originality of his plot, and given too little attention to the sub-action. The conversations are clever; but there is too much talk in the book. The story will excite curiosity, as to who the "Celebrity" really is; and it is hinted that some time the public may know.

It may be unfair to hazard a guess, but the descrip-

1"Thro' the Lattice Windows." By W. J. Dawsen. Doubleday & McClure. Price, \$1.00.

<sup>2</sup>The Celebrity. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50.

tion of the Celebrity's physical aspect corresponds with that of Richard Harding Davis. If it is this talented young author who is thus caricatured, no censure can be made too strong for the malignant misrepresentation of Mr. Churchill; and if it is not Mr. Davis who is meant, then Mr. Churchill is to blame for drawing the likeness of a living Celebrity to represent the hero who is made to appear so ridiculous in this book.

It is a singular coincidence that another Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, is also about to publish a book, so that the exchanged identity is not confined to the characters that are imaginary.

#### A Book of True Lovers1

OCTAVE THANET has gathered a sheaf of stories from various magazines and brought them out as a book through the publishing home of Way and Williams. They are choice garnerings. "The Strike at Glasscock's" is a delightful bit of description; and the "Judgment on Mrs. Swift" is full of rare pathos and power. The cover design is appropriate and original.

#### Cupid's Game With Hearts<sup>2</sup>

IN THE multitude of books that overwhelmed us during the holiday season was one that well deserved mention for its rare artistic qualities. Cupid's Game With Hearts is an interesting story told by "Documents," charmingly illustrated by Stella Alys Wittman, and the whole idea is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company in a dainty, attractive form. How an American girl almost married a Count, and how she did not quite marry him, is told in an amusing and unusual way; and it is altogether a book (if one can call anything so original a book) that does not depend on the holiday season for its interest.

#### Briefer Notice

THE Eclectic English Classics<sup>3</sup> from a series intended to provide the gems of English literature for school and home use, at the lowest possible price. The books cover a wide range from Chaucer, Milton, and Dryden, down to the present time, and represent the best models of style of each period and school of writing. In addition to the text, printed on good paper from new and clear type, the books contain appropriate introductions, including biographical sketches of the

<sup>1</sup>A Book of True Lovers. By Octave Thanet. Way and Williams; Chicago: 1898.

<sup>2</sup>Cupid's Game With Hearts. [The Dodge Publishing Co.: San Francisco: 1898.

<sup>3</sup>Palamon and Arcite. By John Dryden, 111 pages. Price, 20 cents.

authors represented and adequate literary and explanatory notes, which will be found interesting and useful by the reader. With such books as the *Eclectic English Classics* at command, no young person in the land can have any excuse for not becoming acquainted with the best books and the best writers in the language.

A delightful edition of Spencer's Faerie Queen 1 is being published by the Macmillan Company in six volumes, edited by Kate M. Warren. It is intended not only as a text-book for students but for general readers; and is supplied with a copious glossary, which in itself is a carefully compiled text book of early English.

THERE is a perennial charm in all border tales, in whatever concerns the wild, rough life of the frontier. Captain Smith, in his story, Sarita, 2 takes us into a mining town, describes a condition of affairs of absorbing interest, and paints a heroine who is fitted to be a queen of hearts, and a hero who strikes us as being a kind of human burro. We believe the reader will finish this novel before laying it down.

#### Books Received

The Christian Gentleman. By Lovis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Paris. By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. The Macmillan Co.

Mirabeau. By P. F. Willers, M. A. Idem.

Fighting for Favor. By W. G. Tarbell. Henry Holt & Co.

The Durket Sperret. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Idem.

Ave Maria. By Chas. Hanson Towne. The Editor Publishing Co.: Cincinnati.

Her Heart's Desire. By Chas. Garvice. Geo. Munro's Sons.

At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Helen Choate. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Annual Literary Index, 1897. Edited by W. I. Fletcher & R. R. Bowker. The Publishers' Weekly: New York.

The Copley Prints. Curtis & Cameron: Boston. Baldwin's School Readers, or School Reading by Grades. By James Baldwin, Ph. D., editor of Harper's Readers; author of Old Greek Stories, Old Stories of the East, The Book Lover, etc. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

A Brief German Grammar. By Hjalmar Edgren, Ph. D., and Laurence Fossler, A. M., of the University of Nebraska. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Xenophon's Cyropædia. Abridged for schools and edited by Clarence W. Gleason, A. M., of the Roxbury Latin School. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

<sup>1</sup>The Faerie Queen. Edited by Kate M. Warren. The Maemillan Company: New York: 1898. Price 50c. For sale in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson.

<sup>2</sup>Sarita, A Story of the Pack Saddle District. By Captain Allen Smith, U. S. A. F. Tennyson Neely: New York and London: 1898.

Eugene Field in His Home By Ida Comstock Blow. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.

How the Buffalo Lost His Crown. By John H. Beacon. Illustrated by Charles M. Russell. the Cowboy Artist. R. H. Russell & Co.: New York.

A Voyage of Consolation. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Appleton & Co.: New York. The Broom of the War-Girl. By Henry Noel Brails-

ford. D. Appleton & Co.

The Pride of Jennico. Being a memoir of Captain Basil Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The

Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare. A Critical Study. By George Brandes. Translated by William Archer and others. Two Vols. \$8. Idem.

France. By John Edmund Courtenay Bodley. Two Vols. \$4. Idem.

New Letters of Napoleon I. Edited by M. Léon Lecestre, Curator of the French Archives. From the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. D. Appleton's Sons.

The Disaster. By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated, with an introductory memoir, by Frederick Lees. \$1 50. D. Appleton & Co.

Manoupa. By Rose-Soley. Digby, Long & Co.

Under the Lion's Claw. By John N. Clarke. \$1 50. F. Tennyson Neely.

An Innocent Cheat; or Episodes of the Everlasting Comedy. By T. C. De Leon. \$1 50. Idem.

Smoking Flax. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Idem.

Among the Dunes. By. Mrs. D. L. Rhene. \$1 25. Idem.

Thomas and Matthew Arnold and Their Influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M. A., LL. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Applied Physiology, Including the Effects of Alcohol and Narcotics. By Frank Overton, A. M., M. D. American Book Co. 80 cents.

Old Ace, and Other Poems. By Fred Emerson Brooks. The Cassell Publishing Co.

The Complete Pocket Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. Wm. R. Jenkins: New York.

Through the Invisible. A Love Story. By Paul Tyner. Illustrated by Ella H. Pell. Continental Publishing Co.: New York. 75 cents.

Peter Paul Rubens. By R. A. M. Stevens. Macmillan: New York. \$1 25.

Idyls of Old New England. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrations by Lionel De Lisser and Bessie W. Bell. Picturesque Publishing Co.: Northampton, Mass.

So Runs the World. Henry K. Sienkievicz, author of Quo Vadis. Translated by S. E. De Soissons. F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.

Selections from the Poems of Robert Burns. Edited by W. H. Venable, L.L. D. 96 pages. Price, 20 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Selections from the Poems of Lord Byron. Same editor. 170 pages. Price, 25 cents. Ibid.

Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth. Same editor. 140 pages. Price, 20 cents. Ibid.

Selections from the Poems of Thomas Gray. Edited by A. M. Van Dyke, M. A. 80 pages. Price 20 cents. Ibid.

The Rape of the Lock and an Essay on Man. By Alexander Pope. Edited by A. M. Van Dyke. 110 pages. Price, 20 cents. Ibid.



#### The Guri Witch

"THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for April contains as its pièce de résistance an admirable story by Mr. Johannes Reimers. Mr Reimers lived so long amongst us that he needs no introduction, no word from us to remind the citizens of this sturdy representative of old Scandinavia. But it may be news to some that beneath an exterior as rugged as the mountains, cataracts, and fjords, of his native land, was concealed a poetic spirit as weird and beautiful as that which pervades the Sagas of his own Norseland. The "Guri Witch" appeals to the literary appetite sated with the fiction of the present day with its constantly recurring, time-worn, unvarying theme, with a refreshing piquancy most delightful and charming. The little idyl, a pastoral poem in prose, comes to us with a double appeal. In it the Norwegian reveals the most vivid pictures, pure and true, as only a native and a lover of nature could realize them, and in language whose slightly foreign flavor, while giving an added zest, excites our wonder and admiration for its almost classic purity of expression when we know that Mr. Reimers was an adult when he first attempted the intricacies of the English tongue. We hope and believe that Mr. Reimers has now found the proper field for the exercise of a genius which he possesses in an eminent degree. We congratulate the OVERLAND, if not for the discovery of this genius, for its wisdom, at least, in recognizing it and revealing it to the world."—Lakeport Press, Cal.

#### Our Interest in the Orient

For the moment the interest of the United States in the Chinese question is obscured by the Cuban war-cloud; but to California it is of infinitely greater importance that American trade in China shall suffer no injury at the hands of Germany than that the Cuban Junta should receive recognition as a civilized government. The opinions we recently expressed on this subject are strengthened by the corroborative testimony of the Hamburger Nachrichten, which has been quicker to see America's interest in the Orient than have the mass of Americans themselves.

Until very recently, [says this German editor,] the United States regarded the Pacific Ocean as a kind of back door, and looked out chiefly upon the Atlantic. Today it has been discovered that the general progress of the world demands greater attention to the development of Asia. It is well known that the far East is the most populous center, the greatest storehouse of the world's wealth, the least developed field for trade, and that America is very near to it. In less than twelve days the voyage from San Francisco to Yokohama may be accomplished. The largest trading interests of the United States are in the countries on the other side of the Pacific. The power of production in the American industries has passed the point at which it was sufficient only to satisfy the home markets, and the American manufacturer must look abroad. American locomotives have begun to cross the plains of Russia and Argentina, American engineers work in European factories, American rails lie in the mountains of India, American woolens are as well made as those of other countries. The export trade is necessary for the Americans today; they know it, and do their best to foster that trade. Meanwhile the Chinese have been shaken out of their slumbers by Japan, railroads are being built, schools are organized, and the Chinaman begins to adopt some of the things which give strength to the despised West. Already voices are heard in the Union which demand that the Pacific become a sea on which the United States rule as paramount power. The influence of the United States, so say the Americans, must be felt as strongly in the lands of the far East as in South America, and they realize that this must be accomplished soon, ere the European powers have fully established themselves. By the time railroads are in active operation all over China, the market for American goods must be established.

Hence the United States has every reason to see to it that the trade with China remains open to the whole world, that no tariff for the exclusion of American goods is enacted, and that the interests of American citizens in China are carefully guarded by the authorities in Washington. Meanwhile England and Germany have the advantage through their older established relations with China. Europe may not care to worry itself about American competition, especially as it is well known how ready the Americans are to bluster. Yet we would like to warn the German merchants. They must not despise the new competitor, but must act with unceasing energy if they would continue successful in their battle for the markets of the far East.

MR. J. L. SCOTCHLER of the Berkeley Evening World has done an enterprising thing in publishing the souvenir pamphlet Berkeley. It is 7x10 in size and contains some fifty pages of fine halftone plates from Mr. O. V. Lange's beautiful photographs, followed by fourteen pages of text giving information about the college town. To be had of Sanborn & Vail, San Francisco, and booksellers generally. Price, 50c.

A RECENT San Francisco weekly has a merited compliment to Hon. F. B. McFarland, Justice of the California Supreme Court:—

In spite of the fact that election day is still far distant, and that delegates to conventions are not yet even named, there are certain nominations which it would seem must naturally go to given aspirants. . . Probably the nomination which is most merited and therefore seems most natural and certain, is that of the Hon. F. B. McFarland to succeed himself as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. His career as a judge has been marked by a rugged bravery, which coupled with his experience and learning have given peculiar force and value to his opinions. He has passed the noon-day of life and this will probably be the last time he will ever ask office or preferment from his party or the people. While he has grown gray in the service, his vigor remains unimpaired. . . . One of the strongest testimonials that can be given to a judge, who has served for a long period upon the bench, is that he is poor. The salary of our judiciary is wholly inadequate to the services performed, and Judge McFarland, although a man of frugal habits, is probably not worth a dollar more today than when he first took seat upon the bench.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & Co. will issue at once a new and cheaper uniform edition of Lady Jackson's Old Paris and of her Old Regime, two books in which the life and spirit of the time are cleverly described.

THAT Jerome K. Jerome has a happy faculty of pleasing diverse nationalities is illustrated by the fact that his books have been translated into German, French, Russian, and Norwegian. His last book, Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green, is already in its fourth American edition.

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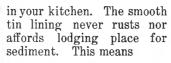


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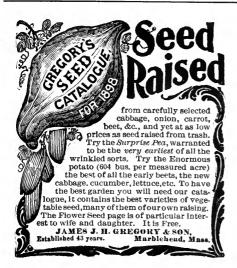
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#### PACIFIC GROVE SUMMER SCHOOL

TEACHERS and students who are looking for an economical course of summer study should read the advertisement of the Pacific Grove Summer School, on another page. The school is designed to meet the needs of teachers who wish to fit themselves for more effective work in their various departments, and students who desire to review for the universities' examinations, or to pursue regular university work, under the direction of members of the two California universities. Pacific Grove is a pretty village nestling among the pines on the shore of Monterey Bay. This

combination of sea and pines in an even temperature gives the air that healthful tone so favorable to the student. The Hopkins Seaside Laboratory at Pacific Grove has long been a favorite resort for students pursuing summer work in the biological sciences. The terms are arranged to accommodate those whose schools do not close before the middle of June, as well as those who can attend earlier. Applicants will be admitted to any of the courses upon satisfying the instructor in charge that they are qualified to undertake the work. Some of the courses require no previous knowledge of the subject. Students are at liberty to choose such courses as may suit their needs. The work in German will be conducted by Professor Julius Goebel of Stanford University, assisted by Mr. Bushner; Professor W. A. Merrill of the U. C., assisted by Mr. Husband, will conduct classes in Latin; Greek and English will also be in the hands of members of the U. C. faculty. Other members of the faculty from Stanford will be Professors D. W. Murphy, Physics; Professor E. D. Starbuck, Education; Professor F. J. A. Davidson, French and Spanish; Professor Chas. E. Cox, Mathematics; Miss Edwards, Hygiene and Physical Culture, and others whose names will appear in the Summer School catalogue.

THE attention of readers is called to the free scholarship at the University of California which the OVERLAND is offering to ambitious young men and women who are willing to get subscriptions to this magazine. Particulars on request.

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THE agents of the Remington Standard Typewriter report sales, the world over, for March of this year largely in excess of any previous month in its history.

A school teacher lately put the question: "What is the highest form of life?" "The giraffe," responded a little girl in the class.—Truth.

THOS. COOK & SON, International Tourist agents, are prepared to organize parties during the coming season for special excursions to Alaska, Yosemite, Grand Cañon of the Colorado, Yellowstone Park, and other points of interest. Full particulars free and address 621 Market St., San Francisco.

A man started in the livery stable business the other week, and the first thing he did was to have a big sign painted, representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he inquired of an inquiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you — but who is the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

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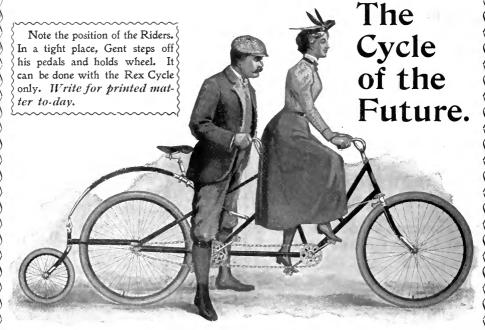
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# The Overland's Prize Contests for Amateur Photographers

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The Fir Prize will be Twenty-Five Dollars; the Second, Fifteen Dollars; and the Third, Ten Dollars. The conditions are as follows:

The competitions are open to amateurs only.

Prints are to be made from original negatives on Aristo or Albumen paper, and suitably mounted.

Postage or express charges are to be paid by the competitor.

The prints will not be returned whether successful or not; and the publishers of the OVERLAND will have

the right to publish them during the contests or afterwards at their discretion.

The art editor of the Overland will select for publication the best photographs sent in by the first of the month preceding the date of each competition. His selection will be governed by three qualities: photographic perfection, artistic treatment, subject. Each published photograph will be given a number. The maker's name, address, and title of subject, will also be printed. The readers of the Overland will then be invited to record their votes on coupons which will be supplied, in favor of ONE of the published pictures; and the one that receives the greatest number of votes will be awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars; the one that receives the next greatest number will receive fifteen dollars, and the next ten dollars.

It is an essential condition that competitors be yearly subscribers to this magazine. Any one who is not a subscriber may compete by sending a dollar for a year's subscription at the same time that he sends his photo-

graphs.

The best half-tones are made from Aristo prints, toned to a warm sepia. The larger the print the better.

Particulars of make of camera, lens and plates should be sent with every photograph.

Photographs for the fourth competition should reach the office of the OVERLAND not later than the middle of May. The best among them will be printed in the June and July numbers and the votes will be recorded till the end of the month last named, when the award will be made and the prizes paid.

For the fifth competition, photographs will be received during the months of May and June.

Address, Art Editor, Overland Monthly, San Francisco

# "Overland" Photographic Contest Ballot

#### THIRD CONTEST

To the Editor of the "Overland":

Having examined Plates Nos. 34 to 47 in "THE OVERLAND" PHOTO-GRAHIC CONTEST, in the April and May Nos., my choice of the best picture is No......



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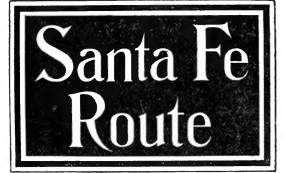
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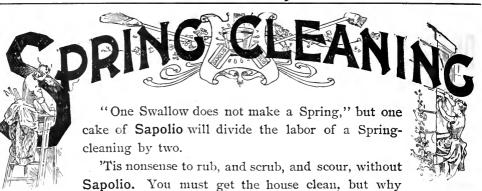
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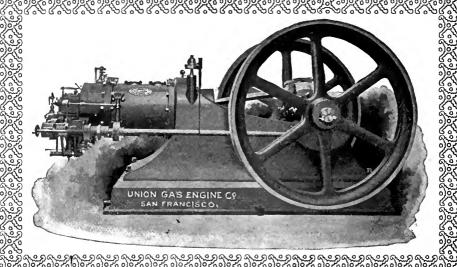
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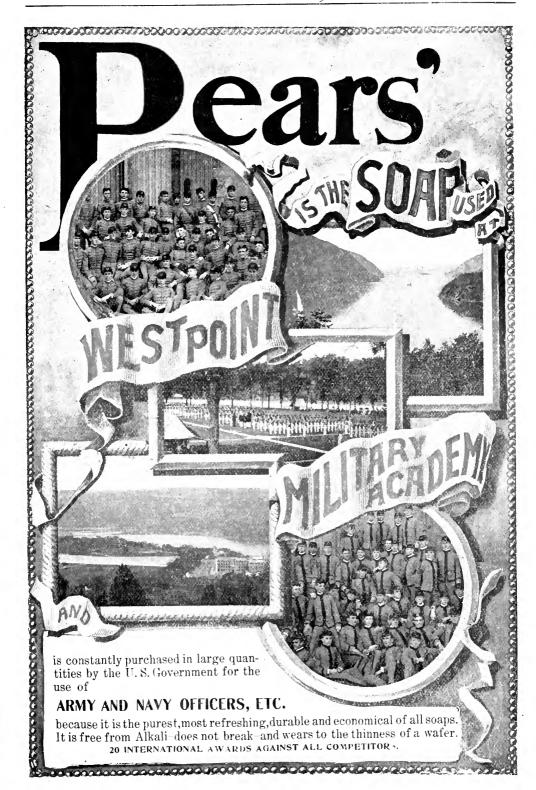
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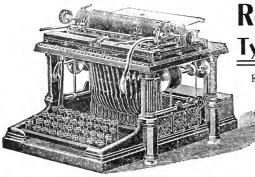
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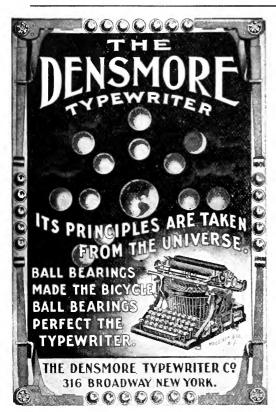
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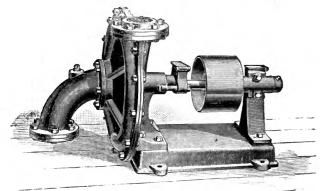


RICH STRIKE IN COLORADO. -- So much excitement has been created by the Klondike discoveries during the past year that but little attention has been given to some of the richest strikes in the history of mining, made in Colorado during the past month. Among these, that in the old Topeka mine, in the Central City district, is the most marvelous. A streak of white quartz has been encountered, which assays \$17,-000 in gold to the ton. The Topeka mine is one of those on the line of the United States Tunnel, and proves, beyond a doubt the expectation of the tunnel managers that the ore at a considerable depth below the surface will be many times richer than that on the bare earth. There is no business so fascinating as mining, on account of the almost limitless possibilities for profit, and therefore it will be probably but a very short time before the entire number of shares of the United States Tunnel Company offered to the public will be eagerly subscribed for. This company intends supplying much-needed facilities to an entire mining district, one of the richest in the world; also to work fifteen rich mines it has acquired by purchase. Our readers will find an announcement of this company in this number, and we do not hesitate to advise all who have money to invest to take advantage of the great offer made by the managers. The officers of the company, consisting of Mr. Quintard, President of the Citizens' Savings Bank of New York; Mr. Baltes, President dent of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, New York; A. R. Hart, J. C. Abel, and other well-known men in financial circles, affords an absolute guarantee that every stockholder, whether he owns one share or a thousand will be fairly treated, and will receive all dividends justly earned. Do not fail to read this advertisement, and send for the maps and prospectus.

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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXI.

Illustrated from photos.

No. 186.

SECOND SERIES.

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Amount Loaned	-	-	\$64,700.00

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FIFTY-FIFTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

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OF OAKLAND, CAL.

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DEC. 31, 1896,

Capital Fully Paid. \$300.000

Reserve Fund, \$100,000

Deposits to Dec. 31, 1896, \$2,789,509,72

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Paid Up Capital and Surplus, \$1.664,916
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\*Where no city is mentioned, OAKLAND is understood

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T Main 900; 1364 Park St., Alameda; T Main 18

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- "The locust eradicated every spire of green."
  "The burns I deemed slight, proved fatal."
  "Far across the sugar fields, shone the cabin lights."
  "Tho 'master of the situation, yet his courage failed."
  "Count the milestones as you go."
  "The sleet filled his eyes, nearly blinding him."
- VII. "Down the long street they marched to the sound of fife and drum."

  VIII. "The picket turned suddenly looking in my direction."

  IX. "From the top of the bank she gazed eagerly upon the rushing waters."

  X. "She loved the earl, yet her manner was distant."
- Recognizing that many have neither time nor opportunity to search history for the names of American Generals, we herewith submit a list of twelve names, in which appears every name in above quotations:—Garfield, McClellan, Miless Custer, Thomas, Burnstee, Long, Evetet, Lee, Pickett, Early, Banks.

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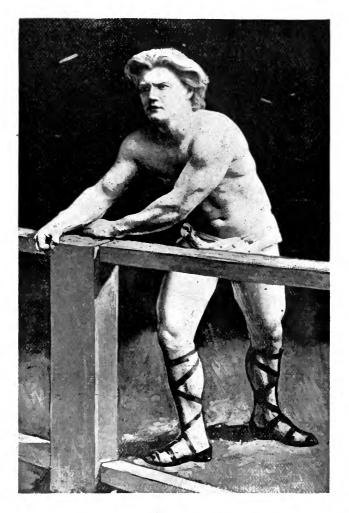
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Young
Athlete
Who Uses
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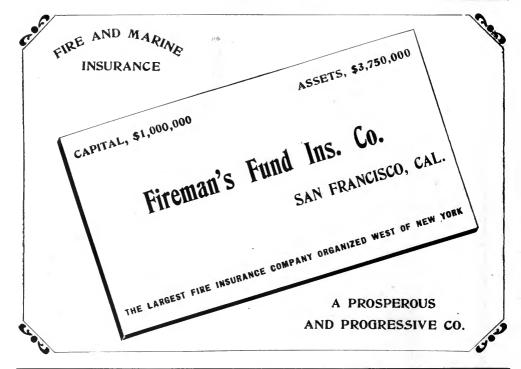
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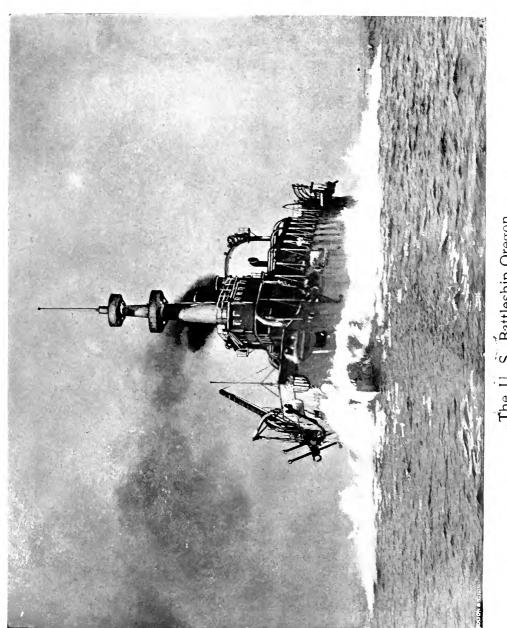
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From "A Spanish Holiday"

# Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXI. (Second Series.) — June, 1898.— No. 186

## "IF HE'D ONLY COME TO ME"

BY HARRY C. BAKER

A MAN sat looking out of a window in the waiting room of a lodging house. The illuminated sign outside said: "ROOMS 10, 20, and 30 CENTS." There were many similar signs in sight. Between such signs were those of saloons, pawnshops, and sandwich stands, each of which probably had an opium joint in the dark cellar below and a gambling den, or worse, on the floors above.

Anyone who is at all acquainted with

Chicago can name the street in which the lodging house stood. If he can't, his local geography from a practical standpoint has been neglected. He ought to know that street — and avoid it.

The Man looked out of the window. He looked; but did not see. His eyes were on the objects before him, but his mind focused itself on objects not there. Though he knew they were not there, he saw them — a woman and a child.

The Man was young, but old enough to be a husband and father. The woman he saw was young also, but old enough to be a wife and mother. It was she who had written the day before from Omaha the letter that was in the Man's hands. It was the letter that had added to a spirit almost crushed, a burden of pain that would be torture to any man who has others he loves better than he loves himself.

"Come home. Baby is dying," he read.

The words danced before him; and then in a dazed way he saw

both. Though always in his mind, he had not seen them so vividly since he kissed them both goodby a month before.

Poor Man! Like hundreds of others he had come to Chicago, the dumping place for all the dependent and depraved of the great West, to "find something to do." So they all come, as though there are n't enough men out of employment in Chicago at all times to colonize a large settlement



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with people of every known vocation and some few thousands of no known vocation.

The Man arose and put the letter into a ragged pocket. "I must go," he thought,

in a confused sort of way.

He went down stairs and turned up his collar against the cuts of a January blow from off Lake Michigan. He joined the

motley stream on the sidewalk, which numbered men and women of divers races, white, black, and yellow, but mostly of the one generic

type — bad.

The Man walked north, towards where he knew there would be people who had comfortable homes to go to, — some even palatial,—waiting for the street cars. Van Buren street is the dividing line. South is the "levee," north the beginning of respectability. He passed the ghost of the old post-office building and emerged into the light again at Adams street, where cable and electric cars keep up a distracting dissonance as they quarrel for right of way over the cross-

The Man looked about to see whether a policeman was in sight. He had n't become used to Chicago yet. There was no blue uniform visible to hinder his asking a fellow being for assistance, so he accosted the man next to him. The man was well dressed and puffed at a cigar.

"Mister, would you-"

The Man got no further. The stranger passed him with a slight shake of the head and a sharp look that was more of cautionary reserve

than heartlessness. He had lived many

years in Chicago.

The Man tried another person. This one stopped long enough to say, "I wish I could, partner, but I'm 'up against it,'too; though my clothes are better than yours. Good luck to you." He had not lived long in Chicago.

The Man spoke to several more, with no

better results. He stopped to warm himself in a doorway. When he was ready to renew his appeal he caught sight of a benign-appearing old gentleman who wore a tile of last year's pattern and bowed spectacles. He was waiting for a car when the Man approached him. He listened to the first few words and then fumbled about

in an inside pocket for a card with an address on it.

"Here," he said, handing the card to the Man. "You go out to that place and you can get a bed and a bowl of soup. It's our wood-yard and refuge. It's open till nine o'clock. It 's almost seven now."

"But I don't want anything to eat," responded the Man. "I don't want to stay here. I've got a sick wife and child in Omaha, and I want to get to them. What

I need is money."

"Um!" ejaculated the benign man incredulously, looking over his spectacles at an approaching car. "We never give direct aid at once. We always make the applicant show that he is deserving. Better go out there. They'll help you along. Then the benign man climbed upon a car."

The Man stood gazing out into the street. "Curse this town! Every man in it is against me!" he muttered.

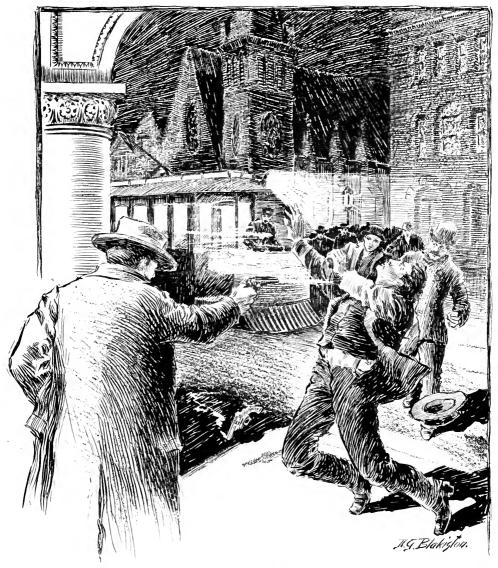
He did n't know that there were a possible ten thousand other Men in the great city that very instant each of whom was ready to stake his life on the same proposition applied to himself. He thought again of the letter and of her who had sent it.

"Come home. Baby is dying." The words rushed through his brain and buried themselves into his heart like a knife. He had endured privation and accustomed himself to it; but this new suffering appealed to other senses, and in his depleted condition it drove him to desperate thoughts.

"I'll get money before midnight, or



"ILL GET MONEY, OR BY ——, I'LL KNOW WHY!"



"HE HAS TAKEN SURE AIM, AND FIRED."

by ——, I'll know why. I've got to the end of the rope. I've only got one thing to live for; and I'm ready to die for that if I lose." Those were his thoughts.

Cold blasts from the northeast run riot down Michigan avenue and whistle around the statue of Columbus on the open Lake Front. The hour has turned midnight. Lights are going out in the windows of the great Auditorium and other fashionable hotels lining the west side of the avenue.

What sound is it that comes on the wind? It is caught by a man standing in a side street and glancing up and down now and then as if to survey all within eyeshot. He runs to the corner. He knows that sound. It is the hoarse shouting of excited men. There is trouble somewhere.

The next moment a crowd turns a cor-

ner above and pours into the avenue. There is no mistaking the situation. One man has a decided lead. The others are pursuing him. The man from the side street steps into cover and watches.

"Stop thief!"
"Catch him!"

The cries are distinguishable in the uproar. The crowd increases. Several men run out from the clubhouses and hotels to intercept the one pursued.

"Back!" he cries, pointing a pistol at

them.

One does not falter; and the weapon flashes fire. He it was aimed at sinks. The first flash is answered by two more from the pistols of the policemen in

pursuit.

Their aims are bad. The man ahead has a clear track. He turns as he runs, to fire behind. The mob falls back. He dashes past the Auditorium entrance. His clothes are ragged, his face is wild. He runs for life.

But escape is impossible.

The man who was under cover at the corner has emerged, his fingers touching the trigger of his raised pistol.

'Stop!" he commands.

A built narrowly misses him. Before another can follow he has taken sure aim, and fired.

It's all in the way of duty. He is a "plain clothes" man from the Central police detail.

The crowd pressed around, with queries and curses.

"What did he do?" asked the officer who

had fired the last shot.

"He robbed Dinglebach's place, over on State," answered a patrolman who had been in the chase from the start.

"Dot's right," put in a fat man who was breathing asthmatically and holding his hands over a hatless bald head. "He robbed me. He ought to been shot. I was behind my bar ven he comes in an' orders a beer. Then he says, 'I vant a sandvich.' I goes to der ice box an' he jumps behind der bar an' springs der money drawer. Dere vas more as drei dollar in

der drawer. He gets my 'gun' an' ven l hollers 'shtop!' he points it on me an' runs out mit. I follers him an' calls der police. He 's got my money. He ought to been shot."

"He was a desperate man," said some

"That's right," assented another, with a shudder.

A patrol wagon drove up on a riot call, and the lifeless body of the man who had robbed Dinglebach's place was loaded into it. The citizen who had been shot was being cared for inside the hotel, awaiting the arrival of an ambulance.

By midnight the stone Columbus was the only occupant of the avenue who lingered to ponder over the tragedy that had taken place almost at the base of his pedestal. He did not audibly utter any conclusions



"HE ROBBED ME. HE OUGHT TO BEEN SHOT."



"HIS WIFE WAS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL"

over the reflection that such things be in the land he discovered to the world.

The next morning in every town in the country that had a morning paper people read with horror of the tragic death of a desperado who had murderously invaded Chicago's noted thoroughfare. From letters found in his pockets it was supposed that his name was "William Johnson" and his home Omaha. The report was supplemented with an opinion from the police department that he was an Omaha crook who had been driven from his usual haunts and come to Chicago to operate in a field where he was not known.

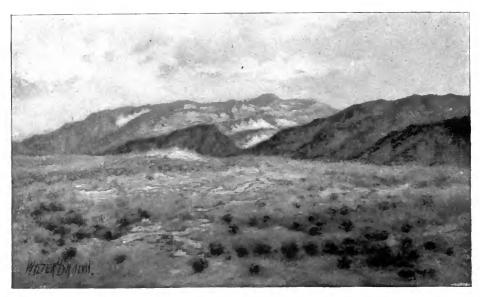
It was the biggest local story of the day.

The afternoon papers rather dampened the sensational side of it, though, by printing a dispatch which ran:—

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 12.— William Johnson, who was killed last night in Chicago. lived on South Seventeenth street in this city. He was a tailor by trade. He had been out of work for several months and had gone to Chicago to seek employment. His baby died yesterday and his wife was taken to a hospital, where she is in a critical state, being nearly dead of starvation. Johnson had always borne a good reputation in Omaha.

Probably a thousand men in Chicago read that dispatch during the day and thought: "Poor devil! I'd have given him a dollar, if he'd only come to me."





THE FUNERAL MOUNTAINS FROM DEATH VALLEY

## DEATH VALLEY AND THE MOJAVE DESERT

BY CARMEN HARCOURT

DEATH VALLEY is a spot famous wherever the English language is spoken, and to most people it is known only as a pestilential hole anywhere from five hundred feet to one mile below sea level, swarming with Gila monsters, rattlesnakes, sidewinders, poisonous lizards, and other awful, unnamed creatures which, like the Sphinx of Sophocles's great tragedy "Oedipus Tyrannus," awaits to devour the intrepid traveler on the Armagosan plains.

The Death valley of reality is considerably unlike the Death valley of the highly imaginative space writers of the daily press; but then, we have to forgive much to these knights of the quill when we reflect that their knowledge of this region is mainly gained from the early Government reports, which are bristling with inaccuracies, and many of whose surveys were really never made as claimed. No reliable surveys were made until 1880. One of the early Government explorers states that the Armagosa river is navigable for a considerable distance, when the veriest tyro in geology

could at once perceive that the river bed has been dry for thousands of years, save when a cloudburst sends down torrents of water for a few hours, tearing great gashes in the dry bed and filling it with debris from the peaks above, often totally changing the face of nature in a few hours.

The name of this famous region was gained from the fact that in 1850 a party of immigrants from Salt Lake perished in the valley from thirst, when they were but a short distance from water, the location of which was, of course, unknown to them. In reality, Death valley is better watered and feed is more abundant in the cañons than in the Panamint valley. I have been told by a prospector who is literally familiar with every foot of this region that there is no point more than fifteen miles from water. There are two or three springs strongly impregnated with arsenic, but these are well known to prospectors and animals will not drink the water.

In May of the present year I visited this wondrous spot and was surprised to find

that it differed but little in topography and general characteristics from the Panamint and contiguous valleys.

Death valley is in the southeast corner of Inyo county and extends due north and south for about seventy-five miles, and is from five to fifteen miles in width. On the north the valley extends into Nevada, where it is known as the Fish Lake valley. To the south a mountain range runs east and west, shutting it in except for a narrow opening. The depth of the lowest de-

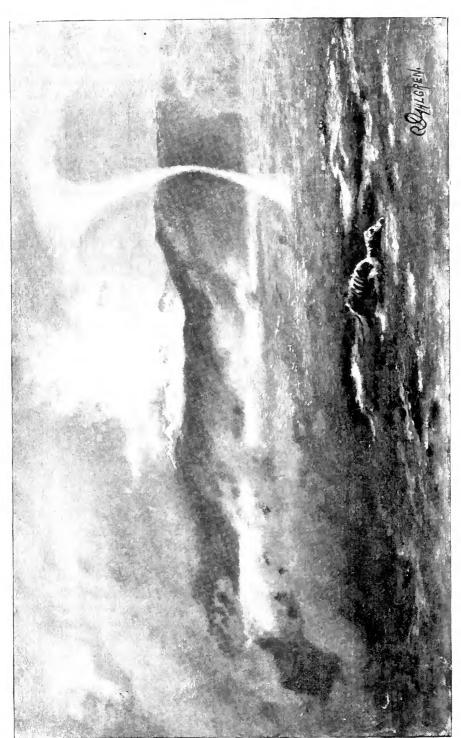
the snowy White mountains, and beyond the Funeral range on the east are the Granite mountains and range after range of unnamed peaks. Here and there between the ranges are seen valleys and plains, glittering with sand and dotted with mesquite and sagebrush, and an occasional black lava butte. The deposits of salt and soda look like cool pools of water, with leafy borders and shadowy trees,—mirage lakes that have lured many a thirst-maddened prospector to insanity and death.



A ROTARY MILL

pression is given as a trifle less than four hundred feet. This depression is opposite Telescope peak, which rises in the Panamint range to a height of twelve thousand feet. From this point a wondrous view outspreads in all directions. To the west are the Slate, the Argus and the Sierra Nevada ranges, with the twin peaks of Mount Whitney covered with eternal snow; to the south are the Pilot butte, the gorgeously colored Calicos, and in the far distance the San Bernardino mountains. To the north rise

But despite its forbidding aspect, it is a picture masterful in its vast proportions and as varied in color as the entire range of the artist's palette, even without a green thing in the entire detail of the composition. Looking thus at the grand panorama, with the sun sinking behind the twin peaks of Mount Whitney, in a sky illumined with nimbus-like clouds of delicate green and fiery copper and gorgeous shades of red, one can begin to understand the fascination of the desert to its inhabitants, and no



Sandstorm on the Desert



A DRY-WASHING OUTFIT

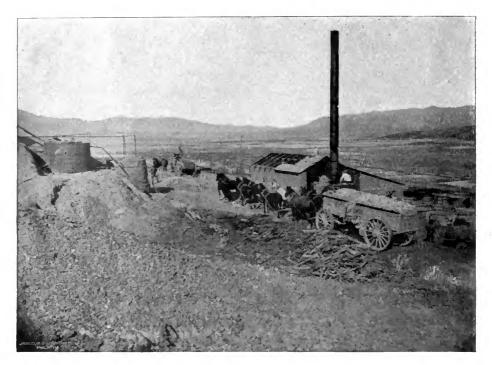
longer wonders why a man who is once a miner or prospector can never be wholly weaned from the dangerous but seductive influences of the desert. Of course, there is always the incentive to wealth, but apart from that, there is a wonderful charm in these rugged regions, where nature is seen in all the grandeur of her most savage and forbidding moods.

There are two running streams in Death valley, one of which is believed to come through a subterranean passage from Owen's lake and does not vary in volume from year to year. Furnace creek has its origin in the Funeral mountains, and its water is the only supply for the people living at the borax works. All the other places in the valley proper where water is obtainable are not to be depended upon and are generally dry during half the year.

There is perhaps on earth no other spot where the climate is so variable as in Death valley. In October the air is as soft and balmy as in a hawthorn-hedged lane of old Warwickshire, and in December the tem-

perature falls below freezing point, while in summer, a thermometer hanging on the shady side of an adobe house registered 137 degrees. It is then that evaporation is excessive, reaching a maximum, as shown by experiment of one of the Government surveying parties, of one and one tenth inches in twenty-four hours. At a temperature of ninety-eight and one tenth degrees the human body, exposed for eight or ten consecutive hours to a temperature of more than 120 degrees, reinforced by the heat developed by breathing and oxidation, would, but for the cooling effects of evaporation, attain a temperature fatal to existence. Surveyor McGillivray states that when the surveys for the borax works were being made the thermometer repeatedly registered 130 degrees, and for forty-eight hours, in 1883, the mercury never fell below 130 degrees.

"Several of our men went insane," he said. "One of them was a Chinaman, who wandered away, and we afterwards saw him at one of the adjacent settlements where



BORAX REFINING WORKS

he was brought in by an Indian, stark mad and performing all sorts of strange tricks, to the infinite delight of the Indians, who thought he was a prize clown, and regarded it as a huge joke."

During the excessive heat of summer, the sand storms rage in their greatest fury and the prospector meets the death of the desert, stifled by the fine, sifting sand and parched by the intense heat, and after his last drop of water has been consumed, the temperature of the body quickly rises until death results.

Cloud bursts are common in the periods of greatest heat, and torrents of water rush down the sides of the peaks and flood the cañons, carrying down every vestige of vegetation and leaving death and destruction in their path. Five years ago the fine turnpike road leading to the silver mines of the old Panamint district was totally destroyed by a water-spout, and today there is but a savage trail to the deserted town over which none but the most intrepid riders dare venture on horseback.

I never saw but one real sand storm on the desert, and all the wealth of the Indies

would hardly tempt me to experience another. Out of a cloudless sky there came. in the north, a full, feathery cloud, and the face of the sun suddenly became obscured as with a faint gray mist. As I looked its brightness waned and there gradually formed long streamers of dust like the spokes of a wheel, making a weird and most extraordinary picture. With startling rapidity the cloud grew in the north, and soon the face of the heavens was totally obscured. All was darkness and the wind moaned like the sea as it lashed in fury every object on the plain. The stage was crowded with passengers and the driver said it was impossible to proceed in the face of the storm. He therefore unharnessed the horses, and the passengers sat in the coach, a very forlorn lot of individuals, until the wind somewhat abated and we proceeded on our journey. When the storm was at its greatest height the horses lay close to the ground and buried their muzzles in the sand. Often from a mountain peak may be seen slender tornadoes, or sand augurs, rising to the height of hundreds of feet and sweeping over the

plains with wonderful rapidity, tearing up the ground and finally disappearing in the distance, indescribably beautiful in their graceful sinuosity as they whirl, serpent-

like, through space.

Death on the desert is common every summer and will be so long as man is animated by the spirit of acquisitiveness. The perennial tales of the fabulous richnesss of the lost mines annually sends several men to their death, and it is often those who are most familiar with the terrors of the desert. The stories of Gunsite, the Brev-

he thought looked like metal. Placing it in his pocket, he thought no more of it until he reached a settlement, where having acquired a gun that needed new sight, he asked a gunsmith to make a sight of it. It proved to be pure silver. The discovery caused intense excitement and many parties started out to look for the lead. The sufferings of the parties are a part of the history of the desert, and today the location of the Gunsite lead is as much a mystery Every year the search for the lost mines is renewed with pristine vigor.

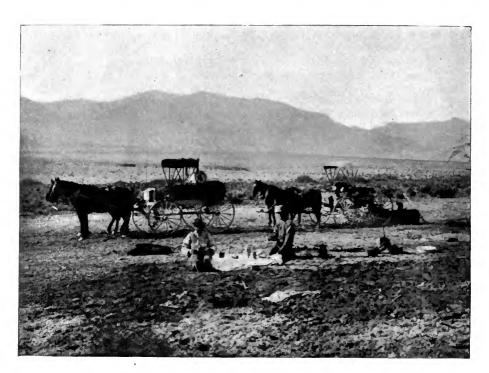


TRYING TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOSSOM

fogle, and the Peg-leg mines are as familiar as household words to all old Californians, and if they are not wholly mythical, they will probably never be found.

A man named Bennett, one of the survivors of the ill-fated party of immigrants, is said to have been the originator of the Gunsite lead story. He claimed that he wandered through the cañons of the Panamint range, half mad with hunger and thirst, he came upon a spring of water and after quenching his thirst and resting a few hours, he idly broke off a bit of rock which and will be so long as the desire for wealth is the dominant motive of mankind.

While nature has denied to this strange region of the Valley of Death most of the amenities of life, she has been lavish in some of her gifts. In the vales and cañons leading from the valley are gold and silver mines of great richness, and the most valuable borax deposits in the world are found in the southern part of this great depression. Large works for the manufacture of the borax of commerce were erected in Death valley, in 1883, two miles above the



A DRY NOONING

mouth of Funeral cañon, and the enterprise was successfully continued so long as the article was protected by an intelligent administration. Now, the Death Valley and Searls borax works are closed, much valuable machinery lies idle, and hundreds of men are deprived of employment through the policy of the late administration. A remarkable deposit of crude borate of soda is called Monte Blanco, situated in Furnace cañon, in the Funeral mountains. A wedgeshaped peak one thousand feet high, is a solid mass of borate of soda, and it constitutes one of the most mysterious features of this curious country of paradoxes, as it is far removed from any marsh of soda deposits.

The most striking form of the flora of the desert is the giant cactus (Cereus giganteus), the most ungainly, utterly incongruous, and apparently useless object of the entire floral kingdom. Truly, the fair goddess Flora must have been suffering from a horrible nightmare when she created this uncouth growth, with its bare, distorted arms, looking in the moonlight like uncanny wanderers from the infernal regions. The

sap of this species is of a bitter flavor and extremely distasteful, but it is often resorted to in cases of extremity and has saved many lives when water was not to be had. of the heaviest sap-bearers is the Agave Americana, which carries a quantity of sweetish and not unpleasant sap, calculated to quench the thirst, and well-known to the Indians. The intelligent little burros, without which there would be little prospecting. are also able to sustain life for some time on this nutritious plant. The Suara, when stripped of its prickly skin, is said to be capable of sustaining life for some time, and the fruit and stalks of the prickly pear are nutritious and pleasant to the taste. The Yucca brevifolia contains considerable sap and with the mesquite beans sustained a party of prospectors for several days when food and water had been exhausted.

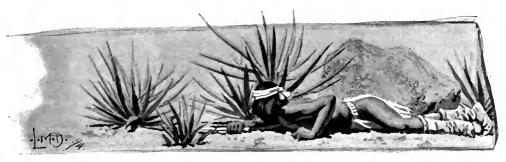
Mother Nature plays some queer pranks on the desert, among which is the mirage, of which even a cruel step-mother ought to be ashamed. This strange and beautiful phenomenon is oftenest seen in the morning after the sun is well up and the hot rays are poured directly on the alkali and

borax-laden soil. Then a wonderful illusion is woven about you. The heated sand rarefies the lower strata of air while that above it remains cool, and if there is no wind blowing, the air holds together in separate sheets or layers. The edges quiver and throw downward reflected images of every object within its area. Animals or birds passing through this area are strangely distorted, and a humming bird will assume for an instant the proportions of an eagle. The most common form of the mirage is that of pools of water, surrounded with trees, and near the shore are horses and cattle drink-As it is approached the water recedes and passes from the vision when vegetation is reached or a wind arises. Much has been written about the mirage ships of the desert, but such exist wholly in the imagination of the writers. The mirage may curiously distort the form of objects within its area, but the special object must be present to effect its creation.

The rattlesnake and its near relation, the sidewinder, are not more common in Death valley than elsewhere on the desert.

latter has a peculiar side motion which gives it its name, and its bite is said to be more deadly than the rattlesnake's. A sure antidote for the bite of these snakes is a hypodermic injection of sub-bichlorate of potassium, the virtue of which has been frequently tested, and in every case has proved effective, since it was recommended by the Smithsonian Institution about two The lizard of the desert with years ago. its ridiculously long tail, and the horned toad are not poisonous, and the coyote is a comparatively harmless creature unless driven mad by thirst, when its bite is said to be certain death.

Year by year the terrors of the desert are decreasing. Many spots that are now bearing prolificly of fruit and every variety of vegetation were once as arid and forbidding as are the most remote portions of the Mojave today. And while the vast plains will never wholly be reclaimed, they are fast being robbed of their forbidding aspect by the discovery of water sufficient to sustain life, even though the supply is meager and distributed at wide intervals.



### FROM GOD'S ETERNAL AZURE

FROM God's Eternal Azure, bringing balm To my hurt spirit, as I mourned the loss Of home, life's purpose, love; pain beyond tears, Across the weary waste of upcurled years, Sighing for ease, — the while from Christ's pierced palm, Foresplendoring heaven, an April sunset fell, Where 'mid the Southern swell of purple seas That, patient, wait the world's new dynasties, An island, lion-shaped, keeps Sphinx-like watch: Hewn roughly from red granite, a cloud cross

Shadowed its majesty. 'Neath God's strong spell,

From His unfathomable, cloudless Blue

A voiceless whisper falling, like the dew On rose-leaves, touched my heart, dear friend, to calm.

Thomas G. Goodwin



## A CAT CREEK CONVERSION

#### A COLORADO SKETCH

BY W. C. CAMPBELL



URING the long winter evenings frontier society in Colorado has two unfailing sources of entertainment,—dances and revivals,—and their appearance in camp with the coming of the snows can be predicted with unerring certainty. When they come separately no one may

be seriously disturbed, but let both prevail at the same time, and—well, as a Cat Creek fellow would put it, "The very devil

is to pay."

It so happened in this particular year that the first dance of the season on Cat Creek signalized the appearance of a brawny and brave young evangelist, who, by the way, was to be entertained at the house of the postmaster, — the very place where the young folks had planned to have their dance.

Now, "Sister Jarvis," the postmaster's wife, was a member of the church, but so good-natured was she that she could never find it in her heart to refuse the use of her dining-room when the young people asked for it. Equally ready was she to give it for "protracted meetin's," and heretofore she had been able to manage dates so there should be no conflict, but this time she was in a dilemma, — the preacher had come unexpectedly. And his coming was embarrassing for other reasons. Old Glassy Thompson, the one-eyed fiddler, had been engaged to come from the Upper Cat and the country had been scoured from Tipton's ranch to the Citizen's ditch for "calico." It was quite out of question therefore to postpone the affair.

So the evening for the dance came on and with it young men in high-heeled boots, corduroy suits, and navy-blue shirts,—some with girls, but more alone,—and soon a string of restive broncos tied to the railing in front of the postoffice (which was

the Jarvis residence as well) attested the fact that the revival or the dance, or both,

had been well "given out."

When the young preacher learned of the proposed dance, he conceived a brilliant coup d' etat, — he would thwart Satan, he would capture the sinners, and turn the affair into a praise service. He confided his plans to Sister Jarvis, who could do nothing less than promise to aid him. though she feared for their success. Shortly after supper the decks, so to speak, were cleared for action; that is, the diningroom table was taken out, and rows of chairs and benches brought in. Presently, a handful of zealous souls led by Sister Jarvis were lustily singing "Hold the Fort!" The singing, of course, attracted others, and soon the room was pretty well filled, the major portion of the audience being of an age and disposition that would undoubtedly prefer a dance to a religious meeting. There was an air of sullen decorum.

Stuttering Jack, a big-fisted prospector, sat on the last row, next to Maria Jarvis, the postmaster's buxom daughter. He had come all the way from his cabin, a distance of over twenty miles, but then he thought nothing of that,—he would have gone twice as far most any time could he sit along side of the girl who, to him, quite monopolized the womanly beauty and virtues of Conejos county.

After several songs had been sung, the minister rose, opened the Bible, unsheathed a six-shooter, placed it on the stand before him, and said, "We will proceed to worship

God."

He then took a text from the gospel according to Saint John, and preached a sermon on the duty of self-sacrifice. It was a strong appeal for unselfishness in human conduct and abounded in homely illustrations well calculated to stir to the depths the feelings of his hearers. He was what the unregenerate of Cat Creek would call

"a stem-winder," — a compliment intended to convey an idea of superior ability and endurance.

Ten o'clock came and the preacher had not yet passed the fifth sub-head of the sixth proposition. There had been no "And lastly, my hearers," so that the end of the discourse was not yet in sight. There was a growing uneasiness among the younger members of the little congregation. The "music" had slunk out and slunk in again several times, and it really began to look as though there would be no dance there that night. Finally, a voice called out:

"Practise what yer preach!"

The minister stopped and looked about expectantly, and a tall, sinewy miner rose and said:

"Parson, I'm the feller what said it. 'low you're a right smart o' a preacher an' a well-meanin', and could run her on till day-break, an' so beat us out on our shindig. I admires a feller thet wins out; there's none likes sech more'n me; but thet's one thing. Now, we've heered a good deal o' talk here tonight 'bout th' self-sacrificin' business, an' ef you'll jest practise what yer preaches, why, we kin have what we come fer; an' I don't see as it 's a-askin' too much fer them as hez been a sacrificin' on this side o' th' house all evenin'!"

When the speaker had finished and sat down, a look of intense expectancy spread over the faces of all. The minister cast a swift glance at the revolver lying beside the open book, and was ready for the disturbance which he had been advised might be expected in case he undertook to hold

the room beyond midnight.

"I wish to observe," he said coolly, "in answer to the brother's remarks, that I came here to preach the Gospel, and I propose doing so regardless of any and all interruptions. As to the suggestion that I ought to practise what I preach, I wish to state unequivocally that I stand ready to do I'm ready to sacrifice my life here and now, if need be, rather than that Satan shall go on with his wicked work here tonight. I've got the floor, and I shall keep (Cries of "Amen.") My religion is of the fighting kind, and if any brother wants to be accommodated, just let him step up to the front like a man. I 'll convert him if I can, but I'll lick him if I must, and it will all be done to the glory of God!"

As he finished, the preacher stepped forward and stood erect and defiant — a picture of self-containment. The miner muttered something to himself and made a sullen movement. There was great excitement, and the stalwart figure of Stuttering Jack sprang toward the fellow who had caused the disturbance. In the tumult of voices such expressions as, "T'ain't Christian," "T is," and "You're another," might have been singled out. The minister alone was cool and collected. Then the tall miner made use of some language to which Jack took exception as soon as he could get his tongue in approximately fair. working order.

"I say," shouted he, "t-t-t-t-that no g-g-g-gentleman would t-t-t-talk t-t-tthat-a-way in the p-p-p-presence of l-l-l-l-

ladies!"

Nothing, perhaps, causes a mountaineer to fight so quickly as to be called "no gentleman" in the presence of women. And so, in a trice the tall miner and Stuttering Jack were at it rough and tumble. was no impediment in the latter's movements though there was in his speech. less time than it takes to tell it Jack had his antagonist down and was pummeling him soundly when, happening to look up, he saw at his elbow Maria Jarvis. The look she gave him was enough. He loosened his grip on the prostrate man's throat, got up, and stammered out a most humble apology for fighting "in the p-p-p-presence of 1-1-1-ladies."

At last, order being restored, the preacher quietly called for the contrite to come forward to the mourner's bench. Another appeal and yet another failed to secure a single response, but Maria Jarvis clutched nervously at the arms of her chair and moved restlessly.

"I'll go for'ard if you will," she whispered to Jack, who had managed to seat

himself again by her side.

"M-m-m-me!" he ejaculated in a sort of gatling-gun discharge of letters.

You'd orter, Jack," she pleaded, touching his strong arm gently.

I'd l-l-l-like to, but —"

"For my sake, Jack." She let her plump hand rest a moment caressingly on his, and then with bowed head she went forward while the audience was singing,

"While the lamp holds out to burn."

Jack felt that every eye in the house was now on him, and that the next line,

"The vilest sinner may return,"

was aimed directly at him,—it could not have reference to Maria, for she was the purest thing God had ever made. In another moment Jack ambled forward and dropped on his knees before Maria, who in the transports of a new emotion clasped his big hand tightly and sobbed as if her heart

were bursting.

Presently the minister said, "Let us rise and sing the Doxology." And as the people stood up and began to drawl out the familiar hymn, old Glassy came in again at the rear door, and as Mother Jarvis let go of the final note—she was always a beat or so behind—he took out his violin from its hiding place beneath his great coat and began tuning it preparatory to the dance which he supposed would now follow. Jack, hearing the twanging of the strings, rushed over to him and said excitedly:—

"Here, you, p-p-p-p-p " Glassy ducked his head as if to escape the volley of Jack's consonants — "p-p-p-put up that old f-f-fid-fid-fiddle! Do you hear me? There hain't

goin' to be no d-d-dance!"

"Why not? Meetin's out," protested the old fiddler, anxious to begin earning his night's wage.

"'Cause I 've got r-r-r-re-re-ligion;

that's why!" shouted Jack explosively.

Glassy looked aghast, returned the lump of rosin to his pocket, reluctantly picked up his traps, and bolted for the door, remarking as he went, "Well, this does beat h—l!"

The fiddler's remark was heard by the sharp ears of the minister, who said in a cheery voice as he grasped the old fellow's hand, "Brother, I don't approve of your language, but I think you've arrived at a correct conclusion. Come again tomorrow

night; we'll be glad to see you."

And so, instead of the dance there was an experience meeting at which both Maria and Jack openly professed religion, and there was great rejoicing. Mother Jarvis said it was the happiest day she had seen since the great camp-meeting on the Wabash, back in Indiana, when she as a girl had sought and found forgiveness of sins, and that she should never again permit her house to be defiled by such a wicked thing as a dance.

After the services were over, the two new converts held a little experience meeting of their own at the door-step of the postmaster's house, at which, beneath the soft light of the moon, Maria unhesitatingly and trustingly placed her hand in Jack's and he was filled with a great joy.

### BIRDS IN THE BUSH

BIRDS in the bush—we see them fluttering, Half hidden by the leaves. In sudden gleams Bright colors flash beneath the lifted wing;

Alert with life each smallest feather seems. And how they sing, in that bright hour's hush When gray cloud islands catch the sunrise flush, Those dear shy birds that nest on yonder bush.

Birds in the hand lie motionless and dumb: From folded wing no flashing colors come. Had I my will, the proverb old should stand, Better one bird in bush than two in hand.



Number 48 TRUCKEE RIVER RAPIDS
Roland L. Oliver, 1066 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal.

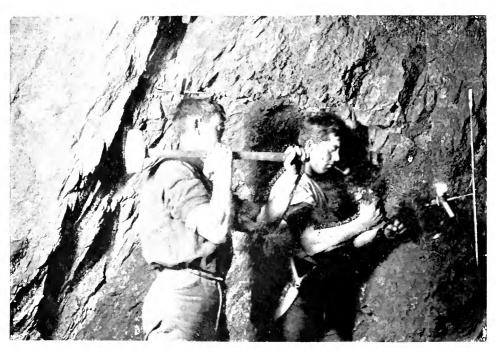
# THE OVERLAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST---VII

THE strongest impressions nature makes are due often to the power of light and shade. These are the qualities that produce the most striking effects in photography, and the photographer learns to know that each bit of nature shows to greatest advantage under the spell of some especial light. Few scenes lend themselves to the camera with equal beauty at all

times. Some portions of nature are most beautiful in full daylight, some at sunset, some in the twilight, and the deep shadows of night sometimes lend mysterious charm to an object that in the day possesses no element of picturesqueness. But there are scenes that nature has not intended should be photographed at all. They may be beautiful in themselves, but their composition



Number 49 MODERN GOLD HUNTERS, NEAR COLOMA, 1896 Joe Hassler, 523 Tenth Street, Oakland, California



Number 50 IIITTING THE DRILL
O. E. Duenweg, Laws, California

unfits them for reproduction. There may be a mass of detail. In an otherwise beautiful spot, some hideous object may have intruded in such a way as to make it impossible to leave it out in a picture. Man is chiefly at fault for these incongruities, and monstrosities of architecture frequently spoil an otherwise exquisite view. However a single tree will often interfere with the

cow or shanty in his landscape, as the painter has so that the unity of thought in his picture may be obtained, the photographer should let those scenes severely alone which do not compose well. Avoid copying nature in unfavorable aspects. By thrusting upon the world such quantities of photographs, taken without spending a moment's thought on the right of the scene



Number 51 DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Charles Woods Taylor, 459 P Street, N. W., Washington,
District of Columbia

fair proportions of a scene, or some superfluous object will attract from the central idea of the picture; — for each composition should have but one significant idea, and everything else in the picture should subordinate itself to that idea. This is true in poetry and art, and should be true in photography. Therefore as the photographer has not the power of leaving out tree or

to be reproduced, the reputation of photography is lowered.

Composition is to photography what meter and rhyme are to verse. They do not make poetry but they are necessary as producing a musical and harmonious way of conveying an inspired thought. Composition is necessary to produce harmony in the picture, and the power to recognize a good composition is the chief talent of the photographer. The thought is nature's, the light and shade that inspire the scene are nature's, but the place, the time, and the position, are the photographer's, and hence he is responsible for the work of his camera.

In making plans for the summer the expert fisherman selects an outing place where trout streams abound, the hunter goes to lodges near which deer may be your choice of subject has always been made with a view to adding something really worth while to photography.

The OVERLAND offers some such photographs for your inspection this month. There is prose as well as poetry in some of the pictures,—truth as well as beauty. The scene of the train wreck shows the camera as historian;—that of the Chinese Joss house steps is the camera as tourist. We are told that the photographer waited three



Number 52

ENTRANCE TO A CHINESE JOSS HOUSE Dr. Arnold Genthe, 124 Sansome Street, San Francisco

found and where the whistle of the quail is heard, and why should not the amateur photographer seek out a place for his summering rich in picturesqueness, and full of possibilities for his favorite sport. Strive not for quantity, snap not at every trivial thing along the wayside like a voracious dog, but show by the rare quality of your work, that you have recognized nature always in her loveliest mood,—that you have the power of discrimination, and that

hours to gain this grouping of his unconscious and unwilling subjects. The camera is a humorist in contrasting the real miners, digging for ore in the hard mountain wall, with the city guests who are playing at panning out gold by means of the crude rocker.

To us in sunny California the winter scene on Lake Michigan is attractive by contrast, as also is the photograph taken in Seattle of the Government Klondike relief



Number 53

LAKE MICHIGAN IN WINTER
Mrs. L. S. Wilson, 93 Webster Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan



Number 54

LAPLANDERS OF THE KLONDIKE RELIEF EXPEDITION D. G. Inverarity, Seattle, Washington



Number 55

THAT FATAL CURVE
H. B. Hamlin, Wellington, Ohio



Number 56

LOGGING IN THE SIERRAS
O. E. Duenweg, Laws, California

expedition. This photograph is another of those serving to perpetuate a bit of history. In a few years it may well be the principal reminder that there were brought from far Lapland in the winter of 1897-98 reindeer and their drivers to carry supplies over the snowy hllls to the miners on the Yukon. Fortunately the need did not prove so great as was prophesied and the expedition was not pushed through.

Logging in the Sierra shows how the modern Yankee uses machinery everywhere to do the work that used to be done by human muscle. Even war nowadays has come to be not a question of bravery so much as knowing how to handle complicated machines.

This number begins the second half-year of the photographic contest. The entries have grown more numerous with each month, making it possible for the Editors to choose a greater variety of subjects. It is not to be supposed that the contests to come will fall off in interest. It would be a good plan for the amateurs to give us some war pictures, though the camera must be used cautiously about fortifications and the like, to avoid troublesome consequences.

## A TEMPLE OF THE SUN

(THE MISSION SAN FERNANDO.)

TIME'S long, slow fingers, working restlessly, have losened all the red tiles, one by one.

A little counter-touch,—it well might be,—had saved each fissure; but it was not done,

And see them now, these temples of the sun!

Time did not hate them, but he does love change. Uprearing, or decay,—
it is all one.

But we might use him wisely. In his range are many hours of ours. If now begun,

We still might save this temple of the sun.

Wandering there, one warm November day, I passed the cloister's arches, one by one,

And felt ashamed. They stand as if to say, "Will you not save us, ere your day be done?"

Those cloister arches, crumbling in the sun.

I stepped within the chapel,—for the shade,—musing on those dead builders, and of one—

What were those crowding shapes, which rushed, dismayed, up to the altar-place, as if to shun

The invader of that temple in the sun?

The patriarchal rams of some great flock — Was't not a strange corral? — looked back, each one,

With stern old wrinkled faces, that might shock some timid soul, who—half his journey done—

Had halted at that temple in the sun.

Were they sad ghosts, permitted, on such days, to haunt the dear old scene? And that weird one,

Was he—I shrank from that reproachful gaze, and went. Since then, the noble work 's begun,—

They 'll save the rare old temple of the sun!

Jeanie Peet.

# THE LATE RELAXING

#### A STORY OF A MINER'S CAMP

#### BY ADDIE E. SCOTT

I.

AME, I give you just two minutes to open that door! Don't be slow, or we 'll break it down!"

There was a moment of palpitant silence, and then, with a sharp click, the latch turned, and mother and daughter faced each other. The same square chin and straight firmness of lip,—and the resemblance ceased.

With proud alertness the girl reached forth an open letter, and stood with lifted chin, and defiant eyes, a slender slip of outraged girlhood. She was used to her mother's outward impassivity; but it seemed to her now that she should die, if forced to stand longer, and watch the cold blue eyes travel slowly over burning words intended for her eye alone.

And her mother would finish and hand it to Barton. Barton, whom she hated so,—Barton, who in his great coarse virility did not know that her dawning womanhood had put away childish things forever, and that the ruffling of the wavy mass above her forehead, or the untying of her apron strings, was to her an insult to her maiden dignity,—Barton, who had turned her mother's heart from her, and toward himself, who spied upon her and hated her so! Ah! but there she was wrong.

The tall blond miner, standing partly hidden by her mother's robust form, did not hate her. He was gnawing his moustache savagely, but more with anxiety than with anger. Did Mame really care for this cur who was writing to her. Curse his dashed impudence! He'd discharge him tomorrow! Did she blame him for this denouement? Mame was pretty keen. He had seen her dark eyes flash with intelligence as well as with anger. Would she always despise him?

A thousand conflicting emotions surged through him, and with the quick revulsion of feeling common to excitable natures, he felt a sudden distaste for the large immobile woman by his side, and regretted making common cause with her.

For a moment he seemed to see themselves through the girl's eyes, and a throb of the pain and humiliation she must feel, struck his heart. But passion is harsh, and he put this from him. Would the woman stand there all day, reading that letter! How large and unyielding she looked,—had she ever seemed desirable in his eyes,—certainly not now. He could snatch the letter from her, and grind it under his heel, such was his blind anger at the whole situation. What evil fate had tempted him to play the spy, and now stand reading scorn in the dark eyes of the girl who held for him so wild a fascination?

Mrs. Hanlon turned at last with no sign of anger, but with a certain rigidity of feature that boded little forbearance to the girl opposing her.

"Sit down, Mame! Write!"

The girl obeyed with nervous alacrity, and wrote at dictation, and with rapid hand:—

DEAR NED:

You say nothing shall part us, and you are right. I want to leave this place as bad as you do. Come tonight. Hitch your rig up to John's, and come through the back way. I'll be ready at eleven.

Yours till death, MAME.

Barton noted the hot flushing face and strong pulsing of the veins in her bared white throat, with mixed emotions. "She hates to betray him, curse him!" he muttered. "'Nothing shall part' them!— I'll see if a good shotgun won't part them."

The long afternoon wore away, and as the shadows began to lengthen on the great hillsides, Mrs. Hanlon drew her chair to the shaded porch, and watched the straggling groups of miners as they came down the gulch, tin dinner pails in hand, and turned in at her gate. The smell of fresh baked loaves and frying steak floated out upon the air, together with the clinking of dishes and the clatter of knives and forks. It was all very grateful to the tired woman. She had worked hard always, and could scarcely remember a meal she had not herself cooked, until Barton had bought her mine and brought over his men.

Mrs. Hanlon was a handsome woman, but with nothing feminine about her. She was as fair as a Saxon, and her large smooth face, showing little trace of her forty odd years, had almost the texture of a man's. She wore her hair close cropped, that it might be less of care, and her plain prints, guileless of ruffle or tuck or extra fullness, buttoned uncomprisingly straight down the front. An honest woman, but a rigid one, when her husband had died, leaving her his property and his little daughter, she had given the strictest of care and attention to both. She had nothing else to give.

But there was in the depth of her cold nature, an inchoate romance, and Barton had touched her dull fancy into flame. His handsome face and his warm impetuosity, had charmed her. He seemed a great reckless boy, and the touch of the maternal in her passion, made a rich amalgam. He called his revolver "Big Betsy" and boasted that she could take care of his claims.

Of the truth of his tales of prowess, she took no occasion to think; for, for the first time in her life, the romantic took precedence of the practical.

Once, in the fragrant darkness he had taken her hand, and the warm touch clung to it still.

And Barton had liked her well. "Kate," he said, one evening, when they had been sitting for some time in quiet, "don't you know, a man gets lonely? A home is an awfully nice thing. I'm not going to wander the world without one."

Her heart beat fast and she could not reply.

That night she listened to his quick tread in the room above, and noted every move. Now he had locked away his papers, and was standing by the open window. Was he thinking of her? Now he was turning down the covers with his strong white hands. Now the light was out and he was sleeping.

Many a lonely woman's heart has fed on things like these.

But of late she had felt a vague uneasi-

ness. They meant so much to her—those warm twilights, with the scent of pine and cedar, the faint tinkling of the distant cow bells, the laughter of the men as they lounged in yard or garden, and Barton, his day's work over, stretched lazily at her feet. A second summer had come,—the shackles of life had broken, and an air of romance pervaded all.

It was a late relaxing.

But Mame's home-coming had brought an indefinable change.

Barton did not always come, now, and when he did, he talked the business of the hour and with no soft inflections of voice.

One night she sat alone, by the climbing rose vines, a dull bitterness filling her heart. Suddenly she rose and walked through the deserted garden. The odor of roses filled the air. The kitchen was dark, for the Chinaman had finished his work and gone to his bunk in the shed; but Mame was setting the last cup on the long dining table, and the light shining through the small, many-paned window brought into strong relief the shapely throat, the square chin, the firm line of lip, of the man standing just outside.

All animal life has in its time of suffering moments when existence is agony. This came to her now, and she turned away. The air of romance was lifting—the sparkle of life had fled. All night she lay with wide, dry eyes, for tears are not for the strong.

One morning she sought out Barton. She touched him on the shoulder, but the touch awoke no answering thrill. "Steve," she said, "Mame has been getting letters from the fellow that runs the cyanide plant. It's been going on for some time. She may care for him,"—the woman spoke with an odd constraint,—"but I have other plans for her. You know she's a mere child yet."

The hot blood rushed into his face. Another dared to think of Mame! Mame was his! and his fingers tingled to make use of "Big Betsy," and against a fellow man.

And so they had spied; and his own abasement stung him, no less than the girl's scorn. He vowed to watch outside her window, and shoot the fellow on sight; but this gave no relief to his irritation, and he walked restlessly from office to hoisting works, and spoke short words to his men.



Mame came in as usual at supper time to wait upon the men. No trace of the storm of the afternoon remained upon her face, but excitement served to heighten its beauty. Her oval cheeks glowed, and her smooth lips were a line of vivid scarlet. She did not glance at Barton, but she felt his presence, and carried herself with a proud disdain. The evening breeze from the opened windows blew dark curly tendrils about her flushed face and white throat.

She carried a large tin coffee pot, and as she passed down the long table and raised it to fill the men's cups, the full sleeves of her pink gingham fell back, revealing arms as rounded and white as a child's.

The uncertainty, the fear of a rival, augmented his passion, and Barton watched her with his heart in his eyes.

Mrs. Hanlon saw, and it was the added drop to a heart already surcharged.

She raised her voice. "Boys," she said, "we just missed having a sensation. Mame's been planning to elope. This letter here.—"

She paused in affright. Every eye was upon the girl's face. It was ghastly. The nostrils were quivering, and the eyes were those of a hunted animal brought to bay. A moment she gazed down the row of startled faces; then the huge coffee pot hit the floor with a thud, spattering its dark, aromatic contents over table and chairs, but the girl was gone.

Barton half rose, with a fierce, smothered oath, and a face set and ashen. But he must not act the fool before his men, and he sat down suddenly.

The meal was finished in silence. Barton did not so much as glance at her, and she knew she had played a losing game.

Far up on the dark hillside Mame lay, face downward, on the damp mould. The wind swept down the forests, and died in

mournful cadence, like the far off sobbing of the sea. The great pines swayed above her, and intoned a wonderful mystery. The woods were vibrant with the ominous voices of the night. The earth sent up its faint, sweet odor all unheedingly.

The tempest of human passion swayed her, and she dug her fingers deeply in the

loose moss and leaves.

"O father! father!" sobbed the girl, "if I only had you! But you went away and left your little May, and God knows I wish I had gone with you! I don't want to marry any one, and mother don't care for me, and she's made me betray Ned, and he's the only friend I 've got. He 's gone now, and they don't know it, but when he gets back there 'll be trouble, and I 'll be to blame!

"Mother's going to put me in a convent,

— I've heard her tell Barton so,—and its
great gray walls will crush me,—and I
love these mountains so! But I am going

— going — far away from you, father, and
your green grave yonder, and your tall
white stone! But I'll never forget! Your
little girl will come back always — always,
to see your grave and keep it green."

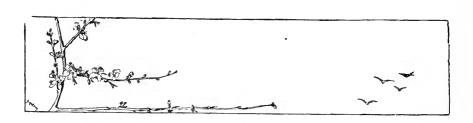
The next night a slender girl in unfashionable garb, but with a pale and beautiful face stood in the opened doorway of a home in Ellis street.

"Uncle Charles," she said, "I came to you. I ran away, but don't send me back! I'll tell you all, soon. Let me stay here,—I'll soon be eighteen,—and you know poor papa—"

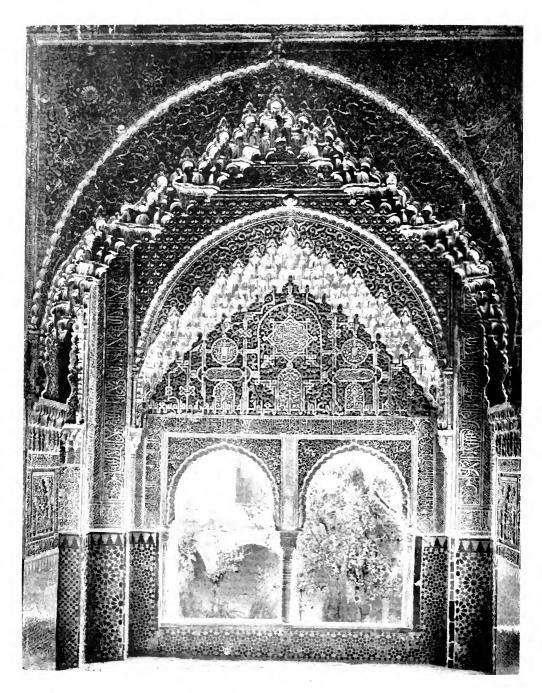
And the girl broke down utterly. The man set down the little child upon his arm, and raised her face to his. He looked into the dark eyes. How like they were to the dead brother's — the man who slept in the lonely grave on the sad hillside.

He stooped and kissed her tenderly.

"You are welcome, my dear!" he said simply.







BALCONY OF LINDARAJA, ALHAMBRA

# A SPANISH HOLIDAY

### FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED STORY

#### BY FRANCES STUART



WAS a very hot day. The narrow streets were unendurable: and the gay-colored awnings. while picturesque and affording some protection from the glare, were painfully bright to the eyes. We were passing an open courtyard gate; and through a grateful network of foliage we saw a group which called to mind one of thosedelightfulpaintings of Jules Worms. A girl, typically Spanish as Calvé in Carmen, was flirting with two handsome bull-fighters. With equal consideration for both, she leaned affectionately against one, while she gracefully

held a lighted taper to the cigarette of the other. The picturesque scene so attracted us that for the moment we forgot our manners, and stealthily advanced a few steps into the courtyard. To our dismay we were at once observed: and to our further embarassment we were politely invited to enter. Protesting in a halfhearted way, we said we could not stay, as the rest of our party would miss us. Thereupon Frascuelo, the great Frascuelo, the idol of Spain, ran out like a big boy, but withal a graceful, dignified boy, and brought all our party in. He then made us take some Malaga wine, which combined with the heat and what we afterwards saw, made us very uncomfortable. Inez, for that was the poetic name of the vivacious little beauty who dispensed her smiles with such impartiality, nevertheless soon made it evident that her feeling for the graceful toreador amounted to positive worship; and she watched my pretty American companion

with an interest that was not engendered by her Paris toilette.

Of course the talk easily turned to the coming fiesta; and knowing that Frascuelo was to be the hero of the occasion, our resolution never to witness the brutalizing exhibition underwent a severe strain. Perhaps it would have collapsed entirely, had it not been for the scene we were about to witness. A great shouting in the street caused us to turn inquiringly toward the gate.

"It is the toro de Soga," explained Frascuelo, with a shrug indicative of his contempt for such innocent amusement. the hero of the bull-ring the mild torturings of a bull tied to a rope was but a sorry And yet it was by no means beneath the dignity of the village notables, who in the full regalia of office solemnly led the procession. Then came the band, with its shrill sounds of the dulzaina, made more piercing by contrast with the heavy throb of a bass drum. Next passed the usual collection of images of saints and virgins dear to the Spanish heart - an indispensable adjunct to all festivities and ceremonials. Then a long line of nothing; and Violet suggested that the procession was over and that we might as well go.

"Ah, no," remarked Inez; "it has but just begun. See, here come the race-horses. And then will be the greatest sight of all—the toro de Soga."

"Why they have broken loose!" I exclaimed, hastily gathering up my skirts and preparing for flight.

"No, they are not loose. They are

racing."

And so indeed they were,—tearing madly down the crowded street, which was paved with horrible little slippery stones. Their riders, risking their own necks and the limbs of the shouting spectators, fiercely lashed the galloping horses, and with a loud clatter of hoofs and shrill cries, shot past us down the street. There was a flashing of tails and manes, flaunting ribbons, and

gay-colored riders, a confusing clatter of iron-shod feet, and the race was over.

After a short pause we saw the bull—the toro de Soga—to which all the crash of music, the display of saintly emblems, the dignity of public functionaries, the wild gallop of horses, were but an introduction. It was nothing but a bull tied by his horns to the middle of a long rope. One end of the rope was held taut in front of the animal by a score of sturdy fellows, while the other end was similarly held behind, all gay in holiday attire. There seemed at first sight neither cruelty nor fun in this, either for the bull or for the people. But Violet's eyes opened in horror.

"They are torturing that creature," she

said breathlessly.

"They can't be," I replied testily. "You are always thinking of torture because you are in Spain. What torture is there in leading a bull by a rope?"

"They are; they are! Don't you see the blood streaming from its mouth and nos-

trils?"

Sure enough, I did see it, with the chill that the sight of all cruelty gives.

"What is it?" I asked Mr. Gowan, who

was standing near.

"It is the most brutal exhibition in the world," he said moodily. "It has not even the slight qualification of the excitement of danger in the bull-ring."

Frascuelo shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "You are right. But what would you? These people must have their pleas-

ure."

"But what is it? What are they doing to him?" Violet's pale face showed an anxiety which the Spaniard seemed puzzled to understand.

"They pull the rope — that is all. He

is what you call ham-string."

Violet's face blanched again, and she drew away as if in terror. At that moment the tortured beast swayed, and despite the relentless rope, fell heavily. But he was jerked savagely on, while the frenzied crowd around him jabbed at him with little daggers and canes. Some even kicked at him. Suddenly, partly pulled to his feet by the never-forgetful rope and partly in the frenzy of torture, the quivering brute made a desperate lunge at his tormenters. The brave crowd sprang aside with cries of fear. No flock of sheep ever tumbled over each

other so recklessly as did that crowd of brutalized merry-makers.

"Let's get out of this," said my brother.
"This is no place for American girls."

"What would you?" asked Sefior Izquierdo. "The people must be amused — and a bull-fight costs money!"

So much for the point of view.

"There's no harm in our watching this," I said as I leaned on the balcony overlook-

ing the street.

Such a gayly-decked crowd of people,—it seemed as if all Spain had gathered into that one narrow street of Valencia, having previously pillaged the world for every available bit of color.

"It's the most stimulating sight I ever saw," exclaimed Violet with enthusiasm.

"What a pity the sport is so brutal," I said with a tinge of longing to join the gay throng.

Two or three carriages were passing, filled with men dressed in velvets and satins, startling in their intensity of scarlet, blue, and rose, while the facings of gold bullion flashed in barbaric beauty.

"O, those bull-fighters!" exclaimed Violet with repugnance. "Why don't they ever get killed? I wish they could feel

some of the sufferings they inflict."

As the words left her lips the most gorgeously-clad figure in the last carriage turned and looked up. It was Frascuelo. He bowed with the dignity of a prince, but Violet acknowledged the salutation with a frown. She did not frown later though, when she heard that her wish had been granted, and Frascuelo had been carried half way round the ring on the horns of an infuriated bull.

We were in the Alhambra. My brother

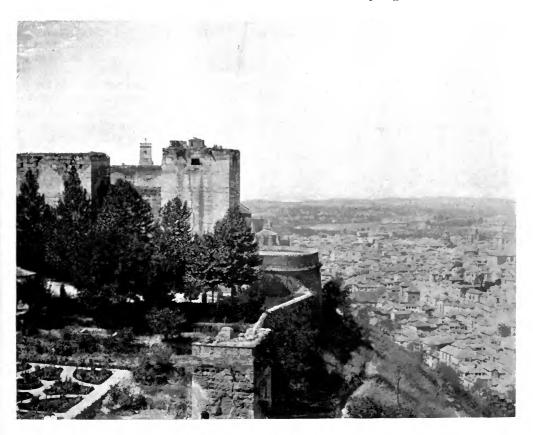
Waldron grew reminiscent.

"One can hardly realize it," he said as he gazed through the fretted window over the valley beneath. "This peaceful scene has witnessed such acts of dash and daring, of courage and cruelty as the world has ever known. A great civilization was crushed to death on that plain; and the wisdom of the ancients which the Moors treasured as their lives, was offered as a flaming sacrifice to Christian bigotry. On the ruins of Arab learning the foundations of the Inquisition were laid. The wondrous skill and

poetic fancy which wrought these beautiful chambers, was crushed beneath the iron heel of ignorance and cruelty. Yet the spirit of Moorish genius still hovers over the place. One can almost hear the rustling robes of Arab scholars; or see in the plain beneath the silken tents, glittering banners, and flaming armor, of their soldiers. Hark to the call of their trumpets!"

We listened as if fascinated, and across

ously forward and greeted them with extraordinary warmth. In an instant I realized that it was Frascuelo and Inez, the former still pale from the wounds received in the bull-fight last month. Inez was as hysterically glad to see us as Violet was to see them; but that is the Spanish temperament. Violet, who had never ceased to blame herself for her unlucky wish, and seemed to think she had plunged the matador into



GRANADA FROM THE ALHAMBRA WALLS

the still air came a martial call—far away, soft but distinct. Ghostly shivers chased each other down our backs. Then we laughed and broke the charm; for it was only the sound of the garrison bugle a few miles away. . . .

As we turned away we met a party of Spaniards entering from the Court of Lions. Something familiar about them attracted my attention; but Violet rushed impetuthe Styx, was sincerely glad to find he had really swum out again. Inez poured out a rapid account of the accident with a pantomimic accompaniment that won the admiration of Waldron.

"Is that so? Well I never!" he exclaimed understandingly, and yet he hardly knew a word of Spanish. But Inez could speak a language with her eyes which all men understood.



THE IDOL OF SPAIN

Señor Izquierdo greeted them with that indefinable Spanish courtesy which never fails, augmented this time by the fact that its recipient was Frascuelo, of whom Royalty itself made daily inquiries for more than a fortnight after the accident.

Before they left us Inez had exacted a reluctant promise that we would see her beloved Frascuelo make his reappearance in Madrid. She explained that when a matador received an injury it was of the highest importance that he should return to the ring as soon as possible — not only for the effect on the public, but also to promptly overcome the nervousness which an accident always leaves. And dear, gentle, tender-hearted Violet had got an idea that it was a natural penance that she should witness what she so much dreaded. So we gave our promise.

When we found ourselves in the great amphitheater, my heart sickened in anticipation of the horrors which I knew were coming. Violet was pale, but otherwise calm and brave. The scene was one of great brilliancy.

"You will not see an empty seat," said the Señor. "Frascuelo always fills the house; but this is his first appearance after the accident, and the audience will go mad."

There were twelve thousand people seated, and many were standing and moving around. Across from our box was the vast multitude of those obliged to economize by getting seats on the sunny side; and there they were, thousands of them, grilling happily in the scorching sun. Women were by no means in the minority, and every woman had her fan. As the fans fluttered, danced, coquetted, and posed, in the sunlight, it was as if myriads of butterflies were waving their wings.

"I never imagined such a sight," whis-

pered Violet.

"Nor I," I whispered back. "It would have been dreadful to have 'done' Spain

without really 'seeing' Spain."

Just then some people came to the box under ours, among them a fine looking woman with two young girls, beautiful in the Spanish style, with the half shy, half curious manner of nearly all continental girls. They were beautifully dressed. They proved to be friends of Señor Izquierdo, and in a moment we were all chatting together.



THE MATADOR APPROACHED SLOWLY



THE BULL REFUSED TO CHARGE

"The début of my youngest daughter," explained the mother, looking proudly at her dainty child. "I am glad Frascuelo is recovered, and will be here; he adds much to the eclat of my daughter's appearance in society."

"I was so afraid he would not be well," added the girl herself, not older than seventeen. "My mother would not have permitted me to come if it had been any-

body but Frascuelo."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed wonderingly.

"Yes;" she went on with animation. "I am very lucky, for not only have I Frascuelo but Frascuelo when the eyes of all the world are on him. Ah, this will be a great day!" And her eyes gleamed with joyful anticipation.

"I don't see what there is about killing a bull to make such a fuss about." My

brother was talking to the Señor.

"No; you do not kill your bulls the same way," replied Izquierdo. "You have not the glory."

"Probably not," said Waldron. "I have

never been to the abattoirs."

"Look!" exclaimed Violet, "something

is going to happen."

A blare of trumpets, and the wide doors were thrown open. Sefior Izquierdo said the police came first, but I was too excited to notice, or to ask what the police had to do with a bull-fight. But the matadors were unmistakable — such magnificent looking men, as they walked down the arena with the bearing of emperors. Frascuelo

calmly accepted his enthusiastic greeting, and cast a friendly look at our box, which at once endeared us to the enthusiastic débutante. The cuadrillas following were an imposing bodyguard. Then came the picadors, done up in armor and more completely protected than any foot-ball team. The wretched, decrepid, worn-out, and in some cases lame horses staggered under them and threatened to fall from moment to moment. In sharp contrast to the painfully labored movements of the miserable horses came the bandilleros — agile, nervous men, who hardly seemed to press the ground they walked over. Last of all came gayly caparisoned mules, harnessed three abreast. Their duty was to drag from view the slain horses and bulls.

Having made the tour of the ring, the gay crowd disappeared, the president of the day handed a large key to two knights dressed in ancient costume, who threw open a heavy portal, and a magnificent bull came bounding into the arena. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness of his prison, blinked and rolled in the bright sunshine. There he stood a moment like a beautiful bronze statue, his sides reflecting the light like burnished metal. A moment later he descried the outline of a horse, and with a low bellow and head well down he rushed fiercely upon it. The sharp point of a spear in the hand of the mounted picador struck him and made him pause. Then in the anger of failure and pain he charged again, this time striking the horse a cruel blow in

the flanks. Already tottering under a heavy load, the poor old blindfolded hack allowed himself to fall on the horns that were piercing him, and horse and rider were lifted from the ground and literally carried across the ring. This was evidently a pleasant sight to the Spaniards, for loud cries of bravo toro! rent the air. This was a novel sound to the brute, who had known nothing but the stillness of the Andalusian plains; and in surprise he tossed off his burden and bent his head to listen. The attendants rushed to the assistance of the forlornlooking picador, and having got the muchbeswathed man into a place of safety, they dragged the wounded horse to his feet. The entrails hung from a great gap in his side, and as I gazed in fascinated horror I saw the wretched creature step on them. A human shriek is dreadful, but it is nothing to the cry of agony which that horse made. And the holiday crowd smiled and gossiped, and the women coquetted with bright eyes through the meshes of their fans. And all this after nineteen centuries of Christianity — of fifteen hundred years of a religion which entered into every simple act of their daily lives. The babyface of the *débutante* turned to us with a smile that was as sweet as a cherub's, and praised the bull. I did not see the poor old horse fall again, but a moment later I saw that the gaudy trappings had been torn off and he was left to writhe in the agony of death. Meanwhile the horrible scene was being repeated at the other end of the arena. A blindfolded horse was gored again and again; but its shrieks were drowned in the delighted shouts of the people. In the excitement and horror I hardly noticed that Violet had released my hand, which she had been clutching convulsively. She had fainted. We took her out amid a running fire of angry and contemptuous comments. Outside, our driver was nowhere to be seen.

"Peeking in at the disgusting slaughterhouse, I'll wager," said Waldron angrily.

Violet's faintness had passed off, but she insisted on returning home despite the entreaties of Inez, who had excitedly followed us out.

"For the love of heaven, señorita," she cried, "do not go. Idreamed all this last night. If you go, my Frascuelo will be killed!"

But Violet was immovable. She had lost

all sympathy for Frascuelo, for Inez, for everyone with a drop of Spanish blood in his veins. Inez then addressed her prayers to me; and so earnest was her pleading and her distress so real that I allowed myself to be led back to the box by Seffor Izquierdo, while Waldron went to the hotel with Violet.

"The horses are all out of the ring," explained the Señor, as we took our places. They will now only play with the bull. He is so brave that his life may be spared.

He has killed seven horses."

The gayly-dressed banderillos were skimming about the arena like so many humming birds; and I had conceived such a dislike for the bull that had tortured seven poor old horses that I almost enjoyed the sight of these tantalizing figures as they danced to and fro, now waiting in artistic alertness for the charge of the enraged animal and easily evading him as he thundered down upon them, fearlessly planting their ribboned darts in his neck, and even vaulting over his head as lightly as a bird. could not but admire their skill. Not always did the baffled bull stop in puzzled wonder. More than once he pursued his tormentor so closely that it seemed as though his horns actually helped the flying figures over the barrier. Three times did the maddened beast, game to the last, leap the barrier himself, and cause a lively scattering among those who, in their desire to see danger, had come uncomfortably near it.

But at last even this palled on the Span-

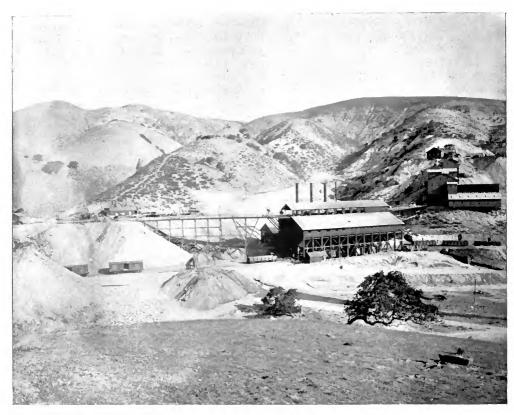
ish appetite for blood. The house grew restless, and resentment at the monotony ran through the great gathering like a current of air. At a signal from the president's box a bugle sounded, and the bandilleros and their assistants lightly vaulted over the barrier, leaving the bull in undisputed possession. He was evidently surprised at this unexpected quiet, and looked around suspiciously. With panting sides and lolling tongue he wandered restlessly around the deserted field. He presented a very different aspect from the noble creature that a short half hour before proudly had tossed his head and pawed the ground, reflecting from his glossy sides the colors no painter can reproduce. Now his heaving flanks were covered with rills and dabs of dirty blood. The eyes that had shone so brilliantly were sunken with pain and

rage. He seemed suspicious of this peace.

But it was only momentary. Amid loud cries of welcome Frascuelo entered and doffed his cap to the presidential box. Then he advanced toward the bull. The poor beast had learnt much in the last half hour, and he looked cautiously away as Frascuelo advanced. Waving a small red cloth which concealed beneath it a pointed rapier, the matador approached slowly, nearer and nearer, but the bull refused to charge. Frascuelo retreated and advanced again, flaunting his brilliant banner almost in the bull's face. But the nowcautious brute slowly backed away, the matador following him. A dead silence had fallen on the spectators; but as the suspense grew a low murmur rose and reached Frascuelo. As it did so he stopped suddenly. He knew what that murmur meant, and with his life in momentary peril he yet dared to resent it. A quick, contemptuous glance at the throng, and he stepped across the narrow space that separated him from the bull. With one hand he dashed the flag in the animal's face; with the other he did what few matadors have ever done and lived: he pricked the nose of his adversary with the point of his sword. With a snort of rage the bull started forward, not at the flag but at the man. Frascuelo leaped quickly to one side, and the bull hesitated. Thus they stood for one short moment, and a low sound, half whistle, half hiss reached the matador. He started as if stung by a blow. He, Frascuelo, the darling of the ring, the idol of Spain, had been hissed! He flashed a look of anger in the direction of the sound, but that look sealed his doom. With a swift movement the bull was upon him.

It was all done so quickly, that no one knew how it happened, but in an instant man and beast rolled over together. The sword was buried to its hilt in the bull's neck; the man lay beneath the huge carcass with his life crushed out. Inez had dreamed a true dream; and poor, gentle Violet's rash wish was fulfilled.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE TESLA MINE

# A CALIFORNIA COAL MINE

BY CHARLES S. GREENE

RICH in most of those things that go for material prosperity as California is, and especially in those things which are dug from the ground, there is one source of wealth, and a mineral, too, which has seemed to be dealt to her in scanty measure. Gold she has in greater abundance than any other State; and silver and mercury, iron, copper, tin, and all down the list to building stone, asphaltum, petroleum, and natural gas, have not been denied her. The one thing that has been wanting is coal of satisfactory quality.

It needs but little consideration to see how serious a lack this is; for modern civilization in this age of steam has almost as

its foundation stone the stored up energy of the black diamond. Coal has become almost as much the sinews of war as gold, and we are coming to think of a nation's strength as dependent not alone on her trained armies, or her big guns in armorclad ships manned by brave and skilful men, but quite as much on her supplies of coal and her coaling stations scattered over the face of the earth. This is so thoroughly recognized that belligerent nations hasten to place coal on their lists of contraband of war, a measure whose justice is readily recognized by neutral powers. Manufactures of almost all kinds seek the place of abundant and cheap fuel as naturally as

water seeks its level, and the place of high-priced and uncertain supply of coal must always be barred from successful competition in many leading lines of manufacture.

Thus California's lack of coal has been a serious bar to her industrial progress, and when we are forced to admit that in all the State no workable deposit of true coal has ever been found we have stated her worst drawback.

True coal, anthracite or bituminous, is found in the rocks of only one geological era, called

from that fact the Carboniferous. That was a time when the earth's atmosphere was overcharged with carbonic acid gas, deadly to animals, but the breath of life to the vegetable world, and tremendous growths of mosses, tree ferns, and great acrogens, covered the face of the land and were washed down into the waters, to be deposited in layers of many yards in thickness. These layers, covered over by thousands of feet of other strata, were compressed to intense hardness, were solidified and purified by the internal heat of the earth until all impurities were driven out of them; and lay for ages awaiting the advent of man to do him service.

The rocks of earlier ages have no coal; for there was no such vegetable growth. The rocks of later deposit have strata of vegetable deposits resembling coal, but in general lacking in quantity, because of the less luxuriant forests, and usually lacking in hardness and the peculiar physical properties given by time, heat, and pressure, to the real coal. These substances are called lignites and vary from an almost perfect coal to a brown, peaty earth, full of moisture which when forced to burn leaves half its weight in ash.

This view is the orthodox one of the geologists, but there are not wanting heretics of considerable experience and knowledge of coal subjects, who point to the great Australian coal fields in refutation of the sweeping statement that anthracite is always Carboniferous, and show that there the whole gamut, from the best quality of anthracite, through the bituminous coals and lignites, down to the mere peats, is run in one connected coal bed. Time is valuable, all admit, but its most essential effects



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE SAN JOAQUIN

in hardening and purifying coal may be wrought by great pressure and heat in rocks of more recent formation.

There are, it is true, a few areas of Carboniferous rock in California. In Shasta county is one, and there are others in Inyo and Fresno counties and a small one near Fort Yuma, in San Diego county. These areas are identified by their fossils as Carboniferous, but in none of them has any workable seam of coal yet been found. Now it may be that such will be struck. Some lucky boring where the overlying strata have been eroded may disclose Carboniferous coal measures in abundance and easily attainable.

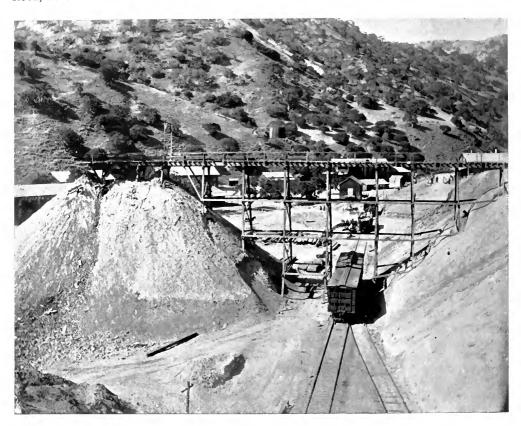
However that may be, Californians are not altogether without resources of mineral fuel. As I have said some of the Tertiary coals bear a close resemblance to the genuine coal, and are of value for its most important uses. Metallurgical work is apt to require the real anthracite, but for domestic uses and for the production of power, both steam and electricity, a good bituminous coal or lignite answers quite as well.

Coal mines have been worked in California for many years. A brown lignite was mined for a long time near Ione in Amador county, and used by the Southern Pacific on its engines to a certain extent, though it contained nearly fifty per cent of water. Coming nearer to San Francisco, the Mount Diablo coal mines were operated for a considerable time on a much better coal, and the boats on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers used this fuel. It was also used in manufacturing and had a fairly ready sale. But this coal was injured by the presence of sulphur in objectionable quantity.

Going southwest from Mount Diablo,

close to the borders of Alameda and San Joaquin counties, one finds in the hills of the Coast range, about twelve miles southeast of the town of Livermore, a picturesque, and heretofore lonely cañon. Its secluded character and natural advantages for hiding and defense made it a favorite resort of banditti when there were bandits in Cali-A natural fortification, Castle Rock, defended the mouth of the cañon as cause its quiet to be invaded by the shriek of locomotive and mine whistle, and make it, under the name of Tesla, the seat of a rapidly growing town.

This place and the promise it shows are warrant enough for an article in the OVER-LAND'S tales of Western development, and the hope it brings of other similar finds and developments makes it of interest to tell the story of the mine, its present con-



PART OF TOWN OF TESLA

it debouched into the San Joaquin plains and the sharp declivity of the bare hills from the Livermore valley approach made it difficult for officers to enter the cañon unan-Corral Hollow knew Joaquin Murrieta in his prime and Soto, Vasquez, and many another knight of the road.

And in the hills that formed this cañon's walls on the north were lying all this time veins of mineral fuel of a better quality than any other in the State, that were to

dition and its prospects, so far as they can be foreseen.

For forty years it has been known that there were coal croppings at Corral Hollow, and as long ago as thirty years a tunnel was started to exploit these coal measures.

That tunnel did not go far then, but since has been expanded into the fine Eureka tunnel of the Tesla mine and runs 3600 feet into the earth. The reason for the length of time it required to arrive at a conception of the value of these coal measures is not hard to find. All coal seams where they outcrop have been subject to weathering, the disintegrating of the solid coal and the washing into it of im-

purities of many kinds.

At Tesla the coal becomes merchantable at 150 feet and quite satisfactory at 300 feet, but it improves with depth, and at the deepest yet gone, some 570 feet from the surface, its cleavage and general appearance have been said by experts to be more like anthracite than any other in California, and a thousand or two feet farther down, they say, may develop a coal that will have all the qualities that make anthracite valuable.

It is one of the misfortunes of the Tesla coal today that shipment was begun before it should have been, and the quality of the first lots marketed was so far from satisfactory that the name was heavily handicapped. In case of complaint the company has willingly exchanged the imperfect coal for that of more recent shipment; but many people in such a case make no complaint at the office, but avoid the brand and speak against it ever after.

Professor Joseph Le Conte in his Geology (p. 456) mentions the Corral Hollow coal fields as Cretaceous and of the same geological horizon as the Seattle and Bellingham Bay and the Nanaimo and Queen Char-

lotte's Island fields. He adds:-

The Cretaceous coals are usually called *lignites*, but they are really a very fair coal, and quite different from what usually goes under that name.

R. C. Hills, Geologist, U. S. G. S., Denver, Colorado, gives the following analysis of the Tesla Coal:—

Fixed Carbon	38.57
Volatile Combustibles	
Ash	
Moisture, @ 110° Cent	

[And says,] The coal is lignitic and corresponds very closely with the fuel mined in northern Colorado in large quantities and used for domestic purposes in Denver as well as for stationary and locomotive boilers and roasting furnaces.

About eight years ago Mr. John Treadwell became interested in the property. With his brother James he had owned and developed into the most valuable gold mine in the world, it was called, the great Treadwell mine on Douglas island, near



THE ENTRANCE TO NUMBER THREE TUNNEL

Juneau, Alaska. That property having been sold, the two brothers were free to look elsewhere and had their attention drawn to the coal measures of Corral Hollow. To men of their experience and resources. nothing less than a thorough investigation sufficed, and as a result they formed the opinion, and hold it still, they say, that in the Tesla property was a far larger and more valuable proposition than the Treadwell mine had ever been. They accordingly began systematic development work and a liberal expenditure in acquiring all the land that could be needed in the most complete working of the mine. The veins they traced through a length of five miles or more and they bought a strip of land six and a half miles long and averaging about a mile wide, forty-two hundred acres in all. In this work they expended about eight hundred thousand dollars.

In 1895 the horizon of the enterprise had so widened that incorporation had become advisable. The company thus formed, the San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal company, proceeded,—with certain vicissitudes, owing to the sifting process necessary before all departments came into the right hands,—on much wider lines than

had been laid out, in development work and in perfecting the plant. The principal undertaking of that time was the building of a railroad from Stockton to the mines. The Alameda & San Joaquin Railroad company, a subsidiary corporation to the San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal company, was incorporated for this work and the road was begun in July, 1895, and constructed as rapidly as solidity and durability permitted. It was opened for business in February, 1897. The line is 36.10 miles long from the bunkers on Stockton channel to the foot of the dump at Tesla. It crosses the San Joaquin river by a fine steel bridge, and its roadbed is a pride to the company.

Its rolling stock consists of two locomotives. steam shovel for digging gravel, and about a hundred cars of all descriptions. many of them gondolas of the hopper type. These last cars are filled with coal by gravity from the chutes at the mine, and when they reach Stocktonarerun up an incline on to the bunkers there. The hopper bottoms are

opened by a lever, and the coal runs out into bunkers which connect by chutes with cars on a Southern Pacific spur on one side and with vessels lying in Stockton channel on the other. These bunkers are 200 feet long, 35 feet high, and 40 feet wide. They hold thirty-five hundred tons of coal. In this way and by similar appliances at the mine the coal is never moved by human muscle after it is once dislodged from its age-long resting place in the breast of the mine until it has passed out of the control of the company. This insures the greatest economy of handling,—or rather, of transporting without handling.

The cars also haul much gravel from the company's extensive gravel beds, to be used on Stockton streets. This gravel has largely

supplanted the Folso.n rock for this use, at a saving of forty per cent to the city.

The quickest way to reach Tesla from San Francisco is by Southern Pacific train to Livermore,—an hour and a half's ride,—thence by team twelve miles across the Livermore valley, and up the hills of this part of the Coast range. When the summit of the divide is reached, the town of Tesla is just at your feet, and to reach it you must zigzag down a hill steep enough to cause much wear on brake blocks and weak nerves. Six months ago there were but two or three small shanties and a tent or two on the site of Tesla. Today there is a town of about seven hundred people, all

fairly housed in some sixty buildings, with contracts let for half as many more. There are a hotel, five large bunk houses, twenty - seven cottages for miners of family, offices and warehouses; library, hospital, barber, tailor, and cobbler shops, a general store, a laundry. stables, a dairy, and a saloon; besides all the extensive struct-



THE EUREKA VEIN

ures directly connected with the working of the mine, bunkers, engine houses, boiler houses, condensers, and many more.

These buildings are all lighted by electricity, and the hotel and boarding house is served with steam from the mine engine house, for cooking and washing dishes. These items are mentioned chiefly to show that Tesla is constructed on present day principles; it is "a mining town with all modern improvements."

The company owns everything at Tesla and runs all the business of the town. For convenience it has established a system of coupon books to furnish a currency between its departments and save book-keeping. The employee buys or is given against his wage account a book containing five, ten, or



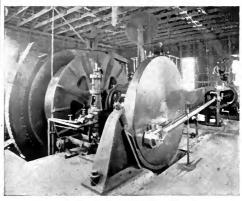
THE MAIN HOIST

twenty dollars worth of coupons of the denominations of five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents. These coupons are good for their face value at the store, the laundry, the tailor, shoemaker, or barber's shops, or indeed anywhere in the town. They are redeemed in coin at the company's office at the will of the holder.

The four hundred miners work in two shifts, changing from day to night shift each fifteen days. The underground men are paid two dollars and fifty cents per day, but quite a number of them, especially those working in the breasts in the actual taking out of coal, do it by contract; so much for so many running feet of the vein. These miners, who often work in partnerships, generally make considerably more than the regular wages, and do not require the foreman's eye, as day laborers are apt to do.

The men board at the company's house, except those of family, and are charged \$22.50 a month. The board is of the most substantial sort, and "how those men do eat!" one of the stewards said to me. The night shift gathers in line at sunset to be given each a tin pail with a hearty luncheon to be taken underground with them. The day shift comes out at noon for dinner. The men look hearty and well, - giants for muscle some of them, as they show when at work in the mine, most of them stripped to the waist. The work is not unhealthful. Doctor R. L. Jump, the company's surgeon, says that almost all his cases are surgical, slight bruises and accidents. But two lives have been lost in all the work so far done. one by a piece of coal's falling down a

shaft and striking a miner at the foot, and one by a skip driver's falling down the dump. The coal dust which fills the air at the bunkers and in the breasts is not injurious to the lungs; for it is not chemically irritating and is so fine as not to be mechanically troublesome. Doctor Jump says that



lung troubles are not more prevalent at Tesla than elsewhere in California.

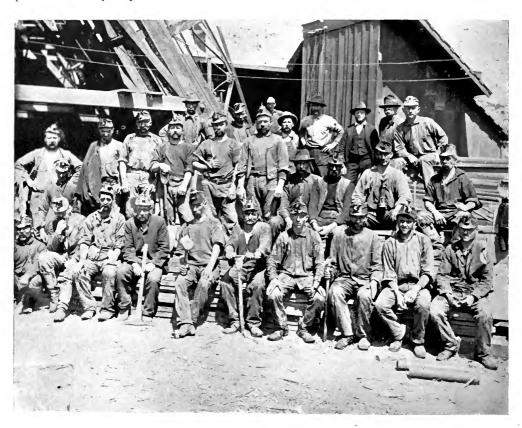
But it is the mine itself that is the most interesting thing at Tesla, and that we must now explore. The visitor to this, as to other coal mines, is dressed in overalls and jumper and given a canvas cap with a socket above the visor, into which a small lard oil lamp fits securely. The upper tunnel is generally first visited. A strong wooden door guards its entrance and opens with difficulty, owing to the heavy pressure of air against it. At the top of the hill over a vertical shaft of some seven hundred feet are two great electric fans which exhaust the air from the shaft; and to compel the new air to enter by the lowest workings, all other entrances are barred by heavy doors.

The air of the Tesla mine is notably good. The greatest complaint is of too great a draught in the gangways. In nearly all parts of the mine men go with their open lamps, and they burn with a clear bright flame which proves that there is abundant oxygen. The only places where the Davy safety lamps are used are about the gasoline hoist and in the drifts as they are pushed "ahead of the air,"—that is, into new ground beyond the last vertical air-shaft, and so not affected by the general

circulation of the mine. Even in these places there has been but little trouble, an occasional flash of fire damp to singe an incautious miner disobeying rules, but none of the deadly choke damp.

The upper tunnel, "Number One," strikes in where the vein outcrops and follows it all its way. Here is the best opportunity to verify what has been spoken of, the improvement in quality with distance from blacker, and when the face of the tunnel is reached, the coal to all superficial examination is of the best quality. It breaks with a sharp, clean fracture, showing a shiny surface of jet black, and is solid across the eleven feet of the vein.

Retracing our steps,—for it is seldom that visitors care to descend to the next tunnel by the seven hundred foot ladder,—we are taken to the mouth of Number Three tun-



A GROUP OF MINERS

the surface. The coal is spongy and evidently full of impurities at the surface. White streaks of clay, and many another discoloration, are observable. The walls of the country rock, — serpentine, a soft calcareous sandstone, — are divided by thin sheets of gypsum into curiously regular rectangular blocks, much resembling brickwork. As the tunnel goes in, the vein — seen overhead all the way by the lights in the caps of the party — grows solider and

nel. This is a gallery running into the hill on a level 3,700 feet in a straight line. There are two tracks in it for skip trains, now drawn by mules, but almost by the time this magazine reaches its readers the mules will be given a holiday by the completion of a trolley line. The mules will appreciate it, though they are patient and faithful beasts. One of them, I was told, recently seemed to come to a sense that his life of toil was not worth living, and he

thereupon leaped into the air in such a way as to fall on his head and break his neck, a genuine case of mule suicide.

A thousand feet in we came to the Eureka vein. This fine deposit of stored sunshine is eleven feet in thickness, of pure coal, and has been traced five miles horizontally and seven hundred feet perpendicularly, without a slip or a fault. Mr. F. J. Horswill, for thirty years a coal miner on the West Coast, and now Superintendent of the Tesla mines, says that he never saw a piece of ground more regular. Gangways run east and west from the intersection of tunnel and vein, and as we followed them in the skips, we soon had to dodge the projecting mouths of the chutes from the breasts above. These chutes come in every fifty feet and from each some twenty tons a day may be taken. Into one of these we crawled, first making our coming known to the miners above so that they should not send half a ton of coal down on us. scramble of a few feet brought us into the breast. This is the opening on the vein made by taking out coal and dumping it down the chutes. There we had a fine chance to see the quality of the coal as it is broken out from its long resting place by the strokes of the short, sharp miner's pick. The men were naked to the waist and their bodies shone like bronze with the moisture caused by toil, and the clinging coal dust.

When I made this visit it was under the charge of Mr. W. J. Bartnett, the president of the company. He stopped each time we came across a group of men in breast or gangway to ask them how they were being treated, or what was needed to make their work effective. Their replies were in the main cheery and satisfactory. Here and there a slight grievance as to the serving of their food, or something else, was listened to with attention and redress promised where possible.

"They are the most independent lot of men I ever saw," said President Bartnett. "I will give you an instance. One Saturday Mr. Fry (president of the railroad company) and I were at Stockton and engaged some miners just as the train was about to start for the mine. We were going to ride up on a lumber car, as the caboose was not on the train, and told the men to jump aboard. But not they,—they said they would not ride on a lumber car, and actu-

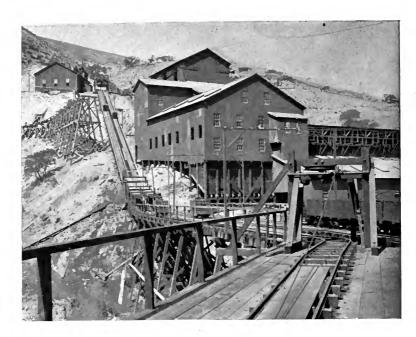


THE CONDENSERS

ally waited two days in Stockton on expense, to ride up in a passenger car."

From the Eureka vein to the Summit or Seven-Foot vein, on the Number Three tunnel is two thousand feet, and in that space a number of lesser veins are crossed, workable perhaps, but not to be compared with the better ones on either side. The Seven-Foot vein is so called because in the narrowest place yet found it measures seven feet and some inches in width. After walking a mile or two of gangways on this level, stopping every little while to note the regularity and purity of the two veins, I was glad to climb into the bucket of the gasoline hoist, and descend to lower levels. At the two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred foot levels we stopped to explore the gangways running either way on the vein, which has a pitch of about fifty-six degrees, a most convenient angle for chutes and hoists. At the foot on the four hundred foot level we left the hoist and walked to the end of the gangway west more than a thousand feet and afterwards east past the main hoist and sump more than eight hundred feet. Just at the end of this gangway our lamps were taken away from us and we proceeded a few feet by the light of safety lamps; for here we were "ahead of the air." It was only a precaution, however; for so far as I could see the air was good enough though getting rather warm.

This lowest workings of a mine, in the usual course of things, should have been unpleasantly moist overhead and inches deep in mud underfoot, but it was not markedly so. Here and there a little drop-



THE NEW WASHING PLANT

ping of water, and here and there a place where it was necessary to pick one's steps. The sump at the main hoist is emptied by an hour or so of pumping a day, and the water thus raised is barely enough to serve in cooling the condensers. The water itself is too alkaline to use in boilers, and condensed steam is substituted.

The main hoist is a three compartment shaft on the Eureka vein. The cages carry two cars each, and each car holds a ton and a half of coal. The hoist is worked by a 750 horse-power engine and has all the latest automatic devices. One of the features of the mine as developed is that whatever has been done has been done in the solidest and most approved style. All machinery is based on the scale of thousand tons a day output.

When the visitor's eyes grow accustomed to daylight again, after he has been carried up the hoist, he is shown how the cars are carried down an incline to Number Three tunnel and there out on the dump, if they are loaded with "bone,"—carboniferous rock of the vein walls,—or on the bunkers, if they carry coal. There by gravity the coal passes down through various screens

which divide it into "lump" coal, "steam" coal, "screenings," or "slack."

As the coal passes down the screens, Japanese boys pick out the pieces of bone, so that it reaches the cars below ready for shipment.

The most extensive improvement now making in the plant is the erection of an elaborate washing house near the mouth of the main hoist, Number Two tunnel. The product of Number Three is to be brought to this level up a five per cent incline by an electric road, grading for which is done and the rails on the ground. The whole product of the mine will thus in sixty days be put through a washing plant of the most modern kind. This will remove all [foreign matter from the coal, lessen greatly the amount of ash, and increase the efficiency of the fuel.

It will not by any means complete the plans of the company when they are able to turn out their thousand tons a day of merchantable coal and sell it all. There are yet greater things to come.

It may have puzzled people to understand why the town and mine have been named Tesla. That name has to do with elec-

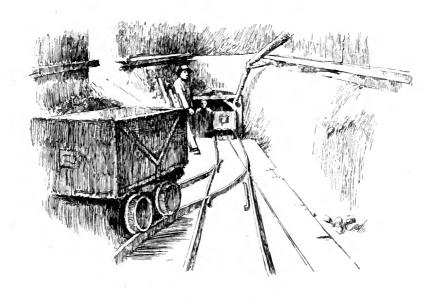


THE BUNKERS AT STOCKTON CHANNEL

tricity rather than with coal or steampower. And it is an electrical scheme that the Tesla people have in mind. Nikola Tesla invented the polyphase motor, a device by which the electrical "dead centers" are overcome and by which the long distance transmission of power becomes possible. It is the plan of the company to build at Tesla a plant by which all their slack and screenings, and even all the carboniferous bone, may be burned in suitable furnaces and the resulting force turned into electrical power. This power they propose to distribute by long distance wires to Stockton, Livermore, San José, and Oakland, and later to San Francisco.

The market at the rates they figure out as possible at a profit, is practically unlimited. A great manufacturing town may grow up at Tesla itself, but whether it does or not, the power there generated can be made available wherever it may be needed.

Thus it will be seen that to Central California the discovery and development of great coal deposits at Tesla, even though not of anthracite, nor quite so good as some imported coals sold at nearly double its price for domestic use, is of no small moment, and that a company which has spent two million dollars in developing a scheme of such great possibilities deserves well of the people of the State.





THE FIRST REGIMENT OF REGULARS LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR CUBA

# THE WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

#### L-THE ROAD TO WAR

FTER an interval of a little more than half a century the United States is again at war with a foreign power. Diplomatic relations were broken off by Spain on the 21st of April, and hostilities were begun the same day by the dispatch of the

United States fleet for the blockade of Cuba.
The causes of the war are found in the

insurrection in the island of Cuba. Goaded by misgovernment and oppression, the Cubans broke into armed rebellion in February, 1895. A revolutionary government was formed, a republic proclaimed, and hostilities were begun under the leadership of Maximo Gomez, Antonio Maceo, Calixto Garcia, and a number of other chiefs,— the most of them survivors of the Ten Years' War of 1868–78.

Spain at once put forth the most energetic efforts to suppress the rising. Mar-

tinez Campos, who had to a considerable extent the confidence of the Cubans for his humane conduct in the Ten Years' War, was sent to Cuba with full powers, and on his failure Valeriano Weyler was put in command of the Spanish forces in the island. Though the Kingdom was supposed to be practically bankrupt and of no consideration has a military power, nearly \$300,000,000 was raised for the three years of the war, and over 200,000 troops were poured into Cuba. In addition to the regular forces from Spain, the Spanish colony in Cuba raised large bodies of irregular troops, which figure in the accounts of the

not in the actual possession of Spanish troops, and of driving the population to the towns. The purpose of these measures was to starve out the rebellion by destroying the food supplies, and preventing its forces from being recruited from its sympathizers among the people. This policy was carried out with a disregard for the principles of humanity that shocked the American nation. In many cases the execution of the decree was committed to the Volunteers, or irregular troops, and the murder of peaceful laborers and the burning and plundering of houses that followed were frequently reported to the people of the United States



RECONCENTRÁTED

struggle as the Cuban Volunteers. Despite these forces, the insurrection was not suppressed. At the end of three years it appeared to be stronger than ever, but the commerce and industries of the island were practically destroyed, and the people had suffered the most dreadful privations and cruelties.

From the first there was a strong sympathy in the United States for a people struggling to secure their liberty from an oppressive government. This sympathy was increased by the methods on which the Spanish commanders attempted to suppress the rising. The policy was deliberately adopted of laying waste all of the island

by the newspaper correspondents. A more serious cause of indignation, however, was the neglect of the Spanish government to make any provision for the support of the inhabitants that it had forced to abandon home and the fields for the towns. Few of these were possessed of resources. Yet they were huddled together in the garrison towns, to find their own shelter and food as best they might. The number of persons brought into the towns by this decree the "reconcentrados" as they are known in the current accounts - was probably not less than six hundred thousand. By the Spanish accounts two hundred thousand of these had died of starvation and disease up to the beginning of the present year. Other estimates run much higher. The reports of American consuls show that in the various districts the mortality has run from

fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The indignation and sympathy felt in the United States found their first expression in the newspapers, and were soon voiced in Congress. Resolutions recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans were introduced, and after strong expressions of feeling were passed with substantial unanimity, by the Senate on the 28th of February, 1896, and by the House on April 6th following. The resolutions included a direction to the President to use the good offices of the United States in securing the recognition by Spain of the independence of Cuba. President Cleveland did not act on the resolutions, taking the ground that such recognition was purely an executive function, and that the time had not come to exercise The President was not, however, indifferent to the condition of affairs in Cuba, and made diplomatic representations to Spain with the purpose of securing a more humane conduct of the war. In April, 1896, he urged Spain to grant self-government to Cuba, stating that "if a satisfactory measure of home rule were tendered to the Cuban insurgents, and would be accepted by them on a guarantee of its execution, the United States would endeavor to find a way not objectionable to Spain of furnishing such a guarantee."

Spain at this time was ruled by Canovas del Castillo, a man of iron resolution, great resource, and little foresight, a combination of the Duke of Alva and Philip II. Confident in the power of Spain to crush the insurrection, he declined the American advice, declared that pacification must "begin with the actual submission of the rebels," and upheld Weyler in his policy of starvation.

The presidential campaign was coming on, and the political conventions of necessity took note of the popular feeling. The Democratic convention contented itself with the declaration extending "sympathy to the people of Cuba in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence." The People's Party called for the recognition of the independence of Cuba, while the Republican convention took the ground that:—

The Government of Spain having lost control of Cuba, and being unable to protect the property or

lives of resident American citizens or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island.

There was, however, no change in the situation. Spain resolutely maintained the policy of starving out the rebellion by the destruction of supplies. Weyler was continued in command, and the concentration of the agricultural population in military camps with no provision for support was rigorously carried out. The great army that had been sent into Cuba was kept on the defensive, a policy that was defended or excused by the difficulties of the pursuit in a roadless wilderness and the bushwhacking tactics of the insurgent forces -a defense that did not commend itself to a country in which a small army had run down and killed or captured the best partisan fighters in the world in a country of exceeding difficulty, in the Sioux and Apache campaigns. Yet other questions took the attention of the people. President Cleveland declined to recognize even the belligerency of the insurgents, as he could find no evidence that they possessed a settled government. In his message of December, 1896, however, he informed Spain and the world that the United States was prepared to interfere to bring peace and independence to Cuba, saying:

When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its re-establishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligation to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations which we can hardly hesitate to recognize

and discharge.

The "higher obligation" of necessity involved the extinction of Spanish sovereignty in the island. The only question was when the time had come to discharge it. Fitzhugh Lee, the Consul-General of the United States, had already (June, 1896) informed the President that in his judgment the time had even then arrived, — that the Spanish armies could not destroy the insurgents, nor could the insurgents drive out the Spanish. Each side could inflict immense damage on the other, while neither had the power to strike the decisive blow.

<sup>1</sup>Testimony before Senate Committee.

The Republican party won the presidential election, and although the Cuban question had cut no figure in the campaign, it was believed that a more positive policy than that pursued by President Cleveland would be undertaken by the new administration. But the inaugural address of President McKinley gave no promise of action, and his message to Congress when called in extra session two weeks later contained not even a reference to the sub-The policy of President McKinley was the policy that had been pursued by President Cleveland. The only public step taken by the administration was to ask for an appropriation of \$50,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba. It was granted at once (April 4, 1897).

The diplomatic pressure put on the Spanish government, however, became stronger until, according to the unofficial statements of members of the Cabinet, it was impelled to ask for an assurance that no steps to intervene would be taken before October, 1897. The assurance was given, at least unofficially, but it was intimated that some decisive step toward the pacification of the island would be expected by that time.

But before October the iron-willed Canovas had fallen by the hand of an assassin. The conservative ministry of which he was the head and soul surrendered to the difficulties of the situation, and Sagasta, the head of the Liberal party, was called to the government, pledged to a policy of autonomy for Cuba. Weyler was recalled, Ramon Blanco, a brave and humane soldier, was appointed Governor-General of Cuba, and a plan of self-government for the island was put forth by ministerial decree.

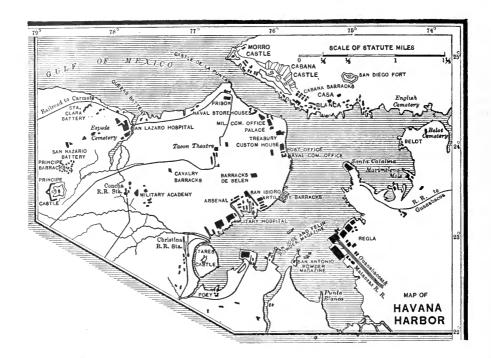
The plan of autonomy might have sufficed for the pacification of Cuba in the early days of the war. At the time it was given forth it was foredoomed to failure. It was refused by the insurgents, and refused by the Spanish in Cuba. The Consul-General of the United States wrote to the State Department in the month following

the promulgation:

The contest for and against autonomy is most unequal. For it there are five or six of the head officers at the palace, and twenty or thirty other persons here in the city. . . Against it, first, are the insurgents, with or without arms, and the Cuban non-combatants; second, the great mass of the Spaniards, bearing or non-bearing arms, - the latter desiring if there must be a change, annexation to the United States.

A cause that operated equally in Cuba and the United States to cause the failure of the plan of autonomy as a scheme of conciliation was found in the history of the Ten Years' War of 1868-78. That had run much the same course of distress as the war of 1895, and except for the deliberate plan of extermination adopted by Weyler in his concentration edicts, had offered the same causes for interference by the United States. This government had in that war threatened intervention, and had indeed endeavored to secure a joint action of the powers to end the contest with concessions to the Cubans. keeping the two countries on the verge of war for several years, the contest was ended through the diplomacy of General Martinez Campos, and the exhaustion of both sides in the struggle. The peace of Zanjon ordained in terms that Cuba should have its own deputies in the Cortes, and the right of self-government in its municipalities, and councils-general, that slavery should be abolished, and that the abuses of which the Cubans complained should be removed. The conditions, however, proved but empty forms, as the Spanish authorities controlled the election of all officials, and Cuba was governed as before. manner in which the conditions of the truce of Zanjon were carried out explains why the Cubans were unwilling to accept the offer of the Sagasta Cabinet, and why the public men of the United States had no faith in the success of the plan of autonomy. It was the common statement that Spain did not know what self-government meant, and could not give it if she would.

President McKinley, however, took the ground that the plan ought to be given a trial. In his message to the Congress which opened December 6, 1897, he argued that Spain had offered to ameliorate all the conditions of which we complained, and that "it is due to Spain and to our friendly relations with Spain that she should be given a reasonable chance to realize her expectations, and to prove the asserted efficacy of the new order of things to which she stands irrevocably committed." He made it plain, however, that this was but a waiting attitude, to learn whether the plan of autonomy included "the indispensable conditions of a righteous peace, just alike to Cuba and to



Spain." In case the plan of autonomy failed to bring about a better condition of affairs in the island, he reiterated in stronger terms the declaration of policy made by President Cleveland, saying that on the failure of the plan "further and other action by the United States will remain to be taken."

When that time comes, [he continued] that action will be determined in the line of indisputable right and duty. It will be faced without misgivings or hesitancy, in the light of the obligations this Government owes to itself, to the people who have confided to it the protection of their interests and honor, and to humanity. . . . If it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization and humanity, to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part and only because the necessity of such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world.

Congress assented grudgingly to this waiting attitude, for the tales of distress among the people of Cuba came as frequently as ever, in spite of relief measures that were taken by the United States through the Red Cross Society. The strain was intensified in January by the publication of a private letter from Dupuy de Lome; the Spanish minister to this country, written to Sefior Canalejas, in which amid

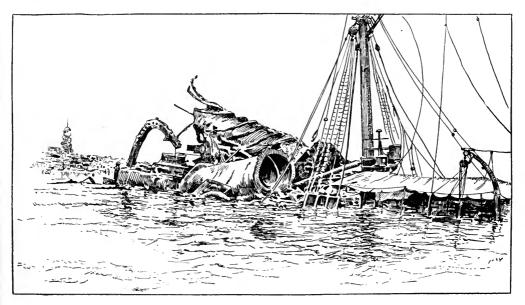
some scurrilous reflections on the President, he referred to the plan of autonomy as a mere device for blinding the government of the United States. The minister was given his passports, but there was less confidence in the good faith of Spain in the matter of giving self-government to her colony.

At this critical point in the relations of the United States to the Cuban problem occurred a most startling and distressing event — the blowing up of the United States battle-ship Maine with the greater part of her crew in the harbor of Havana. From the time of the outbreak of the rebellion in the island, the government of the United States had refrained from following its usual course of sending warships to the ports of friendly nations for the protection of American citizens in cases of civil disturbance. This omission was due to the ill feeling against the United States among the Spanish residents of Cuba, who felt that the rebellion drew its chief strength from this country, and whose resentment was aroused by the popular sentiment that was known to exist here in favor of the insurrection. It was considered that the presence of our warships, therefore, might not prove of advantage in securing the

safety of our citizens doing business in Cuban ports. Consul General Lee, however, advised the State Department that in his opinion it would tend to increase the respect felt in Cuba for this country, if the custom of sending warships were resumed.

After some preliminary correspondence, the battleship Maine was sent to Havana. The vessel arrived on the 25th of January, and was assigned her berth by the Captain of the Port through the official pilot. The vessel was received with the usual official courtesies, but there was a marked coldness among the military and naval officers. Captain Sigsbee, in accordance with the pur-

crew, as she lay at the buoy to which she had been assigned by the Captain of the Port. The night was quiet and warm, and except for the men on watch, the crew and officers had for the most part retired to their berths. Then out of the quiet came a sound as of a cannon shot, followed by a bursting, rending crash or roar; the forward part of the Maine rose a little out of the water, a slate colored mass of smoke tinged with flame and flecked with lights flew up from the forward superstructure, a rain of flying debris covered an area of a mile about, and the remains of the ship settled down in the water to the accompani-



THE MAINE

pose of his visit, gave instructions that visits were to be encouraged, but few army officers could be induced to board the ship. So marked was the disfavor with which the vessel was regarded that the same precautions were taken as in a hostile port. The effect of the visit was good, however, and Consul-General Lee advised the government that when the Maine was relieved it would be well to send another and larger warship in her place.

Then followed the event that made war inevitable. At 9:40, on the evening of February 15th, an explosion destroyed the Maine, and killed the greater part of her

ment of the cries of the survivors. The electric lights of the vessel went out with first shock, and the officers struggled up from their quarters in the blackness. The crew, berthed directly over the explosion, had no opportunity to get out, and except for those on deck, the only survivors on this part of the ship were those who were thrown upward through the deck by the explosion. The behavior of the survivors was most creditable. Not for more than a moment were the iron bonds of discipline relaxed.

Captain Sigsbee was writing in his cabin at the time of the explosion.

"I knew immediately that the Maine had been blown up and that she was sinking," he said in his testimony before the Court of Inquiry. He felt his way to the deck in "Nearing the outer enthe darkness. trance," he continued, "I met Private Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door at the time. He ran into me and, as I remember, apologized in some fashion, and reported to me that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. I reached the quarter-deck, asked a few questions of those standing about me, then asked the orderly for the time. He said that the exact time of the explosion was 9:40 P.M. I proceeded to the poop deck, stood on the side rail, and held on to the main rigging in order to see over the poop awning, which was baggy and covered with debris. I directed the executive officer to post sentries all around the ship, but soon saw that there were no marines available, and no place forward to post them." The magazines were ordered flooded, and when it was found that these were under water, the boats were ordered "Faint cries were coming from the water," said Captain Sigsbee in his testimony, "and I could dimly see white floating bodies, which gave me a better knowledge of the real situation than anything else." But two boats were left, but by this time, other boats had arrived. The Spanish man-of-war, the Alfonso XII, which was anchored about 250 yards away, and the merchant steamer the City of Washington, a little nearer, sent aid at once, and boats put off from other ships and from the shore. When the last of the survivors had been picked up, the men remaining on the wreck were got into the boats over the stern. which was now level with the gunwale, "although," as Captain Sigsbee remarks, "there was some little delay in curbing the extreme politeness of the officers who wanted to help me into the boat."

Captain Sigsbee, the last to leave the ship, went to the cabin of the City of Washington, and dictated the telegram to the Navy Department giving the news of the disaster in the words:—

Maine blown up in Havana harbor at 9:40 o'clock and destroyed. Many wounded, and doubtless more killed and drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line steamer. Send light-house tenders from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment still above water. No one had other clothes than those upon him.

Public opinion should be suspended till further report. All officers believed to be saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, now with me and express sympathy.

The action of the authorities was wholly sympathetic. The prompt help from the Alfonso XII, has been mentioned. Consul-General Lee, on hastening to the palace immediately after the explosion, found Captain-General Blanco in tears over the event. Aid was given in recovering the bodies, and a public funeral was given. The attitude of the military officers remaining in Havana from the Weyler regime was less commendable. The testimony in regard to their open rejoicing over the destruction of the ship is too circumstantial to admit of The attitude of the lower class of Spanish in Havana was far from friendly. Prompt expressions of regret were received from the Spanish government.

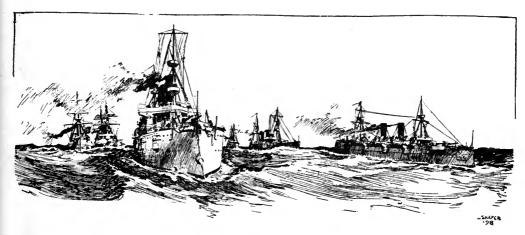
The number killed, including those who died in the hospitals, was two officers and

264 men.

## II.—THE DECLARATION OF WAR

THE news of the disaster produced intense excitement throughout the United States. The attitude of the people in general was that advised by Captain Sigsbee in his dispatch written to the accompaniment of the groans of the burned and wounded survivors. There was a suspension of judgment, and an unwillingness to believe that the destruction of the ship and of the lives that she held was the result of deliberate intent. It was noticed, nevertheless, that the excitement grew, and that for several days the crowds about the newspaper bulletin boards increased in numbers. incidence that out of all the warships in the world the one American battle-ship that lay in a semi-hostile harbor had been the victim of explosion turned public opinion more and more strongly to the belief that the event was due not to accident but to design.

The result of the Naval Court of Inquiry, which began its sessions on the 19th of February, was awaited with keen interest, but there was no disposition to act in advance of its findings. The immediate result, however, was to concentrate the attention of the whole people on the condition of



DEWEY'S FLEET

affairs in Cuba, and to bring pressure in and out of Congress to hasten the interference of the United States to give peace and order to the island.

The Naval Court of Inquiry made a careful investigation of the disaster, and after setting forth the facts that it had discovered through the testimony of witnesses and a detailed examination of the wreck, summed up its conclusion as follows:-

The court finds that the loss of the Maine on the occasion named was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

In the opinion of the court the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines.

The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

Though the person or persons who brought about the explosion were not discovered, the details of the report and the testimony that accompanied it were sufficiently conclusive to justify the President in the course that he announced in the message of March 28th, with which he transmitted the report to Congress: "I have," he said, "directed that the findings of the Court of Inquiry and the views of this Government thereon be communicated to the Government of Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two Governments,"—in effect a diplomatic demand for reparation.

The reply of Spain to this communication was to forward the report of its own naval officers, who gave their opinion that the Maine was destroyed by an internal explosion, and to propose, "that the facts be ascertained by an impartial investigation by experts, whose decision Spain accepts in advance." The President did not consider the findings of the Naval Court of Inquiry a matter for discussion and made no reply.

While investigation was still in progress the condition of public sentiment in Havana and the reports that came from over the sea placed war among the strong probabilities, and there was a sudden realization of the need for preparation. Two weeks after the destruction of the Maine a resolution was introduced in Congress to authorize the Administration to purchase war vessels from foreign nations to the value of twenty million dollars. No action was taken on this resolution, but on the 8th of March the leaders of the House brought in a measure appropriating fifty million dollars to be expended for the national defense, as might be necessary in the discretion of the President. It was understood that the bill was introduced at the request of the President, and the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty with which it was met gave testimony to the unity of feeling of the nation. It was passed at once by the House without a dissenting vote, Democrats showing as

much eagerness to uphold the hands of the President as the Republicans. The bill was brought before the Senate on the 9th, and the members of the upper house testified to the same enthusiasm that inspired the Representatives. Every Senator, as his name was called, voted aye, and the colleagues of the absent members had it spread upon the records that they would have voted aye if they had been present. The scene was unprecedented.

The money was spent rapidly in securing vessels and munitions of war. Two cruisers were bought from Brazil, a number of less formidable vessels from other countries, merchant vessels were bought for attendants on the fleets or for the scouts or auxiliary cruisers, tugs for use as torpedo boats, and money was spent liberally for the completion of coast defenses and the equip-

ment of troops.

The House of Representatives had on the day before the disaster to the Maine requested the Secretary of State to send it whatever information he had received concerning the condition of the reconcentrados in Cuba, - whether they had been allowed to return to the cultivation of their estates, what steps had been taken by the Spanish government for feeding the starying, and what progress was shown by the consular reports to have been made by Spain in her efforts to induce the Cubans to accept autonomy The nature of these reports was such that it was not considered wise to give them out before the report of the Naval Court of Inquiry had been presented, lest immediate action should be The sending of the reports of the consuls was therefore postponed to the 11th of April, but in the mean time they were made the basis of diplomatic representations to the Court of Madrid. dispatches of the consuls and agents of the Department agreed that no progress had been made in returning the concentrated population to the country districts, that Spain was either unable or unwilling to provide for the relief of the starving, that the only hope of the inhabitants was in the continued supplies of food from the United States, and that no progress had been made in inducing the Cubans to accept autonomy. These diplomatic representations led up to a direct proposition, on the 27th of March, "looking to an armistice until October 1st,

for the negotiation of peace with the good offices of the President."1

This suggestion was acceptable neither to the government of Spain nor to public sentiment in the United States. The rumor of the offer having become public there was a strong protest in the press against prolonging the strain and uncertainty to October. The Spanish government rejected at once the proposition to leave the matter in the hands of the President of the United States, and ignored the request for the suspension of the order of concentration and the distribution of "provisions and supplies from the United States, co-operating with the Spanish authorities," which the President had suggested. On the 31st of March the Spanish ministry made a counter proposition, offering to place the negotiations in the hands of the Insular Parliament, and to agree to a suspension of hostilities if asked for by the insurgents and approved by the general-in-chief, the powers of the Madrid government being expressly reserved.

With this end to the negotiations. President McKinley evidently despaired of a peaceful result. Eleven days later he sent a message to Congress reviewing the condition of affairs in Cuba, and his efforts to bring about peace, confessing that, "With this last overture in the direction of immediate peace, and its disappointing reception by Spain, the Executive is brought to the end of his effort." In a paper of considerable length he discussed the proper measures to be taken to put an end to the "intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors." And after arguing against the recognition of the insurgent government he declared in favor of intervention by force, which he justified on the four grounds:-

First. In the name of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, bloodshed, starvation, and horrible miseries, now existing there, and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate. It is no answer to say that this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is therefore none of our business. It is specially our duty, for it is right at our door.

Second. We owe it to our citizens in Cuba to afford them the protection and indemnity for life and property which no government there can or will afford, and to that end to terminate the conditions that de-

prive them of legal protection.

Third. The right to intervene may be justified by the very serious injury to the commerce, trade, and

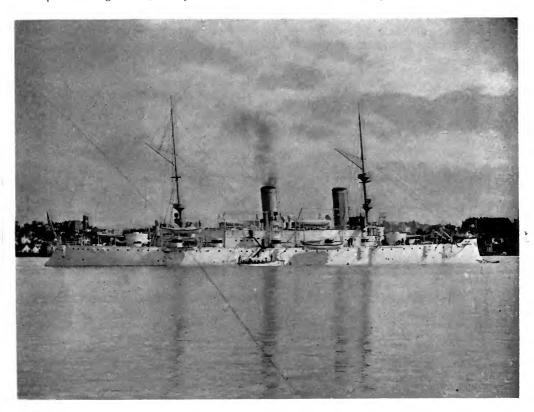
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> President's message, April 11, 1898.

business of our people, and by the wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island.

Fourth. And which is of the utmost importance. The present condition of affairs in Cuba is a constant menace to our peace, and entails upon this Government an enormous expense. With such a conflict waged for years in an island so near us and with which our people have such trade and business relations — when the lives and liberty of our citizens are in constant danger and their property destroyed and themselves ruined — where our trading vessels are liable to seizure and are seized at our very door by warships of a foreign nation, the expeditions of fili-

cannot be attained," he said. "The only hope of relief from a condition which can no longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and duty to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop." He therefore asked the Congress:—

To authorize and empower the President to take



DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE OLYMPIA

Photo by Taber

bustering that we are powerless to prevent altogether, and the irritating questions and entanglements thus arising — all these and others that I need not mention, with the resulting strained relations, are a constant menace to our peace and compel us to keep on a semi-war footing with a nation with which we are at peace.

The conditions of intervention set forth in the Cleveland message of 1896, and his own message of 1897, were thus declared to have become manifest.

"The long trial has proved that the object for which Spain has waged the war

measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes.

"I have exhausted every effort," said the President. "The issue is now with the Congress."

The Congress accepted the message with

evident signs of dissatisfaction. Unaccustomed to the language of diplomacy, or to anything but plain, forthright statement, it was all uncertain what the President intended to do. The majority, which had decided that nothing less than the independence of Cuba would put an end to the evils of the situation, were suspicious, and inclined to the belief that he still hoped to prolong the diplomatic negotiations. There does not seem to be any doubt, however, that the intentions of the President and Congress were the same. There may have been a lingering expectation in the mind of the President that when he was given the power to act, the threat of force would lead Spain to yield the island. The subsequent action of Spain shows that such an expectation was groundless, and short of a direct retreat by one country or the other there was no escape from war.

Congress refused, however, to accept anything but plain English, despite the explanations of the President's friends, and the House, in which the Republican majority gave the Administration more influence than in the Senate, turned the requested authorization into instructions in the following manner:

Resolved, That the President is hereby authorized and directed to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba to the end and with the purpose of securing permanent peace and order there and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independen't government of their own in the island of Cuba; and the President is hereby authorized and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States to execute the purpose of the resolution.

After an attempt to add a recognition of the Republic of Cuba had failed, the resolution was passed (April 13th) by a vote of 322 to 19. The wording of the resolution was subject to criticism, especially the clause directing the President to establish an independent government in a foreign territory. There was an expressed suspicion, moreover, that the resolution was drafted with intent to allow the President to prolong negotiations—a course which the war party considered hopeless to establish peace, and fatal to at least a part of the population of Cuba. The Senate therefore prepared resolutions that were beyond criticism from a constitutional point of view. expressing more forcibly the apparent purpose of the House resolution, and adding thereto a recognition of the independence

of the insurgent government of Cuba. The vote on the independence clause, which was an amendment to the Foreign Relations Committee's draft, was 51 to 37. resolutions as amended were carried by a vote of 67 to 21. The House declined to approve the recognition of the Cuban Republic, and after a struggle, an agreement was at last reached on the following declaration:-

WHREEAS, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with two hundred and sixty-six of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and can not longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

First — That the people of the island of Cuba are,

and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second — That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third — That the President of the United States be and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth - That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

The resolution was passed on the 19th of April, by 42 to 35 in the Senate, by 310 to 6 in the House. It was signed by the President on Wednesday, April 20th, and dispatched on the same day to General Woodford, our Minister at Madrid, in the form of an ultimatum. The Spanish government was given until the 23d to make a "full and satisfactory response."

Before the ultimatum was delivered the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs notified the American Minister that further diplomatic relations were at an end. The resolution"which denies the legitimate sovereignty of Spain and threatens armed intervention in Cuba," he was notified, was regarded as "equivalent to a declaration of war."

The President at once ordered Admiral Sampson with the Key West fleet to blockade the ports of Cuba, the notification to foreign powers was issued on April 22d, and on the 25th Congress passed the formal declaration that "war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898."

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## THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES

THE actual outbreak of war found both powers unprepared for immediate vigorous operations. The American navy was in excellent condition, well armed, well manned, and well supplied; but the American army, for the purposes of action against a foreign power, was practically non-existent. It was on its peace footing of a little over twentyfive thousand men, and these twenty-five thousand were organized on the obsolete plans of the days of the Civil War. bills for the reorganization of the regular army and for the establishment of a volunteer army had to be passed after war had begun. Under pressure of the emergency Congress approved the Army Reorganization bill, raising the war strength of the regulars to sixty-one thousand men and adopting the modern formations for regiments, brigades, and divisions; and the President was given authority to call out a volunteer force from the States up to four hundred The President issued his thousand men. call under the Volunteer law on April 23d for 125,000 troops, and the War Department in its instructions to the governors of the States advised that the members of the National Guard, of which the States reported about 115,000, be preferred in the enlistment. The task before the nation, however, was the organization of an army from the beginning, and it became evident that we had not in peace prepared for war.

Spain's unreadiness was more evident in the navy than in the army, but neither arm was ready for war. There was a force of sixty thousand Spanish troops in Cuba, and in addition twenty thousand volunteers, but ill-supplied with food and munitions. The naval depots, always short of supplies, were in a poor state; and though Spain had some fine ships, they were in no condition to undertake an expedition across the Atlantic. The inefficiency and worse of the

Spanish civil administration was illustrated throughout her dockyards and arsenals.

Spain's lack of vigor in preparation was doubtless due in part to the belief that war was to be avoided, either by the skill in negotiations that had overcome a situation of similar gravity in the Ten Years' War, or through the good offices of the European powers. Of the sympathy of the latter she was assured. England was the only member of the great powers who stood with the United States. But without the co-operation of England the other powers could not stir, and this hope failed the Spanish Ministry. As a further step in negotiations the Spanish Ministry had on the 10th of April directed a suspension of hostilities in Cuba, in order to prepare and negotiate terms of peace. Spain professed to regard this as a compliance with the President's demand for an armistice, but the lack of the essential feature of placing the negotiations in the hands of the President caused it to be regarded in the United States as not a matter to be taken seriously. Yet it completed the list of nominal concessions, and enabled Spain to make the statement to the powers that she had yielded all the demands of the United States only to be met with the order to withdraw from the island; and it served as a basis for the charge in the official decree of war that "the injustice and provocation come from our adversaries, and it is they who by their detestable conduct have caused this grave conflict."

The announcement of war was followed by declarations of neutrality from most of the nations. England was the first to issue the proclamation on the 26th of April, and the others followed, until Germany and Austria were the only powers of importance to neglect a formal proclamation of neutrality. The time of issuing the proclamations was governed to some extent by the sympathies of the powers.

The United States promptly informed the powers that this government would follow the Declaration of Paris, abolishing privateering, respecting the ships and goods of neutrals except when contraband of war, and requiring blockades to be effective in order to be binding. Spain followed the same course, though reserving the right to use privateers at some future time, and announcing that from the merchant ships

would be organized a force of auxiliary cruisers, which would, however, be under naval control.

In the preparations for war the navy of the United States had been divided into three squadrons or fleets—the Key West fleet, the most important, being off the south coast of Florda; the Flying squadron, the next in strength, stationed in Hampton Roads; and the Asiatic squadron, at Hong Kong. Besides these were several monitors posted for harbor defense, and the battle-ship Oregon, with the gunboat Marietta as a tender, on the way from San Francisco to join the Atlantic forces.

The Key West fleet sailed promptly at the order of the President to blockade all the ports on the north coast of Cuba from Cardenas to Bahia Honda, and Cienfuegos on the south coast. It consisted of the two first-class battleships Iowa and Indiana, the monitor Puritan, of six thousand tons, considered equivalent to a battleship, the three smaller monitors Amphitrite, Miantonomoh, and Terror, the armored crusier New York, the cruisers Cincinnati, Detroit, Montgomery, the gunboats Helena, Nashville, Wilmington, with several smaller gunboats, torpedo boats, and attendants of the fleet. The active operations of the war began on the 22d of April with the taking of the merchant steamer Buena Ventura by the gunboat Nashville, and of the Pedro de Bilbao by the New York. A number of other captures of merchantmen and coasting vessels was made in the following days, but there was some doubt of the legality of more than one of these. Spain's proclamation of war gave thirty days for all ships of the United States in Spanish harbors to take their departure free of hindrance, and a similar proclamation was subsequently issued by the President, giving all Spanish ships till the 21st of May to leave the United States and pursue their voyages without molestation, and exempting from seizure those Spanish merchant vessels that had sailed for the United States before the declaration of war, subject only to the provisions in regard to contraband.

The most valuable and exciting seizure was that of the steamer Panama by the Mangrove. The Mangrove, a small lighthouse vessel, armed with two six-pounders and taken as a tender to the fleet, was lying about fourteen miles northeast of Havana.

on the night of April 24th when she sighted a large steamer bound in. The Mangrove, invisible in the darkness, advanced and fired a blank shot as a notice to stop. The ship attempted to escape but Lieutenant Commander Everett laid the Mangrove alongside, and shouted that he would sink the vessel if it was not surrendered. The vessel halted, and was taken into possession by the unarmed crew of the Mangrove. It proved to be the Panama, of three thousand tons, armed as a Spanish auxiliary cruiser with four fourteen-pounders, with a cargo consisting of arms, munitions, and supplies, for the Spanish forces in Havana, -ship and cargo being valued at \$500,-The capture of a ship so much superior in size, speed, and armament, gave the Mangrove some celebrity, the success being due quite as much to the intrepidity of her commander and crew as to the darkness that kept the officers of the Panama in ignorance of the size of her captor.

No active operations were undertaken against the Cuban ports pending the collection and organization of an army of invasion, but in a reconoissance on the 27th of April the New York, Admiral Sampson's flagship, the monitor Puritan, and the cruiser Cincinnati, became engaged with the batteries of Matanzas, and for nineteen minutes there was hot firing. The affair was much exaggerated at the time, for there was no purpose of attempting the reduction of the works, but in the skirmish it was shown that the American ships were able to handle their guns quickly and accurately, and that the Spanish batteries were poorly served. Nearly every shot from the American squadron was reported to have struck the Spanish works, while not one of the Spanish shots reached the American ships. The Spanish admitted the loss of one mule. The earth works were badly damaged, and the officers were assured that there would be no difficulty in reducing them when it was desired to make a landing.

At the outbreak of hostilities the Spanish fleet was in two squadrons. The main part of the fleet, in a very backward state of preparation, was outfitting at Cadiz and the other Spanish dock-yards. At St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde islands, were the vessels commonly known as the Cape Verde squadron, taking on supplies. This squadron consisted of the four armored cruisers.



DEPARTURE OF THE ARTILLERY, REGULARS, FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Photo by Taber

the Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa, and the Cristobal Colon, the torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton, Terror, and Furor, besides a number of torpedo-boats and transports. Three of the armored cruisers were practically battle-ships of great speed, having twelve inches of armor, armed with two 11-inch and ten 5.5-inch guns in the main battery, and of nearly seven thousand tons displacement. The Cristobal Colon was of the same size, with six inches of armor, armed with two 9.8-inch, ten 6-inch, and six 4.7-inch guns in her main battery.

These ships were unready for service at the outbreak of hostilities, on account of lack of supplies, and Portugal postponed her declaration of neutrality until the 28th of April in order to allow them to be fitted out. On the 29th the squadron sailed in two divisions, under secret orders—the four cruisers and the three torpedo-boat

destroyers being supposed to have started across the Atlantic, and the torpedo-boats and transports for the Canaries.

In the doubt whether the Cape Verde squadron had sailed to attack the Oregon and Marietta, then off the coast of Brazil, or to threaten some of the cities on the North Atlantic coast, or to attempt the breaking of the blockade of Havana, or to fall back toward Spain to wait for reinforcements, the policy of the United States fleet was that of waiting and preparation. The Spanish naval strategy was indeed of the most puzzling character, from the standpoint of a defense of the West Indies; for all the fighting ships had been withdrawn not only from Cuba, but also from Porto Rico. This policy appeared to negative the idea of naval operations in the Antilles, especially from a force no stronger than the squadron that had sailed from Cape Verde. Yet the fleet under

Admiral Sampson was suddenly divided, and on May 4th the main fighting strength, consisting of the flagship New York, the battle-ships Iowa and Indiana, the monitors Puritan and Terror, the cruisers Detroit and Montgomery, and a few torpedo boats and supply ships, sailed east from Key West under sealed orders. On the 12th of May the squadron appeared off Porto Rico, and no Spanish ships being found, a fierce fire was concentrated on the fortifications of San Juan. No attempt was made to enter the harbor, but in a three hours' bombardment the outer defenses were badly injured. The Spanish fire, as usual, was ineffective.

On the same day the Cape Verde squadron was reported at Martinique, having made the passage across the ocean in two Admiral Sampson at once sailed from San Juan, and was supposed to have gone in search of the Spanish squadron.

Meanwhile the Flying squadron under Commodore Schley lay in Hampton Roads ready to advance to the relief of any points attacked, while the swift cruisers, Columbia and Minneapolis, and a number of auxiliary cruisers patrolled the coast to north and south. The Flying squadron consisted of the battleships Massachusetts and Texas, the armored cruiser Brooklyn, the protected cruiser New Orleans, and a number of small craft.

On the news of the arrival of the Spanish squadron at Martinique, the Flying squadron with the Minneapolis was ordered to sea at once. The destination was not announced, but it was supposed that it was to reinforce the gunboat fleet that was maintaining the blockade of the Cuban coast. The vessels remaining on that station were not of a class to meet the swift and heavily armed and armored ships of the Cape Verde squadron. Three of the little vessels, the Wilmington, Hudson, and the torpedo boat Winslow, attempted to cut out a small Spanish gunboat from Cardenas harbor. Winslow, leading the dash, was struck by several shots from the Spanish batteries and disabled. She was rescued with difficulty by the gunboats, but five of her crew were killed, and several wounded. The loss of life was the first felt in the war, and the courage and dash displayed assisted to draw attention to a skirmish otherwise unimpor-

The first glory of the war fell to the

Asiatic squadron, which lay at Hong Kong in command of Commodore Dewey as the war broke out. It consisted of six fighting ships, the first-class cruiser Olympia, 5,870 tons displacement, and fourteen guns in main battery; the Baltimore, a second class cruiser of 4,413 tons, and ten guns; the Raleigh, a second-class cruiser of 3,213 tons, and eleven guns; the Boston, a second class cruiser of 3,000 tons, and eight guns; the Concord, a gunboat of 1,710 tons, and six guns; and the Petrel, a gunboat of 892 tons, and four guns. Besides these were the light-armed revenue cutter McCulloch and two supply ships, Nanchau and Zafiro.

On the 24th of April orders were sent from the Navy Department to Commodore Dewey to sail for Manila and destroy or capture the Spanish fleet on that station. Commodore Dewey sailed on the 27th and on the 30th was off Manilla harbor. Not finding the Spanish fleet in Subig bay, where it had been reported, the American squadron was boldly steered for the harbor of

Manila.

Manila bay runs back from the entrance more than twenty miles. In the mouth of the bay is Corregidor island, defended by fortifications; inside, and a short distance farther is Cavite, the naval and military station for the islands, and some miles farther is the city of Manila itself. The forts of Cavite were of some strength, and those of Corregidor were capable of doing much damage at close range fighting. It was supposed, moreover, that the channel was mined. Commodore Dewey had determined to run the chances. The harbor was approached after nightfall with all the secrecy possible to a fleet. In spite of the moonlight the forts of Corregidor were passed without discovery until the dispatch boat McCulloch, the last of the squadron, was opposite the forts, when the Spanish gunners woke up, and sent a few shots after her. A few answering shots were sent from the Concord and the Boston, but the ships were soon out of range and lay to until morning.

The squadron was astir at dawn of May 1st, and found itself facing the Spanish fleet under the walls of the forts of Cavite. The Spanish fleet consisted of nearly a score of vessels, the most of them small gunboats. The flagship of Admiral Montijo was the second-rate cruiser, Maria Christina of 3,520 tons, armed with six 6.2-inch guns in her main battery. The Castilla, a second-rate cruiser of 3,340 tons with a main battery of four 5.9-inch guns was the only other large vessel. The Velasco, the Don Antonio de Ulloa, the Don Juan de Austria, the Isla de Cuba, and the Isla de Luzon, were gunboats of from 1,050 to 1,150 tons displacement, armed mostly with 4.7-inch Hontoria guns in the main battery. The

ican squadron steamed forward without replying for twenty minutes. At 5:30 the Olympia opened fire at short range on the Maria Christina, and the action at once became general. The American squadron passed in line in front of the Spanish fleet and batteries in single file, then turned to deliver their fire from the opposite broadsides. This maneuver was repeated five times in the next two hours



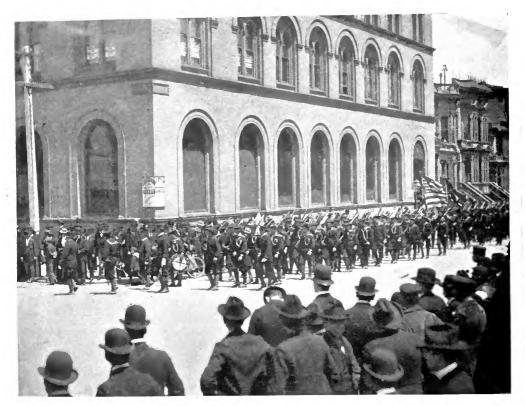
Photo by Taber

THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS ARRIVING AT SAN FRANCISCO FROM LOS ANGELES

rest were small gunboats, supply ships, and the like. There were forty-five large guns in the Spanish fleet to fifty-three in the American squadron—six of the latter being eightinch guns. Behind the Spanish fleet, however, were the batteries of Cavite.

Commodore Dewey gave the signal for advance in battle formation, and led the way to the attack with the Olympia. The Spanish ships and batteries opened fire at ten minutes past five o'clock, but the Amerand a half. The fire of the American ships was remarkable for its accuracy. The Maria Christina was hit repeatedly, and was set on fire by the shells from the Olympia. The Castilla was soon a mass of flames, and the small gunboats were severely injured.

The Spaniards stuck bravely to their guns in their crippled ships, and at 7:45 Commodore Dewey led his ships out of the action to the anchorage where he had left his supply vessels. The crews were given



THE NAVAL RESERVES ON ESCORT DUTY

Photo by Taber

time for rest and refreshment, having been at their posts since one o'clock, and the captains were called to the flagship to report. Not a single vessel had been struck. On the Spanish side it could be seen that the principal vessels were on fire. The Spaniards were much encouraged by the withdrawal of the Americans, and Admiral Montijo transferred his flag to the Isla de Cuba and prepared to continue the battle.

At 10:40 Commodore Dewey ordered the squadron into action once more, the Baltimore leading the attack. The Spanish fire was concentrated on this vessel, and a chance shot exploded an ammunition case. Five men were injured, but nobody killed. The American attack was fierce and well directed. The Maria Christina burst into flames once more. Captain Cadarzo was killed and the greater part of his crew killed or wounded. A few minutes later the Don Juan de Austria blew up, a shell

having reached the magazine. The Spaniards continued to fight bravely but ineffectually. As an English naval authority had prophesied of them, "They were capable of dying at their guns with marvelous heroism, or in fact of doing anything with them or at them, except to point them straight at a given object." At 12:45 the last Spanish flag was hauled down, nearly every vessel of the fleet having been sunk by the American fire or scuttled by their crews to keep them out of the hands of the enemy. The Spanish loss is put in the Madrid dispatches as six hundred and fifty killed. The number of wounded was probably greater.

The victory was one of the most complete in naval history. The entire fleet of the enemy was destroyed or captured, the forts that defended them surrendered, and the only damage to the attacking fleet was a few shotholes in the Baltimore and Concord, and eight men wounded. The American officers had proved that they knew how to fight a sea battle, that they had the essential qualities of dash, foresight, capacity to plan, and the accuracy of gun-fire, to use their vessels to effect. The Spanish had gained no advantage from their position under the guns of the Cavite batteries, and possibly found it a disadvantage from the obstacles to maneuvering. As their gunners were unable to hit anything, however, no conceivable position within gunshot of the sea could have saved them from defeat.

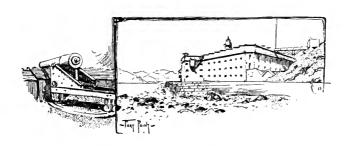
The victory was one with the most farreaching consequences. It annihilated the Spanish power in the East Indies, and needed only the co-operation of an army to put the United States in possession of the islands that for more than three centuries had poured a golden stream into the treasury of Spain. And it produced an immediate change of attitude among the powers of Europe. Instead of talk of intervention to save Spain there was public profession of admiration for the United States and of only friendly relations.

Meanwhile the War Department had been pressing the mobilization of the troops, and endeavoring to gather an army for the invasion of Cuba. The Army Reorganization law had authorized the increase of the war strength of the regular force to sixty-one thousand men. The work of enlistment was pushed as rapidly as possible The call for volunteers brought a prompt response, and nearly every State reported that the quotas could be filled twice or three times over. The fire of patriotism flamed high, and in some of the States the inducement offered to those who would enlist to fill the

vacancies in the National Guard left by the departing volunteers was the promise that they should have the first chance in case there was a second call by the President. Half a million could have been secured as readily as the 125,000 required by the call.

The Volunteer army was made up in large part from the half-trained forces of the National Guard of the States, and it was mustered into the service of the country as rapidly as possible. The progress in mobilization, however, was slow, and the gathering of an army prepared to cope with the eighty-thousand troops reported to be under the command of Blanco in Cuba was a task of much more difficulty than had been anticipated. There were men and material in abundance, but the organization of an army is a task that requires more. To gather the parts of a machine is one thing; to put it together is another. That requires skill and time.

The report for the month closes with about twenty thousand troops, mostly of the regular army, gathered at Tampa, ready for the invasion of Cuba; about two thirds of the volunteers mustered into the service of the United States, but scattered throughout over a large extent of territory; and a considerable force gathered at Chickamauga. About six or seven thousand troops have been gathered at San Francisco for the invasion and occupation of the Philippines, and will probably be on the sea when this magazine appears. The men are of excellent material for soldiers, strong, energetic, intelligent, and earnest, lacking only experience to make as good troops as the world can show.





ALBAY, A TYPICAL PHILIPPINE TOWN

# MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES

THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE EARTH

BY ARTHUR TAPPAN MARVIN



HE Philippines, discovered by Magellan in 1521, are a group of some twelve hundred islands containing an area of about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. The two largest are Luzon and Mindanao, the former 41,000 square miles, and the latter 33,000. For the most part the rest are nothing but bare volcanic rocks.

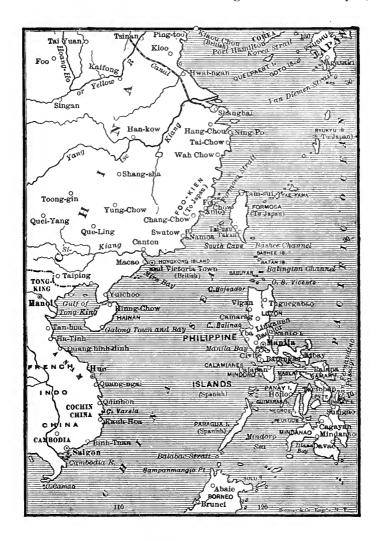
Although the Spaniards have been in nominal

possession of the islands since the reign of Philip the Second, they have never made any serious attempt to bring the abo-

riginal tribes, of whom there are five to seven million, under their rule. The natives of the northern parts of Luzon have always been independent; while in Mindanao and Sulu, the Spanish authority has been limited to the coast regions. The aborigines are a handsome brown people with long straight hair, and Malay features; though there is smaller race, with woolly heads and darker skins, whom the Spaniards call Negritos. The brown-complexioned people are grouped into many tribes, which often display marked differences of appearance and habit. northern division of the archipelago is thus occupied by various tribes of Itocans; the central parts by the Tagals, and the southern regions by the Visaians. The Tagals display the greatest energy and intelligence, while the Visaians are the most gentle and handsome. In the larger cities the *mesti-*zos, or half-breeds, form a small but important class, and are the richest and most enterprising among the native population.

The most populous and prosperous province of the islands takes its name from the

proper is surrounded by a wall, which, however, of late years has been suffered to fall into decay, and is very little better than a gigantic ruin. The palace fills one side of a public plaza, and the cathedral another side. The plaza is adorned with the glorious vegetation of the tropics,—leaves of



fortifications; and though the name of Manila is now given to the capital of the Philippine islands, it is only the fort and garrison occupied by the authorities to which it was originally applied. Manila is situated on the left bank of river Pasig, while the district of Binondo on the right bank is the business and residence quarter. Manila

all shades, from the brightest yellow to the deepest green, and flowers of marvelous splendor. The port is amongst the most important of the Eastern world, and is known for the splendor of its religious processions; for its cigars, its hemp, its sugar, its pina cloth and handkerchiefs, and for the insatiate love of the natives [for the



A HOME OF WEALTH IN THE PHILIPPINES

sport of cock-fighting. In this diversion, some days, as much as one hundred thousand dollars change hands as the result of a single main; and as much as two thousand dollars has been paid for a victorious cock.

Manila within the wall, with its seventeen spacious streets crossing at right angles, is a dull and quiet place, a strange contrast to the bustle of the commercial quarters across the river. The streets of Binondo during business hours, though their busy look is familiar to the American, are yet in many respects, a novel sight. Every one carries an umbrella, or wears a peculiar hat, to shield himself from the fierce rays of the sun. The shady side of the street is sought by those who are compelled to move about, while in the shadow of every house a group of idlers can be seen smoking their cigars. and boasting of the prowess of their game cocks, which they carry with them, and never tire of praising. The favorable prepossession, which Manila's picturesque appearance from the sea gives, one is pretty sure to be lost on entering, unless you have a supreme indifference to dirt; for like all Eastern cities, Manila is dirty. While a few houses are elegantly built after the Mexican style, the majority of them are poor affairs; little more than huts thatched with plantain or bamboo. Among the most noticeable buildings in the city is the cathedral, which was begun in 1654 and completed in 1672. It is two hundred and forty feet in length. and sixty in breadth, and has fourteen bells, which are almost constantly pealing forth

their clear metallic notes. In this building fifty-two seats, set apart for the aristocracy, are elaborately carved, and are spoken of throughout the East as marvels of beauty and elegance. The Governor's palace is another very conspicuous building. It was reconstructed in 1690, and fills a considerable space. There is a handsome hall of audience, and many of the departments of government have their principal offices within its walls. Like all houses in Manila. it has for windows sliding frames fitted with concha shells, or plates of semi-transparent oysters, which admit a soft, mellow light, and are impervious to the sunbeams. The houses are comfortably furnished, but never, as is the custom with us, crowded with superfluities, and one rarely sees carpets or mats upon the floors.

The Calsada is a broad road a little beyond the walls of the fortress, and is the gathering place of the opulent classes. From five o'clock P. M., until the shades of night have closed over the city, it is crowded with carriages, horsemen, and strollers, whose mutual salutations seem to occupy their whole attention. The constant taking off of hats in response to greetings gives the moving mass a comically automatic look. Every other evening the government band, of native musicians led by a European, plays for several hours for the gratification of the promenaders. The moment the sun sinks behind the hills in the rear of the city, the church bells announce the time for vespers, and everybody uncovers his head, and stands for a moment or two in a devotional attitude. Many of them drop upon their knees, clasp their hands before their faces, and mutter an inarticulate prayer, after which the promenade begins

again.

Binondo is connected with Manila proper by means of eight massive bridges. This suburb is really the most important and opulent town in the Philippine islands, and the real commercial capital. Two thirds of the houses are substantially built of stone, brick and tiles, while the rest are like the houses in Manila. The views on all sides from the principal bridge, the Puente Grande, are fine; whether of the wharves, warehouses, and busy population, on the right bank, or of the fortifications, churches, The chatting and bustling of four or five thousand women ought to be enough to set any man crazy, yet the superintendent of the manufactories is a hale, hearty, and sensible fellow. The noise made by handling the tobacco is distracting enough, but when aided and abetted by five thousand female tongues the result cannot be imagined or described. After the labors of the day are over the employees take their departure from the factory in droves. A portion of them proceed to that portion of the bay set apart for bathing, where they plunge in and enjoy themselves. While the natives are anything but cleanly people, they certainly bathe as frequently as any with whom I am acquainted. I fear that



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT ALBAY

convents, and public walks, on the left. Among the most remarkable sights of Binondo are the cigar manufactories. They are managed by government, and severe penalties are imposed upon any who dare to encroach upon the government monopoly. The tobacco plant grows luxuriantly in all Some of it is of good quality, the islands. but by far the greater portion is poor,—a wagon load does not contain as much strength as a "chaw" of Virginia "nigger There are between twenty and twenty-five thousand persons employed in the manipulation of the tobacco after it reaches the city from the plantations, and by far the greater proportion of these are girls, ranging from ten years of age to that indefinite period that follows twenty years.

while they are fond of water they have a horror of soap. Every evening, between sundown and dark, or by moonlight, thousands of the humbler folk come down to the beach to bathe and sport in the surf. Here men and women, old and young, married and single, with no more clothes on than when they came into the world, can be seen, shouting and laughing, jumping and plunging, swimming and diving, and having a jolly good time. They do not conduct themselves any more indecorously than the bathers at Newport or Long Branch, and no scandal seems to be caused by their habit of nude bathing.

These islands contain an estimated population of seven million, nearly all of whom are natives. The Chinese number between

three and four hundred thousand, the Europeans probably not more than five or six thousand, and the Americans a few hun-The mixed races form a numerous and influential portion of the inhabitants; the majority of the merchants and landed proprietors belong to this class, and most of the subordinate offices of the government are filled by them. There are many descendants of Chinese by native women, but the paternal type seems so to absorb the maternal that the children, for whole generations, bear the strongly-marked characteristics which distinguish the genuine native of the Flowery Kingdom. inherit the industrious and speculative spirit of their Chinese fathers, and most of them have acquired riches and lands; and the largest part of the retail trade is in their hands. They form the middle class. Their prosperity and better education produce the natural result, and their moral and intellectual character is far superior to that of the Indians. They are luxurious in their dress, more elegant than the Indians, and excel them in attention to religious duties; but they preserve most of their habits of life.

The Indians are lazy, and cultivate but little land, and that in a manner which does not cause it to yield anything like a full crop. A little additional labor produces so much that the smallest impulse gives great results, especially when employed over a vast extent. Indigo yields nearly one hundred per cent upon the capital used in its cultivation, while cocoa returns ninety per cent. Many years ago several persons began the cultivation of coffee, and received from the venture a good return. But a species of wild civet which abounds in the islands was found to be very fond of carrying off the berries to eat; and they were thus dropped throughout the land until there is scarcely a valley or hill-side where the coffee bush is not found flourishing indigenously, and yielding excellent coffee. In fact, by far the largest part of Manila coffee sent to the United States is gathered by the natives from wild bushes. Pepper and cassia grow wild in many of the islands, and the natives can at almost any time "raise the wind" by going into the jungle and fetching out some of the riches which Nature bountifully provides. Melons, cucumbers, garlics, onions, and a great variety of

vegetables, were introduced from Mexico. and are now found in all parts of the islands. Tobacco was introduced under the patronage of the government, and has become the most important source of revenue. Sugar is quite extensively grown, and if the people had the energy of the Anglo-Saxon they could produce enough to supply the world. The sugar, as it is sent into Manila, has more the appearance of dirty, wet sand than of a commodity. Some years ago the Chinese took hold of this branch of industry, and the supply has since annually increased. The consumption of rice is universal, and it is of far more general production than any other article of food. It is estimated to give an average yearly profit of from twelve to twenty per cent. There are several varieties, but they may be classed under the two general heads of water and mountain rice. The water rice is cultivated in the same way as in other parts of the world. The dry rice is usually sown earlier than the water rice, - at the end of May. It is scattered broadcast on the hills: has to be hoed and weeded, and is ripened in from three to four months. It is harvested ear by ear, and fully one third of the crop is wasted in consequence of the shiftless way in which the harvesting is conducted.

Of the vegetation of the Philippine islands the bamboo is the most extensive, the most useful, and the most beautiful. graceful brakes of the cane are among the most charming decorations of the islands, and are scattered with great profusion and variety on the sides of the streams and rivers, on hills and plains. They are always to be found near the homes of the natives. Waving their light branches at the smallest breeze, they give perpetual life to the landscape, while they are of daily service to the people. The bamboo is used for an infinite variety of purposes, and it is estimated that the palace in which the World's Exposition was made at Paris could be filled with the different varieties. The native hemp or abaca is one of the most important products of the islands. It is the fiber of one of the plantain family, and is indigenous to Mindanao, where large quantities are collected by the natives and sent to market. It is cultivated in Luzon and some of the other islands. The finer qualities are in considerable demand for wearing apparel. It grows on high grounds in rich soil, and is propagated by seeds. It is like the other plants of the banana tribe, but its fruit is very much smaller. The fiber is derived from the stem, and the plant attains the height of from fifteen to twenty feet. The best Manila hemp ought to be white, dry, and of a long and fine fiber. This is known at Manila by the name of lupis; the second quality they call bandala.

Cocoa-nut trees flourish and contribute to the comfort and prosperity of the natives; trunks, branches, leaves, fruit, and all, are The sugar cane thrives well. It is planted after the French fashion, by sticking the piece diagonally into the ground. Some, finding the cane has suffered in time of drought, have adopted other modes. It comes to perfection in a year, and they seldom have two crops from the same piece of land unless the season is favorable. There are many kinds of cane cultivated, but that grown in the valley of Pampanga is thought to be the best. It is a small seed variety from four to five feet high, and not thicker than the thumb.



A STREET OF ALBAY, A TOWN IN THE HEMP REGION

turned to account. Oil, wine, and spirits, are made from its juices. The fibers of the leaves are manufactured into cloth, and the fiber of the fruit into brushes. A Spanish writer says that the Indian wants nothing but his cocoanut palm garden for his comfortable support. The tree will give him his water, wine, oil, vinegar, food, cord, cups, brushes, building materials, black paint, soap, roofing for his house, strings for his rosaries, tow, red dye, medicine, plaster for his wounds, light fire, and many other necessities. It produces fruit after seven years' growth.

A recent report of United States Consul Williams gives a statistical account of the commerce of the islands. He says:—

During the quarter ended December 31, 1897, there were exported from these islands to the United States and Great Britain 216,898 bales of hemp (280 pounds per bale), of which 138,792 bales went to the United States and only 78,106 bales to Great Britain. During the year 1897 there was an increase in the export of hemp from the Philippines to Continental Europe of 19,741 bales; to Australia, 2192 bales: to China, 28 bales; to Japan, 2628 bales; and to the United States, 133,896 bales — a total increase of 158,485 bales, while to Great Britain there was a decrease of 22,348 bales. Thus, of increased shipments from the Philippines, those to the United States were 544 per cent

greater than to all other countries combined. Of the total exports of hemp from the Philippines for the ten years ended 1897, amounting to 6,528,965 bales (914,055 tons), 41 per cent went to the United States.

During the same years the Philippine islands exported to the United States and Europe 1,582,904 tons of sugar, of which 875,150 tons went to the United States, 666,391 tons to Great Britain, and 41,362 tons to Continental Europe; showing that of the total exports more than 55 per cent went to the United States.

At the current values in New York of hemp (4 cents per pound) and of raw sugar (3\g^2 cents per pound), the exports of these two products alone from these islands to the United States, during the ten years under review, amounted to \$89,263,722 80, or an average of nearly \$8,926,372 per year.

According to the British Foreign Office report (No. 1932, annual series, 1897), the total imports into the islands in 1896 were valued at \$10,631,250 and the exports at \$20,175,000. The trade with several of the most important countries (compiled from the respective official statistics) was:—

COUNTRY	Imports	Exports
Great Britain	\$2,467,090	\$7,467,500
Germany	744,928	223,700
France		
Belgium		
United States	162,446	
China		

Details of trade with the United States during the last two years are given by the United States treasury as follows:—

IMPORTS	1896	1897
Hemp, Manila	\$2,499,494	
Cane, sugar (not above No. 16)		
Fiber, vegetable, not hemp	68,838	384,155
Fiber, vegetable, manufactures		,
of	26,428	22,170
Straw, manufactures of	81,352	72,137
Tobacco	808	2,338
Miscellaneous	35,035	1,087
Total	\$4,982,857	\$4,383,740

EXPORTS	1896	1897
Cotton, manufactures of Oils, mineral, refined Varnish All others	89.958	\$ 2,164 45,908 2,239 44,286
Total	\$ 162,446	\$ 94,597

It should be noted that our trade is really much larger (especially in the item of exports to the islands) than is indicated by the above figures. Large quantities of provisions (flour, canned goods, etc.) are sent to Hongkong or other ports for transshipment, and are credited to those portsinstead of to Manila.

Of the animal and creeping things of these islands a book might be written, but I must content myself with a bare allusion to many of them. Oxen, swine, buffaloes, deer, goats, sheep, apes, monkeys, squirrels, bats, dogs, rats, boa-constrictors, and many others, are found in various stages of

domesticity and wildness.

Near the sea coast is found a small bird of the swallow family, not larger than the martin which is so common throughout the Western States. These little fellows are the birds that furnish the Chinese with that delicate luxury—edible birds-nests. The bird is uniformly dark colored, inclined to green on the back and blue on the breast: has a short, strong bill, broad at the base. It gathers from the coral rocks of the sea a glutinous weed or marine fungus, which it swallows and afterwards disgorges, and then applies with its plastic bill to the sides of deep caverns, both inland and on the sea coast, to form its nest. When complete, the nest is a hollow hemisphere of the dimensions of an ordinary orange. When fresh it is of waxy whiteness, and is then esteemed most valuable; of second quality when the eggs are laid, and of third when the young birds have been hatched and grown.

In some parts of the islands, and on the little islands in Laguna de Bay, are found thousands of "flying foxes," or vampire They are large fellows, and savage too; larger than black and tan terriers, with heads like a fox. They are from five to six feet from tip to tip. These bats cling to the branches of the trees during the day time, and when the shades of night have fallen over the earth they begin to move about in search of food. During these excursions they visit villages, plantations, and forests, doing a great deal of mischief, attacking indiscriminately all sorts of fruits and vegetation, which they devour in prodigious quantities. The natives, however, return the compliment, and devour the bats with gusto. Even the white residents of the island esteem the flesh of this bat a great delicacy, comparing it to hare and quail. These animals when hanging to

the branches draw themselves together into a ball, and can scarcely be discovered in the midst of the dense foliage; but after gazing awhile and habituating the eye to the surrounding objects, you can make them out very distinctly. The first one I saw was pointed out by one of the Indian guides. I was not more than ten feet from him, and could not resist the temptation to draw my revolver and send a Colt's bullet to awaken him from his



BUFFALO CARTS, BRINGING IN HEMP



A HEMP PRESS AND SHIPPING POINT

slumbers. The ball was well directed. and the animal fell to the ground, wounded but not killed. The Indians rushed forward, and with clubs succeeded in quieting the fellow. The detonation of the report was almost deafening; it rolled across the waters until it struck the bluff on the opposite shore, whence it was hurled back in the shape of a trumpet echo, and then from all points of the compass the echo came to us. The colony of bats, aroused by the strange noise, flew about uttering a savage sort of chattering that fairly made the flesh creep, and caused us to fear that some of them might, in their blind flight, fly against us and tear us with their long, sharp claws.

The natives use in the fields the domesti-

cated buffalo, but from the great slowness of its motions and its exceeding restlessness under the heat of the climate, it is ill adapted to agricultural labors; but the natives and Chinese are fond of them. notwithstanding they demand much labor and trouble in bathing them during the great heat. This is absolutely necessary, or the animal will become so fretful as to be unfit for use. If it were not for this the buffalo would be most effective. He requires little food,

and that of the coarsest kind; his strength surpasses that of the stoutest ox; and he is admirably adapted for rice and paddy fields. The wild buffalo is quite different from the domesticated animal; it is a terrible creature, chasing the hunter as soon as it gets sight of him, and trying to transfix him with its terrible horns.

Snakes are plentiful in all the islands in the archipelago. Some of them are harmless, but others are poisonous to such a degree that their bite causes death in a few moments. One of the most poisonous is known by the name of damonapoly. It is about the size of the American rattlesnake, and is remarkably active. In a plant resembling the Seneca snake root the native has an antidote for its poison, but it must

be applied immediately or death will make it useless. Boas are also found in many of the islands. Some of them are of enormous size, and have been known to crush and swallow a native; but generally they are not more than ten or twelve feet long. There is also another variety, the name of which I have forgotten, which grows to the length of eight or ten feet. It is fond of getting into houses, and has often been found in beds which the owners were about to get into. These snakes are not poisonous, and in fact, were it not for their disposition to be a little too affectionate, they would not cause any great deal of trouble. Centipedes, lizards, and spiders,—large and poisonous,—are also found in great quantities; while there is a species of ant which creates a general famine when it makes its appearance in any particular portion of the island. They appear suddenly in countless numbers, and after devastating the region — destroying everything — as suddenly disappear, leaving no trace of the course they have taken. At times the plantations are visited by locusts in such hordes that they destroy all vegetation.

There is an immense variety of gallinaceous fowls, pigeons and other birds, some of which are very beautiful. At Laguna de Bay, near the head of the Pasig river, immense numbers of ducks are hatched by the heat of the hot springs. The eggs are placed in nests made from bamboo and paddy leaves, which are covered and then left to float on the water until they are hatched.

Fireflies illuminate the forests at night. There are some trees to which they attach themselves in preference to others. Few objects are more beautiful than a bush or tree lighted by these glancing stars. The brilliant creatures seem to have a wonderful sympathy with one another, sometimes kindling all together into a sudden blaze of beautiful fire of a light and delicate green, and sometimes suddenly extinguishing the whole.

One cannot but be struck with the grand severity and magnificent beauty of the primeval forests in these islands; they are seldom penetrated, and nothing but the hum of the insect, the song of the wild birds, or the scream of the wild beasts, disturbs the silence.

# SEA DREAMS

I STOOD upon the sandy shore
Where wind and wave break evermore
And gray wings whirl and dart,
And this I dreamed, that naught might be
Wilder than the wind and wings and sea
Save my own beating heart.

I stood upon the midnight shore Where starlight drifts forevermore Over the lonely sea, And this I dreamed, that older far Than wind or wave or night or star Was my own spirit free.

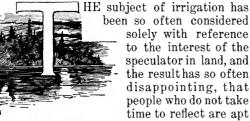
Mortha T. Tyler



AN IRRIGATED OLIVE ORCHARD

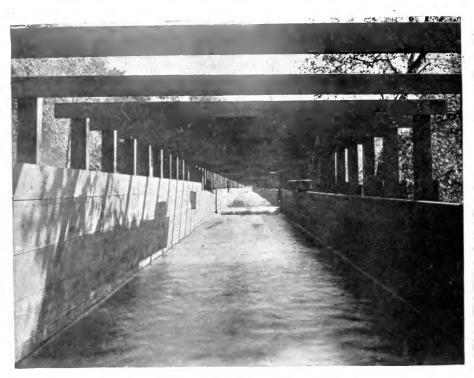
# IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES A. WAYMIRE



to form an erroneous impression as to the importance of this great science. It has been disappointing to the land speculator because he has been short-sighted in his plans, and has been too impatient to reap his profits. In the nature of things the application of water to land for the production of crops, whether of grain or of fruit, requires intelligence and care, and necessitates the employment of competent labor. As a rule the owner of large tracts of land desires to sell, but is not contented with reasonable prices. He does not wish to cultivate the soil; he wants to turn it into money, and leave the cultivation to purchasers. He is often unwilling to incur the expense even of colonization. Sales of such land, or of any lands indeed, can be made at present only with great difficulty. This is because of the universal depression incident to the unprecedented financial difficulties from which we are now recovering.

The cultivation of the soil under irrigation may be properly termed intensive



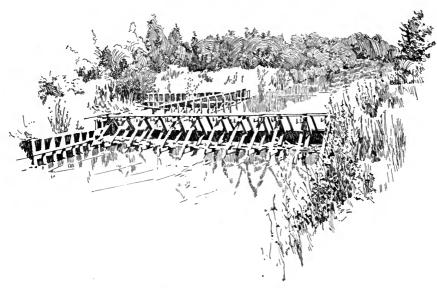
FLUME, NEAR KNIGHT'S FERKY

cultivation. It requires thoughtful consideration as to the amount of water suitable to the different soils and to the growth of different plants. Careful experiments must be made year after year. The effect of water upon different kinds of fruit, grains, and grasses; the best means of applying the water, and the best time to apply it; all demand a degree of attention and skill which call upon the farmer for the exercise of his highest intellectual powers. Indeed, irrigation will afford a field for the most highly educated men and women. It will become a profession as learned as the law or medicine, and far more useful. Our common schools, high schools, and even the University, cannot perform greater service to the State than to lead the people, by competent and practical instruction, into a successful practise of this ancient art.

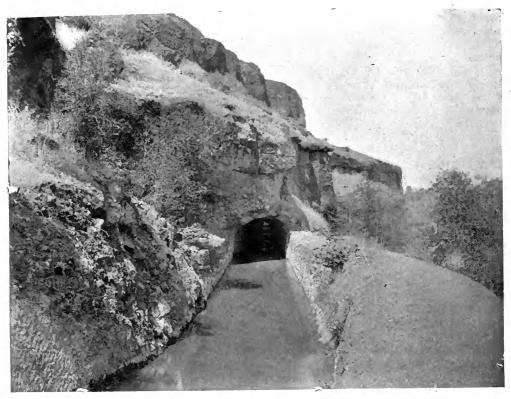
The irrigation of land is one of the most ancient of all arts. It is older than civilization. The Creator of mankind was the first teacher; and the people of Egypt were the first to profit by the teaching. In the annual overflow of the Nile we see the

method by which a rainless country has been rendered continuously fertile for thousands of years, supporting a dense population, whose irrigated lands constituted the granary of the ancient world; and in modern times, since the British occupation—during the last fifteen years—a more intelligent and extensive application of irrigation has resulted in an increase of population amounting to nearly fifty per cent, while the output of the soil has been more than quadrupled. Other ancient nations, such as Arabia, India, China, Japan, Mexico, and Peru, have practised irrigation for so far back "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

It is said by good authority that one half the population of the world is supported from irrigated lands. The Anglo-Saxon has not been accustomed to irrigation. Occupying a region where there is a copious rainfall, he has not found it necessary to resort to the artificial application of water. In the United States the acquisition of California and the territory west of the Mississippi has brought this subject to his attention, and he is now rapidly mastering it, as he does all other difficult problems. In California we have an area of about one hundred million acres, of which about 40 per cent is said to be arable land. The other 60 per cent constitutes a great chain of mountains, which runs from north to south nearly seven hundred miles and in the northern parts sweep westward and follow the coast the full length of the State. Much of this mountainous region will be utilized for the production of grasses and fruits; but its principal service will be as an inexhaustable store-house of minerals and an unfailing reservoir for the irrigation of the valleys below. Of the arable lands of the State, three fourths are arid, and all of it will be benefited by irrigation. France and other European countries great expense has been profitably incurred in the irrigation of land where the rainfall is greater than in any portion of California. In the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys lies one of the greatest bodies of arable land, free from waste, in the world. It is perhaps equal to the inhabited portion of the valley of the Nile, and its climate is much more salubrious. In Southern California there are numerous small but exceedingly fertile valleys absolutely dependent upon irrigation. In that section of the State more attention has been given to the subject than in the northern portion. Yet when we come to figure up the amount of money expended in the irrigation of our lands it is surprising to find how little has been invested and how much has been accomplished. All the enterprises under control of private corporations have not employed more than twenty millions of dollars in the aggregate. The irrigation districts, good, bad, and indifferent, have expended less than eight millious. Altogether the expenditures do not exceed the amount of capital invested in the street railroads of San Francisco. The capital of one water company — that which supplies our largest city—is almost equal to the capital invested in irrigation enterprises throughout the State. Nearly ten times as much has been levied in assessments for the Comstock lode in the State of Nevada. Yet without irrigation California cannot progress. Her cities are absolutely dependent upon the products of the soil. It is to state a well known fact to say that all wealth must come from the soil — the farm, the mine. or the forest. Most people would say that the most important industry of California is that of mining, because it has attracted most attention. Judged by the value of product, the agricultural interest is far more important. Statistics will show that our agricultural product always exceeds one hundred million dollars per annum, and some years amounts to half as much again.



A SAN JOAQUIN IRRIGATING CANAL AND DROP

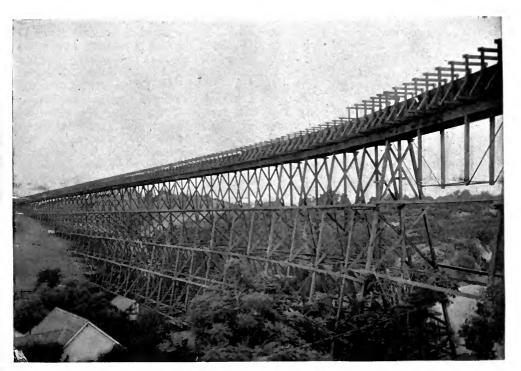


A TUNNEL ON A STANISLAUS FLUME

Our mines of gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, and all other metals do not exceed thirty millions a year. The manufactured products of the State sometimes exceed one hundred millions, but they include many things which, properly speaking, should be classed as agricultural products, such as flour, canned fruits, and lumber.

The present distressed condition of agriculture, caused by diminished rainfall, has forced public attention to the subject of irrigation. It will not be unfortunate for the State if the result should be a determination to devote more energy to the perfection of our irrigation systems. Nothing would so much tend to successful results as to inculcate among the people a disposition to quarrel less over systems than they have in the past. There has been too much litigation among private corporations as well as among public corporations — too

many disputes about non-essentials. other States it is a matter of common remark that there is more litigation in California than in any other place in the world. Our judicial system is the most extensive of all the States, and this is of itself an evidence that we are a litigious people. Until we learn to work more and fight less, our progress will be slow. The great purpose should be to find places for people willing to build good homes and take care of them. Forty acres of land supplied with water for irrigation and properly cultivated with diversified crops, is sufficient to make any family independent. People in this State should learn to be content, as they are in other States, with that amount of land which is sufficient for their actual needs. Anglo-Saxon's greed for broad acres is proverbial: and the Californian has had a very bad attack of the disease. Let us hope that he may be cured of it by irrigation.



THE HIGH TRESTLE ON THE STANISLAUS FLUME

# MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN IRRIGATION

BY CHARLES K. BENHAM

THE present dry year, one of the worst in the recorded history of the State, is not followed by the total prostration of the agricultural and mining interests of the community for several reasons. Chief among these is the fact that irrigating ditches and irrigating machinery have helped out whole districts which, without them, would have raised no crop at all, and where all the operations of mining requiring a flow of water would have been absolutely suspended.

In the OVERLAND for September, 1895, the works of one of the largest of the extensive ditch companies was described, where the waters of the Stanislaus river were largely diverted from their channel and spread on the fertile San Joaquin plains. The further history of that enterprise has not been without record of finan-

cial troubles, largely, it is said, because the management has been in hands unaccustomed to large business propositions; but also due in a measure to the seasons of abundant rainfall in these intervening years. This year should prove the great value of the scheme, and it should help to save from many losses the lands under its flow.

But it is not only great ditch schemes and irrigation district work that have helped the farmers in this time of need. They have in many cases helped themselves by diversifying their crops so that a failure of rain that is death to the growing grain still leaves the fruit and other products a living chance.

And machinery has been found that helps the farmer to help himself. Few regions in the great central valleys of California are not underlaid by water bearing strata, and by borings, more or less deep, water can nearly always he had. This water is not always found in spouting wells, but often

has to be pumped to be useful.

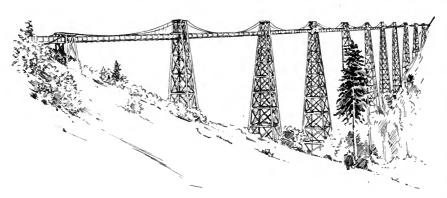
The progress which has been made in the invention and manufacture of irrigating machinery during the last ten years has been such as to keep this branch of mechanical development well abreast of the spirit of the times. Problems in irrigation, which only a few years ago appeared insoluble, are today mastered with an ease which would be marvelous in a less wonderful age than our own. This is due to a great extent to the increasing perfection of the centrifugal pump, which, occupying a space no larger than an ordinary tea chest, is capable of throwing millions of gallons a day to any height. Easily transported from one part of the farm to another, capable of being lowered to the bed of a creek or to the bottom of a pit, the need for large irrigation ditches on the ranch has been to a large extent removed; while many districts far beyond the natural reach of a flow of surface water, can be as extensively irrigated as those on a main ditch or flume running from the Sierra. In works of this kind such firms as the Krogh Manufacturing company, Parke & Lacy Company, and the Union Iron Works, have achieved some results which seem little short of miraculous.

Side by side with a development of the centrifugal pump has gone the perfecting of small engines of the gasoline type. These engines, started up without delay or preparation, without waste of fuel, requiring little care, and yet running for hours without any attention, have made irrigation

possible where a few years ago it would have been considered the wildest dream to imagine it. A case in point is in the Santa Clara valley, near San José, where a plant was recently installed by the Union Gas Engine Company, of this city, consisting of a sixinch compound centrifugal pump set in the bottom of a pit eighty-seven feet below the surface of the ground. There were two ten-inch bored wells over one hundred feet deep in the bottom of this pit. While the pump is at work the water draws down to twenty feet in these walls; so that the entire raise is one hundred and ten feet. Yet by actual measurement the pump is throwing seven hundred and fifty gallons a minute or forty-five thousand gallons an hour at a cost of sixty cents. This is but one of many examples of similar work being done by these machines. And the Hercules Gas Engine is another machine of excellent record in all these matters. San Francisco makes bold claims to be the leader in this branch of industry, as she certainly is in all sorts of mining machinery.

Windmills, too, help out much in the matter of irrigating. Owing to the strong westerly winds during all the dry season, they are peculiarly available for this purpose. Messrs. Woodin & Little of San Francisco make a machine of this description, which, while not so picturesque as the mills that add to the landscape of Holland, are yet quite as well adapted to their work.

The possibilities thus opened up to the California farmer are endless. The drought of this year will doubtless have the good effect of forcing the attention of agriculturists to the advantages offered them by the ingenuity and skill of mechanics.



A MINING FLUME



# THE WHISPERING GALLERY

## BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

Some truths may be proclaimed from the housetop; Others may be spoken by the fireside; Still others must be whispered in the ear of a friend.

NE evening when we were sitting in the Arbor of Abstraction and looking at

"The orange gates of sunset half withdrawn, And burning inward as the glory grew,"

Miss Ravaline presented for criticism a new photograph of herself. Elacott and I were interested at once; for Miss Ravaline is (to my thinking, at least) very handsome, and this picture was the work of the best photographer in the State. I say "handsome" with a specific meaning, for I make a definite classification of women in regard to personal appearance. Beginning with the least desirable, my scale runs thus: Repulsive, Ugly, Homely, Plain, Pretty, Wholesome, Handsome, Beautiful. That is my facial octave. But it has one irregularity; for to my eyes no woman is beautiful all the time. She may be handsome every day in the year, and every hour in the day; but she is beautiful only in special crises, and then she never is conscious of the fact.

When I had said this while looking at Miss Ravaline's portrait, Elacott said that might all be true, but he had not thought of it before—at least, not in a methodical way—and he feared it was a little too abstract for his immediate comprehension. Would I not give a few examples?

"Certainly," said I, "Features and complexion may make a woman handsome, but it requires something more to render her beautiful."

"Of course - animation," said Elacott.

"She may have animation also," said I, "and still not be beautiful. It requires a moral and intellectual element, with some circumstance that makes it shine out for a little while in full splendor. I believe it is Poe who lays down the maxim that there can be no such thing as a long poem; that the fine frenzy or lyric exaltation which makes real poetry is necessarily short-lived, and that what is called a long poem can be at best but a series of short ones. I think he is right, and the same rule applies to my definition of a beautiful face."

"Perhaps you can recall two or three examples — or at least one — unless you would rather not," said Miss Ravaline, with more significance in her manner than in her words.

"I know what you are thinking of," said I. "It has very naturally occurred to you that every man would think the moment when a certain 'yes' was uttered, heard by him alone, was the moment when the utmost of womanly beauty flashed upon his vision. That is very probable, but I cannot speak from experience. Yet even that may be subject to a little discount because of the lover's imagination, which is only too ready to supply whatever may be lacking. But if I disappoint you in having no such tender story to relate, perhaps I can give an instance or two in which the actual beauty was more indisputable because there was no assistance from the beholder's imagination or preconception."

"That is what I should like most," said she, "for that would be more exactly to the

point of your argument."

"One of the moments of greatest beauty that I ever have seen on a human face," said I, "was in a military hospital in war time. Three or four young ladies were serving there as volunteer nurses. All were comely enough; but one was exceedingly handsome in face and form and graceful in carriage, and had a low, melodious voice. A very dangerous contagious disease appeared in the hospital, and she happened to be standing with her face toward me when the surgeon announced the fact to her and advised her to leave at once. 'No, Doctor,' said she quietly, 'there will be all the greater need of me here.' I have since seen the finest sculpture of the foreign galleries, and all that the greatest painters have been able to put into the aspect of their madonnas, but never such beauty as shone at that moment in the face of that American girl. It seemed to me that she must possess all the manly qualities as well as all the womanly ones — the absolute perfection that is often imagined at a distance, but is seldom found on close inspection, in flower or leaf or any living thing — a glory that we consider not of earth, simply because the earth has so much that is not glorious."

"You appear to require the heroic element for your ideal of the highest beauty," said Miss Ravaline. "What are those women to do into whose lives the rare opportunities for heroism never come?"

"I suppose they will have to be content with being merely handsome," I answered, taking another look at the photograph. "But am inclined to believe that opportunities for heroism come into every life."

"Doubtless they do," said she, slipping the photograph under her handkerchief; "but it is not always the same kind of heroism. In the lives of women especially, it is most likely to be the kind that expresses itself in long and patient endurance, with no marked turning points of devotion or special moments either of suffering or of triumph. It does not fall to the lot of many men, even, to be able to exclaim with Dobell's wounded hero:—

Oh, to feel a life of deed was emptied out to feed That fire of pain that burned so brief a while — That fire from which I come as the dead come Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Through years of segregated care,
And takes the total load upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God!

"But I wonder," she continued, while she looked inquiringly at me, "that you ever allowed that beautiful and heroic face to get out of your sight."

- "It belonged to some one else," I answered, "and yet I may say I was the last one that saw it."
  - "Where was that?"
  - "At the portal of another world."
- "It is always so," said Elacott; and I observed that Miss Ravaline at once turned her head and looked musingly at the sunset.
  - "Have you no other than heroic examples to illustrate your theory?" said Elacott.
- "Yes, quite a number; and some of them were not even helped out by personal acquaintance or knowledge of the causes. I remember once riding in a European railway train when we stopped at a small station in a pretty country. As we drew up, I observed a remarkably handsome woman standing in the doorway of the station-house and looking with an anxious, almost sad expression at the train. Vines had grown up at each side of the doorway, met above it, and hung in festoons. She was set as a fine picture in a pretty frame, and the sunshine struck her at just the proper angle to show her to the best advantage. While I was looking at her, the whole appearance of her face suddenly changed, as if some one whom she had expected and yet not expected had stepped from the train she was watching. The sunlight bursting through a cloud would be a poor comparison. I can only say, it was soul suddenly coming to the surface. In a fraction of a minute I had lost sight of her, and I never saw her again; but the picture remains with me forever, though I have not learned its story."

"I have sometimes witnessed analogous landscape effects, especially from mountaintops, when the whole world was momentarily turned into a romantic dream," said Elacott, "but I never thought of looking for them in a human face."

"I should suppose a face must have not only a character but a history behind it, before it could present such a phenomenon," said Miss Ravaline.

"Doubtless it is so," said I, "though I remember one instance in which the face was so young that it could hardly have had any history, except the tremendous piece of personal history that was made on the instant."

As they begged me to tell the story, I told it, though with much reluctance, for childhood heroism is the most pathetic thing in the world.

"I had always wanted to ride on a locomotive, and at length my wish was gratified. We were rumbling along, at about half speed, across a bridge which was used also as a foot-bridge. At one side the track we were on approached the railing at an angle which brought it finally so close that there was not room for a person to stand between. A little girl, poorly dressed, in charge of a chubby boy still smaller than herself, had strayed upon the bridge, to look through the bars of the railing at the rushing river beneath. She was caught in the fatal angle, and discovered her danger when it was too late to save both herself and her charge. She comprehended the situation, and with a vigorous effort thrust the little boy forward to a point where the passage was just wide enough for his safety, and the next instant lost her own life. If this had been on the engineer's side of the locomotive, possibly he might have seen the danger and stopped in time to avert the catastrophe, but I doubt it. I had seen the children before we reached them, but did not realize the narrowness of the passage, and gave no alarm. was looking directly into the little girl's upturned face when the end came, and saw more in it that I ever have seen in any human countenance, before or since, - and I have seen the greatest actors and many of the world's most famous beauties and heroes. But I assure you I would be willing to lose all the knowledge I have gained and have cherished

of the noble possibilities in human character, if with it I could efface that one memory. Sometimes I am almost driven mad by the suggestion that I ought somehow to have prevented the sacrifice that I witnessed so helplessly."

My friends were silent after this recital, and I thought I saw tears in their eyes,

till Elacott abruptly changed the subject.

"We were invited to criticise Miss Ravaline's new photograph," said he, "and we appear to have forgotten all about it. What has become of it?"

"Never mind that now," said she; "it would be but a poor empty and meaningless

face, after the stories we have heard."

"I suppose there is no harm in talking about portraits in general," said Elacott. "The thing that oftenest strikes me, in looking at them, is, that so few people know how to pose for a picture — or perhaps I should say that so few artists know how to pose a subject."

"Perhaps you don't realize," said I, "that when the photographer places his finger on the corner of the camera and says, 'Now fix your eyes about there, and look cheerful,' the subject naturally asks himself what there can be in the aspect of a wooden box to

inspire cheerfulness."

"I do not forget that," said Elacott, "but the grossest errors are in the accessories. Your ordinary photographer — and perhaps, also, your ordinary subject — appears to think it clever art to put in suggestive accessories; as, for instance, that a clergyman should be represented with a bible in his hand, or an author with a pen, or a Free Mason wearing his apron. That is exactly what they should not do. If we are interested in a portrait, it is generally because of personal friendship, or to bring the subject for the moment apparently within the pale of such friendship. And we would not care to have our clerical friend call upon us with a bible in his hand; and if an author came with his pen in his hand, we should call it insufferable conceit. When he presents himself in ordinary costume, with no implements of his trade and no badges of his accomplishments, he stands with simple dignity on the base of his own character; but when he hangs out those signs, he appeals for consideration because of his office or his profession or the medals of honor that have been bestowed upon him."

"But do you not think," I suggested, "that the accessories which suggest the things of every-day life, or the careless ease of leisure hours, often relieve a picture of stiffness and give it a pleasing familiarity?"

"Most emphatically I do not," said he. "Those are often worse than the professional labels. For instance, I have seen a portrait of a recently famous author sitting at his desk writing, with a cigar between the fingers of his left hand. To me, this is a double vulgarity. We may all care a great deal for a sight of so much of the intelligence that produces the stories as can shine out through the face; but why should we want a picture of the desk on which he writes?—it is just like a thousand other desks. When he seats himself thus for a picture, he appears to say, 'If you don't believe I am an author, just observe that I am in the very act of writing.' And the cigar is equally objectionable. It is all right for him to smoke, if he wants to, and all right for him to have a cigar in one hand while his pen is in the other, if he wants to; and we should not object to his enjoying a cigar while we were chatting with him. But neither should we object to his having bread and butter while we were lunching with him. Why not have his portrait taken with a piece of bread and butter in his hand? It would be no more ridiculous or vulgar than to parade the cigar."

"That reminds me," said Miss Ravaline, "that when I meet a man smoking in the street, I always have an impulse to stop and ask him why he does not eat his dinner or brush his hair in the street—it would be quite as proper."

"You are quite correct," said Elacott; "but that is only one phase of the vulgarizing influence of the tobacco habit, which is every day growing more aggressive. The only hope of release appears to be, that, with its present rate of growth, it may in less than a century so increase in intensity as to kill all its devotees; and the speculative essayist of a future generation will identify the fabulous upas tree with the tobacco plant."

"I have observed one thing in many portraits," said I, which offends me more than any that you have mentioned—the representing of a man as standing for his picture with his hand in his pocket. Perhaps they think it looks natural—I am sorry to say it is altogether too natural. There are not many men who can rise to make a little afterdinner speech without at once thrusting a hand into a pocket. No gentleman, whether in a picture or in reality, should ever rest his hands in his pockets. I have seen a statue of the noble Thackeray which represents him as standing in an awkward attitude with both hands in his trowsers pockets. It is painful to look at it; and I wish I could buy up and grind up every copy of it in existence."

"But is it not intended to represent him as assuming the character of one of hisheroes?" said Elacott.

"Perhaps it is," said I, "but that brings me to another point in my opinions concerning portraits. There ought to be no such thing as a portrait of an actor in a character. The actor on the stage is a picture, which is helped out - in fact, is mainly created — by the dialogue and the action or situation. But a portrait of the actor in his part is only a picture of a picture; and a picture of a picture never can be good art, never can be pleasing. In the case of the actor, you have a man of the nineteenth century arrayed perhaps in a costume of the sixteenth, but without the dialogue, without the action, without the situation that are necessary to make the man himself appear to be of the sixteenth century -- hence bald incongruity and complete failure of any pleasing effect. When I was a boy, I came across a beautifully printed edition of Shakespeare with steel-plate illustrations representing famous actors in the great characters, and I wondered why it was so unsatisfactory. I know now. It is natural and proper that we should like to possess portraits of good actors as of other artists whose work we admire; but let them come to us in citizen's dress, as personal friends, not in stage costume or I could have liked Edwin Booth, but I should not care to make a friend of attitude. Iago."

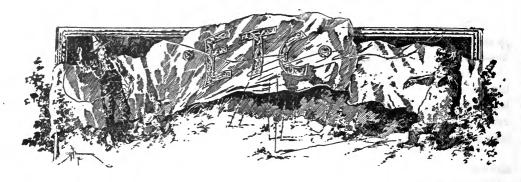
"It is time for us to go," said Elacott, rising; "but, Miss Ravaline, where is that photograph which we were to criticise and have forgotten to mention?"

"I have put it away," said she.

"But are you not going to give it to me?" said he, in apparent sincerity.

"By no means," she answered. "It might be well enough now, but how do I know what character it will represent five years hence? One should be very careful how she gives away her own portrait."

"I fear you have taken our discussion too seriously," said he.



## Our Thirtieth Birthday

READERS will note with interest the announcement on another page, of our July number, with which we shall celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the OVERLAND

MONTHLY. In July, 1868, in this same department, vaguely but conveniently headed Erc., Bret Harte, the first editor, in explaining the name he had adopted for the magazine, thus outlined its policy and purpose:—

"California," - honest and direct enough [as a title] - is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco - to Oakland - to Sacramento - even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the termini? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?

The idea contained in this paragraph has ruled the policy of the OVERLAND ever since Bret Harte's day. It remains, as it ever was, the magazine of the virile West. Its vigorous individuality, the natural product of environment, has made it what it is—the most characteristically American magazine on the conti-

nent; and unless it migrates bodily to the East, the OVERLAND of the next generation will preserve its present characteristics. The OVERLAND is as much a natural growth of the West as are the sagebrush and manzanita; and it is its naturalness and indigenous character which have given it a unique place in literature. Next month there will be a gathering of the clan of old-time contributors.

## Our Reception of Soldiers

THE war has assumed a new phase—as seen in San Francisco. Jubilant journalists have stopped their red fire and rockets and their half-hourly editions. The censor has hold of

things, and the people are relieved from the exactions of the "extra" newsboy. But our streets still have a martial aspect. Some thousands of young soldiers have come to us from Oregon, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and even from far Pennsylvania and New York, and unofficial California has given them a California welcome. The people of the State have waved their hats and shouted their encouragement, as the brave young fellows marched to their camps. But official California! The California as represented by the Budds and blossoms and dwarfed fruitage of our political upas tree! Fain would we hide the humiliation. Hungry troops arriving at five o'clock have been kept without bite or sup till eleven. Then they have been turned adrift in a damp and dingy warehouse, without fires or blankets, to shiver through a long night of misery to a chill daybreak of pneumonia. The Minnesota and Kansas boys arrived at Oakland after five days and nights in uncomfortable day-coaches, some without tasting food for eighteen hours, and were kept waiting at the ferry nearly three hours because some official blunderer had forgotten to send an order for their transport across the bay! And all this time the ladies of San Francisco were waiting behind flower-decked tables to serve them with hot food and drink. To these ladies of the Red Cross Society is due the sole credit of redeeming our State's reputation for hospitality. But for them the blundering of the politicians who hang on to the skirts of our incompetent Governor would have continued ad nauseam, to the everlasting disgrace of the State.

# The Red Cross Society

In splendid contrast to this sort of official stupidity and incompetence is the vigorous and intelligent beneficence of the Red Cross Society; though at first the all-pervading blight of poli-

tics seemed to have rested on that. The Governor was at its head, and the first expenditure was for nearly \$3,000 worth of surgical instruments! How characteristic! But with pneumonia in camp and hunger at the ferry, common sense came to the rescue with blankets and hot meals. And now every arriving regiment is met with food and flowers, and the smiles of dainty women; and the young beardless lads who have left home to brave danger and death on the other side of the world are shown that love and tenderness are not left altogether behind in the East. It but enhances the heartiness of the welcome that the hands which minister to the wants of the hungry troops are not hired by the day or week, but are those of the fairest of California's fair daughters, trained only to the daintiest of tasks. The flowers which are pinned to the blue uniforms or pressed down the muzzles of muskets, are in truth a symbol; and it is one which the brave boys are quick to recognize. It is difficult to witness such a scene as is now common in the Market Street ferry house without feeling a lump in the throat and a moistening of the eyes. It is a glorification of patriotism, in which the women have an equal share with the men. It is no decadent nation that gives birth to such scenes as these; and it is almost worth the cost of a war to bring them forth.

# Remember the Virginius!

A NOTE from a Cuban archbishop to his superior, quoted in the San Francisco *Post* of December 4, 1873, reads as follows:—

A great jubilee fills our hearts when we announce to your excellency that among the criminals of the Virginius crew, twenty freely and spontaneously asked to become Catholics. Divine Providence has seen fit to crown the efforts of our worthy priests, through this means contributing this brilliant triumph to our holy religion. The prisoners were turned over to their spiritual advisers at eight o'clock in the morning, and shot at four in the afternoon, giving the priests only eight hours to convert the twenty.

# An Explanation

Fire in our bindery last month destroyed not only our mailing list, but a part of the mail edition of the Overland, amounting to nearly ten thousand

copies. A few singed and water-soaked magazines

were afterwards recovered from the debris, and sent out to complaining subscribers, some of whom have since written that an ash-covered relic was better than no Overland at all, which was the alternative. We are endeavoring to supply copies to subscribers who have not received any, and to replace the damaged copies sent out to those who bind their Overland. The accident has brought some complaints, but it has also brought some kinder letters from readers who were simply disappointed at the delayed arrival of an old friend.

# The Overland Scholarships

ALTHOUGH but one announcehas been made of our free scholarships at the Leland Stanford University and the University of California, the interest excited by the offer has been so

widespread that our letter of particulars has had to be printed. It is already evident that there are many young men and women in all parts of the country who are looking for just such a chance of obtaining the advantages of a university course. If the responses to our invitation continue to come in as they are doing, we shall feel justified in adding to the scholarships already offered. This is our desire; and we again invite our readers to bring the matter to the attention of ambitious young and women all over the country.

### Earthquake Theories1

By M. G. UPTON

(From the Overland Monthly, December, 1868.)

THE individual who proposes the somewhat difficult task of explaining the phenomena attending earthquakes, will soon find himself reduced to the condition of the anxious seeker after truth of whom Lucian draws a pleasant sketch. That indefatigable but unsuccessful explorer stated, as the result of his labors, that if one set of philosophers should maintain that a certain body of water was hot, and another that it was cold, each would bring forward such attractive and convincing arguments in support of his particular proposition, that he would be compelled to acquiesce in the conclusions of both, though he was well satisfied in his mind that the same body of water could not be hot and cold at the same time.

The idea that all earthquakes are produced by a great subterranean fire forming the heat of the earth, is a pure deduction. If we should attempt to trace it up to its source, it is no more than likely that we would find that it is based exclusively on the fact that at certain places on the face of the globe, fire and smoke, molten rock, cinders, and burning lava, are vomited up, and that frequently in the vicinity of

1See Etc. for May, 1898.



these fearful eruptions, the earth is subject to rockings and upheavings, of a character so appalling that, as a general rule, credible witnesses of what actually does take place are rarely met with. The theory is certainly very plausible, but it will strike the reflective that if I should discover a pimple on the face of an acquaintance, should see it enlarge and grow inflamed, till it finally burst and discharged purulent matter, I would not be justified in coming at once to the sweeping and startling conclusion that the whole inside of that man was one mass of corruption; yet this would be a far less violent deduction than that the center of the globe is in a state of combustion, established by the fact that fire is belched occasinally from several points on its surface. The general adoption of this view led to the necessity of explaining how the fire got there. We have, therefore, the theory that the planet which we inhabit was originally a firemist, thrown off by the great central luminary of our solar system, which went spinning through space, increasing its distance from the sun at every revolution, and of course, therefore, gradually cooling on the outside. In what is to be advanced on this subject it is proposed to adhere strictly to established facts. It would be clearly much more in accordance with the rules which govern correct reasoning, seeing that the fact of the vomiting of fire and smoke at various points on the earth's surface can neither be weakened nor gainsaid, to assume that the combustion in each case is local and not general. When we declare for the former, we have all the real facts that have been collected on our side, and that is no trifling vantageground from which to wage the battle. This point reached, it will be admitted, without much difficulty, that an agitation of the earth's surface produced by internal combustion must be vertical in its operation. All earthquakes which result in elevations belong to this class, and may be defined in accordance with the rule laid down by Mr. Mallet, the latest writer on the subject, as an incomplete attempt to establish a volcano. The elevations which have taken place in Italy, in some localities to the height of a couple of hundred feet, and the great Lisbon earthquake, may be ranged under this head.

But this does not cover the ground of all the agitations of the earth's surface. There is another class of earthquakes frequent in California, which possesses more attractions for us than the first. They are the earthquakes which are said to operate from all points of the compass—sometimes from north to south—at others, and most generally, from east to west, swaying the surface inferentially, but wrenching the structures upon it positively and unmistakably, and frequently accompanied by a loud, rumbling noise, which on one occasion at least, at Oakland, on the inner side of the Bay of San Francisco, attained

to the dignity of a first-class explosion. These are the most marked and pronounced phenomena attending those shakings which Californians, in almost all parts of their State, have experienced, but more frequently, however, in San Francisco than anywhere else, and which by common consent are designated earthquakes, proceeding, of course, from some derangement away down in the center of the globe. If we examine them in detail it will soon become apparent that they are entirely inconsistent with any theory of an internal commotion. As before remarked, the force of an internal convulsion, general or local, could only manifest itself vertically. It might elevate the crust, but under no conditions that can be imagined, could it produce a horizontal motion of that crust, much less a rotary motion on a portion of it. Here the question arises, how can that which acts only perpendicularly be made to communicate a motion at right angles to itself? It would seem that nothing more than an acquaintance with elementary mechanics is necessary for the framing of the answer.

And this brings us to the consideration of a branch of the subject which, as it is in direct opposition, in the most palpable form, to popular notions, is certain to provoke a large amount of comment, viz: Has the surface of the earth really been shaken in any direction, during any of the earthquakes which have occurred in California? If we should seek to determine this question by the weight of testimony, we should certainly never be able to make much progress. It is not necessary to travel far or widely to find persons who are ready to aver in the most solemn manner that they have felt the ground shaking under them violently; while others are equally positive that no such thing ever took place. It is the fact, however, that during the heaviest shocks that have ever been experienced in San Francisco, when houses of the most substantial construction were shaken to such an extent that all their occupants rushed out in terror and fright, the most credible of those found on the streets - the persons most likely to keep their wits under any excitement or in the presence of any danger - assert that they felt no motion at all in the earth, and bad no idea that an earthquake had taken place until they had seen the commotion of the people in the houses. A usual remark is, that the earthquake was felt more sensibly in those portions of the town which are known as "made ground," than on the solid and natural earth; but this does not prove the internal fire theory as much as it does the fact that houses were shaken there more violently because of their less secure foundations. Another is, and it is usually used as an argument against the supposition that the ground was not disturbed at all, that horses have been known to have been thrown down during the prevalence of a shock; but the reply to this is simple

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enough. The force that can sway a four-story brick building ought to be sufficient to knock even a more powerful quadruped off his feet than a horse. The ground would have to be trembling, indeed, in a manner about which there could be no possibility of controversy, to prostrate any living animal.

But we prefer to place this matter upon higher and more scientific grounds. That stores, and light structures, in San Francisco, have been subjected to a sort of twisting process does not admit of any doubt. If the motion was in the earth, and was communicated from it to the edifices upon it, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that cobbles, planks, and loose materials generally, would have been sent whirling around with dangerous velocity. It is not possible for the earth to be shaken up in the form of eddies without the derangement of a single particle on the surface, and without leaving any trace behind. It is not like water, which assumes its original condition as soon as the disturbing cause is removed. Again, if the motion extended, as is often the case, over a large tract of land, the area of its operation ought in all cases to be clearly marked and defined, for there were at either end and on both sides irregular lines, where there were particles in repose and particles in motion. But there is no pretense that any of the California earthquakes have left behind them a clearly defined boundary of fissures. Upon the rumbling noise which has so frequently been heard either before or after the shock, it will not be necessary to enlarge. That it could have come from the bowels of the earth is entirely incompatible with any of the known laws of acoustics. It may be stated that earthy matter, closely packed, is not a good conductor of sound.

The earthquake of the twenty-first of October, the most violent that we ever experienced, has left behind it a handwriting which, by a little study, can easily be deciphered. There are hundreds of chimneys moved out of their position, while the houses on which they are erected maintain their original lines. If the force came from the interior of the earth, it must have been communicated to the house before it reached the chimney; but the house furnished no evidence of a change of position. There is a hiatus of force then, which is totally inexplicable upon the subterranean hypothesis. But this is not all. A walk through that portion of the city which lies east of Montgomery street, will reveal many curious facts. This is the section of the city which is known as "made ground." It was originally a cove, and has been rescued from the bay by tumbling debris of all description on top of the mud which formed the bottom. Here we find what at first sight appears to be a confused aggregation of cracked walls, demolished fire-walls, and wrenched chimneys. But there is a method in this destruction. If we take the house on the southwest

corner of Battery and California streets, and draw a line from it in a northwesterly direction, it will be found that it will run along the exact course of the destruction of the earthquake - the store on the other side of the street, but nearer to Sansome street; the south front of the old American Theatre; the northwest corner of the store corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets; the northeast corner of the building formerly occupied by the Alta office, and the Mint chimney on Commercial street. Eight or ten of these lines of ruin can be distinctly traced running parallel with the one above traced, in this section of the city. The fire-walls, chimneys, and houses, out of this line are entirely uninjured. There is no evidence left on them of the occurrence of any earthquake. Further, an examination of some of the large buildings affected shows the same line. The southeast and northwest corners are damaged, as also all the rooms on that line, while the other two corners are uninjured. This is the case in the Custom House, the old Merchants' Exchange, and in every large building where damage has been done. This handwriting of the earthquake may be easily observed by anyone now while the repairs are fresh. Another very marked line is that which damaged the Railroad House on Commercial street; injured the fire-walls of the Kohler building on Sansome street; struck the store of Isaacs & Co., southwest corner Merchant and Sansome streets; broke up the sidewalk on the Merchantstreet side of the old Washington Market; pied the forms in, and damaged the building where the Examiner is printed, on Washington street, just east of Montgomery Block, and passed through the iron building on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, shaking the north wall but leaving that on the east entirely untouched, as may be seen by a visit to the saloon on the ground floor. These observations point to anything but a subterranean commotion.

The only phenomenon, then, we have to consider, is the sudden shaking, wrenching, and twisting of houses and other structures by an invisible force, which it has been above shown cannot, from the manner of its manifestation, be located either in the bowels of the earth, or on its crust. What can that force be, and how is it exerted? This is the only problem that we have now to consider. We comprehend the force of storms, whirlwinds, and tornadoes, because we both feel and see them. Here, however, is an agent that we can neither see nor feel, unless the nausea which it has been ascertained prevails so generally during shakes in California can be classed under the latter head. That there is a fluid, element, or whatever else it may be called, of gigantic power and tremendous sweep, pervading all nature, is universally admitted. I detect it when I rub the fur of a cat against the grain, or when I strike my heel sharply on the flag stones. We know but very little about it, though we are very evidently on the eve of a great discovery We call it electricity, and have been already able to make it extremely useful. We send messages by it with the speed of thought over continent and under seas, and employ it in a variety of other ways; but we have not yet acquired a complete knowledge of it. It confronts us at almost every turn - in iron shipbuilding it confounds us. It has been ascertained by experience that each iron ship has a peculiar and special magnetic history of its own. They are often built by the same firm, of iron from the same mine, and measurably by the same workmen, yet when they are swung around, before venturing to sea, it is developed that the variations of the compass of each are entirely different. It is believed that several of the most disastrous shipwrecks which occurred in the British channel shortly after iron ships came into vogue, were caused by a neglect to swing the ship before sailing, note the aberrations of the compass, and dispose boxes of chains at various points so as to overcome the irregularity and keep the needle in its true position. These ships were in the hands of experienced captains, thoroughly conversant with the channel and every danger which it contained, and shipwreck while they were in command could only be attributed to an error in some of the appliances by which ships are now navigated. These curious facts led to investigations, and it is now the general belief that iron ships which are built lying north and south absorb less electricity and are less subject to curious and inexplicable variations of the compass than those whose keels were laid east and west. Why this should be the case no one has as yet been able to explain. Is electricity communicated to the iron mass by the artisans hammering along the sides? Again, in table-tipping and table-knocking it is believed by many eminent men that the subtle fluid which we are considering has more or less to do with the manifestations so frequently attributed to preternatural causes. There is a theory in general circulation that the brain is simply a galvanic battery, and that electricity is the agent which it employs to secure the obedience of the members of the body. The illustration of the Frenchman, that when a harpoon is driven into the tail of the whale a telegraph dispatch is at once forwarded from that point to the brain conveying the information, "Pierced with a harpoon," and that instantly another is sent back saying, "Strike," and the boat containing the adventurous whalers is sent spinning into the air, may in the end prove to be more scientifically correct than grotesquely imaginative. It is certain physiologically that there is a double line of nerves, or telegraph wires so to speak, one for the original message and the other for the reply, from

every part of the body to the nervous centers, and thence to the brain. If that organ, therefore, can make use of electricity to govern and control the body over which it presides, to the ends of the toes and the points of the fingers, why not to some extent beyond, seeing that these points are not in any sense of the term non-conductors?

Be these things as they may, there is one law connected with electricity which has been thoroughly tested and proved,-it is, that co-existing inequalities of temperature tend to its development. If I make two pieces of wire in the form of semicircles and unite them so as to form a complete circuit, no traces of electricity will be observable; but if I should heat the end of one of the semicircles, where it joins the other, its presence will be at once declared. The inequality of temperature does not produce it - it simply forces it into motion and activity. If we apply this fact to the circumstances by which we are surrounded in California, it may help to a clear comprehension of the phenomena which have occupied the attention of the inhabitants of the Golden State, by reason of their to them unusual character, more or less for the last eighteen years. California is a narrow strip of land, comparatively speaking, lying along the shores of the Pacific, composed for the most part of vast plains, which are parched and burned up during the extreme heat of summer. San Francisco is a city built upon a narrow tongue of land forming the southern side of the Golden Gate. Its climate in many respects is the most peculiar in the world. In a tolerably low latitude, it is neither cold nor hot the the whole year round. It is chilly and disagreeable when it is warm - almost scorching - all around it; and warm and genial when cold weather and frost hold sway inland. When it is raw, foggy, cloudy, windy, and unpleasant in San Francisco, a ride of twenty miles in any direction, north, south, or east, will bring you to such clear skies, warm sunshine, and calm and balmy atmosphere, that it is difficult to resist the idea that the weather has undergone a total and complete change since you started out.

The cause of this peculiarity has been set forth in a former number of the OVERLAND, and need not be elaborated here further than to state that San Francisco is located on one side of the mouth through which the whole interior draws in cool breezes as its own hot air ascends from the parched plains. It is an axiom that Nature abhors nothing more than a vacuum. We may conclude, without much hesitation, that we have that inequality of temperature to a greater extent in San Francisco than in the interior of California which is sure to set the electric currents in violent motion, and electricity, while in that condition, is strong enough to shake the heaviest build-

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ings, and to wrench and twist those of a lighter character; hence it is that earthquakes are more frequent in the commercial emporium than anywhere else in the State. If these conclusions be correct, we must refer earthquakes, whatever similar conditions can be proved to exist, to electrical disturbance.

# ANGLO-SAXON UNITY

"Side by side, Motherland and Childland, and around them a brood of vigorous Anglo-Saxon nations whose territories encircle the earth, our race shall dictate peace to the Whole World."

-The Overland Monthly for May.

A GREAT wave of affection for the Motherland has just swept over the entire country; and across the ocean a like wave has come rolling back to us, bearing a precious freight of good-will and encouragement. (The recognition of the kinship of America and England is a force of incalculable strength making for civilization, not only in the great Anglo-Saxon world, but throughout the whole globe. It is the most important outcome of the war. It has been received with rejoicing wherever the English language is spoken. In New York we hear that "God Save the Queen" is hailed with enthusiasm by crowds of excited patriots already hoarse with chanting their own national anthem; and the "Star Spangled Banner" is vociferously applauded in the theaters and streets of London. The papers and magazines of both countries are full of joy. Here are a few of the jubilant echoes:-

BRITANNIA TO COLUMBIA

What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be
stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but free

men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake, For wherever we come, we twain, The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake And his menace be void and vain,

For you are lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale, "We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,

The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship shall last long as love doth last
and be stronger than death is strong."

Alfred Austin.

"THE BASIS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING"

LET Great Britain and the United States work together for the world's civilization, and, on the one hand, no reactionary forces can withstand their combined influence; and on the other, no imagination can estimate the pecuniary and the political advantages, first, to these two nations, and next to the whole world, which would come from such a combination. Whoever in either country sows discord between the two is, whether he knows it or not, the political and commercial enemy of both countries, and the enemy of the world's civilization.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., in North American Review for May.

### WHERE A PROVERB APPLIES

Common emotion has drawn England and America together as never before. Both peoples in the light of coming battle see that they are one as no other separate and independent nations of the world around can be. Spain and Europe both recognize England as our ally. This country sees that its natural ally and supporter is Great Britain. The bitterness of years has faded. The love and sympathy of race have asserted themselves.— Philadelphia Press.

#### WHAT THE ALLIANCE MEANS

SUPPOSE that, for the purposes of common defense and of common interest, the United States and the British empire should stand together, what combination of powers could resist them? Anglo-Saxon unity is self-suggestive—not for the purposes of aggression; not to make war, but to make future wars impossible by commanding the peace with power to enforce it.— Philadelphia Record.

#### CHEERS FROM CANADA

Halifax, (Nova Scotia), May 6.— The Second Battalion of the Leinster Regiment was given an enthusiastic farewell as the troops marched to the wharf to embark. Long before the hour of departure from the barracks thousands of spectators gathered at the navy yard. The band played "Rule Brittania" and "The Star Spangled Banner." American and British flags were in evidence, and one would imagine that the troops were embarking to assist the United States. — Daily Press.

## DEEPER THAN EXPEDIENCY.

The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world. "Whether we will or not, we are associated in that work by the very nature of things, and no man and no group of men can prevent it. We are bound by ties we did not forge and that we cannot break. We are joint ministers in the same sacred mission of freedom and progress, charged with duties we cannot evade by the imposition of irrestible bands."—From a speech by John Hay, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, at the Easter Banquet, Mansion House, London, April 26.

#### ADVANTAGES OF ALLIANCE.

Such an alliance is natural, and I believe the mere fact of its conclusion would deter others from attacking any inadequately defended interests of either country. Now is the time to accomplish it, when the advantages are apparent to both countries. An Anglo-American alliance would be the most powerful factor in the world for peace and the development of commerce.—Lord Charles Beresford.

#### ONE IRISHMAN'S VIEW.

If this (the Maine disaster) be the reason for America's intervention, then all friends of liberty, tolerance, and Christianity, will wish to see her get a right good smashing from that power that, with all its weakness, is not ready to lower her flag, nor afraid to face the bouncing fury of the spread-eagle party in the United States.—*Cinited Ireland, Dublin.* 

#### BRITISH TARS WITH US.

It is one of the curious signs of the times that the English sailor appears to take very much to heart any disparaging remarks about the American navy, as if he himself were called in question.—London Letter to N. Y. Post.

### GERMANY'S EMNITY.

LET the American public make no mistake. The United States have in Europe one friend and one only Great Britain.—Nevo York Times's Berlin Letter.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA

ALBION (Mich.) May 6.—Bishop Hartzell, who recently returned to this country from Africa and who is now here in attendance at the conference of the Methodist Bishops, spoke to the students on the Transvaal question. The students displayed great enthusiasm when he said:

"God bless England. She has always stood for civilization and progress. She is the great colonizer, the great civilizer of the world. She is on the side of right in this struggle. The time will come — and may it come — when the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack will fly from the same staff and Americans and Englishmen will fight shoulder to shoulder for liberty and against the cause of oppression and barbarism. England is our natural ally and the time is past when America can live its own life in and of itself. We are competent to take a part in the affairs of the great world of nations and we are proving our right to such a course."—Daily Press.

#### HERE'S TO THE ANGLO-SAXON

Has Continental Europe known anything like it in its own experience since the Crusades? Here we are challenging a crowned head and demanding the surrender of sovereignty over a rich possession, in a quarrel not our own, for the sake of humanity. No wonder the powers misunderstand us. That any of these powers could have interfered seriously in our course as regards Cuba is doubtful, but it is certain that we owe much to the friendship of Great Britain. That friendship will be remembered all the more cordially, since we have had so much to complain of in the past.—Albany Express.

#### "BLOOD OF THE SELF-SAME CLAN"

It is confidence that gives any fighting man half his force, and aggressiveness. Any man of English blood believes he can whip a half dozen Spaniards, and this belief is worth a great deal when the shock of battle comes.— San Francisco Chronicle.

## "OUR INTEREST IN SEA POWER"

IN a chapter entitled "The United States Looking Outward," Captain A. T. Mahan enters a plea for closer relations with Great Britain. While she is the most formidable of our possible enemies, "both by her great navy and by the strong position she holds near our coasts, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations doubtless and properly seek their own advantage; but both also are controlled by a sense of justice, drawn from the same sources and deep-rooted in their instincts. Whatever temporary aberration may occur, a return to mutual standards of right will certainly follow. Formal alliance between the two is out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and idea will give birth to sympathy which in turn will facilitate a co-operation beneficial to both; for if sentimentality is weak, sentiment is strong." -- Captain A. T. Mahan.

## LORD BRASSEY'S WORD

In the present anxious position of affairs we shall not relax our efforts to create such naval forces as will insure the safety of the empire, but if in the process of time we can accomplish a closer union between ourselves and the United States, if we establish a perpetual league of all English-speakers for settling their differences by arbitration, may, more, for the mutual defense, if threatened by external foes, then we shall have changed the circumstances. Our latent resources would be too overwhelming to be challenged or contested. Let us cherish the hope that a consummation so happy may some day be reached by the sagacity of our statesmen and the growing wisdom and good will of our kindred people."

—Brassey's Naval Annual.

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#### BURY THE HATCHET

What we are witnessing is the reluctant advent of a new Great Power on the stage of the world — a naval power actually of the second class, potentially of the first. It is the evolution of a self-contained home-keeping people into a second edition of John Bull, with ships and colonies and trade all over the world. It is a portent compared with which the suden upspringing of Japan is but a bagatelle. Woe be unto us if we are blind to its significance, if we fail to accept it as a summons to both sections of the English-speaking race to bury the hatchet of ancient strife, and confront the world as two members of one household!—English Review of Reviews.

#### ANGLOPHOBIA UNAMERICAN

I have dwelt upon this Anglophobia for two reasons: First, because it is the most prominent form of this mistaken patriotism, this "exclusive preference," which measures love of one's country by hatred of another; and, in the next place, because more than any other hatred, it is the most unnatural and the most un-American sentiment. It is quite true that, if the census of descent were taken as the test, the sons or descendants of Englishmen by no means make up the majority of American citizens. But there is descent other than that of birth and a lineage beside that of blood. The unity of language, literature, and law, between England and America is a threefold cord that cannot be broken. To have our English Bible, our English Shakespeare, our English Blackstone, all absolutely American, in reverence and influence outweighs, outvotes, and overwhelms, all questions of racial compositeness.

To recall them today for the sake of creating or continuing prejudice and dislike against the England of today, with her splendid triumphs of imperial extension and colonial administration, on the part of the America of today, with her glorious development of power, is an act whose wickedness is only equaled by its folly.—The Bishop of Albany in the North America

can Review.

### OUR NATIONAL ISOLATION

There is such a thing for a nation as a "splendid isolation"—as when for a worthy cause, for its own independence, or dignity, or vital interests, it unshrinkingly

opposes itself to a hostile world. But isolation that is nothing but a shirking of the responsibilities of high place and great power is simply ignominious. If we shall sooner or later—and we certainly shall-shake off the spell of the Washington legend and cease to act the role of a sort of international recluse, it will not follow that formal alliances with other nations for permanent or even temporary purposes will soon or often be found expedient. On the other hand, with which of them we shall as a rule practically co-operate cannot be doubtful. From the point of view of our material interests alone, our best friend as well as most formidable foe is that world-wide empire whose navies rule the seas and which on our northern frontier controls a dominion itself imperial in extent and capabilities. There is the same result if we consider the present crying need of our commercial interests. What is it? It is more markets and larger markets for the consumption of the products and industry and inventive genius of the American people. That genius and that industry have done wonders in

the way of bursting the artificial barriers of the "American system" and reaching the foreign consumer in spite of it. Nevertheless, the cotton manufacturing industry of New England bears but too painful witness to the inadequacy of the home market to the home supply - and through what agency are we so likely to gain new outlets for our products as through that of a power whose possessions girdle the earth and in whose ports equal privileges and facilities of trade are accorded to the flags of all nations? But our material interests only point in the same direction as considerations of a higher and less selfish character. There is a patriotism of race as well as of country and the Anglo-American is as little likely to be indifferent to the one as to the other. Family quarrels there have been heretofore and doubtless will be again, and the two peoples, at the safe distance which the broad Atlantic interposes, take with each other liberties of speech which only the fondest and dearest relatives indulge in. Nevertheless, that they would be found standing together against any alien foe by whom either was menaced with destruction or irreparable calamity, it is not permissible to doubt. Nothing less could be expected of the close community between them in origin, speech, thought, literature, institutions, ideals — in the kind and degree of the civilization enjoyed by both. In that same community, and in that co-operation in good works which should result from it, lies, it is not too much to say, the best hope for the future not only of the two kindred people but of the human race itself. It is enough to point out that, of all obstacles to the onward march of civilization, none approach in magnitude and obduracy "the scourge of war" and that the English and American peoples, both by precept and example, have done more during the last century to do away with war and to substitute peaceful and civilized methods of settling international controversies, than all the other nations of the world combined have done during all the world's history. It is not too much to hope, let us trust, that the near future will show them making even more marked advances in the same direction, and, while thus consulting their own best interests, also setting an example sure to have the most important and beneficent influence upon the destinies of mankind. - Richard Olney in Atlantic Monthly.



MR. PUNCH'S VIEW OF IT



### Another Book on Cuba1

The atmosphere of corruption which surrounds Spanish rule in Cuba has been so often told that little remains to be said; but Professor John Fiske, in an introduction to the book of his son-in-law, Grover Flint, gives a view of the elaborate political machinery which has been devised by the insatiate dons for the purpose of grinding money out of the planters and traders of Cuba. Most people have been content to believe that the oppression of merchants was sporadic, and more or less controlled by the minor officials of the colony. This is not so. The scheme is really a part of the governmental function; and it is conceived in a spirit of ingenuity that almost commands admiration.

The book itself, Marching with Gomez, is probably the most interesting and reliable of the great numbers of books on Cuba which have recently appeared. It gives a vivid picture of the brutal methods of warfare pursued by the insurgents as well as by the Spanish soldiery; and despite Mr. Flint's avowed sympathy for the rebels, the palm for sheer barbarity must certainly be awarded to Gomez and his followers. Even Weyler permitted the wretched people at least try to win a meager living from the soil; but Gomez allows nothing of the kind. If a man will not join the ranks of fighters he has no right to live, according to the Gomez idea. Thus the miserable peasants were constantly rounded up and brought into the insurgent camp:—

Every evening a silent, abashed line was drawn up before headquarters, while officers, soldiers, and assistences, crowded in anticipation of the lecture to come. Finally Gomez would come out from under his piece of canvas, with a towel in one hand that serves for a handkerchief, and look them through from under his bushy gray eyebrows with his hawk's eye.

"Ah-h-h, ma-ja-ces, neat, well-fed ma-ja-ces, living in hous-es, on fresh pork and chicken, and milk, the food of the women and children, swindling the republic, what do you do for the fatherland? Do you wear the weapons of the republic for ornaments, and ride

<sup>1</sup>Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.: New York: 1898. Price \$1.50.

her horses for pleasure? You, you say your father was dying, and you left your force to be with him in December, and it is now May and he is still dying? And you over there, you with the face of a guerrillero, you say you were wounded. Look at my men. Every one of them is wounded. I am wounded. I will have the surgeon examine us and see which is the sick man, you or I. You deceive the republic, but you do not deceive me. I will make you serve your country, if only as example for others. I will keep my eye on every single one of you. Officer of the day, take these men to the impedimenta; make them walk with the infantry."

In this way are the ranks of the insurgents maintained. And insubordination of the impressed men is punished with death. The newspapers have just reported how the rebel leader fired on the Spanish flags of truce, and how the soldiers, retreating under such a truce, were blown up in whole companies by dynamite placed along the roads. This is not magnificent, neither is it war.

Of course similar atrocities of the Spaniards are liberally interspersed with those of the Cubans, showing the close relationship existing between them.

The Spanish infantry made a general charge on the sugar-house and its surrounding buildings. There were no less than twenty-three pacificos—innocent non-combatants, plantation hands, and their families—employed on the estate. The administrator was M. Braulio Duarte, a French citizen, and the proprietor was a certain Domingo Bertharte.

On the approach of the Spaniards, M. Duarte locked himself in his house—a small, two-storied frame building—lay down on his bed, and wrapped himself in the French flag. The troops burst in the door, dragged M. Duarte outside, and cut him to pieces with their machetes on his own doorstep. The flag of France was soaked in blood.

An indiscriminate slaughter of the plantation hands and their families was now begun. Men, women, and small children, were dragged from their homes and cut down in the usual brutal manner. The ingenio and all the surrounding buildings, the store-houses and the cottages of the plantation negroes, were set on fire, and the bodies of the victims, dead or dying, were thrown among the flames. Only one escaped. a Chinese coolie. who succeeded in making the woods near by with six Mauser bullet-holes in him. None of the pacificos had taken any part in the skirmish, but lay

quaking with fear, in their houses as long as the firing continued.

The reconstruction of the South was a simple problem in comparison with that which the United States will have to face when the Spaniards have all left Cuba. The idea of personal liberty and the commonest of the humanitarian sentiments do not appear to exist even in rudimentary form. To claim for such people the power of self-government is the height of absurdity; and however well-meaning our intentions may be, we believe it will be found impossible to bring about a condition of harmony and peaceful reconstruction such as will justify us in leaving the long-suffering people to the mercies of their self-appointed rulers. There is nothing in this book to justify the hope that permanent occupation will not have to follow conquest.

#### Manoupa1

A BOOK that seems to have escaped the attention of American book reviewers to a large extent is Manoupa, by Rose-Soley. Why it should have been so left alone is curious; for it can hold its own in point of interest with any story of adventure that has appeared for many a long day. Quite unlike the usual order of romances it deals entirely with the present day. Two men, who under ordinary circumstances would be ordinarily respectable members of society, fall into the way of a temptation too great for them to resist, and by their own act become criminals of world-wide renown. The cleverness with which they outwit and elude the pursuing law, the fact that apart from their own crime one, at least, is a very attractive fellow, with more brains than falls to the average, keeps the sympathetic interest of the reader from beginning to end. It is safe to say that no one, having commenced the book, will leave it unfinished. The plot is so dominating that the added interest of local color is lost to sight, though not a little of the pleasure comes from the accurate and perfectly natural environment that is given by intimate knowledge of Australia, and the South Sea islands. The reader is almost transported bodily to Samoa, to Sydney, to Manoupa, to say nothing of the luxurious times spent on the yacht, thanks to their ill-gotten gains. The extreme naturalness of the characters suggests that they were drawn by two persons. The women must have sprung into life through a woman's brain, while a man's assistance is distinctly shown in the portrayal of the male characters. It is not often that a book of pure adventure like this, possesses such all round merit.

It is probably well-known in England; we wish it were here.

<sup>1</sup>Manoupa. By Rose-Soley. Digby, Long & Co.: London: 1898.

#### How to Study Shakespeare1

Lowell in his essay on Shakespeare's Richard the Third, says:—

For those who know no language but their own there is much intellectual training to be got from the study of his (Shakespeare's) works as from that of any, I had almost said all, of the great writers of antiquity.

Lowell was for many years Professor of Literature at Harvard University. In the above citation, he gives the fruit of long experience as an educator. With his opinion the professors and teachers of literature almost universally coincide.

The purpose of Mr. Fleming's book is to point out to both instructors and students an intelligent method of studying Shakespearean dramas. The book consists of studies of Othello, Twelfth Night, Julius Cæsar. The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, A Midsummer Night's Dream, King Richard the Third, The Tempest. Each study consists of five parts: viz.: The Source of the Plot, Explanatory Notes, A Table of the acts and scenes in which each character appears, Questions Collateral Reading.

The Questions are very numerous,—for example on Julius Cæsar, 305; on Macbeth, 275; on Richard the Third, 358. They direct the attention to every important feature of each play. No student can answer them without having a comprehensive and profound knowledge of the play. In addition they are not only instructive and illuminating, they are also stimulating and suggestive.

Dr. Price, the senior Professor of the English Language and Literature in Columbia University, after a careful examination of the book, wrote to Mr. Fleming: "When I start my next set of students in their Shakespeare work I shall be so glad to point out your book to them as a guide in the methodical study of the plays."

As to its usefulness in Shakespeare clubs, Doctor Rolfe in his Introduction writes:—

It cannot fail to be helpful in many ways that will be obvious upon even a casual inspection. While it does not supersede annotated editions of the plays with which it deals, it will be a valuable supplement to them; and for those who are not so fortunate as to possess them it will go far towards supplying the deficiency. (P. ix.)

While the book is intended for individual students and for teachers, it is especially adapted to the needs of schools and Shakespeare clubs.

<sup>1</sup>How to Study Shakespeare. By William Fleming. The Doubleday & McClure Company: New York: 1898. Price \$1.

#### The Durket Family Pride1

The Durket Sperret is an extremely well-written book, and notwithstanding the ambiguity of its title, does not lead one into the labyrinth of dialect one is led at the outset to expect. The realism of the story, and the absolute understanding of the inner nature of the mountain folk it deals with, are remarkable. Hannah Warren, the heroine, has been brought up by her grandmother to believe that she was born among the especially blessed through having the Durket blood in her veins. All her life she had looked down with gentle tolerance on her less fortunate associates; but one day chance throws her against (not among) the "University people," for whom her grandmother felt supreme contempt as idiots who did nothing but sit around with books in their hands. To Hannah's unqualified astonishment she found that not only were there University people quite unconscious of, and wholly indifferent to, the social distinctions of the Cumberland mountaineers, but they were so unlike any human beings Hannah had ever seen before, that they seemed to her to have come from another world. Their whole life was a revelation to her,- the dainty furnishings and habits, their ways of serving meals, and their conversations. The difference she saw and unmurmuringly acknowledged, while it made her vaguely unhappy, puzzled her, and waiting at the gate she.-

"asked her grandfather, with a hopeless ring in her voice, 'What's the diffrunce, Gramper, 'twixt me an' Miss Agnes? An' Mr. Dudley don't look like he's the

same kinder creetur as Si Durket.'

"'Thet 's true,' Mr. Warren answered. 'An' steddyin' 'bout hit, hit seems like folks an' oattle favors one another. All cattle is got fo' legs, yeers, an' tails; but hit takes more 'n yeers, an' tails, an' legs, to make a Jersey cow. Jim Blount, up yander, is got a cow liker pictur. Hit 's a cow, but hit 's no mo' like ourn cows 'an Mr. Dudley 's like Si Durket. Thar is a diff'runce, and I've been a steddyin' 'bout hit, an' to save my life I can't see nothin' in hit but wittles, an' shelter, an' seein' fur.'

"' Well, thet beats me, Hannah said.

"'So hit do tell you steddies 'bout hit. Now a man what plows must hev bacon an' corn bread, an' heapser hit; an' when hisn's day's work 's done he 's so tired thet he don't steddy 'bout his 'n shelter. But them folks to Sewanee, they don't say work, an' they eats mostly chickens, an' light-bread; an' when they gits done a-settin' aroun' all day readin' books, they ain't to say clean wore out, an' ever'thing's got to be mighty nice 'fore they kin sleep. An' their pars, an' all their gran'pars done the like afore 'em, tell they come to look an' to be mighty diff'runt from folks

<sup>1</sup>The Durket Sperret. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Henry Holt & Co.: New York. what 's a-been plowin' since Adam. An' they looks a weuns like Jim Blount's cow would look at ourn cow; an' they 'd die to live like weuns live.'"

And perhaps Gramper Warren has answered the puzzling question as well as any-one could.

#### An American Girl in Europe Again1

ALL who have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Mamie Wick (and who is so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with her?) will be glad to learn that the "American Girl in London" has something more to tell us. This time it is about a flying trip through the tourist parts of Europe familiar to the least traveled. Mamie's "popper" and "mommer" accompany her, (we cannot conscientiously put it the other way about,) and the Senator adds not a little to the spicy amusement the account of their wanderings affords.

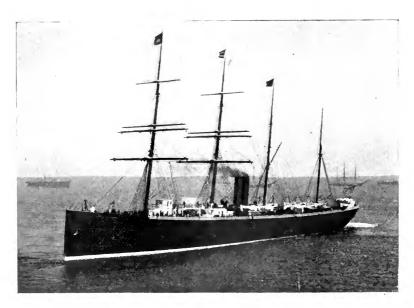
In these days, when so much is written in a minor key, it is refreshing to come across a story as genuinely funny as this is from the word go. After having read it and laughed over it oneself it will still afford much entertainment if left on the table and the faces of friends are watched when they pick it up. The almost immediate transition from indifference to amusement will repay the slight cost of the experiment.

#### Tales of Languor, Love, and Revenge<sup>2</sup>

ONE feels the soft, warm, mild tradewind of the southern seas as one turns the pages of Mrs. Crowninshield's book, - of sketches rather than stories. There is a taking-for-granted that the reader is familiar with the West Indian islands and life that is not unpleasing; for notwithstanding all lack of detail, an impression is made that conveys what seems at least a dreamy picture of tropical foliage waving in the languorous air, and bare-limbed natives. Nothing lasts long in these sketches. The curtain is pulled aside for a moment, a glimpse is given of an episode of native life, and almost before the picture is seen, the curtain is as suddenly dropped. It is but a flashlight - no explanations, no criticisms, whether it is a love scene, or a bull-fight, or a murder. One will not gain a statistical account of the islands, but one will get a distinct idea that, like Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee, the West Indians may be very peculiar.

<sup>1</sup>A Voyage of Consolation. By Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everand Cotes). D. Appleton & Company: New York: 1898. Price, \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>Where the Tradewind Blows. West India Tales. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Macmillan Company: New York: 1898. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey. \$1.50.



THE LADIE YUKON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S OCEAN STEAMER MORGAN CITY

# THE BEST ROUTE TO THE NORTHERN GOLD FIELDS

TT IS generally agreed by those who have had experience that by the water route to Alaska the risks of travel are reduced almost to a name. There is no heartbreaking physical strain to undergo in surmounting the difficulties of the road, and the gold seeker arrives at the field of his labors fresh and eager to undertake the prospecting which must precede the real work to getting gold out of a claim. distance from SanFrancisco to DutchHarbor and so to St. Michaels is about 2420 miles. This journey, of course, is made in a deep water vessel. From the mouth of the Yukon to Dawson city — a distance of 1722 miles a light-draught, flat-bottomed river boat must be taken on account of the shallowness of the Yukon at certain points. But nowhere is there any danger or hardship in the trip as compared with those experienced in the journeys by land, and Professor George Davidson has well characterized the matter in saying that the water route is "the safest, the cheapest, and the most

comfortable means of reaching the heart of Alaska."

The men best versed in transportation matters in San Francisco and elsewhere soon discovered this fact, and as a result travel by the water route has been amply provided for. The largest and best company which has undertaken this business is the Ladue Yukon Transportation Company.

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company, of 609 Market street, San Francisco, Agents for the "Gold Pick Line," owned by the Ladue Yukon Transportation Company, will despatch the following first class steamers:—

May 28th:—For Kotzebue sound, Dutch harbor, Nunivak island, Hooper's bay, St. Michael, and Dawson City, the newly built triple expansion steamer, Grace Dollar.

Upon arrival in St. Michael, passengers for Dawson city will be transferred to the newly built, high-powered river boats and barges, Rideout, Gold Star, Pinafore, and others. The Grace Dollar then will proceed without delay to Kotzebue sound, where



ST. MICHAEL

passengers will be disembarked and placed upon the river steamer Arctic Bird, and will be given free passage up the Putnam river as far as Fort Cosmos.

The Pacific Coast and Kotzebue Sound Transportation and Trading Companywill also maintain at Kotzebue sound a warehouse.

Parties contemplating a trip to Kotzebue sound are strongly advised to take passage on the Grace Dollar. She has a newly built triple expansion engine of the highest power; her bows will be sheathed so as to permit her making her way through the breaking ice; and the Grace Dollar without question will be the first vessel reaching Kotzebue sound this year.

May 25th:—The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company will despatch for Dutch harbor, Nunivak island, Hooper's bay, St. Michael, and Dawson city, the steamship Tillamook, connecting at St. Michael with the steamers Staghound, Game Cock, City of Dawson, and other boats.

June 1st:—The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company will despatch for St. Michael,

Dawson city, and Yukon River points, the magnificent steamer Morgan City. Capacity seven hundred passengers and two thousand tons of freight. The Morgan City connects at St. Michael with the Game Cock, Staghound, Powell, Alviso, Rideout, Gold Star, and Clan Macdonald.

Sailings of three additional ocean steamers early in June will be announced within a few days.

The passenger and freight office, where all application for rates of fare and freight should be made, is Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company, 609 Market Street, San Francisco; 112 Yesler Way, Seattle 809 Home Insurance Building, Chicago.

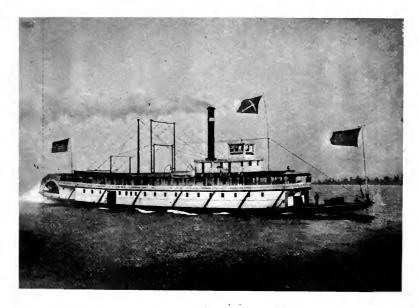
The Ladue Yukon Transportation Company is not a small affair, gotten up on the spur of the moment to meet a temporary need. It is backed by unlimited capital, officers, and men of well-known reputation and financial standing, and its service is handled by the best men that money can obtain, — men of tried experience in looking after the comfort and safety of its passengers.

The President of the company is Joseph Ladue, whose name has become a household word in connection with the wonderful development of the Klondike country. On its Board of Directors are the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. Smith M. Weed, and Willard Brown of New York, Eli T. Gage of Chicago, Hon. Thomas L. James, New York, Mr. H. Walter Webb, New York, Mr. William J. Arkell, New York, Mr. Irwin C. Stump, New York, and other men of equal national reputation and financial integrity.

Its connections are such that it is possible to make the trip to Dawson city from service between New York and Galveston and gained a reputation there for speed, convenience, and comfort, and made her a special favorite with travelers going south.

She is 350 feet long, thirty-seven feet in beam, and has a gross tonnage of 2.299 tons.

When one considers the hardships that have heretofore been a part of the trip to the Yukon, it will be seen what it means to be able to go in a vessel like the Morgan City. Instead of being crowded in dark holds and suffering from poor food and poorer service, one can luxuriate in commodious cabins and neat, well lighted state-



ONE OF THE LADUE YUKON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S RIVER BOATS

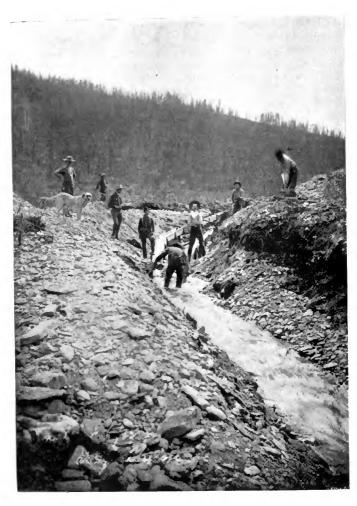
any point in the civilized globe without change of agency. At San Francisco its business is in the hands of the Johnson-Locke Shipping and Mercantile Company, which is the largest commission house in the Californian metropolis and thoroughly conversant with all those details of the handling of passengers and freight which must be looked after if the business of a great line is to have the smoothness of perfection.

No expense, too, has been spared in getting the finest and most comfortable boats obtainable. The first vessel sent out for this service was the Morgan City, which has just sailed on her initial voyage to the north. She was formerly engaged in like

rooms, eat three solid meals a day as good as those in a first class hotel, and find on everysidetheattentionandservicethatmakes travel a pleasure instead of an annoyance.

The steamer has every modern convenience—decks, cabins, smoking and lounging rooms, are on the latest and most approved models. She is steam heated and has electric lights throughout. Her engines are 1,000 horse power and as she is planned to carry only a light cargo, she is capable of making excellent time and will never be kept back by the detentions that so often come to a steamer heavily laden.

There are six other sea-going boats in the company's fleet which are equal in their



BERRY'S CLAIM ON BONANZA CREEK

efficiency and luxuriant fittings to the Morgan City; but special attention has been called to her because she is the first to go into service and her going constitutes a red letter day in the history of commerce on the Pacific coast.

These vessels, of course, only go to St. Michael. The Yukon is too shallow to allow of navigation by deep water boats. But the passenger does not suffer by the change. Of different shape but of equal comfort and efficiency are the light-draught stern-wheelers which constitute the Yukon fleet. One finds on them the same elegance of equipment, the same capability in the service, and the same thoughtful atten-

tion to the wants of the company's guests.

From San Francisco to Dawson city the trip is one of pleasure throughout, not the lonely and painful struggle with stubborn climatic and physical conditions which marks the travel by all other routes, but the quiet and interesting pleasure trip which rests the mind and body and brings the traveler to his destination fresh and eager for the work he has come to do.

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company, shipping and commission merchants, are general agents of the Joseph Ladue Gold Mining and Development Company of Yukon, owning and operating ten distinct lines of steamers in the Alaska trade.



Nothing is more easily affected by irritation than the dainty, delicate skin of a young child.

Ivory Soap is healing, cleansing and refreshing. It is wholly free from impurities, and leaves the tenderest skin soothed by its mild, creamy lather.







### Capital Stock -- \$100.000.00 **Pacific** 100,000 Shares Par Value \$1.00 Development Company... San Francisco, Cal.

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HE PACIFIC DEVELOPMENT COMPANY is organized for the purpose of conducting mining operations in the State of California.

We have secured the Table Mountain Gold Mine, formerly known as the "Lucky Tom," in Calaveras County, a full description of which, together with other particulars, are contained in the Prospectus issued by this Company, which will be sent to any address on application.

This mine has been operated in the past by the former owners, and gravel extracted that has averaged from \$2.75 to \$4.25 per ton for different runs made, with an intermediate average of \$3.17 per ton for another run. The greatest amount ever taken out in a single month's run being stated at about \$4500.00.

We believe that under proper and more economical management the Table Mountain Mine will pay regular monthly dividends of at least One (1c) Cent per

share, with a small outlay to put it in condition to work.

The Directors have decided to offer for subscription 45,000 shares on the following terms, viz.: Two (2c) Cents per share at the time of subscription and Two (2c) Cents per share monthly thereafter until fully paid, payments being made on the first day of each succeeding month.

The money thus obtained will at first be used exclusively to develop this property, after which it is proposed to acquire other mining properties that

upon examination warrant the expenditure of capital.

Any inquiries by mail will receive prompt attention and all communications should be addressed to the manager. Subscriptions will be received at the office of the Company and the Columbian Bank, Claus Spreckels Building. Checks in payment of subscriptions should be made payable to the Company.

PACIFIC DEVELOPMENT COMPANY,

420 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Why Not

invest in a **CAMERA** when you can buy a good one for



\$5.00

Better ones at \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00 and upwards.

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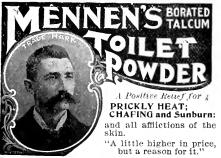
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Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.







# A Free & University Education

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY offers

Eight Free Scholarships either at the University of California or the Leland Stanford Jr. University,

in the interests of ambitious young MEN and women whose circumstances exclude them from college but who are willing to get annual subscriptions to this magazine. The scholarships, which are offered in open competition, include from one to four years' course of study, with BOARD, LODGING, and FREE TRANSPORTATION, from any part of the United States or Canada to the University.



Friends of the Overland are requested to bring this opportunity for a university education to the attention of ambitious and enterprising young men and women in all sections of the country.

The competition will run for a year, so as to give candidates ample time to prepare for the entrance examinations; but a plan has been devised by which some of the competitors, to whom such preparation is unnecessary, may enter the university next term, which commences in August, 1898.

A SCHEME OF BENEFICENCE like this needs no commendation The opportunity offered of acquiring the breadth of character, knowledge, elevated associations, and strong friendships, of college life is worth any effort necessary to acquire them. The conditions of this

COMPETITION are such as no young person of ordinary ability and perseverance need hesitate to assume; and even

THOSE WHO DO NOT RECEIVE A SCHOLARSHIP

will receive a reasonable compensation for their efforts. The OVERLAND is doing this without direct profit, because of the indirect gains which a larger circulation will bring. The low price of the OVERLAND makes it an easy matter to win subscriptions for it, and its dignity and literary reputation make it a worthy work to spread its influence.

For particulars send stamped and directed envelope.

### The Overland Monthly . . . . .

508 Montgomery St., San Francisco

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

1868

# FOR JULY

1898

#### ANNIVERSARY NUMBER-THIRTIETH YEAR

The July number of the OVERLAND will contain numerous articles, stories, and poems, by old-time contributors, in celebration of its thirtieth anniversary.

Mr. Noah Brooks will contribute a sketchy paper of reminiscences of the early days of the OVERLAND, special reference being had to the starting of the magazine, with some notes on the first contributors.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard promises a poem for this number.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, who has been identified with the Overland since its beginning, will contribute a poem.

Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin has written a story for the number "Where They Found Her." As Josephine Clifford she wrote much for the early magazine.

Frances Fuller Victor, historian of Oregon and Washington, contributes a "June Song."

W. C. Bartlett, who wrote the first paper for the first number of the Overland in 1868, "A Breeze from the Woods," will furnish a paper of reminiscences.

Captain C. M. Scammon, whose articles on nautical subjects were a feature of the magazine in its earliest years, will have a sketch.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Brooks, both old-time favorites of OVERLAND readers, promise a story and a poem.

Fred M. Stocking, the only man now on the magazine's staff who was with it when Bret Harte was editor, will give us a characteristic and true mining story.

Anton Roman, the first publisher, has furnished material which will make a readable paper, on the early business aspects of magazine work on the Coast.

Milicent W. Shinn, Editor of the OVERLAND for twelve years, to whom was chiefly due the starting of the present series of the magazine in 1883, has promised an article.

#### Other Writers in the First Volume

are expected to appear in this number.

The illustrations are not by artists of the early OVERLAND; for the reason that there were no pictures at that time in the magazine, but William Keith, California's most notable painter, will make a frontispiece, and there will be portraits of these and other literary people of the OVERLAND'S early days. That means the greatest writers the West has known.

#### Result of the reduction in the price of the OVERLAND:

San Francisco, Jan. 18, 1898.

To the Overland Monthly Publishing Co.

DEAR SIRS:

We have pleasure in certifying to the fact that the present issue of the regular edition of the ÖVERLAND MONTHLY is three and one-half as great as the issue of last May. As shown by our books the circulation of the magazine has increased two hundred and fifty per cent in nine months.

Respectfully,

GRAHAM PAPER CO.

Brown, Meese & Craddock, Printers.

H. M. CASTILLAR, Binder.

San Francisco, Jan. 19, 1898

Overland Monthly Publishing Co. 508 Montgomery St., City.

GENTLEMEN:

Since the reduction in the price of the OVERLAND, in June, 1897, we find that the number of copies of that magazine we handle has been trebled; that is, shows an increase of two hundred per cent since that time.

Respectfully yours,

THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO.

Per C. D. WATSON.

# Rich Strike in Colorado!

# WHITE QUARTZ IN TOPEKA MINE CONTAINING MUCH GOLD

#### One Million Dollars Refused

The New York Sun in its Mining News of December 13th, reports a rich strike near Idaho Springs. The Sun says:—

"One of the richest strikes of the year has recently been made in the old Topeka mine in the Central City district. of white quartz has been encountered, from six to eight inches wide, running very heavy in free gold, some of which is in the form of nuggets. One piece of twenty pounds was estimated to be worth \$400. The drift where this quartz has been discovered has been watched night and day, since the strike, to prevent theft of the ore, and as it is developed the streak appears to be widening and growing richer. An Eastern company obtained possession of the Topeka mine in June last. At that time it was considered an old mine containing only low-grade ore, that would pay only by careful management. The 800-foot level was extended about 800 feet by the new management, and an upraise was started, to connect with a new shaft. For sixty-five feet this new work opened a six-foot vein of fairly good pay ore, and it was only when the hanging wall was reached by the new workings that this streak of gold-bearing white quartz was discovered. A distance of thirty-five feet has been made along this quartz formation, with the values remaining very high, and quite a large block of ground is now opened."

It is reported that \$1,000,000 has been refused for the mine, which six months ago could have been purchased for \$50,000.

The Topeka is one of the mines to be tapped by the United States Tunnel, which is considered by experienced mining men to cover richer mineral ground than any other in the United States. In the Denver Republican, the leading newspaper of the West, we find, among the news items, on Jan. 1, 1898, the following interesting report:—

"The United States Tunnel is now on the journey through the gold-bearing lodes which are now giving up a greater amount of gold in one month than is expected from the Klondike for the year.

"In the Rico-Aspen case, a decision given by the United States Supreme Court definitely defines tunnel sites and rights, and by the decision it gives to the tunnel owners a good slice of the earth. A tunnel owns all lodes that may be discovered along its right of way; whether they have been cut by the tunnel or not does not matter. This decision, which has been rendered by the highest court in the land, makes the good tunnel—such as the United States, for instance—more valuable than investments in railways, bonds, or other lines of business.

"This tunnel is now piercing the richest section of Clear Creek and Gilpin counties, where in a like distance it will cut a larger number of known and working mines at greater depth than at any other mining point in the world. With the cutting of the lodes by such an undertaking it means the resumption of work on five times as many mines as are now being operated.

"For the past five years this gold belt of territory, which is not to exceed four miles wide, and covered only by this tunnel, had an actual production of ores, from the two counties, close on to \$30,000,000.

"The tunnel passes through the Alps mountain and comes to the treasure vaults of Quartz Hill, the mines of which have a record of millions of gold, with no sign of cessation and a constantly increasing output. No wonder that such a financial pool can be organized to assist in the greatest undertaking, in a mining way, of the closing days of the present century. It is impossible to make mention of the different veins that will be cut by this wonderful bore. There is hardly a big mine in either county, but that its vein will be cut at great depth."

In order to proceed with the development of the tunnel as rapidly as possible, and to at once erect mills and power-works, a limited amount of treasury stock, full paid and non-assessable, of a par value of one dollar per share, is offered to the public at fifty cents per share. Annual dividends of 10 per cent (this means 20 per cent on the present price) will surely be earned from the profits on transportation and milling alone. The fifteen mines owned by the company will earn almost unlimited dividends.

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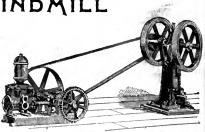
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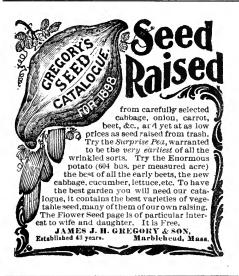
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"Why, they print the news we published exclusivelyyesterday, and they have it from the very best, authority."-Puck.

Absolute safety with a better rate of interest than the banks are willing to pay is a matter worthy of your attention. You may find it by studying the advertisement of the Continental Building and Loan ASSOCIATION in this magazine.

"I suppose you've read the descriptions of the Klondike?"

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"What did he become?"

"An orphan." - Pittsburg Chronicle.

Too much can not be said in praise of the enterprise which places the Encyclopædia Britannica within the reach of all the people of the United States, and we feel justified in calling the attention of our readers to the announcement made by the publishers of the complete reprint in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for February, wherein they offered to furnish this valuable set of books at a figure so low, and upon terms and payment so very favorable, that it would now seem possible for every home to be supplied with it.

Allibone, the late Librarian of Lenox Library, New York, said of this work: "Consider the advantage of a family which has these volumes over one which has When information is wanted by parents or children, here it is close at hand, and above all it is reliable. The children become accustomed to refer to its pages; in a few years they possess a fund of knowledge worth many times the price of the work."

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BOUND volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, Number 30. is one of the best of that worthy magazine's yearly publications. The OVERLAND, under its new management, is improving with rapid strides, and "Volume 30" is evidence of this. Among the clever articles of the work are "Discoverer of the Yukon Gold Fields," "Mining on the Klondike," "Northern California Gold Fields," and the "Report of the Christian Endeavorer's Convention."

The Overland deserves the support of the readers of this State, as it is the equal, and in many cases the superior, of any magazine published in the United

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"Lips which touch liquor shall never touch mine!" Thus cried the maiden with fervor divine. But from her statement what must we infer: They shan't touch her liquor, or shall not touch her?

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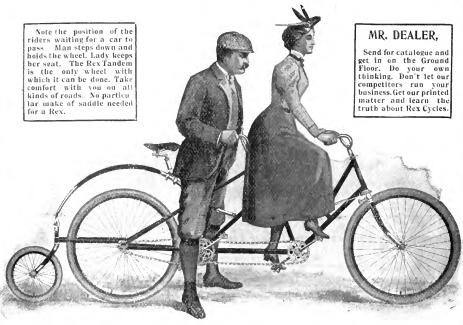


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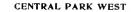
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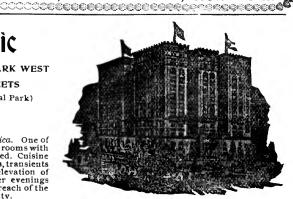
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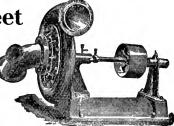
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The publishers of the OVERLAND have pleasure in offering a Series of Cash Prizes for the best photographic prints made by amateurs. The contests will run for a year, and three cash prizes will be awarded every two months.

The First Prize will be Twenty-Five Dollars; the Second, Fifteen Dollars; and the Third, Ten Dollars. The conditions are as follows:

The competitions are open to amateurs only.

Prints are to be made from original negatives on Aristo or Albumen paper, and suitably mounted.

Postage or express charges are to be paid by the competitor.

The prints will not be returned whether successful or not; and the publishers of the Overland will have

the right to publish them during the contests or afterwards at their discretion.

The art editor of the Overland will select for publication the best photographs sent in by the first of the month preceding the date of each competition. His selection will be governed by three qualities: photographic perfection, artistic treatment, subject. Each published photograph will be given a number. The maker's name, address, and title of subject, will also be printed. The readers of the Overland will then be invited to record their votes on coupons which will be supplied, in favor of ONE of the published pictures; and the one that receives the greatest number of votes will be awarded the first prize of twenty-five dollars; the one that receives the next greatest number will receive fifteen dollars, and the next ten dollars.

It is an essential condition that competitors be yearly subscribers to this magazine. Any one who is not a subscriber may compete by sending a dollar for a year's subscription at the same time that he sends his photo-

graphs.

The best half-tones are made from Aristo prints, toned to a warm sepia. The larger the print the better.

Particulars of make of camera, lens and plates should be sent with every photograph.

Photographs for the fifth competition should reach the office of the OVERLAND not later than the middle of July. The best among them will be printed in the August and September numbers and the votes will be recorded till the end of the month last named, when the award will be made and the prizes paid.

For the sixth competition, photographs will be received during the months of July and August.

Art Editor, Overland Monthly, San Francisco Address,

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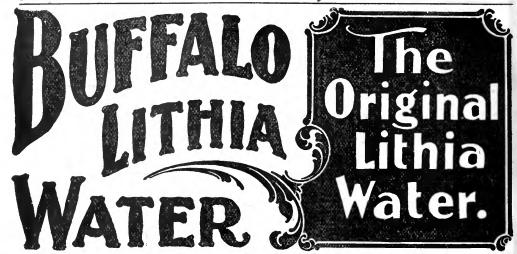
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The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed, would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasis this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort; and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end the following schedule of rates has been adopted:

Rooms on first and second floors, main building and annex, \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week; \$65 per month.

Rooms on third floor, main building and annex, \$2.50 per day; \$14 per week; \$50 per month.

There are bath rooms connected with rooms on first and second floors.

Bathrooms on third floor not connected with rooms. There are on this floor, as well as on the first and second floors, finely equipped bathrooms for use of guests of the Tavern, free of charge.

For bathrooms on first and second floors connecting with rooms, a charge of 50 cents per day, \$3 per week, and \$10 per month will be made.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first-class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any Tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

For particulars apply to

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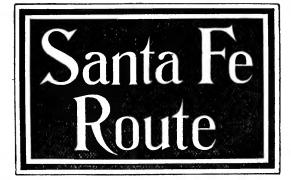
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The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased, so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamized road winding its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

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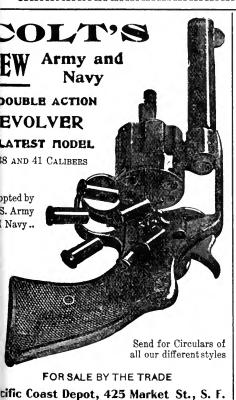
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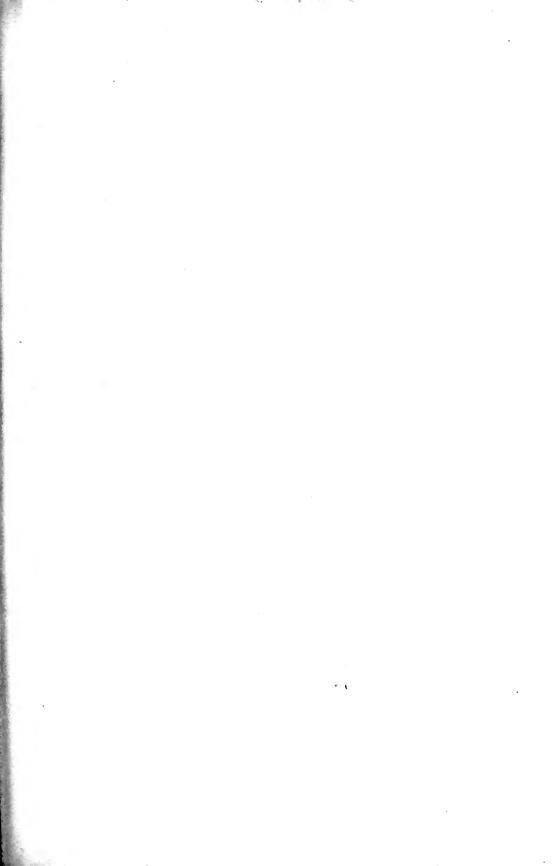
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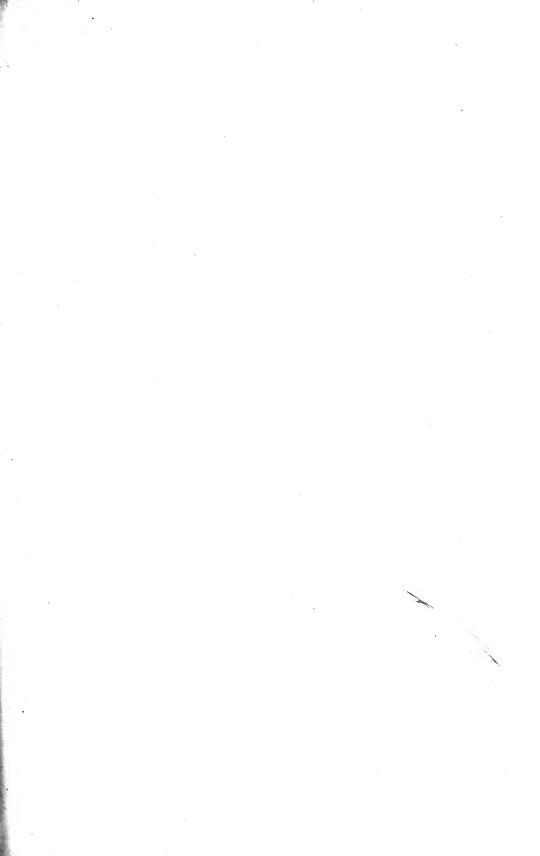
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